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CONSUMPTION.

PULMONARY CONSUMPTION, AND MEANS OF PREVENTION.

THE great mortality from this disease in the United States, and the general inutility of remedial efforts, ought to excite public attention, and awaken inquiry as to methods of prevention. From an examination of the bills of mortality within my reach, and information derived from medical correspondents in various sections of the Union, I am obliged to conclude that there are at least *fifty thousand* deaths by consumption, every year, in this country.

Allowing the same mortality from this disease to the entire population of the United States that there has been from it for several years past in the cities of Portsmouth, Boston, New-York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Charleston, and Natchez, and the number of deaths for the whole country would considerably exceed fifty thousand.

Yet notwithstanding this immense mortality, the disease attracts but little attention. If a case of yellow fever or malignant cholera occurs in any part of the country, the whole community become alarmed, and have recourse to measures of prevention. Few persons, however, think of resorting to any means to prevent the extension of consumption; a disease far more destructive of human life in this country than any other, and in which preventive measures are of great efficacy.

In this communication, I purpose to exhibit, by the statement of a few facts, the alarming prevalence of this disease in the United States, with the hope of awakening attention to some measures calculated to diminish it.

The following table exhibits for a series of years the number of deaths by consumption, and also the whole number of deaths from all diseases, in some of the largest cities in the country:

NEW-YORK.			PHILADELPHIA.			BOSTON.			BALTIMORE.			WASHINGTON.			CHARLESTON.			PORTSMOUTH.		
Years.	Whole No. of Deaths.	By Consumption.	Years.	Whole No. of Deaths.	By Consumption.	Years.	Whole No. of Deaths.	By Consumption.	Years.	Whole No. of Deaths.	By Consumption.	Years.	Whole No. of Deaths.	By Consumption.	Years.	Whole No. of Deaths.	By Consumption.	Years.	Whole No. of Deaths.	By Consumption.
1824	4341	736	1824	4399	576	1824	1207	242	1824	1468	188				1824	1059	101	1818	118	22
1825	5018	843	1825	3812	519	1825	1450	220	1825	1545	205				1825	840	152	1819	109	28
1826	4973	820	1826	4151	587	1826	1254	231	1826	1922	306	1826	283	27	1826	764	124	1826	171	27
1827	5181	829	1827	3945	523	1827	1022	178	1827	1498	267	1827	251	27				1827	132	23
1828	5181	906	1828	4292	581	1828	1233	217	1828	1702	295	1828	254	37				1828	121	24
1829	5094	880	1829	4293	638	1829	1221	203	1829	1849	267	1829	304	31	1829	762	112	1829	121	28
1830	5537	974	1830	4250	636	1830	1125	193	1830	2086	332	1830	339	46				1831	178	24
	35325	5088		29142	4060		8602	1484		12070	1950		1431	168		3425	489		950	176

From this table it appears that the proportion of deaths by consumption, to the whole of the deaths by all diseases is, at

Portsmouth, N. H.,	as 1 in 5,39	Philadelphia,	as 1 in 7,17
Boston,	" 1 " 5,79	Baltimore,	" 1 " 6,18
New-York,	" 1 " 5,89	Washington,	" 1 " 8,51
Charleston, S. C.,	as 1 in 7,08.		

It also appears that the mortality from consumption is the greatest in the most northern cities. Thus it is greater at Portsmouth than at Boston, (and it is greater at Portland than at Portsmouth. The whole number of deaths from all diseases during the last year at Portland was 305, of which number, eighty-four were by consumption, being in proportion to all the deaths as one in 3,53.) The disease is more frequent in Boston than in New-York, and more so in New-York than in the cities farther south. It will be noticed, however, that the deaths by this disease are less in Philadelphia than in Charleston and Baltimore. This may be owing partly to the inland situation of Philadelphia; as it is well established, that this disease is more prevalent in the cities on the Atlantic, than in those of the interior; and partly to the fact, that many individuals from the north, affected with disease of the lungs, visit the cities of the south, particularly Charleston, for the sake of a warm climate, but die there of consumption. This prevents our ascertaining from bills of mortality all the deaths that occur from consumption among the inhabitants of the northern cities, and improperly swells the list of reported deaths in some of the southern cities.

But though there is less of this disease in southern and warm climates than in northern and cold ones, yet it prevails to a great extent even in warm countries — in Italy, in the West Indies, and in the southern states of this country. As I have said, it prevails more in towns on the Atlantic than in those of the interior, though the difference is not, I apprehend, so great as many suppose. According to the statements of some writers, there is but little of this disease in the Valley of the Mississippi, and in the western parts of this country. Mr. Flint, in his 'History and Geography of the Mississippi Valley,' remarks that 'Pulmonary consumption is a very uncommon disease, not often witnessed in the northern region of the western country. Fifty persons fall victims to this terrible destroyer in the Atlantic country to one that dies of it here.' We can hardly believe this to be correct. It is difficult, however, to obtain much accurate information on this subject, as but few of the towns in the western country have published bills of mortality; but from information derived from various sources deemed authentic, it appears that although this disease is less frequent at the west than in the east, yet it prevails even in the former to a great extent.

The whole number of deaths at Natchez for thirteen years — from 1822 to 1835 — was 1904, and the deaths by consumption during the same time 100. This at first appears to be but a slight mortality from consumption. But it should be recollected that the total mortality is very great — equal to that of the most sickly cities of Europe; and that 100 deaths by consumption in thirteen years, for the population of Natchez, is nearly equal to the mortality from this disease in Philadelphia — though it is in proportion to the whole number of deaths but as one in nineteen, while in Philadelphia the proportion is as one in seven.

It is however true, that many predisposed to consumption, and while

in the Atlantic country, are affected with lung complaints, regain their health on removing to the west. Several such instances have fallen within my own observation. But this may as properly be attributed to the remedial effect of a long journey and mental excitement, as to the climate of the western country. Long journeys, with pleasurable mental excitement, are among the most useful remedies in the early stages of this disease.

It is generally believed that consumption is much more frequent and fatal in cities, than in the country. This is probably true in Europe, where the inhabitants of the large cities are far less healthy than those in the country. But from all the facts I can obtain on this subject in the United States, it appears there is not great, though there is some difference. It is difficult to ascertain the exact amount of mortality in most of the small towns of this country, as but few of them have any bills of mortality. In the town of Woodbury, in the western part of Connecticut, containing 2050 inhabitants, the whole number of deaths during the last *eleven* years is 347, of which number fifty-five, or about *one sixth* of the whole, were by consumption. I have accurate accounts from above twenty small towns in the interior of Connecticut and the western part of Massachusetts, some but for one and others for three and four years, which show that from one-sixth to one-eighth of all the deaths are by this disease. By the bill of mortality for Rutland, (East Parish) Vermont, containing about thirteen hundred inhabitants, it appears that from 1797 to 1816 the whole number of deaths was four hundred and ten, of which number forty-nine, or one-eighth of the whole were by consumption. In the country there is, I apprehend, less predisposition to this disease than in cities, though exciting causes are in the former more numerous and powerful.

Has this disease increased in the United States within the last half century? From my own observation, and from statements furnished me by aged medical men, I think it has considerably increased in country towns. In some of the cities it appears to have increased no faster than the population, while in others the increase of the disease has been much the greatest. This is particularly true of the city of New-York, where in 1830 the deaths by consumption were 974, and in 1835 amounted to 1437.

Formerly, as we are informed by Dr. Colden, there was but little of the disease in New-York. Speaking of the city about ninety years since, he observes: 'The air of the country being always clear, we have but few consumptions, or diseases of the lungs. Persons inclined to be consumptive in England, are often perfectly cured here by our fine air.'* Similar observations respecting the rarity of consumptive diseases in this country, and the beneficial effects of our climate upon those who came here from Europe with impaired health, are found in the letters and writings of the first settlers of New-England. Probably some recoveries were attributed to the influence of the climate that should have been credited to other causes. That the disease, however, was less common half a century since than at the present time, is evident from the observations of aged medical men. Dr. Holyoke of Salem, in a letter to Professor Wigglesworth, in 1790, observes: 'This disease has of late become much more frequent, and makes up now, I believe, a tenth or perhaps a sixth of our whole bill of mortality.'† Consumption has,

* Amer. Med. and Phil. Reg. Vol. 1. † Mem. Amer. Acad. of Arts and Sciences.

however, always prevailed here. It was the most fatal disease among the Indians, previous to the settlement of this country by the Europeans, and since then is said to have become still more destructive. The celebrated Indian chief, Red Jacket, has lost nine of his family by consumption.

Is pulmonary consumption curable? Medical men, who have devoted many years to the study of this disease, have been divided in opinion upon this question. It is however generally conceded, that some genuine cases of consumption have recovered, even after ulceration had occurred. But such cases are so extremely rare, that the disease may be considered a fatal one. I shall not therefore detain the reader with an account of the remedies which have been used, and are now recommended in this disease, but content myself with remarking, that even incurable cases may be greatly alleviated and protracted by judicious means, and pass to the consideration of the causes of consumption, and measures of prevention.

The causes of consumption may with propriety be divided into the *predisposing* and the *exciting*. Among the first, and probably the most frequent, is the inheritance from one or both parents of a morbid constitution, or tendency to this disease. Scrofulous affections also predispose to this complaint, and these are often inherited, though they are as frequently caused by improper diet, impure air, deficient clothing, or by whatever weakens the system, or prevents its full and healthy development.

By exciting causes are meant those that awaken into diseased action this predisposition to the disease, such as colds, inflammation, and other affections of the lungs, which in those not at all predisposed to consumption seldom produce it, though they sometimes do, when neglected or improperly treated. But such instances are not common, and it is certain if the predisposition did not exist, there would be but little of the disease. It is therefore by preventing the transmission from one generation to another of this predisposition, or morbid constitution, that we must look for much diminution of the disease in this country.

But how can this be effected? In answer to this inquiry, I submit the following observations:

First. Those strongly predisposed to consumption, should conscientiously abstain from matrimony. Duty to themselves and their country requires this. It is criminal in those in whom this disease is lurking, to connect themselves by marriage, and inflict upon themselves and those with whom they are connected unspeakable misery. On this subject more correct views should be entertained, and religiously acted upon. If young people, in the indiscretion peculiar to their age, incline to form such alliances, parents and friends should guard them against it. Hitherto they have been reprehensibly neglectful in this respect. For young persons, there is much excuse. Females in whom this disease exists in a latent form, are in early life the most interesting of their sex. Their minds are usually precocious and brilliant — their countenances fair and animated — and, to a careless observer, appear blooming with health. But in truth, this precocity and brilliancy are symptoms of impending danger. This has been stated by most writers on consumption, and must have been observed by all who have given much attention to the incipient forms of this disease. Even after the

disease is established, it often for a while appears to increase the beauty of its victim. Percival has poetically and correctly alluded to this:

'O! there is a sweetness in beauty's close,
Like the perfume scenting the withered rose;
For a nameless charm around her plays,
And her eyes are kindled with hallowed rays,
And a veil of spotless purity
Has mantled her cheek with its heavenly dye,
Like a cloud whereon the queen of night
Has poured her softest tint of light;
And there is a blending of white and blue
Where the purple blood is melting through
The snow of her pale and tender cheek;
And there are tones, that sweetly speak
Of a spirit who longs for a purer day,
And is ready to wing her flight away.'

But though those predisposed to consumption are often as beautiful as the flowers of spring, they are as delicate and fragile. They usually have slender forms and narrow chests; their lungs are easily irritated; they take cold from slight exposure, and have frequent cough, which for a while is scarcely noticed, or readily yields to remedial measures. Such persons, I repeat, should avoid matrimony, especially in early life. If no exciting cause awakens into diseased action the apprehended predisposition before the age of twenty-five, and they are in good health, there will then be less danger, as reasonable hopes may be indulged that the disease will never be developed.

Secondly. Neither should those marry who are sickly, or whose constitutions are much impaired by disease, even if not consumptive. A late writer on consumption, Dr. Clark, who speaks from great experience, considers dyspepsia in the parent the most fertile source of that vitiated state of the system in children which leads to this disease. An impaired state of health, however produced in the parent, is often manifested in the children by a tendency to scrofulous and consumptive diseases. Thus we often find the younger children more disposed to disease than the elder, and on inquiry, find it may be attributed to a change in the health of one or both parents. Parents should remember that inattention to their own health, or living irregular, dissipated lives, not only impairs their own health, and causes themselves much suffering, but that the evils they experience from this source will be transmitted to their offspring. Like the fabled Laocoon, the 'long-envenomed chain' that binds the father, also encircles and destroys the children.

Thirdly. Early marriages are likewise productive of consumption in this country. Causes that in Europe operate to prevent early marriages, do not exist here. Hence we observe very early marriages among all classes.

The stripling from college, and the girl from the boarding-school — the apprentice when he arrives at the age of twenty-one, and girls from the age of fifteen to twenty — enter into this state, and though in some instances no evils result, yet not unfrequently we notice the health of one or both of the parents decline, and if they do not die, their children are feeble, and often cut off before adult age. I speak from personal observation, when I say, that early marriages are in this country often productive of consumptive diseases. Unless remarkably healthy, none of either sex should marry before the age of twenty-four, or not until two

or three years after the system has acquired its full development. Those whose health has been much impaired from any cause, had better delay a few years longer.

Still, some who are predisposed to consumption, and many with imperfect health, will marry — and cannot the development of this disease, in the offspring of such, be prevented? I confidently answer, yes. Very much may be done to prevent it, by a proper course of physical education — by attention to the diet, dress, exercise, and amusements of children and youth. Those children hereditarily predisposed to consumption, require very different treatment from what they generally receive. Instead of being nurtured like tender plants within doors, or confined at school, they should pass much of the time, during mild weather, in the open air, engaged in play and pleasant exercise. The first object of parents or guardians, as relates to the early education of such children, should be, to give them healthy bodies — to endow them with good physical powers. They should not seek to develope at an early age the intellect of these delicate beings, and strive to place a Corinthian capital on a column of sand; but should endeavor in the first place to make the foundation good, and then whatever is added will be serviceable and enduring.

First, of Diet. All children, more especially the children of enfeebled or consumptive parents, require from their earliest infancy a large supply of nutriment. If the mother is feeble, or exhibits a strong predisposition to disease, a healthy nurse should be procured for the infant. By adopting this course, I have seen the delicate infants of feeble mothers apparently rescued from the grave, and become healthy and robust. After the usual term of nursing has passed, plain nourishing food — all that the child craves — and considerable animal food too, should be allowed. This last is quite essential for children predisposed to scrofulous diseases, and also to prevent, in children who are not, the formation of a tendency to this disease. I fear some have opinions on this subject, which if generally reduced to practice in this country, would prove very detrimental, and tend to produce a degenerate race of men and women, feeble in body and mind. Some persons appear to believe that disease and death lurk in most kinds of rich, nourishing food; that not only pies and cakes are injurious to health, but that fine bread and animal food are also, and that children should be sparingly fed, and chiefly supported on vegetable diet. Those who hold and promulgate such opinions — true disciples of Sancho Panza's doctor, who represented all ordinary food injurious to health — appear to be increasing in this country, and may for a while do mischief. In a hot climate, vegetable food may be sufficient, but in ours, I am confident a more nutritious and stimulating diet is essential to the growth and perfection of the system, and to the full development of all the powers of body and mind.

The history of diseases in all ages of the world abundantly prove, that insufficiency of food, especially in early life, is by far the most productive cause of disease. This is the cause of most of the scrofula, of rickets, and other diseases that rage among the poor. It is this that causes the early decrepitude and look of premature old age which is exhibited even by the youth in many parts of Europe. Children brought up on coarse food, but little nutritious, or that are supported chiefly on vegetable food, are very apt to be scrofulous. Even in domestic animals, scrofulous affections, or a general disease of the glands,

is caused by want of nutritious food. Scrofula is common among the poor, and those supported on weak broths and coarse bread. It is often produced among the children of charitable establishments, when but little or no animal food is allowed. This and other diseases have been caused by diminishing the nourishment, and withdrawing animal food, in prisons and penitentiaries, and has ceased on returning to better diet. It may be said that the Irish, some of whom live mostly on potatoes, are healthy. This is incorrect. Probably in no other country is there as much sickness as in Ireland. A late medical writer estimates the annual amount of cases of fever alone in Ireland, at one hundred and eight thousand, or one in seventy-two of the population. The fever that rages there, is of the low typhus kind, and has been attributed to the enfeebled state of the inhabitants, caused by want of nourishment. Contrast with this, a statement made by Dr. Tweedie, physician to the Fever Hospital in London, that, though almost every description of mechanics had been at some period admitted there, yet he adds, 'I do not recollect a single instance of a butcher being sent to the establishment.' Similar observations have been made at other hospitals.

In hot climates, animal food is not so necessary — the appetite does not naturally crave it. In such climates, vegetable food appears to be sufficiently stimulating. So some individuals in cold climates do not require animal food, and some may have better health by abstaining from it. But such instances, I suspect, are extremely rare, especially among children in good health, who require when growing much invigorating nutriment. Let me therefore entreat those who have the care of children, to be careful of denying their requests for food, but, on the contrary, be mindful to supply them with an abundance that is nutritious. I beseech them to be guided by the same common sense and experience which guides farmers in their endeavors to raise large and handsome animals. To make children grow well and become vigorous and healthy — to make fine animals of them — is the first duty of their parents and guardians.

As regards the influence of diet in producing the disease we are considering, it should be known that most European writers on this disease have stated, as a singular fact, that butchers and their families very rarely have consumption. Thackrah, in his excellent work on the '*Effects of Trades and Professions on Health and Longevity*,' says: 'Butchers and the slaughter-men, their wives and errand-boys, almost all eat fresh cooked meat at least twice a day; they are plump and rosy, cheerful and good-natured. Consumption is remarkably rare among them. If we see a consumptive-looking youth among them, we generally find that his parents, aware of an hereditary disposition to consumption, brought him up to the business, with the hope of averting the formidable malady.' Many others have alluded to the fact that butchers are generally exempt from scrofula and consumption.

Let no one understand from these remarks on diet, that I am an advocate for gluttony, or gormandizing, or that I deny evils do not result from over-eating. All I wish to have understood, is, that I believe these evils have by many been greatly overrated — more than the truth will warrant — and that nutritious food, well cooked, animal food, is not the cause of many of the evils that flesh is heir to, but, on the contrary, the want of it is; and there is danger in our climate of enfeebling children, and preventing the full development of their bodies — of causing

scrofulous and consumptive diseases — by a very spare, innutritious, or exclusively vegetable diet.

Dress. This should vary with the season. The practice of partially clothing infants, leaving the arms naked in cold weather, etc., is cruel and dangerous. Probably no one cause sweeps off so many infants as cold. From observations made in Europe, it appears that the mortality among infants is greater in cold than in warm climates — that the mortality is much greater in the cold season of the year than in the warm — and that a much greater proportion of children live, that are born in the spring or summer, than of those born in the winter. Great caution should be used not only in dressing children warm, but in exposing them to cold. They may, to be sure, be clothed too warmly, and be kept too much in a confined atmosphere; but these errors should be avoided, without committing the more common one of exposure to cold without sufficient clothing.

But this extreme carefulness as regards exposure to cold is necessary only for the first winter or two; after this, children should gradually be accustomed to the cold, though they should be warmly clad. Young females are too regardless of the importance of dressing warm in winter. They should wear flannel constantly in the cold season, and thick, warm stockings and shoes, and not change them for thin ones, to attend evening parties. The notion of hardening youth by exposure to cold in their clothing, is absurd and dangerous. The only sure way to protect ourselves from the evils of a cold climate, is to dress warm, sleep warm, together with exercise, and an abundance of invigorating food.

Above all, parents should be careful to have the dresses of children loose. I seldom see a young child, especially a girl, that is not dressed too tightly about the chest. No doubt many, very many, would escape consumption, and early death, were it not for the shocking practice of compressing the body by dress. Consumption is rare, very rare indeed, in persons with large, full chests. How fearful, therefore, should parents be, lest their own children are prevented from having such, by improper, though at present fashionable, dressing. The tight lacing of young ladies and adult females is unquestionably dangerous, and causes no doubt much disease, but not as much, I apprehend, as dressing children tightly about the chest. In early life, the ribs are easily compressed, and the chest made smaller. But not only should all such compression be avoided in childhood, but the dress should be quite loose, to permit the enlargement of the thorax, in laughing, running, and other exercises, and thus enable it to grow larger.

Many of the small, narrow chests we see in young ladies, are made so by this compression, which prevents the full expansion of the lungs, and an enlargement of the thorax. Some children, however, have small chests from birth, which predispose them to consumption, but I believe many of these might be remedied, by avoiding all compression of the chest when young, and encouraging them in those exercises that expand the lungs, and enlarge the breast.

Air, Exercise, and Amusements. If there is a place on earth where the air should be pure, it is the apartment of a young child. It not only should be kept free from dust, but from bad effluvia, and the air frequently be renovated. There is great neglect in this respect, both in nurseries and schools; a neglect which is one of the most frequent causes of scrofula, and is perhaps the reason why this disease prevails

more among females, who are less in the open air, than among males; in the proportion, it is said, of five to three. As I have said, children should be much of the time in the open air, when the weather is not severely cold. Instead of shutting them up in a small school-room, five or six hours every day, during the first years of life, and keeping them most of the time in one position, they should be permitted to spend most of their time out of doors; and parents should be more anxious to enlarge the muscles of their children, and expand their chests by exercise, than their minds by study. This is the proper course to adopt with all children, and absolutely essential to strengthen and invigorate those that are delicate, and predisposed to disease.

Let it not be objected to this course, that those with whom it is adopted will forever remain mentally inferior. This is not in fact true. A child that has not learned a letter, or been within a school-house, until after the age of six years, but has passed much of his time in healthful exercises out of doors, and thereby gained a healthy, vigorous body, will, when he has opportunity for learning, outstrip the pale, puny things that have been confined from infancy in schools, and become renowned for their proficiency in many sciences. And the former will continue to exhibit through life more mental as well as bodily energy and ability. Innumerable facts might be adduced to prove this statement.

In regard to the early education of children, I am surprised that more inquiry has not been made respecting the early lives of those whom the world deservedly calls great, and the course adopted with them pursued with others. But in general, immediate results are alone regarded, and no inquiry is made respecting the ultimate effects upon the mind and body of the course adopted, but sufficient evidence of its utility is thought to be furnished, if thereby a child can be made to learn rapidly.

I apprehend if we inquire respecting the early education of most of those who have exhibited remarkable abilities, we shall find no sanction for confining young children closely to school: on the contrary, we probably should be induced to ask, if the exercise they enjoyed out of doors — the idleness, as it is called — by giving them good health, and developing their physical powers, had not in fact contributed to the ability afterward manifested, and enabled them to toil, and study, and perform great mental labor, without injury. Look at the great men of this and other countries. Can their greatness be attributed to early school education? Did they enjoy the advantages, as the phrase is, of infant-schools? Were they benefitted by the labors of the illustrious Peter Parley and Co.? No! Ninety-nine in a hundred had no early school education, or none derived from the study of books, though they had the very best education in their early days; they were permitted to study men and things in the open air — in the fields, and gardens, and woods, at play or labor; and thus the brain, instead of being prematurely tasked, and rendered like over-cultivated fields, incurably barren, was only equally exercised with the other parts of the system, and all were fully developed.

One of the most distinguished men of this country — distinguished alike for great and varied attainments, and for moral worth — favored me a few years since with the following interesting particulars of his early education:

'I was brought up among the highlands, and hilly parts of Connecticut, and was never kept on the *high pressure* plan of instruction. It was not then the fashion. I went to school, and studied in the easy, careless way, until I went to college. I was daily and sometimes for a month or more engaged in juvenile play, and occasional efforts on the farm. I was roaming over the fields, and fishing, and sailing, and swimming, and riding, and playing ball, so as not to be but *very superficially learned*, when I entered college. I was not in college half the time. I was at home at leisure, or at gentle work, and much on horseback, but never in the least dissipated. I easily kept pace with my class, for it was in the midst of the American war, and there were no scholars, or much stimulus to learn. *Silent leges inter arma.* When I went to study law, I had my own leisure, and great exercise and relaxation in enchanting rides, and home visits, until I got to the bar. I lived plain — drank nothing but water — eat heartily of all plain, wholesome food that came in my way — was delighted with rural scenery, and active and healthy as I could be. Here I laid the *basis of a sound constitution*, in which my brain had not been unduly pressed or excited, and only kept its symmetry with the rest of the animal system. It was not until I was twenty-four, that I found I was very superficially taught, and then *voluntarily betook myself to books*, and to learn the classics, and every thing else I could read. The ardor and rapidity with which I pursued my law and literary course, was great and delightful, and my *health and spirits* were sound and uniform, and neither has faltered, down to this day.'*

Let not these valuable facts excuse or encourage idleness in literary pursuits. They but serve to show, that intense and constant application of mind in early life is not necessary to the highest intellectual attainments in after years; but that much exercise of the body is required in childhood, in order to develope and invigorate the system, and enable it subsequently to endure severe and long-continued mental application. And these are truths so much disregarded at the present time, and yet of such vast importance to the welfare of the rising generation, that reference to the early lives of distinguished men is not only excusable, but necessary.

The truths which such facts serve to establish, are also supported by physiology; and it is pleasing to see that they are beginning to be regarded in the education of young children. A few years since, there was scarcely a more alarming evil than the rage for making learned prodigies of infants and young children. But farther reform is necessary, especially as regards the education of females. While in no other country do females so generally receive good intellectual education, or spend as much time at school, as in this, their physical education is almost entirely disregarded. Hence the fact, noticed by all foreigners, that the females of this country, especially in our cities, appear more delicate and less healthy than in England. Hence the innumerable instances of narrow chests and curved spines, that a careful observer witnesses among the females of the large towns in this country.

* Chancellor Kent. This was written after reading a small volume presented to him in 1833, by the writer of this article, on the '*Influence of Mental Cultivation upon Health*;' and was not intended for publication.

Crowded boarding schools for young girls are quite numerous, but to many of them I fear they prove the portals of the grave. At these schools, with few exceptions, but little pains are taken to develope the physical powers of the scholars, and the chief attention is given to rapidly improving the intellect. Often an amount of mental labor is required of young and delicate girls, sufficient to impair a strong constitution. All the rewards and praise, all the hopes and wishes of parents and teachers, are for intellectual progress. True, they exercise a little; but the *kind* allowed them is often a task, and is nearly useless. They occasionally walk abroad with their teachers, with a regulated, stereotyped pace, that does them little or no good. Plays and exercises that they naturally enjoy, and which call into action and benefit the whole system — that enlarge the chest, and strengthen the muscles of the back, and enable them to support the spine — are considered rude and improper. Hence we see young ladies return from such schools, with minds much improved, perhaps, but with chests no larger than when they left home, and not unfrequently one shoulder more elevated than the other, and with some curvature of the spine. Let it not be said, in refutation of this statement, that girls in boarding schools look animated and healthy. This is not generally true, and if it were, it would not prove that the course pursued at such schools was proper. The evil effects which result from want of exercise are not witnessed immediately in youth.

In a few years, a delicate girl thus educated, from a little more exposure or fatigue than she has been accustomed to, or even from the mental anxiety and conflict of feelings not unusual to young ladies who mix in society, she grows feeble, a slight cough ensues, scarcely noticed for a while, shortness of breath is experienced on a little exercise, and though the countenance appears brilliant and animated,

'Tis the hectic spot that flushes there,'

and the work of death has already commenced. In a few months, she sinks into the grave, and the newspapers announce, that an interesting young lady — the pride of her parents and friends — whose mind had been improved by the most careful education, has been cut off by consumption. But such announcements, though frequently seen, make but little impression upon the community, and convey no warning to those who have the guardianship of young ladies.

I have dwelt longer on this subject than I should, did I not believe that inattention to the physical education of females, and the rage for improving the intellect to the utmost extent, had become alarming evils; and did I not believe a reform in this respect would diminish the mortality from the disease we are considering, and that the children of feeble or consumptive parents might be rescued from the grave by more attention to the development and improvement of their bodies, by healthful and agreeable exercise, and by less attention to the advancement of the intellect by confinement at school.

The subject is one of vast interest to the patriot and philanthropist. On good bodily organization depend not only individual health but national welfare. The subject, however, seems to be overlooked in this country. While great improvements are making in every thing else, but little thought is given to the improvement of man himself — to

physical man. But this is a neglect which sooner or later will lead to the most disastrous results, even to the ruin of those portions of the population that have from this neglect become effeminate. History assures us of this. When the citizens of Rome changed their habits, neglected those exercises that improved the body, their physical temperament changed. The men became effeminate in body and mind; the women became nervous, and were either barren or gave birth to a feeble race; and then, as was necessary for the good of humanity, 'the fierce giants of the North broke in, and mended the puny breed.'

To avert such a fate from all civilized nations, it will be necessary, while striving for intellectual improvement, to keep constantly in mind that physical improvement is equally necessary, and must not be neglected.

A. B.

Hartford, June 1, 1836.

A SUNDAY NIGHT AT SEA.

BY REV. JOHN PIERPONT, AUTHOR OF 'AIRS OF PALESTINE,' 'THE PILGRIM FATHERS,' ETC.

How sadly hath this Sabbath day, O God, been spent by me,
Cribbed close beneath a narrow deck, washed by the frequent sea,
An adverse wind careering o'er me from those eastern clouds,
And complaining as its shivering wings sweep through my roaring shrouds!

This humble deck, so near to which my rocking couch is spread,
That I strike it if incautiously I lift my throbbing head,
Hath all day told, and tells me still, of falling sleet and rain,
While I have lain alone beneath, in weariness and pain.

Nay, not 'alone;' for, though no voice of wife or children dear,
Or friend, or fellow worshipper, hath fallen upon my ear,
Hast thou not, even here, O God, thy face and favor shown?
Then, how have I been desolate, or how am I alone?

And, while the wind hath roared above, and tossed the raging sea,
Have not my silent orisons, my God, gone up to thee?
To thee who sittest on the flood, and ridest on the storm,
And biddest every wind that blows some work of love perform.

And though the winds have tossed, and though the waves have washed my deck,
It hath not by their weight been sunk, or driven ashore a wreck;
For, though thou hast not hushed the blast, nor bid its fury cease,
Thou 'st brought me up and sheltered me behind the hills of Greece.

It was not, my Preserver, thus the lines were made to fall,
In this same season,* these same seas, unto thy servant Paul,
Who, by this same Euroclydon, was driven till he, at last,
On Malta's rock, from which I've come, a shivering wreck, was cast.

Then let me murmur not that I this live-long day have lain
In weakness, and in weariness, in loneliness and pain;
But rather, when I think of Paul, thy mercy let me bless,
That, though I've served thee less than he, I've also suffered less.

Yet, will thou not forgive me, Lord, if on this holy day,
I think of those I love, and think how far they are away;
And if that house of thine, where I have served thee many a year,
That pleasant house, should claim from me the tribute of a tear?

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* St. Paul's day, *i. e.* the day of his shipwreck, is fixed; and I witnessed the celebration of it in Malta, on the 10th inst.

Within its walls, even now, though Night o'er me hath spread her wing,
I see my friends, my family, my flock, all worshipping;
For, between the pastor and his flock, the foamy crests are curled
That whiten o'er the waters of a quarter of the world.*

And if he lifts to thee his eyes, with tears and darkness dim,
And asks if, in their prayers, his friends, his flock remember him,
Let not the thought of self, that thus intrudes upon their prayers,
Be set down as a sin, O God, in thy sight or in theirs!

That holy house, where I have stood, and where these hands of mine,
So many years, the bread have broken, and pourèd out the wine
That speak of the Redeemer's love, and bring to mind the debt
Of those he hath redeemed from sin — can I that house forget?

Forget those little children too, 'whose angels do behold
Their Father's face,' whose names, on earth, are with thy church enrolled,
And on whose brows, unfurrowed yet by time, or care, or sin,
The water I have thrown that speaks of purity within?

Forget the dead! — forget the dead! What witness do they bear
Of my influence on their spirits that are now beyond my care?
That I have spoken faithfully? or that I, through fear, was dumb
'Of righteousness, and temperance, and of the world to come?'

The dead! Shrink not, my soul! What witness, in their bowers of bliss,
Or from their seats of wo, must they have borne of me, in this?
And they who 're yet alive, what will, what ought to be, the amount
Of their report, when, in their turn, they go to give account?

Can I forget the mourning ones, who 've brought their load of grief,
And, at thine altar laid it down, and found in prayer relief?
Forget the needy, who their wants have there before thee spread?
Or the liberal hand that there hath given the poor their daily bread?

Forget the young, who, having laid their parents in the dust,
Came up, in One who cannot die, to learn to place their trust?
Forget the hoary headed ones, who 've bent their feeble knees,
With me so long in prayer? — O God, can I forget all these?

And, when I do remember those whose worship I have led,
How can I but indulge the hope, when taken from their head,
That they whose kindness in my heart will ever be enshrined,
When they 've come to bow before the Lord, have borne me in their mind?

And *how* am I remembered then? — as a watchman loving sleep?
As a shepherd who hath sought his ease, and cared not for the sheep?
Or as one who, aware that his time was short, that his day would soon be o'er,
With more of zeal than of wisdom wrought till he could work no more?

Shall I, then, 'work no more?' — or wilt thou bring me back at length,
To serve thee in thy courts again, with renovated strength?
And, when the people of my care within those courts I meet,
Will the same faces welcome me — the same kind voices greet?

No: there are eyes that rolled in light, when I launched upon the wave,
And that, when I return — should I e'er return — will have closed in the sleep of the grave:
And are there not those which fell on me then with a warm and a friendly ray,
And which, when they see me again, will turn with an icy glare away?

* The 23 degrees of longitude that lie between Cape Matapan and Boston, make a difference, in time, of about 6 1-4 hours; so that while these thoughts are passing through my mind 'in my meditations upon my bed,' between 9 and 10 o'clock at night, my people are in the midst of their afternoon service.

O Father, by thy chastening hand that now is laid on me,
In weakness and in wandering upon this wintry sea,
In absence from thy holy house, to which I loved to go,
And from my home, my happy home, and them who make it so, —

By all this discipline of thine — all which, I know, is just —
Shall I be made a wiser man, and worthier of my trust?
An answer, O my guardian God, thy wisdom will prepare;
And what thy wisdom shall appoint, it will be mine to bear.

At sea, 'lying to,' behind Cape Matapan,
Sunday, 14th February, 1836.

HOMER, AND EPIC POETRY.

Much has, in all ages since he lived, been written respecting Homer. After the multitudes of commentaries which have illustrated his works, and the great number of critics who have elucidated his merits and his defects, there still remain a few gleanings to reward the industry of a humble laborer in that extensive vineyard.

It need scarcely be stated in the outset, that the works of Homer are far from being polished and perfect specimens of the art of poetry. They are considered by all who are willing to regard them favorably, as affording proofs of stupendous genius. But they were undoubtedly the work of a rude age, and exhibit many of the faults which arise from the want of critical skill, in the use of his materials, and from the infant state of the art in which he was the first great practitioner. There existed then no critical rules by which he could be guided, and but few, if any, specimens which could serve as examples to direct him. He drew from the resources of his own powerful genius, from the impetus of his own natural emotions. Carried along by these guides, he composed poems which have often been excelled in judgment of selection and discrimination, in smoothness, polish, and correctness; but never have, and in all probability never will be excelled, in grandeur of conception, in matchless simplicity of diction, as well as several others of the most essential qualities of a great poet.

One of the most striking instances of the decided superiority of Homer to almost all other poets, is his faithful and consistent representation of character. No other poet whatever introduces his readers so completely to an intimate acquaintance with all the personages that appear in his works. We become as familiar with the heroes of the Iliad as if we saw them acting, and heard them speaking in real life. They come in and act before us, each in his appropriate character, so that we seem to have lived for years in intimacy with them, and can never mistake the speeches and actions of one for those of another.

There appears in his writings a vast variety of characters, and they all act their part with the utmost propriety and discrimination. Virgil, who far surpasses Homer in judgment and elegance of taste, falls far below him in the extensive representation of character. His descriptions are grand, the situations of his principal personages interesting and pathetic in the utmost degree; but he introduces but comparatively few characters that are minutely and clearly discriminated. At the same time, nothing can be better executed than the characters he

has brought forward, as nothing can exceed the grandeur or the interest of the situations into which he has brought them.

But the circumstance which appears to me most worthy of particular notice in the works of Homer, is the general truth of his narrations and descriptions. I am well aware how paradoxical this assertion will appear, when compared with the fabulous structure that is considered as essential to epic poetry, and especially of Homer's epics as a series of fables. In what view then, it will be asked, do I assign truth as a characteristic of these poems? They contain true descriptions of the manners and of the opinions of those ages. In this respect they are even more valuable in a historical than in a poetical view. They are the sole remaining records of man, in these ancient times, that we have obtained through the hands of that nation, and they are every way worthy of close attention.

The manners he describes, are undoubtedly the manners of the people among whom he lived; the sentiments he ascribes to his heroes, are those of his countrymen; and the religious opinions and impressions he puts into their speeches, contain the theological creed of the men of that primitive race.

Homer did not, like Virgil, undertake to describe the actions of men who had lived a thousand years before, whose manners it was therefore necessary to borrow from more ancient authors; nor, like Milton, attempt to describe those of another race of beings, whose manners he must therefore invent from his own fertile imagination. He describes to us the manners which he saw existing, and characters, which had been handed down through only three or four generations, and whose actions had therefore not been too much deformed by fable, or obscured by long tradition. If he lived, as is generally supposed, about a century and a half after the period of the great events which he describes, he then lived just at the time, or at that degree of remoteness from it, which is calculated to give the greatest interest to the events narrated, without obscuring them in the mists of fable, to any great degree.

At all events, he describes the actions of his heroes as they were reported by his countrymen, and at a time when the same manners were still followed, and perfectly understood.

Doubts have been entertained, indeed, as to the reality of the events described in the Iliad and the Odyssey, but without any very certain evidence. But even if I were to admit that the actions and events were all fabulous, this would not detract from the authenticity of Homer as to his descriptions of manners and of sentiments. His evidence will still remain unimpeachable as to all that we would wish to know of the religious impressions, as to the moral persuasions, or to the modes of thinking, and acting, and reasoning, which characterized the men of that distant age.

The same remark applies to the whole of the arts, and knowledge, and domestic habits of that remote race. It is in the works of this Father of Poetry alone, that we can obtain any information of these interesting particulars. His testimony, as far as it goes, may be received with complete security. The private life and domestic economy he describes, are those he witnessed, and those he practised. They describe the life led by those among whom he lived, and by whom he was surrounded.

The following passage, for example, taken from the sixth book of

the Odyssey, deserves attention not only for its poetical beauties, but likewise for the picture which it affords of the simplicity of ancient manners, of female industry, and domestic economy:

> Now came bright charioted Aurora forth
> And waken'd fair Nausicaa; she her dreams
> Remembered wondering, and her parents sought,
> Anxious to tell them. Them she found within:
> Beside the hearth her royal mother sat,
> Spinning soft purple, with sea purple dy'd,
> Among her menial maidens; but she met
> Her father, whom the nobles of the land
> Had summon'd, issuing forth to join
> The illustrious chiefs in council. At his side
> She stood, and thus her filial suit preferr'd:
>
> 'Sir, wilt thou lend me of the royal wains
> A sumpter carriage? for our costly robes,
> All sullied now, the cleansing stream require:
> And thine especially, when thou appear'st
> In council, with the princes of the land,
> Had need be pure. Thy sons are also five,
> Two wedded, and the rest of age to wed,
> Who go not to the dance unless adorn'd
> With fresh attire — all which is my concern.'
>
> So spake Nausicaa; for she dared not name
> Her own glad nuptials to her father's ear,
> Who, conscious yet of all her drift, replied:
>
> 'I grudge thee neither mules, my child, nor aught
> That thou canst ask beside. Go, and my train
> Shall furnish thee a sumpter-carriage forth,
> High-built, strong-wheeled, and of capacious size.'

The whole of that book, containing the discovery of Ulysses, in his miserable flight after his shipwreck, to Nausicaa and her female attendants, and his proceeding with them to the palace of her father, is peculiarly worthy of perusal. It may be remarked that the translation of Cowper, from its strict idiomatical English, and freedom from all attempts to improve upon Homer, gives a much closer and better representation of the original than that of Pope. No writer, since the time of Addison, is so strictly and purely Anglican, as Cowper.

An instance of the liberties which Pope has taken in modernizing his author, we have in the first book of the Odyssey. Homer represents Jupiter as reproving the wilfulness of mankind in charging their crimes and misfortunes upon the gods, according to the absurd practice of the heathens, in which they are but too closely imitated by ignorant and unthinking persons among ourselves, who bring the same charge against fate or destiny. Jupiter is introduced in the original, saying among the heavenly powers:

'How strangely mankind act, while they ascribe to us their misfortunes, which arise more frequently from their preposterous rashness! As for instance, Orestes brought destruction upon himself, after having first murdered Agamemnon, and seduced his wife.' This is rendered by Pope:

> 'Perverse mankind, whose wills created free,
> Charge all their woes on absolute decree;
> All to the dooming gods their guilt translate,
> And follies are miscall'd the crimes of fate.'*

* The more recent translation by Sotheby, is entitled to great praise.

Here, beside the manifest loquacity ascribed to the ancient poet, an allusion is absurdly introduced to the disputes of philosophers and theologians of following ages, respecting free will, and absolute decrees.

The works of Homer abound to excess with tales of the most extravagant and incredible kind. In this he followed the credulous state of the human mind during the pristine ages of society. If he had done otherwise, he might have been more pleasing to philosophical readers; but he would not have presented us with a faithful picture of his countrymen and contemporaries.

It is rather singular that the practice of Homer, who was in this case guided by the strictest regard to propriety, has been followed by the great majority of epic poets who had no justifiable reason for this imitation. In doing so, they did not correctly describe the sentiments of their contemporaries.

In all other departments of poetry, the writer entertains no doubt of creating interest, if he can only succeed in bringing forward apt descriptions of natural scenes, of human passion, and human feeling and character. He limits his invention to probable and possible situations; and never dreams that he can increase the interest of his piece, by travelling beyond the bounds of probability, and introducing his hero into scenes that never could exist.

Above all, considering the great lights of modern times, it seems peculiarly unsuitable to load the productions of the modern epic muse with the whole machinery of ancient gods and goddesses. These are perfectly proper and suitable in the works where they originated; but, to say the least, exceedingly misplaced in a poem describing the sentiments and feelings of modern nations, in which they are not even believed by the vulgar.

Among the ancient writers of this description, Lucan is the only one who has not judged it necessary to make use of the same incredible machinery with Homer. He has entirely discarded the battles, and quarrels, and intrigues of the gods. He has, with the greatest propriety, retained the superstitious observance of dreams and omens, because these were still objects of peculiar reverence to his countrymen and contemporaries, and calculated to produce no slight influence on public affairs. Along with these ornaments of his narrative, he has joined lively talent for geographical description, farther enlivened by frequent allusions to ancient history, and the struggles for the liberties of mankind, that had given lustre to many of the fields through which he traces their extinction among the Romans. When to all these is added the description of the deepest feelings of the human mind, in the most arduous of all struggles, we cannot wonder that he has succeeded in producing an admirable poem without the aid of incredible machinery. He has been blamed, but without sufficient reason, for choosing a theme too recent for the introduction of fable. He knew how to create interest, by strong feelings and ardent passion, in the case even of late events.

Even among the moderns, the generality of those who have aimed at possessing a name among epic writers, have still thought it necessary to adopt the incredible machinery* which, with all its extravagance,

* Of gods and goddesses.

was exceedingly proper in the hands of Homer. Tasso is censurable in this respect; and the fault is more glowing, by being mixed up with a great deal of Christian theology.

The Lusiad of Camoens, otherwise a poem of great merit and uncommon interest, is exposed to this censure in no small degree. The error of this author is the less excusable, as his poem is founded on a modern event, which occurred at a time when the belief in the power of Bacchus, Venus, and Mercury, could not possibly have any influence on the actions of men.

The Epigoniad is professedly written in imitation of Homer, and therefore we are not surprised at finding the same machinery employed. And the use of it is the more reasonable, because the scene is laid in the siege of Thebes, at least a whole generation anterior to the war of Troy, at a time when the marvellous mythology of Greece was at the height of its extravagance, and at the height of its motive power.

In the Leonidas written by Glover, and in the Henriade by Voltaire, the machinery of the marvellous is entirely laid aside; and the lovers of the simplicity of Nature will generally admit that the omission is greatly to the advantage of these beautiful poems. In the Leonidas, the two great superstitions of oracles and omens have their appropriate place, as possessing a conspicuous influence on the actions, and consequently on the destinies of the heroes engaged. Both these poems deserve to be more read.

The most celebrated production of the epic muse, in English, is unquestionably 'Paradise Lost.' It has been generally admitted to excel all works of the same kind, ancient or modern, in sublimity. The structure of the fable is also, for the most part, regular; and many portions of it are eminent for pathos. The verse is for the most part extremely smooth and musical; and, in not a few places, majestic. Those who agree, or nearly agree with the theological sentiments of the author, will admit the structure, scenes, and incidents to be perfectly consistent with probability; unless, perhaps, we except the battles of the angels, which are too material for the contentions of spiritual beings. Yet it would be difficult to say, how else they could have been imagined. Imagination was here stretched to the utmost limits of her power. Milton's poem has the singular advantage of being in the highest degree marvellous, without being in any great degree improbable.

In one point of view, this poem possesses a higher dignity than is aimed at by any other of the same description. It is to be considered not only as a poetical effusion of the highest order, but as an attempt to satisfy the great philosophical inquiry which has occupied the utmost ingenuity of men in all ages — that which respects the origin of evil. That this was the intention of the work, we learn from the close of the invocation,* of which the majestic cadence has been felt by every discriminating ear, though the intimation which it gives of the author's intention, appears to have been sometimes unobserved.

This intention, according to the generally received systems of theology, has been served, and the account clothed in the highest beauties of poetry.

D. W.

* 'And justify the ways of God to man.'

THE BURGUNDY ROSE.

BY CHARLES CONSTANTINE PISE, D.D.

I.

Thou art most sweet and beautiful,
Fresh rose of Burgundy:
Angels themselves might love to cull
Such flowrets for the sky.
'Tis only in some Eden bright
That thou shouldst open to ambrosial light.

II.

It was a virgin's tender hand
That plucked this bud for me;
Coy blossom of a far-off land,
Sweet rose of Burgundy:
And I will foster, as a gem,
Each leaf that lingers on thy fragrant stem.

III.

Chaste emblem of the gentle maid
Who fondly cherished thee,
With crystal showers, in sun and shade,
Young rose of Burgundy:
And as her genius watched thy growth,
'Unconscious beauty' smiled alike in both.

LEGENDS OF BLARNEY CASTLE.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'A CHAPTER FROM REAL LIFE.'

'The groves of Blarney, they are so charming.' — R. A. Milliken.

Who has not heard of Blarney? — and how few know whence this appropriate term has originated. How could they indeed, unless they made a pilgrimage to the famous castle, as I did, 'in my hot youth when George the Fourth was king,' in order, by some manœuvre, to prevail on Tom Cronin to narrate the story of all its wonders?

But Tom Cronin is dead; and, as Crofton Croker seems strangely negligent of the legendary treasures of Blarney, even I, 'albeit my pen unworthy of such a tale,' must endeavor to rally my recollections of Cronin's strange narratives, and give to the world at least a shadow of his 'wild and wondrous' stories.

There is no spot in Ireland which has attained more celebrity than the far-famed village of Blarney. There lies that mysterious talisman, weighing two tons at least! which has the extraordinary power of conferring great gifts of persuasion on the lips which, with due reverence and proper faith in its virtues, invoke the hidden genii of the stone to yield them its inspiration: the ceremony is brief; only a kiss upon the

* Such of our readers as have been favored to hear Power, the irresistible, execute that most laughable song, '*The Groves of Blarney*,' will scarcely be startled at these 'Legends.' We consider the latter entitled to full as much credence as the former.

Eds. Knickerbocker.

flinty rock, and the kisser is instantly endowed with the happy faculty of flattering the fair sex, *ad libitum*, without their suspicion that it is flattery. It enables him, like history,

'To lie like truth, and still most truly lie.'

Immortal poësy has already celebrated the localities of Blarney. Who has not heard or read of Richard Alfred Miliken's far-famed *chanson*, 'The Groves of Blarney?' It should be known, that Blarney Castle really is surrounded by these aforenamed groves. It stands about four miles to the northwest of 'the beautiful city called Cork,' and, of course in the noted district of Muskerry.

All that now can be seen, are the remains of an antique castellated pile, to the east of which (rather incongruously) has been attached, about a hundred years ago, a large mansion of modern architecture.

The old castle was erected in the middle of the fifteenth century. Cormac Macarthy, (surnamed *Laider*, or the strong,) a descendant of the ancient kings of Cork, and one of the most powerful of the Munster chieftains, is reported to have built this massy pile. Our readers will excuse a page or so of the history of this castle: it is quite enough to be informed, that it passed into many hands, and at the time of the Revolution of 1688, was part of the estates of the Earl of Clancarty, who was an active partisan of James II. When the Prince of Orange became lord of the ascendant, the earl was sent into exile, his titles and estates forfeited to the crown, and Blarney Castle, with its contiguous lands, was put up to auction at Chichester House, Dublin, when they were purchased by Sir James Jeffereys, to whose family it still belongs.

The castle stands on the north side of a precipitate ridge of limestone rock, rising from a deep valley, and its base is washed by a small but beautiful river, called the Awmartin. A large square and massive tower is all that remains of the original fortress. The top of this building is surrounded with a parapet, breast high, and on the very highest part of the castle walls is the famous stone which is said to have the power just mentioned, of conferring on every gentleman who *kisses* it the peculiar property of telling any thing with an unblushing cheek, and 'forehead unabashed.' From this came the well known terms *blarney*, and *blarney-stone*. It may be added, that the real stone is in such a dangerous situation, on account of its elevation, that it is rarely kissed, save by some very adventurous pilgrims. The stone which officiates as its deputy, is one that was loosened by a shot from the cannon of Oliver Cromwell's troops, in 1646 (under the command of Lord Broghill, afterward the celebrated Earl of Orrery,) who were encamped on the hill behind the castle: this stone is secured in its place by iron staunchions, and it is to this that the visitants to Blarney pay their oscular homage, by mistake.

Between the castle and the hill just mentioned, there is a sweet vale called the Rock Close, a charming spot where, or legends lie, the little elves of fairy-land assembled to hold midnight revelry. There is a lake of unfathomable depth at one end of this vale, and superstition has many a tale of its wonders.

It was in the summer of 1825, that Sir Walter Scott paid a visit to Blarney: he was accompanied by Miss Scott, Miss Edgeworth, and Mr. Lockhart, (the present editor of the *Quarterly Review*.)

A few days after his visit, it was my fortune to tread in his steps to the same *classic* shrine. The barefooted and talkative guide who accompanied me over the castle, thus described the Ariosto of the North, and his companions: 'A tall, bulky man, who halted a great deal, came here with his daughter and a thin lady, and a great dash of a gentleman, with a bright eye, that looked here and there and every where in a minute. They thrust themselves, ransacking, into every nook and cranny that a rat would not go through, scarcely. When the lame gentleman came to the top of the castle, he was delighted, and took all the country down upon paper: then one of us sang 'The Groves of Blarney.' He made us sing it again, and said that he'd converse a poem on the castle himself, may be!'

The curious reader will hardly consider it an useless digression, if I here introduce two or three stanzas of the song which could tempt Scott into a half promise 'to *converse* a poem on the castle himself, may be!' It is one of the most ridiculous extravaganzas (ridiculous by intention) that was ever penned. The *con*-fusion of its similes, and the *pro*-fusion of its praise, run counter in a poetical hand gallop. For example:

'Tis Lady Jeffereys that owns this station,
Like Alexander or Helen fair;
There's not one commander throughout this nation,
For emulation can with her compare:
There's castles around her, but no nine pounder
Would dare for to enter this place of strength;
But Oliver Cromwell he did it pummel,
And made a breach in her battlement.'

What follows, must be intended for pure description:

'There's gravel walks there, for contemplation,
And conversation in sweet solitude:
'Tis there the lover may hear the dove, or
The gentle plover in the afternoon;
And if a young lady would be so engaging
As to take a walk in their shady bowers,
'Tis there her lover, he might transport her,
To some dark fort underneath the flowers.'

There is something once new and *naïve* in the idea of 'gravel walks for contemplation,' and its rather rare, to hear 'conversation in sweet solitude.' *N'importe!* 'What is writ is writ: would it were worthier!' The last verse that I shall quote (I cannot resist the temptation,) is far richer:

'Tis there's the cave, where no daylight enters,
But cats, rats, and badgers for ever breed;
All decked by Nature, which makes it sweeter,
Than a coach and six, or a bed of down;
'Tis there the lake's well stored with perches,
And comely eels in the verdant mud,
Besides the leeches, and the groves of beeches
All standing up in order to guard the flood.'*

* Paudeen O'Rafferty's emendation of this stanza is in our opinion a great improvement. He sings:

'T is there 's the cave, where no daylight enters,
But cats, rats, and badgers are foriver bred;
All deck'd by Nature, which makes it much more complater,
Than a coach and six, or a downy bed.
'T is there 's the lake, well stored with fishes,
And comely eels in the verdant mud that play —
There 's them trout and them salmon playin' together at ba'gammon,
And when you go to take hould o' them, don't they immadiently swim away!'

The last four lines are quite inimitable. 'The comely eels in the verdant mud' would form quite a picture: but what can surpass the idea of the 'groves of beeches all standing up in order to guard the flood,' like so many tall sentinels? I know nothing like it in the whole range of poësy, except two lines in the cobler's song on castle Hyde, (of which, by the way, the Groves of Blarney, is an imitation,) which describe

'The trout and salmon, a playing back-gammon,
All by the banks of sweet Castle Hyde!'

It is time to leave these rhymes, and return to the redoubtable Tom Cronin, 'the best story-teller,' to use his own words, 'from the Giant's Causeway to Cape Clear.'

This worthy I met, after my visit to the castle. I had struck from the common path into that which led through the Rock Close. This valley is divided into several fields, all of which are extremely fertile, except that immediately washed by the lake. It was now in the month of June, and although the mower had begun to cut down the rich grass of the other fields, there was scarcely a blade upon this one. All was as green, smooth, and close-shaven, as the turf before a *cottage ornée.* While I was remarking this, I was startled by a sudden touch on the shoulder: turning round, I found myself *vis-à-vis* with an Herculean-built fellow, who doffed his hat, made an attempt at a bow, and without farther preface, commenced:

'Wondering at this meadow being so bare, I'll warrant you, Sir?'

'Why, I must own that I was.'

'And didn't know the why and the wherefore of it, may be? It 's Tom Cronin, and that 's myself, that can tell you all about it in the twinkling of an eye.'

'And pray, who may Tom Cronin be?'

'Faith, Sir, you know mighty little, if you don't know me! Not know Cronin, the great philomath, that bothered the provost of old Trinity by his mathematics? May be never once heard of the great Cronin, that does all the questions and answers in the Lady's Diary?'

'No, indeed, Mr. Cronin! But I'm a stranger here, as you may perceive.'

'Strange enough, I'll be bound. Then *I* am that same Tom Cronin — 'our ingenious correspondent,' as the Mathematical Journal calls me, when it refuses one of my contributions — 'for want of space,' bad luck to 'em — as if they could not push out something else to make way for me. Mighty curious, altogether, Sir, that you never heard of me, that keeps one of the finest schools, under a hedge, in Munster! Sit down on the bank here, and I'll enlighten you so about that good-looking lake before your two eyes, that you won't forget me in a hurry, I'll be bound.'

I complied with the desire of my new acquaintance, and listened to the following legend:

'Once upon a time, and there was no lake here at all. The place where that lake is, was a large castle, and in it there dwelt an unbaptized giant — 'twas long before St. Patrick came to the country — who kept martial rule over all the country, far and near. At that time the Aw-

martin, or any other river did not flow near us; and although there was plenty of wine in the castle, there was a great want of water. This was mighty inconvenient for the ladies of the castle — the fellow had as many wives as a Turk — they wanted sadly to wash their pretty faces, and their clothes, and more than that, they could not make a cup of tea, by any means.'

'Fair and easy, Mr. Cronin: tea was not used in those days.'

'That's more than you know; and, once for all, it puts me out if I'm interrupted. So, one and all, they sent a petition to the giant, that he'd be good enough to get them a well of water. So, when he read it, he made no more adieu, but whipped off through the air, just like an angel, to his old aunt, who was a fairy, and had foretold that some day or other, water would be the death of him.

'And when he met her, he told her what he came about, and said that he never would mind what the women prayed for, but it was greatly against his health to be obliged to drink his wine and whiskey raw, and he'd a longing desire for a little of the creature neatly mixed up with lemon and sugar, and water; which shows, clear as fate, that the barbarian knew what was good, for none but an ignoramus ever turned up his nose at a tumbler of whiskey punch.

'So, after a world of entreaty, the old fairy gave him a little bottle. 'Take this,' said she, 'and dig a hole in the rock behind the castle barbican, where the sun shines latest before he sinks into the west; make a stone cover for the top of it, that may fit exactly: when that's done, pour the water out of this bottle into the hole in the rock, and there will be a well of pure water, as much as all your family can use; but when no one is taking water from the well, the stone cover must be on it, for it is the nature of this water to overflow, unless it be kept confined.'

'To be sure, he gave her a thousand thanks, and home he went. The first thing he did was to quarry the hole in the rock; then to fit it with a stone cover; and, lastly, to pour in the water. Sure enough, there sprang up a well, and from that day forward they had as much water as ever they wanted. The giant then called all his family, and told them that the stone cover must always be over the well; and, to be sure that it was, he appointed his wives, turn about, to sit by the stone itself all day long, and watch it. They did not like this office, but sooner than lose the spring of water, they agreed to obey.

Things went on very well for some time. But at last, as is always the case when a woman is in the way, there came a sad blow up. One of the giant's wives was a foreigner, and was married to some other man before she fell into his hands. Mild and pale she always was, pretty creature, lamenting the land that she had left, and the lover she had lost. It happened that one day as she sat by the well, there came an old pilgrim by the gate, and he held out his pitcher for a draught of water: her thoughts were far away, never fear. But women are all kind and gentle creatures, and she raised off the cover to fill his vessel. While she was doing this, the pilgrim pulled off his gown and false beard, and who was it but her own, own husband! She sprang off her seat toward him, and then, faint as death, and just as pale, she sank back into the old oaken chair on which she sat. A bird never flew the air faster, than he toward her. He seated himself on the seat, held her gently in his arms, and sprinkled her with water until the color

again came to her cheek, and the life into her heart. All this time the well was uncovered, and the waters rose — rose — rose, until they surrounded the castle. Higher and higher did they rise, until at length down fell the gates, the stream rushed in, and drowned every living thing in the place, and made this very lake we are now sitting by.'

'And what became of the lady and the pilgrim?'

'Now that is the beautiful *moral* of the story. They escaped — for the oaken chair supported them, and floated them until they came to land. All the rest perished, because they wilfully consented to live with the giant; but this one lady was kept there against her will.

'What happened to them, after all?'

'They lived together long and happily. It was the giant's pride to put all his best jewels on whoever kept watch over the well, that all persons might pay respect to his wealth; and as this lady had them all on her when the castle was swallowed up, she and her husband had money enough to last them all the days of their life.'

'Really, you have given, if not a very probable, still a very pleasing account of this lake. But what causes this meadow to be so bare, while the others round it have such fine crops?'

'Fair and softly, Sir. Do you see that gray rock on the left there, with the three pines on its height?'

'Yes.'

'Listen then, to a story about it — unless, indeed, my conversation tire you.'

After assuring Mr. Cronin, who was evidently fishing for a compliment, that his story would have quite a contrary effect, he resumed:

'Look first,' said he, 'at the place, or you won't be able to comprehend the story at once.'

The rock rose with a gentle swell in the distance. Its front had a precipitous appearance, and was covered with tangled underwood, like network. At its base, was a sort of rugged entrance, over which the honeysuckle and wild briar had formed a natural arch. Except this, truth compels me to say the rock was very common-place. You might meet with a hundred such any day in the year, and pass them by without notice.

'We call that rock,' said he, 'by a strange name, from a strange circumstance. Upon the top, some hundreds of years ago, there stood a castle belonging to the old kings of Muskerry. Some cousin of theirs and his family lived in it, and were happy as the day is long. I never could find out *how* it happened, but certainly it *did* happen, that one night, castle, and people, and all suddenly disappeared. I misdoubt that there were bad spirits at work. However, it is said that the rock opened and swallowed all up, and that the lord and his lady are kept there, spell bound, as it were, in the shape of cats. From this, the rock is called Corrig-na-cat, or the cat-rock. 'T is a mighty pretty derivation.

'Surely, whether the castle were swallowed up or no, strange sights may be seen, by the light of the harvest moon, about that place. There is a little green spot on the brow of the rock, where there is a fairy circle; and it is as sure as the daylight that there has been heard sweet music from that spot by night, and the good people (the fairies) have been seen dancing on the green turf, dressed in green and gold, and having

beautiful crowns on their heads, and white wands in their hands. Faith, Sir, you may smile, but more unlikely things have been.

'Well, Sir, my grandfather, although a little given to the drink, was as honest a man as ever broke bread, or emptied a glass. It was on a summer evening, while he lay in bed, between asleep and awake, that he heard a strange, deep voice speak to him. It said: 'The words of fate! — heed them! Go at midnight to Corrig-na-cat; take with you a box of candles, and a hundred fathoms of line. Fasten the line to the mouth of the cave, and advance boldly with a pair of candles lighted. The line, is that you may roll it up as you come back, and not lose your way. Keep to the right hand, and you 'll find a large room, and two cats in it. There is as much gold in the room inside that, as would buy a kingdom; you may take a bag to carry away as much of it as you desire. But on your peril, do not touch any thing else; your life will not be worth a straw, if you do!

'You may be sure, Sir, that this piece of information astonished my grandfather. But he was a sensible man, and just nudged my grandmother, to know if she were awake. She slept, sound as a top; so he let her sleep on. He was far too knowing to let *her* into the secret. He thought over all that he had ever heard of Corrig-na-cat; he called to mind how his mother had always said that our family were the real descendants of the lord and lady that were swallowed up in the rock, and he fancied that this was some great oracle that had come down to him, in order that he might break the spell that bound them in the rock, and bring back the good old times once more. God knows, he thought less of the gold he was to take for his own use, than the chance of restoring *them* to their own natural human forms, and giving them back their fine estates.

'They say that a warning is worth nothing, if it is not repeated. The next night my grandfather heard the same words: he then knew that it was no feint, and the night after he went on his mission.

'It was pitch dark, and he took his line, and his candles, and a sack to bring home the gold, and a flask of stuff that had never been touched by the gauger's rod. When he came to the rock, his heart almost failed him; the night was so still that he could hear the beating of his heart — thump, thump, thump — against his breast. The bat flew about, and the owl looked on him with her great white, flaring eyes; but he did not mind. Swallowing all the contents of the flask at once, he felt his spirits wonderfully restored, and in he pushed, to the mouth of the cave. He fastened his line to one of the bushes at hand, said an *ave* or two, drained the flask, and dashed forward.

'The way was as straight as an arrow for about thirty yards, but after that, it took as many turnings and twistings as a problem of Euclid in the sixth book, and branched out into many directions. My grandfather followed on to the right, as he had been told, and soon found himself at the gateway of an old hall. He pushed open the door, and saw that there were doors upon doors, leading off to many a place. He still kept to the right, and in a few minutes found himself in a state chamber; pillars of white marble supported the roof, and at the farthest end, the hall opened into an apartment, through which there beamed a soft and beautiful light, like as if it came from a thousand shaded lamps.

'Here was the end of his journey. A beautiful carved mantel-piece of white marble stood over the fire-place, and on crimson velvet cushions there lay two beautiful white cats before the fire. Diamonds and rubies, emeralds and amethysts, lay on the ground before him in thousands, and the ceiling and walls were stuck with them in heaps. There was no living thing in the room, except my grandfather and the cats. The creatures had golden collars, embossed with diamonds, round their necks, and to these were fastened long gold chains, which just gave them liberty to move round the room, being fastened to the walls at each side by golden staples. As he looked at them, they glanced fully upon his face, and he thought they watched his very looks.

'He passed on to the inner room. The gold lay on the floor like wheat in a miller's store; he filled his sack to the brim with the coin, until, although he was the strongest man in the barony, he was scarcely able to lift it. As he passed through the room where the cats were, he paused for one moment to take a parting glance at the treasures that lay around him. There was one golden bit, studded with diamonds, and blazing like a lamp, that hung from the ceiling. It was too tempting. He forgot the advice not to touch any thing but the gold in the inner room, reached out his hand to seize the sparkling prize, when one of the cats, who was watching his motions, sprang forward, quick as a stroke of lightning, and struck out his right eye with a dash of its paw. At the same moment, some invisible hand bore off the bag of gold from his shoulders, as if it were only a bag of feathers. Out went the lights, my grandfather was obliged to grope his way out as well as he could, cursing his greediness, that would not be content with what he had got. He found his way home the next morning with only one eye.'

'And do *you* believe all this?'

'If I don't,' said the philomath, 'half the country does. To be sure as my grandfather was fond of a drop of drink, he might have dreamed all this: but then there was his right eye wanting. Indeed, there are some who say, that he fell over the cliff in a drunken fit, and that his eye was scratched out in that way. But, as it would not beseem me to make a liar of my grandfather, I stick for his own account. If the story is not true, it deserves to be.'

In this strange conclusion I quite coincided, and the philomath, proud of this display of his legendary lore, proceeded to acquaint me with the accredited legend of the meadow next the lake. I shall continue my endeavor to adhere to the very words of the narrator.

'Some thousand years ago — but of course *after* this lake was formed, and the old fairy's prophecy fulfilled, that the giant would come to his death by water — there was a man owned all the fields in the Rock Close. He was a farmer, a plain, honest man. Not long after the place came to be his, he wondered very much why, although there was the same cultivation given to this field as the rest, it never gave any crops. He spoke to his herdsman, a mighty knowing man, who said that it would be worth while to watch the place, for that although

he often saw the blades of grass a foot high at night, all was as closely shaven as a bowling-green in the morning. His master, one of the old stock of the MacCarthy's, thought there was reason in what he said, so he desired him to watch.

'The herdsman did his bidding. The next morning he told MacCarthy that he had hid himself behind an old gateway — you may see it there to the left — and at midnight the waters of the lake were mightily disturbed; that he saw six cows come out of the lake, and commence eating up all the grass, until, by daybreak, there was not a yard of the field that they had not made as smooth as the palm of my hand; that as the day began to dawn, the cows, having finished their meal, returned to the lake, and walked down to the bottom, as quietly as if they were on dry land.

'To be sure, this was strange news for MacCarthy. He was completely at his wits' end. The herdsman offered to watch again that night, and go down to the lake, and make a regular complaint of the trespass. He was a little man, but had the heart of a lion. And on that same night he went again, and placed himself, this time, behind that great stone that lies to your right. The cows came up, as before, and cleared the field; they could not go into any other, because there were high, quickset hedges, which may be they did not like to take a flying leap over.

'Just as the last cow was passing by, on her return to the lake, the herdsman made a dart at her tail, and took a fast hold of it. The cow walked on as if nothing had happened, and the herdsman, still holding the tail, followed.

'Down dashed the beast into the waters, but the herdsman still kept his grasp. Down they went, deep, deep into the bottom of the lake. Sure enough, *there* was the giant's castle. A little boy was in the court-yard playing with a golden ball. All round the yard were piles of armor — spears and helmets, swords and shields — all made of pure gold. In dashed the cows, and with them went the herdsman.

'Out came a lady, dressed up with jewels and gold, and her eyes as bright as the sun-beams on a May morning, or the diamonds that glinted on her breast. In her hand was a golden milk-pail. Great was the cry she gave when she saw the herdsman. I should have said that as they were going down, the cow whispered him and said, 'For the life of you, don't let go my tail, whatever you see.' Out rushed a whole regiment of soldiers, with their cheeks red as fire, and their looks as fierce, as if they were in the heat of battle. 'Oh that villain!' said the lady, pointing to the poor herdsman. 'Come here!' shouted the dragoons. But the herdsman knew better. 'Send your master to me,' said he, impudent enough.

'Well, they wondered, as well they might, at the fellow's impudence; but they called out the master. He came, with a crown of gold on his head, and purple velvet robes, and a pair of bright copper shoes. 'I demand justice,' said the herdsman, 'for the trespass that your cows have committed on the land of the MacCarthy's; and I seize this cow, until the damage be paid.'

There was no use in talking: the cow was seized, and they tried to tempt the herdsman to surrender her. But he knew better. At last, the master of them said, 'Take that ball of gold that the child has, and leave us the cow.'

'Hand it over to me,' said the herdsman. 'Come for it,' said they. But the herdsman was too cunning for them all. 'I've a touch of the rheumatism in my knee,' said he, 'and can't walk.' With that they handed him the ball, and as soon as he saw that it *was* gold, he put it into his waiscoat pocket, and said it was not half enough.

'So, they were getting out a grey-hound — one of the blood-hounds that the Spaniards took to hunt down the Indians in America — and when he saw this, he whispered the cow: 'My little cow,' said he, 'go home.' The cow took his advice, and stole backwards through half the lake before they missed her. 'If you take me above ground,' said she, 'you must never swear in my presence; for the spell is on me, and I shall be obliged to return to the lake.'

'Well, to make a long story short, they let the hound slip, and it cut through the waters like a dolphin, and just as the cow came to land, the dog caught hold of the herdsman's coat, and tore off the skirt.

'The herdsman told his master, and gave him the golden ball, which Mr. Jeffereys has to this day.* The hound runs round the lake at day. break, every first of September, and is to run, year after year, until his silver shoes are worn out. The field was not touched by the cows again, for their master, below, thought it was not quite so pleasant to run the chance of having them taken up for trespass. Never was there a field in Munster that gave such crops; sow it or not, there was always a barn-full of grain from it.

'The cow, of course, had young ones: it is her breed that we now call Kerry cows, those cattle that fetch such prices, small in size, but good in substance; and MacCarthy might have made a fortune by her, she gave such a power of milk, but that one day, as one of his horses was leaping over a high hedge into the field where the cow was, MacCarthy burst out with a rattling oath, and she made one spring into the lake, and was never heard of more. From that time out, the cows again came to the field, and I suppose will continue to come, until somebody has the heart to go down and claim for trespass once more.

'I forgot, that Mr. Jeffereys tried to drain the lake some time ago, but it filled faster than the men could empty it. They might as well think to drain the Atlantic with a slop-pail.'

'Very well, indeed, Mr. Cronin. Now answer me one question: Do *you* believe those stories?'

'Faith, and that question *is* a poser. Then I do not believe them *entirely*; but when I meet with curious gentlemen, I am proud to tell them, because they usually invite me to spend the evening with them at the *Red Cow*, on the brow of the hill above there.'

'Which of course I now do.'

Tom proved an entertaining companion, and appeared to have a ten Kerry-man power of drinking whiskey-punch, over which he became quite eloquent, chiefly in praise of his own endowments. I parted from him at the 'sma' hours' in the morning, and have since heard that he died about two years ago.†

* There is really such a ball, concerning which strange stories are told.

† The writer may as well state, that the above legends have been written with a view of showing how easily, without spelling a word wrong, the English of an Irish peasant may be conveyed to the reader. It has frequently struck him that this peculiar mode of speaking might be represented by the idiom and characteristic expression, even more successfully than by an attempt — so often a failure — to make the *brogue* represent the originality and humour of the peasantry of his birth-land.

LINES

TO A PORTRAIT OF A ROMAN GIRL: BY F. ALEXANDER.

Those deep, deep, fervent eyes, whose gaze intense
Is fixed on vacancy — that youthful brow,
Where thoughts of pain are gathering even now,
And long have gather'd, 'till the very sense
Of thought is agony — that ripe full mouth,
Scarce open, and the long distracted air
On thy sweet face — all tell how sullen care
Hath marr'd thee, daughter of the sunny South!
Say, dost thou miss thy lover's hand among
Those rich brown tresses, that the winds of Heaven
Play with so rudely? Hath the false one given
His cold heart to another? Hath he flung
Away that fiëry heart of thine, that swells
And burns within that full and glowing breast,
Where never more sweet peace, nor tranquil rest
Shall cleanse the fount of its embittered wells!

No legend speaks the story of thy days;
Yet there is that inwrought upon thy brow,
Which far more eloquent than words avow,
All the long anguish of thy soul betrays.
Alas, the tale it tells! For blighted youth —
Heart crush'd — hope lost — life wasted — all things gone,
But the deep sense of wretchedness alone,
Impictured here to tell the living truth —
Say the hard world hath been too hard with thee,
Oh, fitting emblem of Rome's crumbled wall,
In ruins still most beautiful! And all
Look sadly on thee, and sigh, 'Misery!'*

G. L.

AMERICAN SOCIETY.

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'There is perhaps no region of the world where there is such an amiable docility in imitating every thing that is either praised, or imported from abroad, as in the United States. We certainly approach as nearly as animal can come to vegetable life, to the species called squashes, which are said to become pumpkins, by being planted in the same bed, and moreover to impair in no small degree the flavor of melons, by virtue of propinquity. We seem to have exhausted our independence in resisting the Stamp Act, for we receive every other stamp with the most exemplary submission.'

Paulding.

To a calm and unprejudiced observer, the society of our cities presents rather a singular appearance. From the highest to the lowest grade, it is in a state of effervescence. The struggle for place and precedence — the fancied superiority of one class over another — their mutual jealousies, their groundless distinctions, and the insane grasping for that wealth which will enable them to eclipse or rival their neighbors — these are the passions that agitate the heart of society, and whose effects are felt through all its members. In our political relations, we have one unerring standard by which to judge of our own station as well as that of others, that 'all men are born free and equal.' To maintain this truth, our fathers 'resisted unto blood;' and to see how

* The expression of the face in this picture is such, that the artist has bestowed upon it the name of 'Misery.'

gloriously they have established it, we need only to look abroad over our bright and prosperous country — the land of liberty and equal rights. In our government, all is order, beauty, and harmony; but in our social system, we are still whirling in the vortex of revolution. It is true, we are no longer the oppressed subjects of a foreign king and parliament; our bodies indeed are free, but we have voluntarily surrendered our minds to the bondage of European usages, and European opinions. Our houses, our equipages, our dress, our conventional rules, our attempted divisions of rank, are all copied after what is seen and practised abroad. We are not satisfied to appear in the true glory of the American character — its republican simplicity and independence — but we hanker after the 'leeks and onions of Egypt.' As a people, we have vanity — inordinate vanity. Like Goldsmith's personage, who, not content with his fame as an author, tried to rival the tricks of a mountebank, of whose applauses he was jealous, so we are not contented with our birth-right, as noble and independent freemen, but we must servilely strive to be thought equal to Europeans, in luxury and false refinement. It is this that exposes us to the ridicule of foreign tourists, and renders us so morbidly sensitive under their gross caricaturing. Were we to respect ourselves as we ought, their satire would fall as harmless, and their criticism appear as futile, as that of one who would find fault with a noble structure, because its surface was not polished, like the slab of a pier table. It is true there are follies among us, egregious follies, that are sufficient to excite the lash of the satirist, the smile of the philosopher, and the anxiety of the patriot. Fearful of wounding the self-love of our countrymen, we pass them by unnoticed; and we are only brought to a consciousness of their existence, when we see them exaggerated and caricatured by some hireling scribe, who is remunerated in proportion to his success in hiding our glorious privileges as freemen from the European populace, by blazoning forth the weaknesses and faults that still enslave the fashionable society of our cities.

Our government, in all its fair proportions, its chaste simplicity, its noble architecture, stands on an eminence, in the sight of all the world. And the people of all nations are beginning to turn their eyes hitherward, and to desire it for a habitation. It is founded upon the rock of human rights, it is safe from the attacks of outward assailants, and if it fall, it will be owing to the folly or turpitude of those who dwell within the walls. Let us examine ourselves, let us look into our society, and see if there be not imported customs and manners among us, that tend to undermine the very foundation stone of our liberties. What will be the effect of this jealous exclusiveness between fellow-countrymen — this fearful increase of luxury and display — this idolatrous worship of foreign customs — this burning thirst for gain — that is consuming the honor and the integrity of our citizens? Alas, alas! we truly have departed from that republican simplicity which should characterize our social as well as our political institutions. In this simplicity consists our glory and our strength: and, thanks be to God! we have yet a host who have not 'bowed the knee to Baal' — men who are worthy of the name — whose characters and whose principles show the elevated stand that man may attain when 'liberty and equality' is his watch-word and his birth-right. G.

SCENES

FROM AN UNPUBLISHED NOVEL, BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE SOUTH-WEST.'

AN INTERVIEW BETWEEN A FATHER AND HIS SON—A CATASTROPHE—REMORSE.

'The love or hatred of brothers and sisters is more intense than the love or hatred existing between any other persons of the same sexes. Probably nothing so frequently causes divisions between those whom nature has blessed with the holy relationship of brother and sister, perhaps that it may be the depository of pure affection, as an unequal distribution of the affection of parents.' H. More.

'Achille!'

The young aspirant started from the contemplation of scenes of triumph and empire, carnage and blood — the last too soon to be realized — and beheld his father standing by his side, who had entered the library, and approached him unperceived. Seating himself in the recess of the window, he motioned his son to a chair, placed opposite to his own. The bearing of the veteran exile was at all times in the highest degree dignified and imposing. His was the brow, eye, and presence to command respect and receive homage.

The affection of Achille toward his father was not unmingled with sentiments of fear. But he was the only being before whom the proud eye of the boy quailed.

'That his father loved him, he had never doubted. He knew that he was proud of him, 'his noble, fearless boy,' as he would term him, while parting his dark clustering locks from his handsome forehead, after he had performed some daring feat of boyhood. But when he spoke to Henri, the gratified and proud expression of his eyes softened under the influence of a milder feeling, and his smile would fade into a sweet but melancholy expression; nor would Achille have exchanged his inspiring language to him, 'his darling boy!' for the kind tone, and manner he involuntarily assumed when he would say, 'Henri, my beloved child, come and amuse me with your prattle!'—nor would the tearful eye, as he gazed down into the upturned face of the amiable boy, have pleased his wild spirit like the enkindling glance of that admiring eye, when turned upon him in paternal pride. Achille translated his glance of pride into an expression of love, and sympathized with one so evidently regarded with an air of sorrow, if not pity, as his brother. If he gave the subject a moment's reflection, it resulted in the flattering conviction that he himself was the favorite son.

But on the morning which introduces him to our notice, he had to learn too painfully, that Henri was the favourite child of the old soldier's affection, and that so far from loving him but a little less, he loved him *not*. That look of affection which he had translated as an expression of compassion for the gentler nature of his brother, he had to learn was an expression of the intensest parental affection. In his brother, his father worshipped the image of his departed wife, and all his affection for her, which the cold hand of death had withered in its beauty and bloom, was renewed in his beloved Henri. He was doubly loved — for his mother and for himself — and there remained for Achille, so the sensitive and high spirited boy learned that day, no place in the affections of his sole surviving parent.

His father being seated, addressed him:

'Achille, you are now of an age to enter the university, for admission to which the nature and extent of your studies eminently qualify you. In a few days the annual examination of candidates will take place, and in the interval you can select and arrange a library for your room, and collect what other conveniences you may require. You will leave in the first packet that passes down the river.'

This was a delightful announcement to the subject of it, and not wholly unexpected. To the university, that world in miniature, he had long looked forward with pleasurable anticipations. It was a field of action, at least, and he panted to enter upon it.

The two brothers had both prepared for admission into the same class, and he inquired if Henri was to accompany him.

'He is not,' replied the father, coldly and firmly.

'He is certainly prepared, Sir!'

'Undoubtedly! But I have decided that he is to be my companion to Europe this season, as I fear his delicate constitution will not admit of his confining himself at present to sedentary pursuits.'

'I was anticipating that happiness for myself,' replied Achille, chagrined at his father's preference for his brother, so unexpectedly manifested, not only by the words he uttered, but by his tone and manner. He had long known his intention to visit his native land, and expected to accompany him, although his expectations were founded rather on his own wishes, than any encouragement he had received from his parent.

Now that he learned his intention of taking Henri, instead of himself, he felt keenly the preference; and the coldness, if not severity, of manner he assumed in communicating his determination, offended his pride, whilst his decided partiality for his brother wounded his self-love. The old soldier was a man of few words, and his son was well aware, that, his resolution once formed, he was unbending. He knew that his brother was to go, and that he was to remain; and with a bitter and wounded spirit he turned his darkening brow from the penetrating gaze of his father, and looked forth upon the beautiful scene which lay outspread beneath the windows of the library.

A closing door roused him from his gloomy and sinful reverie, and turning, he found himself once more alone! No — not quite alone! An evil spirit — Jealousy! pregnant with dark thoughts and evil imaginings, was his companion. A long hour passed away, during which his first fierce conflict with his hitherto slumbering passions took place. The first suspicion that his brother was best loved, then entered his thoughts. Once admitted, it undermined, by its subtle logic, the better feelings of his heart. Doubts were strengthened to confirmations, suspicions magnified to certainties, in the rapid and prejudiced retrospect he took of his father's bearing towards his brother and himself, from the earliest period of his recollection.

But an hour — one short, but momentous hour — for then was fixed the lever which moved the world of passions within him, with all their evil consequences — had expired, and the canker-worm of hatred, with its venomous fangs, was gnawing at the last slender fibre that bound him to his brother, when the hall door was thrown open, and the unsuspecting and innocent subject of his dark meditations bounded into the room, holding in his extended hand a gemmed locket.

'See, brother, see!' he exclaimed, in a loud and delighted tone, 'see what my dear father has presented me as a birth-day's gift!'

Achille raised his eyes and fixed them upon the sparkling locket which enclosed the miniature of an exceedingly beautiful female, with a form, cheek, and eye, radiant with feminine loveliness.

He recognised the portrait of their mother, which till that moment had ever been worn, as the holy pilgrim wears the sacred cross, next to the heart of his father. So dearly treasured had that sacred memento of his departed wife ever been, that he never was permitted to remove it from the mourning ribbon by which it was dependent from his neck. Now, he saw the cherished relic in the possession of his brother, a gift from him. His lip curled, and his dark eye became darker still at this stronger confirmation of his father's partiality, yet he neither spoke nor betrayed his feelings by any visible emotion; but the fires within his breast raged deeper still. Like pent-up flames, his passions gained vigour by the very efforts made to smother them.

For the first time in his life he looked upon Henri coldly, and without a smile of tenderness. He felt indeed, although his lips moved not with the biting words that rose to them, that the poison of his heart must have been communicated to his eyes; for, as his brother caught their unwonted expression, he suddenly checked himself, and the gay tones of his voice sunk subdued to a strange whisper, as he faintly inquired, at the same time placing his delicate hand upon his shoulder, 'if he were ill?'

'*No!*' he replied, with an involuntary sternness that startled even himself.

The next moment he would have given worlds to recall that fatal monosyllable, and pronounce it over again, more gently; but it was too late. The sensitive boy recoiled as though he had encountered the eye of a basilisk; his forehead changed to a deadly hue, the blood fled from his cheeks, and he seemed about to sink upon the floor; but, suddenly recovering himself, he laughed, and the rich blood came back again, and his eye glanced brightly as he exclaimed, but half-assured:

'Brother, you did but try to frighten me — you were not, in earnest, angry with me?'

His heart melted for a moment at this affectionate appeal, but with a strange perverseness he steeled it to insensibility.

'Leave me to myself,' he roughly replied, 'I am not in the humour to be trifled with.'

Mysterious inconsistency of will and action! He would have given his right hand, or plucked out his right eye, to have recalled the first angry word he uttered. In his own mind he did not will to speak thus harshly; yet, by a singular but frequent anomaly, his words and manner were directly in opposition to his will. The first word spoken in an angry mood, hewed out a broad pathway for legions.

As he uttered his last words, the tears gushed into Henri's eyes, and yielding to the influence of affection, he sprang forward and threw himself into his elder and beloved brother's arms, wept aloud, and sobbed out amidst his tears,

'Brother! Achille! wherein has Henri offended you?'

An evil spirit now seemed indeed to have taken possession of him. With angry violence he thrust Henri from his embrace, while a curse

sprang to his lips. The poor youth tottered and reeled, fell forward, striking his forehead, as he fell, violently against a marble pedestal upon which stood an alabaster statue of the Madonna, and the warm blood spouted from his gashed temples over the cold, white robes of the image.

It was a spectacle of horror! — and the guilty being gazed wildly upon his prostrate brother, and thought of Abel and his murderer; upon the red-sprinkled image, and laughed, 'Ha! ha! ha!' as maniacs laugh, at the fitness of his first offering — a mangled brother — at the shrine of the virgin mother.

The momentary but terrific spell upon his reason passed away; and throwing himself upon the senseless boy, he attempted to stop the ebbing current of life as it trickled in a small red stream down his pale forehead, steeping his auburn curls in gore, at the same time, calling loudly and madly for assistance.

His father, followed by the servants, rushed into the library.

'Help Sir, my brother is dying!' he cried wildly.

The old man sprang forward and caught his bleeding child in his arms. His practised eye at once comprehended the extent of the injury he had sustained. He had received a deep cut in the shape of a crescent over the left eyebrow, yet not severe enough to endanger life. The free flow of the blood soon restored him to his senses, and opening his eyes, as his father, with a tender hand, staunched the bubbling blood, he fixed them upon his brother with an expression that eloquently spoke forgiveness.

'God pity me!' exclaimed the repentant and now broken-spirited boy; for that look went to his heart: and burying his face in his hands, he precipitately left the room.

The long and bitter hours of grief, remorse and shame, he suffered in the solitude of his own room, no tongue but his who has felt like him, can utter. He experienced sentiments of hatred for himself, a loathing and detestation that tempted him to put a period at once to his own existence. When he recalled the reproving yet forgiving look of his suffering and magnanimous brother, he felt degraded in his own eyes, fallen, lowly fallen, in his own self-esteem. That he must be in his brother's he was painfully aware, and for the first time he felt that the gentle-natured Henri was his superior.

A STUDENT—THE RETURN—GERTRUDE LANGUEVILLE—LOVE.

'Place the lever of Archimedes in the hands of love, and he will find the point on which to rest it. Perhaps love has caused more evil than ambition. Let us search from the cot of the humblest villager to the tent of Mark Antony, and we shall find it has been the pivot upon which some of the most affecting domestic, and many of the greatest historical, events have turned. Doubtless, that love which is elicited at the first sight of the object, is the most legitimate, the purest, and the most enduring.'

Anonymous.

Day closed in night, and night opened into morning, for many long and tedious weeks, and still the old soldier sat by the bed-side of his wounded child.

The generous boy, too honorable to prevaricate, yet too forgiving and fond of his brother to expose all the truth, had told him that he had

fallen against the pedestal, but not that Achille had *thrust* him against it.

Their father never knew the agency of Achille in the accident; yet, bearing testimony to the truth of the maxim, that suspicion is the handmaiden of guilt, Achille suspected that he was informed of all the circumstances connected with the act. This suspicion, giving its own tinge to the medium through which he viewed and commented upon his father's deportment toward him after the accident, led him to conclusions as unjust as they were unmerited by his parent. Acting from these conclusions, he shunned his society, and never entered his presence but with a sullen air of defiance.

Occasionally he visited the chamber of his brother, when, in answer to his frequent inquiries of the nurse, he learned that he slept; and pressing the fevered hand, or kissing the cheek of the sleeping sufferer, he would watch over him with the tenderness of a mother till the restless motions of the invalid, indicating the termination of his slumbers, or the heavy footsteps of his father ascending the stair-way in the hall, warned him to return to the seclusion of his own room, or the deeper solitudes of the forests.

A few months passed away, during which Achille became a student within the walls of a university not far from his paternal home; while his brother, entirely recovered, accompanied his parent on his transatlantic voyage.

The period of Achille's residence at the university afforded no incidents which exerted any influence over his subsequent years. It glided away pleasantly and rapidly. He was known by the professors as one, who, never in his study, or a consumer of midnight oil, yet always prepared for the recitation room; and by his fellows, as a young man of violent passions, honorable feelings, chivalrous in points of honor, a warm friend, and magnanimous enemy. Often violent and head-strong in his actions, he was just and equitable in his intercouse with those around him. With a love for hilarity and Tuscan pleasures, he never descended to mingle in the low debauches and nightly sallies, which, from time immemorial, have characterized the varieties of college life.

At the early age of nineteen, he received its honors, and bidding adieu to the classic walls within which he had passed so many happy hours — the happiest of his life — he proceeded to an adjacent port, where he expected his father to disembark, on his return from his long residence abroad.

The little green coasting packet — in that early day, when steam navigation had not superseded those teachers of patience to domestic voyagers, the sloop and schooner — had passed up the river the previous evening. He crossed to the opposite shore, in a broad flat wherry, whose representative, in the shape of a neatly painted horse-boat, propelled by the Ixion-like labor of a blind Rosinante, may still be seen plying frequently between the opposite shores.

The sun had just set in a sea of gold and crimson, and a rich mellow light hung like a veil of transparent gauze over land and water, when, after winding round one of the graceful bends of the romantic Kennebec, and ascending an abrupt and rocky eminence, up which the road wound, the beautiful and wooded glen, with the turretted chimnies

of his paternal roof appeared, lifting themselves above the oaks, in the midst of which it stood. Reining in his horse upon the brow of the hill, he gazed down upon the lovely scene, with its sweeping river, relieved by a little vessel at anchor upon its black glassy flood — its surrounding hills, its venerable oaks, and serpentine walks — with a thoughtful eye.

Gradually as he gazed, the scene before him faded into indistinctness, in the approaching twilight, and the young moon had launched her silver barque upon the western sky — a timid sailor, venturing each night, farther and farther up into the heavens, and spreading her shining sail broader and broader as she gains confidence from temerity — before the young horseman shook off the spell which had rendered him indifferent to external objects — a spell, whose workings, to judge from the knitted brow, compressed lips, and pale cheeks, were of no pleasant nature. We will not attempt to analyze his thoughts; he dared not do it himself — nor will we. Spurring his restless horse down the precipice before him, as he perceived the shades of night thickly gathering, he soon gained the winding avenue leading to his paternal dwelling.

Nearly four years had elapsed, and its halls had echoed to the fall of no familiar footstep. During that period, he had never visited it but once, when scenes and events he would fain forget were too vividly revived, and he shunned a second time to recall such unwelcome associations.

Now, as he rode forward, the retrospection of the past was clouded by a reminiscence that weighed depressingly upon his spirits. Entering the bridle-path which led to the dwelling, he slackened his rein and moved slowly onward, musing upon the approaching interview with his long absent parent and brother, when the sudden glare of a light flashed from one of the windows of the library full upon his face, and roused him from his meditations.

Dismounting at the spacious gate-way, he traversed the broad gravelled walk to the house, with a rapid step, anxious to hasten the meeting, which his heart foreboded would be tinged with both pleasure and pain. He had placed his foot upon the first step, to ascend the portico, when the apparition of a graceful female figure, gliding past the brightly-illumined window, stayed his ascent, while emotions of surprise and curiosity usurped for the moment every other feeling.

'Who can she be?' was his mental interrogation, as her retreating figure disappeared. But he had no time for conjectures, for the old gray-headed gardener, Phillipe, who had followed his exiled master through all his fortunes, recognised him as he was taking his evening round about the grounds, and by a loud exclamation of joy intimated his arrival to the whole household. The next moment he stood in the presence of his father and brother!

We will briefly pass over the interview between them. By the former, his reception was dignified and condescending; yet there was an absence of affection in his manner, as he received his congratulations, imperceptible to an ordinary observer, but to which the lively feelings of the young man were keenly sensitive — a cold politeness in his look and tone, such as a father should not wear to greet a long absent son. And such was the proud spirit of Achille, that he assumed a bearing of *hauteur* and distant respect, which measured his parent's coldness.

Henri, whose slight form and girlish beauty were lost in a manlier elegance of person, met him as brother should meet brother — frankly, affectionately, and ardently. Achille returned his embrace as cordially and sincerely as it was bestowed; but a cold chill curdled the blood in his veins, as unfolding him from his arms, the purple scar glaring, half-hid by his flowing hair, upon his beautiful forehead, caught his eye.

Days and weeks glided by, and Achille loved!

M. Langueville, a distinguished Frenchman, his maternal uncle, and the only brother of his mother, had married an American lady of eminent beauty, and princely fortune. They both died within a short period of each other, leaving an only daughter, appointing his father the guardian both of her person and inheritance. To receive this trust, was the object of his visit to Europe; and on his return, his ward accompanied him to make her uncle's mansion her future home.

The lovely vision of the library was this cousin. Gertrude Langueville, at the period of our tale, was a noble creature, with a form of faultless symmetry, voluptuously rounded, and just developing into womanhood — a rich bud bursting into a full-blown rose.

Neither too tall nor too short, her figure was of that indefinite size which a graceful poet has termed 'beautifully less.' In her manner she combined the dignity of a woman with the naturalness and infantile grace of a wayward child. The infinite delicacy of her chiselled features, and the finely turned contour of her expressive head, were unsurpassed.

Just turned sixteen, she knew the power to charm, while she seemed not to use it, as, with the bewitching grace of a girl and the refinement of a woman, she enchained the admiration of those around her, while they bent forward to listen to the rich, harp-like tones of her voice in conversation. Her eyes were of the mildest blue of heaven — the indices of a pure and faultless mind. They spoke of a spirit mild and gentle; yet her lofty forehead told that also a spirit proud and high slumbered within their gentle radiance. Intellectual, she was both romantic and imaginative. Few of her sex were gifted with a mind of higher order, or more accurately cultivated.

Obedient to the waywardness and contrarieties of her character, she was at one moment a Hebe, charming by her grace and vivacity, heightened by the sparkling expression of her eloquent eyes and beaming face, upon which every thought brilliantly played, like the reflection of a sunny landscape upon a shadowed lake, mantling it with a richer beauty — or, now a Minerva, commanding admiration and esteem by her originality of thought, and the lofty character of her mind.

Achille admired — loved — worshipped her!

We will not linger over the recital of his first meeting with this charming girl, and the wild impassioned progress of his love. With the impetuosity of a mountain torrent, it merged every passion in it itself, absorbing all the faculties of his soul.

His love was unrequited.

A MORNING EXCURSION — SCENE ON THE ICE — AN ESCAPE — LOVE AND JEALOUSY.

'Your true lover is a monopolizer. He must himself receive all favors and do all favors. He can bear no participator. He will sooner forgive acts of indignity against himself, than the man who steps between him and his mistress' danger. If he cannot aid her himself, he would rather lose her than that another should boast of the honor. If I wished to make him my enemy, I would save his mistress' life.' BROWN.

SPRING was just opening in that enlivening and rapid manner peculiar to northern latitudes, when Achille and his brother accompanied their cousin on a morning excursion along the beautiful shores of the river. The earth was clothed with the mantle of green and gray, which young Spring loves to throw around her, and the morning was bright and warm for the season, as if June had usurped the wand of rude and blustering March.

They had reined in their horses on the verge of a lofty cliff overhanging the river, and remained gazing upon its icy surface, which, as far as the eye could reach, north and south, presented one vast plain of chrystal. The lateness of the season rendered it imprudent to venture upon it, although, except in its soft, white appearance, under the warm sun, it presented no indication of weakness. Gertrude, excited by the gay canter along the cliff, and in unusually high spirits, proposed galloping across the river, which, during the winter they had frequently done, and ascend a hill on the opposite side, from whose summit there was an extensive prospect she had repeatedly admired.

'By no means, Gertrude,' exclaimed Achille, 'it would be rashness to attempt it.'

'I think not, cousin,' she replied, with that love of opposition which is the prescriptive right of the sex. 'It is evidently very firm; only three days ago, I saw several horsemen passing down the river at a hand gallop.'

'But you forget the warmth of the sun, Gertrude?'

'Not enough to affect this solid mass before us,' she replied; 'at all events, I can but try it.'

So, slightly shaking her bridle, she cantered down the smooth road to the foot of the cliff, rapidly followed by the brothers.

'Do not venture upon the ice, cousin Gertrude, I beseech,' mildly remonstrated Achille, when they gained the beach; 'you will certainly endanger your life!'

'How very pathetic and careful, cousin of mine,' she replied, with a playful, yet half-vexing air; 'if you really think there is so much danger, we will excuse your attendance. I am fearless as to the result, and quite confident that the ice will bear Léon and me. See, now,' added she, as her beautiful jennet bounded forward, on hearing his name, 'Léon is more obedient to fayre ladies' commands than their sworn squires;' and her fine eyes glanced mischievously as she spoke.

This badinage touched Achille, who was sensitively alive to ridicule, especially from the lips of the lady of his love. Biting his lips to suppress his feeling, he calmly observed, 'I regard not myself, Gertrude; it is for you I speak. If you are resolved to go, I shall certainly accompany you, although the greater the weight, the more imminent will be the danger.'

'So will Henri, will you not, Henri?' she said, half-assuredly, half-

inquiringly; and a sweet smile, such as maidens love to bestow on their favored swains, dwelt, while she spoke, upon her pretty lips, and mantled her cheeks with a scarcely perceptible shade of crimson.

Henri, who had remained silent during this brief colloquy, though always close to his cousin's rein, replied:

'Certainly, Gertrude, although I think with brother, that there is a spice of temerity in the attempt. Allow me to dis—'

'*Allons* then,' she gaily cried, placing her gloved finger upon her cousin's mouth, and exciting the spirited animal upon which she was mounted to spring forward on to the crumbling verge of the ice.

Achille buried his spurs in the sides of his horse, and, in one bound, was the next moment at the head of her palfrey and dismounted — with the rein in his grasp.

'For God's sake, Gertrude, stop! — you must not venture so rashly,' he cried, with energy; 'do not go, I beg of you!'

'Loose my rein, Achille, and don't be so earnest about a mere trifle,' she said, hastily.

'Nay, cousin,' said Achille, in a softer tone, 'the life of Gertrude can be—'

'Now don't be sentimental, cousin Achille,' she laughingly interrupted, 'do be just good enough to free Léon's head. See how impatient he is!'

'Do, cousin, allow me to plead!'

'No, no, you know how I hate pleading; and, without replying farther, she dexterously extricated her bridle from his grasp, touched her impatient horse smartly with the whip, and gaily crying, '*Sauve qui peut*,' sprang forward like an arrow.

'Achille! your horse!' exclaimed Henri. 'Mad girl, she is lost!' he added, and spurring after her, was in an instant galloping by her side. Achille turned on the instant to vault into his saddle, and beheld his horse, which he had left unsecured on dismounting, coursing, with his mane flowing, and the stirrups wildly flying, at full speed on his way homeward.

'Holy devil!' ejaculated he, through his clenched teeth, at the same time uttering a malediction upon the flying animal; then turning to look after the rash girl, he scarcely forbore repeating it, as he saw her with his brother at her side, cantering over the brittle and transparent surface of the river.

They were more than half-way to the opposite shore, when a loud report, deadened like the subterranean discharge of cannon, or the first rumbling of an earthquake, struck his ears, accompanied by a white streak flashing like lightning along the surface of the ice, from shore to shore.

'God of heaven!' he exclaimed, uttering a cry of horror, as he saw the vast field of ice shivered along its whole extent. With a loud voice he shouted for them to return for their lives. Yet they heard him not, although now evidently aware of their danger; for they increased the speed of their horses, and made for the opposite shore, to which they were nearest, as the only chance for safety.

Suddenly, sharp reports, in rapid succession, like the near explosion of musketry, reverberated along the ice, which began to swell and heave like the surface of the ocean in a calm. Save the agitation on

the river, all else was still. The skies wore the pure blue of spring, the winds were hushed, the air was close and sultry, and a deep silence, like that of night, reigned over nature.

A wild cry of terror suddenly reached his ears, fearfully breaking the stillness of the morning. His heart echoed the cry, but his arm could bring no aid. The adventurers had diminished their furious speed, and were hovering on the verge of a yawning chasm, which had suddenly opened before them. To advance was destruction; to retrace their way equally threatening. There was a moment's hesitancy, Achille observed from the summit of a pyramid of ice, which had been thrown upon the beach, and then he saw them turn their horses' heads, and, with a rapid flight, seek, over the moving, unsteady surface of the heaving flood, the shore they had left.

Onward they flew, like the wind. The laboring ice shivered and groaned in their rear, heaving itself in huge masses of wild and fantastic shapes into the air behind them. Near the shore, toward which they were now directing their fearful course, the ice had yet remained firm. But, as they advanced, it groaned, heaved, and rose in vast piles in their path, while a yawning chasm gaped wide before them. Loudly and despairingly Achille shouted, as he indicated with his riding-whip the surer way of escape from this chasm, which was momently enlarging; otherwise he could render them no assistance.

They saw their danger, but too late. Their impetus was too powerful to be resisted by the slight fingers of the maiden, as she drew in her reins with painful and terrified exertion, and her horse dashed in among the broken and heaving masses of ice, as they were agitated by the swelling current, and hurled, crashing and grinding with a loud noise, against each other. A wild cry pierced the ears of the paralyzed Achille, and horse and rider disappeared beneath the terrific surface.

Henri, who with a stronger arm had reined in his fiĕry animal, no sooner witnessed the fearful plunge, than, springing from his horse, he flew to the verge from which she had leaped, and for an instant gazed down into the cold, black flood, which had closed like a pall over the lovely girl. The next moment the deep waters received his descending form into their bosom!

A moment of intense suffering, during which Achille's heart distended almost to bursting, passed, and the waters were agitated, and the head of her favorite Léon came to the surface. The affrighted animal glaring around, his dilated eyes intelligent with almost human expression, uttered a loud and terrific scream, and pawing with his fore-feet upon the cakes of ice floating near him, made several violent and ineffectual attempts, with the exercise of extraordinary muscular exertion, to draw himself upon them; while the big veins swelled and started out in bold relief from his glossy hide, his nostrils expanded and gushed forth blood upon the white ice, and audible groans came from his bursting chest.

In vain were the tremendous and sublime efforts of the noble animal; his strength gradually failed, and he could at last retain his hold only with one hoof upon the crumbling verge: that at last fell into the water. The dying steed gave an appalling cry, which the other horse, who stood gazing on him with a look of sympathy, repeated, and the shores caught up and rĕechoed from cliff to cliff, till it died away in the dis-

tance, like the wailing notes of suffering fiends. Then, rolling his large eyes round in terror and despair, he sunk from the sight of the horror-stricken Achille.

'She is lost, lost, lost!' he exclaimed, mentally imprecating his situation, which rendered it impossible for him to assist her.

Vast cakes of ice, between the elevation upon which he stood and the place where they had disappeared, constantly rolled by, tossed and whirled, like egg shells, tumultuously upon the fierce torrent. Conscious of his total inability to afford the least aid, he stood gazing like a riveted statue upon the dark sepulchre which had entombed the only being he loved.

'Merciful Providence, I thank thee!' he exclaimed, dropping impulsively upon one knee, with clasped and uplifted hands, as he saw appear above the water, far below the spot where Léon sunk, one after another, the heads of his cousin and brother. She was lifeless in his arms, her luxuriant tresses floating upon the waves, her beautiful head pillowed upon his shoulder!

With a cry of joy he sprang forward to the point toward which he was swimming among the floating ice with his lovely burden. Henri was a bold and experienced swimmer. In boyhood it was the only amusement in which he delighted or fearlessly engaged. Achille stood upon the utmost verge of the ice, and cast his riding cloak out upon the water, retaining the tassel that he might draw them, now almost exhausted, to the shore.

'No, brother,' said Henri faintly, yet firmly. And a triumphant smile lighted his pale cheek as he declined the proffered aid. In a moment afterward he laid the fair girl upon the bank — *the preserver of her life!*

Achille cursed in his heart the fortune that had blessed his brother. When as he swam with her, he saw her marble cheek reposing against his, his arm encircling her waist.

'Would to God,' he muttered, in the dark chambers of his bosom, 'that she had made the cold waters her tomb, rather than be saved thus! But no, no, too blessed a death for that proud boy to die. His death shall be less sacred.'

His lip curled bitterly as he spoke, and his blood fired with the dark thoughts his new-born hatred and revenge called up. The passions which had slumbered for years were once more roused within him, hydra-headed and terrible.

Like a superior being, his brother gently laid the breathless form of his cousin upon the bank. Achille gazed upon them both for an instant in silence, and while he gazed, felt his bosom torn with conflicting emotions of love and hatred.

As he bent over the lifeless girl, chafing her slender fingers and snowy arm, he half breathed the wish that she might not return to consciousness to be told that Henri was her preserver. He looked upon his brother as he assisted him in restoring her to animation, and felt that hatred, malice, and revenge burned in the concentrated expression of his glowing dark eyes; but as he encountered the proud glance of his brother, and witnessed the calm dignity of his demeanor, he withdrew his gaze from his face, but hated him the more.

But a few minutes elapsed after she had been laid upon the bank,

when, accompanied by the old gardener and one or two of the servants, their father advanced rapidly toward them, having been alarmed by the appearance of Achille's horse flying riderless to the stables.

The breathless old man, instinctively comprehending the whole scene, kneeled by the side of his beloved niece, and by their united efforts she was soon resuscitated. Then, for the first time, he looked up, and observing the dripping garments of Henri, he smiled upon him with that comprehensive and affectionate smile he wore when he looked upon those he loved. But as he turned upon Achille, there was no glance of affection, no smile of approval — his eye was cold, severe, and passionless.

Gertrude at length unclosed her eyes, gazed intelligently upon those around her, and then resting them for an instant upon the saturated dress of her cousin, slowly dropped the lids again to shade them from the light, while her lips gently parted, and almost inaudibly pronounced,

'Henri!'

Achille sprung as though a serpent had stung him, and a fearful imprecation thrilled upon his tongue. His father frowned menacingly, while a smile, just such a one as passed over his face when he rejected the proffered cloak, and which, from its proud and happy, if not exulting expression, entered his bosom like a poisoned barb, re-opening the wound years had not healed, lighted up his brother's features, and the glance accompanying the smile was a glance of conscious victory.

ROME: FROM THE CAPITOLINE MOUNT.

'LET you come upon that hill in what mood you may, the scene will lay hold upon you as with the hand of a giant. I scarcely know how to describe the impression — but it seemed to me, as if something strong and stately, like the slow and majestic march of a mighty whirlwind, swept around those eternal towers; the storms of time that had prostrated the proudest monuments of the world, seemed to have left their vibrations in the still and solemn air; ages of history passed before me; the mighty procession of nations — kings, consuls, emperors, empires, and generations, had passed over that sublime theatre. The fire, the storm, the earthquake had gone by; but there was yet left the still small voice — like that, at which the prophet 'wrapped his face in his mantle.' DEWEY.

I.

'AND this is Rome!' — this mighty, leaning wreck —
This columned desolation, wide and lone,
Is Rome, which bowed the nations 'till the neck
Of crouching earth beneath her foot lay prone.
Stern Fate hath spared the giant skeleton
Where once the veins of empire all converged —
But silence sits upon the Cæsar's throne.
Man's wrath and Heaven's the queenly one have scourged,
And Time her broken pomp in yon pale ruin merged.

II.

And yet not pale; caught from yon seaward clouds —
The sun-embroidered tapestry of Heaven —
A Tyrian robe the 'Eternal City' shrouds.
Red rolls old Tiber in the flush of even,
While on each hill of all the storied 'seven'
A glory rests: proud Rome! — yon changeless sun
That shines undimmed upon thy temples riven,
Saw the foundations of thy walls begun,
The world within thy grasp, and in thy courts the Hun.

III.

'War, flood, and fire,' the earthquake's yawning mine,
Have batter'd, swept, and whelmed thy gorgeous halls;
Could all the blood within thee shed, combine,
'T would heave, a crimson deluge, o'er thy walls;
Now echo mocks my footstep as it falls,
Lonely, in Grandeur's desolate abodes;
My voice from covert dark the bat appals,
And oxen graze where the dank herbage nods
O'er earth's unsceptred kings, and dust of demi-gods!

IV.

Beneath my feet the weed-grown Forum lies,
Where fell Virginia by a father's blow,
Whence swept the thundering plaudits to the skies
Answering the wingéd words of Cicero;
There stood his dwelling, where the sunset's glow
With parting kiss salutes the Esquiline;
But who a fragment of its walls shall know?
There Virgil lived, and penned th' immortal line,
And gazed, as now I gaze, on yon dark Appenine.

V.

O'er marble streets, where roll'd the triumph-cars,
With hostages of empires in their train,
Round the vast Circos and the Camp of Mars,
Through whose wide bounds the chariots swept amain,
O'er broad Campagna's now deserted plain,
Shadows are gathering; and uncertain loom
In the dim air, tower, cenotaph, and fane:
Star after star goes up into the gloom,
'Till all Heaven's watch be set, o'er Rome's colossal tomb.

VI.

The moon is up behind the Appenines,
Her lambent light just silvering their brow;
Now her wan disc yon Titan peak defines,
Her crescent car hangs o'er its summit now;
She lights the sea where once great Cæsar's prow
Tow'rd Actium led his turreted triremes.
No more yon wave the swan-like galleys plough,
But the lone fisher's snowy canvass gleams,
Where from old Ostia's port the dwindled Tiber streams.

VII.

Magnificently! — half in shadow sleeps
The enormous Coliseum's rifted shell;
How brightly through a hundred arches leaps
The saffron moonlight down its circling well;
There once, as prone the gladiator fell,
The peopled walls with vocal thunder rang
'Till heaven sent back its replicated swell;
There with strong faith subduing torture's pang,
The Christian martyr smiled beneath the lion's fang.

VIII.

Prodigious ruin! Goth and Saracen
Have thundered through thy vast arena's ring;
Thy fabric — even to its lowest den —
Has heaved and quivered 'neath the earthquake's swing;
Yet still thy walls their stern defiance fling
Back to the challenge of the baffled storm.
Bards yet unborn shall in thy shadow sing:
What generations have beheld thy form,
That others yet shall see, when this is with the worm!

IX.

Yon towering pillar, Trajan's triumph tells;
There the Pantheon stands — its deities
Have bit the dust, the loud Hosanna swells
Where once its priests revealed their auguries,
And Christians at the altar bend their knees
Where saints perchance have bled in sacrifice:
How wonderful are Time's anomalies!
Where Nero feasted on the martyr's cries,
Above his rifled tomb, St. Peter's standard flies.

X.

Hark! from Mount Esquiline the vesper peal
Falls like aërial music on mine ear;
The moon is veiling — and her silver seal
Scarce leaves its impress on the fragments near:
'Tis useless then to linger longer here;
Hold but the wind, at morn my sail will be
Unfurled to seek another hemisphere;
But oft, proud Rome, shall thought revert to thee,
In my wild woodland home, far o'er the western sea.

J. B.

LEAVES FROM THE SOUTH-WEST AND CUBA:

OR FAMILIAR PASSAGES FROM THE JOURNAL OF A VALETUDINARIAN.

JANUARY 8. 'Give me terra firma!' said I, as I awoke this morning, after a troubled night's rest, and surveyed my comfortable apartments at the Exchange Coffee-House, in Norfolk, 'Ol' Vi'ginny,' 'and save me from the romance of the sea, its poetry, and so forth!' In truth, dear ——, could I describe to you our voyage down the Chesapeake, I am sure you would share my watery aversion. We experienced a severe gale nearly the whole distance. Oh, *such* lurches of the steamer — such piteous screeches, and affecting prayers, from the ladies — such groans from the men, and worse noises from the *actively* sea sick! The waves ran mountain-high — the children bawled — the tables and chairs became locomotive, and were no longer 'standing members' of the cabin — and, to crown all, the engine gave way, and we were compelled to make a precarious harbor in the night. In the morning, as the storm had somewhat abated, we again set forth, only to encounter new disasters, together with the inconvenience of 'short allowance.' Right glad was I, when, after having been so long 'exceedingly tossed of the tempest,' we passed the Rip-Raps, into comparatively smooth water.

JANUARY 23. 'Through favor,' I am at last in Charleston — the first important stage in my journey — having escaped numerous perils, for which I desire to be thankful. Before leaving Norfolk, the passengers passed a vote of thanks to the captain of the steam-boat in which we had such trying times on the Chesapeake, wherein, first and foremost, we praised his 'sumptuous table!' and closed with the 'able, prudent, and seaman-like manner in which he had conducted us through many dangers.'

We left Norfolk at six o'clock on the following morning, crossing its

fine harbor, to Portsmouth. Here we took the Roanoke rail-road, twenty-four miles across the Dismal Swamp — a section of country whose title does not belie its character. Here I first saw the cypress tree; (I have seen enough since, to satisfy me for a life-time.) We left the cars in the midst of a cypress swamp, and took stage, eight miles, to Blackwater River, which, after uniting with several others, forms the Chowan, and disembogues into Albemarle Sound, at Edenton, North Carolina. On arriving at the banks of the Blackwater, we were not a little gratified to find, moored to the trees, the little snug, convenient steam-boat Fox, which used formerly to run from New-York to Flushing, and was a favorite of Grant Thorburn's, who has presented it with a print of 'A *Fox* on the Lookout.' A trio of us had the whole boat to ourselves, there being no other passengers. Indeed, this was the case for hundreds of miles in succession. At Edenton, after transferring our baggage to a miserable, dirty steamer, called 'The Bravo,' we made an exploring excursion into the town, which contains two thousand five hundred inhabitants, ships five thousand bales of cotton annually, and has a charter for a rail-road to Norfolk; but with a suicidal perverseness the citizens will not build it, for the very politic reason, that though it could not but benefit Edenton much, it would *also* help Norfolk!

At four o'clock next morning, we started for a place called Jamestown, on the Roanoke River — a town, by the way, which exists entirely in the imagination of its namers — for it consists solely of one old hovel, and that without a sign of inhabitant. After being tossed about like an egg-shell, in a severe gale, on the Albemarle Sound, we finally entered the mouth of the Roanoke River. We landed at (so called) Jamestown, where we took stage, and passing through a barren country, with scarcely a habitation, and covered with pitch pines, from which turpentine, the only production of this region, is extracted, we came to Washington, where we supped, and left for Newbern, which we reached at one, and left at eight, in the morning, (with an addition to our party of two India-rubber yankees from Boston,) for Wilmington, distant an hundred miles, where we arrived the next day at noon, having travelled all night through a miserable country, covered with cypress swamps and pine barrens, occasionally diversified with a tolerable corn and cotton plantation. It was on this route, that I first saw a cotton field. Most of the cotton had been picked; but there were still scattering bolls, to reward my curiosity.

I should be behind the 'intelligence' or practice of the age, did I not pause here to record a few of my 'first impressions' of the country through which I have passed, on my way to Charleston. The bridges in this section are of a peculiar construction; they are of various lengths, from one to fifty rods, and are very numerous. The flooring is composed of sand, laid under water at various depths, from one to six feet. They are the work of dame Nature, and have this striking advantage, that though you may be submerged in crossing them, there is no danger of falling through! Public houses are very rare; and we were compelled to pick up our meals at the houses of the scattering planters on the road, where corn-cake and 'big hominy' is the universal provender. The houses, whether built of logs or boards, resemble our northern corn-cribs; and in them are built huge fires of 'light-'ud,' or pitch-pine

knots, which have a most picturesque effect, when seen at a distance, in a dark night, and, gleaming through the crannies of the dwellings, remind the traveler of a glowing coal-fire in a northern grate. There is not an inch of paint, plaster, or whitewash about these houses, and yet, in strange contrast with the opposite features of the picture, evidences of refinement, and even of luxury, are by no means rare. On one side stands a superb 'Geibs' piano; on the other, a mahogany side-board and secretary, and generally a splendid gilt-framed looking-glass. When the weather is cool, the occupants may be seen hovering over their fires, with their cloaks on, it may be, while every door in the house is wide open! It is a remarkable fact, that nobody ever thinks of shutting a door in this country. The stage-drivers all carry long tin horns, to which they 'give breath with their mouths' almost incessantly, in the night, in imitation of the bugle; but their *strains* are peculiar to this region, or perhaps to themselves; and never shall I forget the effect produced on my mind by the echoes and reverberations of their long-drawn notes, combined with the picturesque aspect we presented, as we wound slowly among the innumerable by-paths, marked out in shunning the treacherous sands of the main track, while the wild and lurid glare of the 'light-'ud' torch, in the hand of the guard, penetrated the dark recesses of the vast forest of stately evergreens which we were traversing. In certain sections, I became impressed with the idea, that the inhabitants were of the *green*-est description. At one place, I especially remember, while we were engaged in cutting away a tree which had fallen directly across our path, our coach underwent a most minute 'searching operation,' inside and out, by several women who came from a neighboring house, where they were visiting, and who seemed never to have encountered a stage before. After satisfying their curiosity in relation to the vehicle, the passengers, and their baggage, one of them kindly remarked, that 'it was a *rapid* shame that four men couldn't get that 'ere tree out o' the road sooner; if I wan't a *lady*, I'd *tote* it clar away myself!' One evening we stopped at a very large plantation for supper. While discussing our 'big hominy,' we asked the planter's wife how many acres there were. She replied: 'Wal, I d'n' know — but there 's *a rapid heap on 'em, I reckon!*' But to proceed with my journey.

On the morning of the 13th we reached Wilmington. This day, for the first time, I began to feel the genial warmth of a southern sun. The day rivalled our loveliest in June.* The mellow light and Sabbath stillness which prevailed that morning, as we rode through forests of stately pines — the ground perfectly free from underwood, and carpeted with long grass, the whole resembling an extensive park — was perfectly enchanting. During a brief stay in Wilmington, I embraced the occasion to visit several steam saw and rice mills, the former owned by some enterprising Yankees, who are turning to good account the lumber which is easily procured from the hitherto useless and pestilential swamps in this vicinity.

The first two persons we encountered, on embarking on board the steam-boat at Wilmington, were the two Indian-rubber pedlars from Boston, heretofore alluded to. I mention them merely to say, that I

* At this time, the snow was five or six feet deep in the streets of New-York, and the 'fierce extremity of the skies' was a matter of public comment.

Eds. Knickerbocker.

admire the *home spirit* which prompted them to declare, that the commercial accommodations of Boston were better than those of New-York, though I doubt the fact! Lieutenant W——, of the army, was a most agreeable acquisition to our company; inducing me to believe, (and subsequent experience has confirmed the impression,) with M. La Trobe, that whenever you meet with an officer of the United States' Army, generally speaking, you find a gentleman, in all the best essentials of that much abused term. We had a tolerably pleasant passage; for our boat, though calculated rather for freight than passengers, was well 'captain-ed,' and 'cook-ed.' As for the scenery, it may be summed up in four words — muddy water, and swampy margins.

We arrived at Fayetteville in the evening — the finest town I have yet seen in North Carolina, judging from an examination necessarily cursory. Next day we started for Cheraw, by stage, at which place we arrived at midnight, and where we were compelled to tarry one day for a boat to take us down the Great Pedee to Georgetown. Cheraw is a flourishing town; but it has recently been visited by a severe calamity; a greater amount of property having been destroyed, in proportion to its size, than was consumed by the great fire in New-York. For several days after embarking at Cheraw, the weather was rainy and uncomfortable. For two hundred and fifty miles, we wound in our high-pressure steam freight boat through the interminable crooks and shoals of the Great Pedee, stopping occasionally to pick up a few bales of cotton from the plantations along the banks, and to take in wood. The scenery and incidents were of the most monotonous description; and had it not been for books, 'those silent but eloquent companions,' we should have died of *ennui*. There is, however, one spot on the margin of this river which is replete with deep interest — I mean *Marion's Battle-ground*, an area of from ten to fifteen acres, elevated a little above the surrounding swamp, and covered with young and thrifty evergreens, in the midst of which stands a venerable live-oak, said to have sheltered the hero's tent. Standing as they do, surrounded by a forest divested of verdure, this little cluster of evergreens struck me as a forcible emblem of the immortality of the spot which they ornamented. The anniversary of American Independence is always celebrated here, though several miles distant from any settlement, by the patriotic citizens of this district. The trees, in many places for miles together, are covered with a moss peculiar to the southern country, and most striking to unaccustomed eyes. It is very long, and hangs suspended in festoons from branch to branch, and in long pendant masses, all inclining in one direction, owing probably to the prevailing course of the winds. Imagine the *swingle-tow* of the farmer to have been profusely lodged on a tree, in a stiff breeze, and you will have a correct idea of the appearance of this moss. It is supposed to be produced by the miasma arising from the unhealthy swamps. It is rotted and dressed in much the same manner as flax, and is used in making 'pure *hair* mattresses!'

We reached Charleston at eight o'clock on the morning of the 22d of January, twenty-three days from New-York! I like Charleston; it is a fine city, and delightfully situated, its bay and harbor reminding me forcibly of New-York. The buildings are mostly of dark-colored brick, and have a solemn, antiquated appearance. Many of the dwellings have spacious court-yards, filled with various shrubbery — green, even

at this season; and yesterday I saw full-blown roses blooming in the open air, without the aid of hot-beds or flower-pots. The weather is to the full as pleasant and warm as a day in our northern May. These are stirring times in this quarter. The intelligence from Florida continues to be of the most alarming character; and volunteers are enlisting here from among the most respectable young men of this chivalrous community. Success to them! I say. I was present last evening at a meeting for organizing volunteers, General Hayne presiding, assisted by General Hamilton. The required number presented themselves in less than an hour, and a steam-boat was gratuitously tendered to convey them to the scene of action. This is doing things in earnest, and speaks well for the generous spirits of South Carolina. I admire the chivalrous daring and disinterestedness which prompt this noble band of volunteers to undertake their perilous enterprise; but my admiration was mingled with a melancholy presentiment, when I saw the brimming eyes of the fair forms who thronged the open corridors on either side of the street, while husbands, brothers, sons, and lovers, marched by to the sound of inspiring martial music. The horrors and uncertainty of war never struck me more vividly.

JANUARY 30. I am on board the steam-boat 'William Seabrook,' bound for Savannah — a vessel perfect in all its arrangements, whether of beauty, comfort, or luxury, and owned by the gentleman whose name she bears. Charleston has fallen far in the distance, over her beautiful harbor: we have passed Castle Pinckney and Fort Moultrie, and are rising and sinking on the long swells of the open sea — that

> ——— 'watery kingdom, whose ambitious head
> Spits in the face of heaven.'

If I held the pen of a Marryat, I would here apostrophize 'Old Ocean,' and tell how this my first step on his boundless domain has enkindled a latent desire within me to share their adventures who 'go down to the sea in ships, and do business in great waters.' The theme is too magnificent for my feeble powers — as it is for the capacity of most others. Descriptions of the sea seldom do justice to its grandeur, sublimity, and power. To my perception, Shakspeare's clown (in the 'Winter's Tale,' I think,) comes nearest to a correct delineation of the ocean agitated by a tempest: 'I would,' says he, 'you did but see how it chafes, how it rages, how it takes up the shore! but that's not to the point: O the most piteous cry of the poor shipwrecked souls! Sometimes to see 'em and not to see 'em: now the ship boring the dim moon with her main-mast, and anon swallowed with yeast and froth, as you'd thrust a cork into a hogshead: to see how the sea flap-dragoned it! — how the poor souls roared, and the sea mocked them!' But to return from this digression.

I arrived in Savannah on the first of February, in the midst of a heavy rain, which at last subsided, leaving the streets 'in ice.' I had but little leisure to examine the city, which is well situated, and I understand flourishing, beyond any former period. We embarked in a dirty steam-boat — the best on the river — for Augusta; and after three days and three nights' patient endurance of fogs, breaking of cranks, stopping to take in wood, etc., we arrived safe and sound, but wo-

fully besmeared with dirt and pine-wood smoke. Last night we 'wooded' in company with a boat bound down the river, towing two others, with fifteen hundred bales of cotton, and having on board General Scott and staff, on their way to Florida. This officer is a fine, venerable-looking man — but *such* quarters as he was in! Our situation was a paradise to his, and we 'possessed ourselves in much contentment,' for the remainder of the passage.

Augusta impresses me as the finest town I have seen at the South. It is a great cotton mart — eight or nine millions of dollars being annually paid here for that article. The weather is warm and sunny, and the place, being very healthy, is quite a resort for invalids. After a brief stay, we left Augusta for Charleston, by the rail-road, a distance of one hundred and thirty-six miles, several of which were passed at the rate of thirty miles an hour. On the way, I saw numerous laborers ploughing the ground for corn and cotton, in fields containing upward of a thousand acres.

Mobile, February 26. On the 15th ultimo, by stage, we left Augusta — whither we had come by rail-road from Charleston — for Montgomery, (Alab.,) a distance of three hundred miles. We passed through Milledgeville, Macon, and Columbus, and travelled two days — sleeping the intervening night in the Creek nation. The Indians, many of whom we encountered, seemed perfectly friendly, and I apprehended no danger from them. We made some small purchases of, and presents to them. We tarried but a few hours at Montgomery, but took our passage on board the steamer 'Bonnets o' Blue,' for this city, which we reached after a tedious voyage of five days and nights. We were thus long, in consequence of frequent stoppages to take in cotton, of which we finally received on board nearly eleven hundred bales. The Alabama is a fine river, with high banks, and very deep, clear water, but as crooked as the Raritan. I can well imagine that it must be, as I am informed it is, extremely beautiful in May or June, when the banks are covered with the foliage which is now just budding forth. It rolls through a rich country, bordered with extensive plantations, and is the great highway by which the valuable staple of the country is conveyed to market.

Mobile is truly a noble city, of between ten and eleven thousand inhabitants, who well deserve the reputation for enterprise and public spirit they have acquired. The town has a thrifty, business-like aspect, and is more like a northern city, than any I have yet visited. The Episcopalians and Catholics are erecting fine churches; the Presbyterians have a handsome edifice, and I heard an excellent sermon on Sunday from Rev. Mr. Hamilton, of the latter persuasion. I rambled through the burying-ground in the afternoon with a friend, at whose hospitable table I had dined, and made quite a collection of flowers, which were yielding their spring-like odours among the habitations of the dead. I have much enjoyed a pleasant walk to 'Orange Grove,' a delightful spot, about a mile out of town, where are now encamped the volunteer troops who have concentrated here from different parts of the country. They embark for Florida to-morrow, and really present more of the semblance of war, than any thing I have yet seen. I should not omit

to mention an agreeable ride to the college at Spring Hill, seven or eight miles from Mobile, and another to Summerville, a pretty little place, two miles out.

New-Orleans, March 13. At length, I am in the great emporium of the Valley of the Mississippi — the great southern mart of the Union — the 'foreign city' — the place where congregate specimens of humanity from every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people, under the whole heaven. I am so confused with the hum and bustle of this modern Babel — with what I have seen, and what is passing continually before me — that I can trust myself with little save a desultory, outline sketch. For a particular description of men, manners, and things in this region, I would refer the reader to 'The South-West, by a Yankee.' I find every thing 'not otherwise than there set down.' Truly, the author is a most observant and veracious traveler. His work is a perfect guide-book, and has materially aided me in becoming acquainted with this wonderful city.

We left Mobile in the morning, and passing down Mobile Bay into the Gulf of Mexico, and through Lakes Borgne and Ponchartrain, we took the rail-road cars on the margin of the latter, and in a quarter of an hour were in New-Orleans. I shall here record, summarily, a few of the things I have witnessed here, leaving my notes for farther amplification hereafter. I have seen the Government House, where the Legislature is now in session; have heard the members of both the Senate and House of Representatives making speeches in French and English; the former are at once translated into English, and their substance repeated by an interpreter, and *vice versa* — and the 'question' is always put, first in English, then in French. I have been to the celebrated battle-ground, about five miles down the river, where General Jackson won his glorious victory over Packenham — a level, peaceful plain, with nothing to mark it as having been the scene of deadly conflict. The ride was delightful, leading past numerous beautiful villas, and sugar plantations. I have seen the Ursuline Convent, and the Spanish Barracks — the basin and canal — the burying-ground, and the Catholic chapel of the dead, or the last resting place of the bodies before interment in their wet graves. I have atteneded a slave-sale, conducted by the auctioneers in French, Spanish, and English, at the top of their voices. I visited to-day Rev. Mr. Parker's new church, where I met a large congregation, and was forcibly reminded of 'the North.' I am informed that this church is exercising a salutary influence, especially in regard to the observance of the Sabbath. I have seen, this day, one half of the stores open, and goods exposed for sale; all the cafés and billiard rooms open; the troops parading in the 'Plaza,' or public square, in front of the cathedral; the markets open, and thronged with buyers and sellers, and their commodities; ships and steam-boats, (the latter the most spacious I ever saw,) lading and unlading, and carts and drays busily engaged in transporting merchandise — and the Theatre d'Orleans is to be open this evening. But all this is not so much to be deprecated in the French and Spanish, for their religion does not condemn it — as it is in Americans — people from the North, who know better, but who, the moment they come here, instead of setting a good example, throw off all restraint, and become far worse than the natives

and residents. I am glad to learn, that the public gambling houses have recently been put down by laws imposing heavy fines upon the keepers of them. Not a year since, they were in full operation in every street, and as public as the cafés and hotels.

One word here in regard to slavery, *as it exists*, and as it has impressed me in my present journey. Judging from my experience, and the information I have obtained — and it has not been inconsiderable — I am fully of opinion, that in most of the states, their owners are to be pitied rather than the slaves. In some of the states, they cannot be made profitable; in others, where cotton, rice, and sugar are raised, they are profitable; but generally speaking, they are the happiest beings in the world. The negro of the South literally takes no thought for the morrow, what he shall eat, what he shall drink, or wherewithal he shall be clothed. The slave who has a good master, is well fed and clothed, is not required to perform more than two-thirds as much work as a day-laborer at the North, and is in nowise burdened with that care and anxiety about how he shall provide for his wife and family, which the latter feels. Beside, on plantations they are generally allowed to cultivate a little ground, the avails of which they appropriate to the purchase of some little comforts, luxuries, or finery, as they please. In short, they are generally happy: and if this be doubted, by those who have never visited the South and South-west, let them journey hitherward, and hear the negroes singing at their work — regaling their humble fancies with some such intellectual *bijou* as —

'As I was gwyin' down Shinbone alley,
Long time ago,
There I spied ole Johnny Gladdin',
Long time ago, oh-e-oh!'

Let a northern doubter do this, and I promise him he will change his opinions, as I have. But let me finish my brief outline of this wonderful city.

New-Orleans is not, after all, half so bad a place as it is 'cracked up to be.' To be sure, day before yesterday, a pirate confined in the 'Calaboose,' who was to have been hung on that day for murder, anticipated the sentence of the law, by stabbing himself with a long knife, which had been secretly conveyed to him; one or two nights since, two individuals got into a brawl in the hotel (Bishop's) at which I am staying, and a pistol was fired by one of them, but happily without injury; and to-day I have witnessed a regular fight between some sailors on the Levée. Yet there is no need of one's getting into these scrapes here, any more than in New-York. For myself, I walk the streets day and night as unconcernedly as in New-York. At eight in the evening, the *gens d'arms* are summoned to their stations, by the report of cannon, with swords by their sides, and muskets and bayonets in their hands; and as good order prevails as could be expected in a place where there are so many of the lower classes of all nations congregated — sailors, boatmen, and negroes. The latter are not suffered to be abroad after eight o'clock, P. M., without a 'pass,' or permit.

The health of New-Orleans is continually improving. The French and Spanish part of the city has quite an antique appearance: the buildings are low, with projecting balconies and roofs; but there are very many handsome and extensive blocks of stores and dwellings: m

of the banks are fine edifices; and they are now erecting many buildings of the most superb description; among them are, a new hotel, rivalling Astor's in size and architecture — Caldwell's new theatre — two Exchanges — and a branch of the United States Mint. *Who* can calculate the destiny of this mighty western mart!

MARCH 17. This morning I took passage on board a vessel bound to Havana, that was lying in the stream opposite the city, waiting for the steam-boat (which was to convey her to the Balize,) to make up her 'tow.' It chanced to be the 'Whale,' the same that towed the observing author of the 'South-west' over the same waters. While we were tarrying, a regular fracas occurred in the cabin of a brig that was rounding to, between two rival news-collectors, which resulted in a legitimate knock-down fight between them; until at last they got on the Levée, and some *gens d'arms* removed the refractory subjects to the 'Calaboose.'

We made a handsome display, as we swung round, and headed down the river — our proud steamer puffing and blowing, with seven vessels, comprising all the different classes, 'in tow,' and the smoke from her furnaces rolling thick and black high among the white sails and rigging. I ascended to the main-top, to survey the ever-varying scene. We passed the battle-ground, and during the day, numerous sugar plantations, with their charming villa-like residences, surrounded by magnolias, china, orange, and pomegranate trees, with a cluster of twenty or thirty neat white cottages, called 'quarters,' on one side, and in the rear the immense sugar-house, and large out-buildings. As our gallant 'thing of life' swept onward, leading her majestic fleet, and spreading a path of surge around and behind her, we encountered an enormous tree, more than a hundred feet long, that looked as if it had been on a journey of a thousand miles; doubtless it had. At the Balize, we joined a fleet of vessels of every possible description, and from every quarter of the world — some waiting fair seaward winds, others for wind or steam up the river, and others again aground, tarrying for high water, before they could move in any direction — and withal revenue cutters, news and pilot-boats skipping to and fro among them. It was a scene to be long remembered.

Presently the breeze freshened, the vessel moved forth upon her oceanward way, and began to rear and plunge, as the land receded from our view; and I was soon glad to descend from my 'bad eminence' in the main top. We soon passed the distinctly-marked line between the yellow current of the King of Floods, and the green water of (as we supposed) the Gulf of Mexico, being well nigh as different in hue as possible. As I gazed upon the immense volume which the Mississippi pours to the Atlantic, those sublime lines of the poet came to my mind, and I felt the full force of his striking imagery:

'The mighty flood that rolls
Its torrent to the main,
Can ne'er recall its waters lost,
From that abyss again.
So days, and years, and time,
Descending down to night,
Can thenceforth never more return,
Back to the scenes of light.'

I was not a little surprised to find, when about a league beyond the first division to which I have alluded, another dividing line, quite as distinctly marked as the former — a change from green to deep blue. We had crossed another of the numerous mouths of that mighty river, and were now in the genuine Gulf waters.

I shall pass over the incidents of my voyage, which were of no pleasant nature, since, for the greater distance, I was under the influence of that heart-destroying malady — sea-sickness. I was at last awakened one morning from a troubled slumber into which I had fallen, by the voice of the watch hailing us from Moro Castle, and in two or three hours we were snugly ensconced in comfortable apartments at a fine hotel in Havana. It was a holida[redacted]he bells of the city were ringing; the flags from the shipping in p[redacted]d from all the eminences, were 'flouting the breeze.' The harbor of Havana is small, and strongly fortified. There are two British ships of war, their masts just above water, near the entrance. On our way to our hotel, we crossed the 'Plaza,' or public square. The Governor's house, and officers' of State, are on one side; on another the Intendant-General, or Master of the Port; and on a third, a superb monument to Columbus, standing on the very spot where the discoverer of the new world first erected his standard, and had mass performed. Behind it, stands a neat chapel, in which are kept the relics of the expedition — the records respecting, and the paintings illustrating and commemorating the event. In the Cathedral, I saw a marble tablet, with a finely-sculptured head of 'Christoval Colon,' underneath which is an appropriate inscription in Spanish. The heart of the 'world-seeking Genoese,' which once throbbed with such glorious impulses, is buried beneath. A colossal statue of Ferdinand ornaments the centre of the square; the walks are broad and well flagged, and bordered with oranges, and other tropical fruits and flowers. I have attended the noble San Domingo Cathedral, surveyed its massive arches, lofty images, and gorgeous appointments, witnessed its imposing ceremonies, and listened to the inspiring music of its choir — music, however, that is more like that of the opera-house, than sacred melody.

This afternoon I have been to see the 'Ponta,' a fortress outside of the walls of the city, where more sublime sounds and sights met my eye and ear — 'the sea and the waves roaring,' and the surf dashing wildly against the shore — objects of which I should never tire. There is no gayer scene about Havana, than the 'Paséo,' a pleasure road, a mile or so in length, outside the walls, lined with rows of palm, orange, bread-fruit, and payés — a sort of suburban Broadway, where all the beauty and fashion of the city are to be seen of a fine afternoon, flourishing in their volantés, or playing the pedestrian on the side-walks appropriated to that class of pleasure-seekers. At intervals, are cool fountains, and troops of soldiers, in handsome uniforms, their burnished arms glistening in the sun, who are in attendance for the purpose of keeping the volantés in single lines — passing up on one side, and down on the other. A volanté is a vehicle something like our gigs; it has long shafts, and a negro boy, in long jack boots, rides the donkey that draws it. I may remark here, that the productions of the country are brought in, early in the morning, upon mules — forty or fifty of them in a string — a rider only mounted upon the forward one, while

the head of each of the others is fastened by a rope to the tail of the one before him. Nothing can be more laughable than this assinine cavalcade, to the unaccustomed eye of a Northener. The oxen are invariably small, but fat and sturdy; and the yoke, instead of pressing against the shoulders, is lashed to their heads directly back of the horns. The Spaniards seem to think that the portion of the animal which is forward of the yoke is so much strength wasted!

The governor of the island, to whom I had letters, and who has treated me with great attention and kindness, rules with as absolute sway as any crowned head, and fortunately for the country, he is fully competent to a proper discharge of the duties of the office which he holds — being a man of extraor[illegible]y energy, integrity, and determination of purpose. He has with[illegible] space of two years effected an entire reformation in every department of the government, and in the public morals; and by his enlightened policy, backed by the immense military force under his control, he has converted a set of desperadoes into most orderly people. Probably no city in the world is under better police regulations than this very Havana, where formerly personal safety was out of the question. There is a standing army of about 15,000 well-disciplined troops. The population of the island is about 800,000, of whom about 300,000 are blacks; that of Havana, within and without the walls, is about 100,000. The exports amount to between seventy-five and eighty millions of dollars per annum, and consist chiefly of coffee, sugar, molasses, tobacco, and fruits. All the tropical trees, plants, and flowers flourish here, and there are some earthly paradises in this vicinity, of which I have visited the Bishop's Garden, Governor's country-house and garden — a spot abounding with fountains, sculptures, marine grottoes, and every variety of tropical fruits and flowers. The houses of the city have no glass in them, but the windows are grated with strong bars, giving to the dwellings the aspect of a prison; and, what looks equally odd to a northern observer, the ladies wear no bonnets, but simply a veil. But enough for 'this present writing.' E.

THE CROSS BY THE WAY-SIDE.

'Wherever the shrieking victim hath
Poured forth his blood beneath the assassin's knife,
Some hand erects a cross of mouldering lath.'

It is a simple monument!
Around it the sweet wild flowers blow,
With the rank grass' tall blades bent,
And over it the lichens grow,
Mixed with the slow consuming moss;
Above, the chesnut branches wave.
What marks that low and mouldering cross?
The place of death — the traveler's grave!

M. A. B.

HANNAH DUSTAN.

'While they were yet, it may be, about an Hundred and Fifty Miles from the Indian Town, a little before break of Day, when the whole Crew was in a *Dead Sleep*, one of these Women took up a Resolution to imitate the Action of Jael upon Sisera; and being where she had not her own *Life* secured by any *Law* unto her, she thought she was not forbidden by any *Law* to take away the *Life* of the *Murderers* by whom her *Child* had been Butchered.' COTTON MATHER'S MAGNALIA.

SHORN of her stars, lone midnight broods
O'er winter's sullen sky,
Where through the broad New-England woods
The stormy blast sweeps by;
While from the mou[redacted]s jagged walls
The frost-heaved cr[redacted]nder falls,
Far echoing to the night;
Startling the red fox in his den,
The roe-buck in the lowland glen —
The eagle on the height.

Yet though no welkin beam the while
Lights up that gloomy scene,
Yon flickering watch-fire's blazing pile
Imparts a lurid sheen;
Where, couched around its genial glow,
Outstretched upon the sheeted snow,
Six forest chieftains lie;
Wrapped in the brown bear's shaggy fold,
Their long knives gleaming keen and cold,
As gleams the serpent's eye.

They heed not now the sullen scowl
Of skies so bleak and drear —
The owl's wild screech, the wolf's hoarse howl,
Fall noteless on their ear:
As there they sleep, toil-worn and grim,
With belted breast and scarry limb,
Red with the fresh scalp's flow;
Won when the white foe's roof-tree fell,
With fiëry crash, and fiendish yell,
And shrieks of mortal wo.

And who is she, that shivering form,
So lorn and yet so fair,
Like some spent angel, whom the storm
Has forced to shelter there?
Faint, famished, worn, and ghastly pale,
Her dark locks waving in the gale,
She trembling stands dismayed,
Amid those fierce unfeeling men,
Like fawn that to the panther's den
In evil hour has strayed.

Erewhile she blessed the pilgrim's cot,
With love's sweet smile of joy;
The Eve of his lone exiled lot,
The mother of his boy:
So like his sire in form and air,
When fondly in her wreathed hair
He set the bridal rose;
But now, nor home nor kin to bless,
The captive of the merciless,
She treads the forest snows.

Still slept the ruffian band, nor stirred
Amid those flickering gleams,
Save when as broke some muttered word
Upon their startled dreams,

Some dark hand seized the bow and shaft,
Or clutched the belt-knife's gory haft,
As if the foe were nigh;
But soon the larum thought passed o'er,
And sunk the lifted arm once more,
And closed the flashing eye.

As glides the gentle mother where
Her sleeping babe reclines,
So moved that lonely captive there,
Beneath those sounding pines;
As with despair's wild throb she knelt,
And from the slumbering sachem's belt
His ruthless axe unloosed;
Her husband's he[illegible]ad stained the blade,
And to the haft[illegible]soft braid
Their first-[illegible]scalp was noosed!

As one twice armed with matchless might,
And heaven's vicegerent trust,
Sent with avenging sword to smite
The guilty to the dust:
She drove the crimson steel amain
Sheer to the sleeping murderer's brain,
With such destroying hand,
That when her fearful task was done,
Gory and gashed, there breathed not one
Of that remorseless band.

O woman! wont in sunny hour
At thy own shade to start;
Yet when life's blackest tempests lour,
High-soul'd and strong of heart!
If once that mood is roused by shame,
Spurned love, wrecked hopes, or blighted name,
Thy wronger needs beware;
'Twere safer that his guilty path
Should cross the whelp-robbed tigress' wrath,
Than thy untold despair.

P.

A DAY OUT OF TOWN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE LATE BEN. SMITH, LOAFER.'

'It were as pleasant eating hot-pudding in dog-days as writing of tales in winter.'
ANCIENT AUTHOR.

I ALWAYS begin with an apostrophe. O! sprite, spirit, and spectre of the disembodied horse Cæsar! — left hand leader of Danby and Digby's mail stage! — sprainer of the ancle, in thy speed up the Hard-scrabble hills! — where in the universe of dead and live beasts art thou now? Thy bones lie, I well know, 'neath a knoll in Hampshire, whereon grows as gaudy a harvest of corn as any scene sees — corn that has come to this veritable metropolis, and been piped through its streets, piping-hot — corn of which I mayhap have partaken — and thus, according to Hamlet's theory, have I eaten *thee*, Cæsar!

But where is thy spirit? Ah me! — it is a mystery of providence whither a horse's spirit goes, when exiled from the flesh. Is it like the cigar smoke that is puff'd into the air, and gone? Or is it inhaled by the stander-by at his decease, who catcheth his breath, and thus becomes

one of your 'speed-and-go-fast' travelers, benamed Hall or Trollope, who gallopeth through a country, kicking at whatever beseemeth him good.' Answer, ye departed horses, and ye living inheritors of their spirit!

Thy three co-mates in travel, Cæsar, must I forget.

Whip! — smack! — crack! — and we are off on the post-road for Bell-town. 'Bell-town is all in a bustle,' wheezed what might have been entitled 'Falstaff enlarged,' in a front corner of the vehicle.

'Bell-town in a bustle! An ounce of powder in a blaze! What has Bell-town to do with bustle?'

'An election for constable is enough to stir the blood, and excite the feelings of any people.'

'Ay, ay — you are right — you are right. A constable is the lord mayor of your country towns. It is not every man that knows best how to handle truncheon or stave — when rightly to break heads, and when to leave unbroken.'

'Thy silly merriment, friend,' softly said the voice of a Bell-town quaker, 'proveth that peradventure in times past the stave hath touched thy head too rudely.'

'A joke cracked, proveth not always a cracked head,' responded the one who had thus far played the part of the mail-stage wit: 'you are aware that to a pismire a pippin seemeth a mountain; and no doubt a Bell-town constable is a mighty man, when seen through the magnifying eyes of his village subjects. Pray, have you a grand coronation, when this potentate is inducted into office?'

'There is a horn sounded, and a drum beat,' replied the sociable Lambert of the corner: 'but to tell you the truth, the constable is nobody in Bell-town; it is his daughter, who, in a pair of bright eyes, carries more influence than all the writs, precepts, and summonses ever issued in Christendom.

These words of the fat gentleman seemed to touch a peculiar chord in the right arm of friend Broad-brim; for, with a fitful twitch, he pulled down his raven beaver so as to hide a dawning blush — like Night suddenly dropping her crape clouds over the red flush of the west.

The conversation had, somehow or other, received its death-blow. In vain did the wit and querist apply tentatives and cork-screws to draw more from his companions. Falstaff had evidently betrayed himself, and brought scandal upon the character of a whole village. He would have unsaid what he had uttered — he would have wiped the blush from the quaker's cheek — but the vehicle rolled just then into the great village of their discourse, and displayed a spectacle worth a thousand dramas, and ten thousand such descriptions as I can afford it.

In the first place, Bell-town is one of those old-maidish settlements which father Time has battered and hawked at most unmercifully — carrying away bricks from chimney-tops, and shingles from house-roofs, making the scattered trees in its highways bear the likeness of grand-fathers who have just come out of some super-human struggle, with limbs dislocated and crowns scalped.

As the inhabitants were too temperate to have a tavern, and too lawless to have a court-house, the election was held in a barber's shop. From the top of his professional pole, the upward gazer might behold, suspended in friendly juxtaposition, a painted print of some female or

other, and the corpse of a rabbit — mysterious engines of electioneering, as the sequel proves. Through the principal avenue of the town — in which this humble temple of liberty was planted — flowed a strong and heady current of beer and cider, on which the holiday urchins were sailing miniature sloops, ships, and schooners, of various and marvelous structure.

Throughout the thoroughfare, busy persons with baskets were dealing out fac similes of the suspended print. By trifling inquiry, a traveler might ascertain that the community was split into factions — the Toad and Bull-frog parties — or, as others named them, the Rabbit and Anti-rabbit parties.

The Bull-frog party, it was acknowledged by all, possessed the loudest speakers, but the Toads surpassed them in the length and breadth of their orations. A deadly and savage hatred seemed to fire the breasts of both.

The sight of a Toad made a Bull-frog spit; and on the other hand, a Toad's physiognomy was spoilt for a whole day, by a chance glimpse of a Bull-frog.

Not far distant from the tonsorium, up-mounted on a decayed hogshead, which last had been filled with the primest New-Orleans, was the leading orator of the Bull-frog and Rabbit faction. He prided himself on always appearing before the people with a tattered waistcoat, and a half-burnt cigar in the corner of his mouth. In truth, the chief point of his eloquence lay in this — that, while he evolved from one corner of his mouth clouds of smoke, from the other, with a dexterity unexampled, he puffed forth equal clouds of oratory. He held forth his bony, knuckle-knobbed hand, in which was clasped, seemingly with a death-gripe, a green 'Jersey sweetin,' and harangued a motley multitude of men, women, and boys, with an occasional dog, to this purpose:

'Fellow-citizens! I rise in my place to remark — and while I am up, I may as well add — you are all here! — yes, you are all here! Ponder on these things: you are all here, every one of you! You appear here, in behalf of your much injured countrymen — the *real* Bull-frogs, that live over by the mill, and down here by the bridge — whom Stubbs, the candidate of our enemies, has so cruelly, and I may say ungentlemanly, persecuted with sticks, staves, stones, ropes, hands and feet — and in behalf of the Rabbits, too, whom he has hunted with dogs, gunpowder, and shot; there is one of the innocents, (pointing to the rabbit that surmounted the barber's pole,) a victim of his unchristian hunting; and so sure, fellow-citizens, as I hit that rabbit with this 'Jersey sweetin,' — and here the orator arrayed himself in a projectile attitude — 'so sure will you beat ——'

The smoking Demosthenes sunk — the earth seemed to give way under him — and he fell through the hogshead. The apple hit its mark; the crowd gave three loud-ringing shouts — but for which object, the *lapsus* of the speaker, or his correct aim, is matter of conjecture to this day. The orator was not abashed, but with head projecting just above the wall of his wooden prison, he continued his rhetorical flourishes with renewed vigour — striking its sides with his feet, and ever and anon leaping up and down, after the manner of a porpoise.

Leaving him to escape as he best can, let us for a while accompany

another figure of our little drama — a figure whom we beg leave to introduce to our audience and readers by the name of Amelia Stubbs.

She was the daughter of constable Stubbs, (who was a candidate for rëelection to that high dignity,) and the fair one whose picture graced the barber's pole, in company with the defunct rabbit. As Falstaff had hinted, in the mail-stage, the whole election — at least on the side of the Toad and Anti-rabbit party — hinged on her. The most influential of that party had, at some time or other, and somehow or other, fallen in love with her manifold graces. She was certainly not a Venus de Medici; but charms she did possess, which marble never has possessed, or 'can or will possess.' There was nothing magnificent in her features; but there was something really magnificent in her smile — and her laugh — ye gods! it *was* a laugh, that made the very air merry a mile around.

Her father, the honorable constable, Solomon Stubbs, was, in addition to his official duty, devoted to sportsmanship; he could ring his whistle as merrily through the woods, and run down a rabbit as quickly as any. He was envied for his admirable facility in gathering a string of these long-eared hop-o'-my-thumbs, and envy begat opposition. He had also unfortunately murdered (in cold blood,) half a dozen clattering bull-frogs, who had disturbed his slumber for more than two months, unannoyed.

From these two facts sprang the great Bull-frog and Rabbit party, so warm in its enmity — so virulent in its invectives!

Nathan, the blushing quaker of the stage-coach, was a staunch friend to Solomon Stubbs; in fact his friendship for that potentate was so enlarged and electric, that it extended even to his beloved daughter Aurelia. The orator, also, who fell through, in his sublime attempt at missile argument, was an enemy to Solomon, only because he had been occasionally laughed at and despised by his blooming daughter.

The political war in the streets, or rather street, of Bell-town, waxed hotter and hotter. The country was scoured; old men, who had lived a lifetime in the woods, were disinterred, and brought once more on the stage: juveniles, beardless and almost yet *petticoated*, adventured to draw nigh and deposit a vote. Old women, clothed in the habits of male octogenarians — sleight-o-hand voters, who knew how to insert two ballots at a time — were sought after, and well feed. One hatless, unhewn son of Erin deposited four votes.

While the campaign deepens, Ralph Jones, the third traveler, o'erwearied with the bustle of Bell-town, has escaped at least two miles from its precincts, and, supported by an antique stone wall, is alternately plucking and eating cherries.

'Forbidden fruit!' cries a gentle voice, apparently emerging from behind a clump of alder bushes.

Ralph turned hastily, and somewhat frightened, to discover the body whence it issued, but to no purpose. He returned to his repast on the glossy red fruitage. The voice drew nigher, and as he turned a second time, his eye alighted on a summer damsel — a very living cherry — approaching with downcast features.

'Young gentleman, that is choice fruit; it is father's tree; pray forbear.' He now leaped from the fence, and as he turned to survey the supplicant, his face shone full upon her.

'Is it *you*, Ralph Jones? — dear Ralph, is it *you*?' exclaimed the fair one, with a musical tremor in her tone.

'And is it *you*, Aurelia?' cried the cherry-thief, with a similar quavering of the voice.

They knew each other — their eyes had already passed the quick telegraph-signal of recognition; more than two volumes had already been spoken. They rushed toward each other, but did not (as perhaps they ought to have done) embrace, but simply, warmly, affectionately — shook hands!

'You rogue, you stole away on that spring morning, three years ago — was it three? — from our little village, like a poultry-thief in the night. Do you know the amount of sorrow you left behind?'

'No, Aurelia — were there any tears shed?'

'A pond. I shed not a few myself, for the copy of Robie Burns you plagiarized. Falstaff Furness too, remembers you, for that post-boy sin of yours.'

'Riding his black horse within stone's throw of death? Falstaff remembers me no longer: his memory has given my face the quittance; for I was with him this morning, and he said not even 'Good day to you:' but Aurelia, Nathan Ellwood, the unquakerish quaker ——'

'Oh, Ralph, he is desperately in love with me — *me!* — and is striving to make Solomon Stubbs high-constable of Bell-town, to further his amorous intents. Cupid and I have been in close partnership, this is the third year, to make father a catch-pole: but what, where, how have you been, Ralph, for three blessed years?'

'Over flood and earth; 'twould cost a winter's night to tell them: but who comes yonder? — that mathematical figure, through the wood ——'

'It is Nathan Ellwood! Pray let us withdraw, through this path. He is coming to make love. I'd as leave see him dance, as that.'

'Does n't Master Nathan dance?'

'Oh yes — so does a bear!'

Every vote was gathered. Fortune had thrown her dice, and both parties — the Rabbit and Anti-rabbit — pressed forward to learn whether she had turned up sixes or blanks.

Gentle reader, have you ever seen a hollow pumpkin illuminated? Then have you seen a type of the thick heads of Bell-town lit up with the faint rays of hope. At length, victory perches on the shoulders of the Bull-frogs, and they croak forth 'Solomon Stubbs forever!' — and the welkin answers, 'Solomon Stubbs!' — and at that name tremble rabbits and reptiles without number — for Stubbs their direst foe is victor!

And the rogues and chicken-hearted thieves of Bell-town (for their whole heart is placed on chickens,) rejoice — for Solomon has been a father to them, and winked at their larcenies, for the small tax of a fat pullet, or a brace of geese.

But lo! there! Nathan Ellwood rushing toward Solomon Stubbs, and a knot of his joyful friends — puff, pant, and gallop — hallooing from the distance, with the mouthful of breath that running has left him. 'The devil! — villains! — Stubbs! — married to Aurelia! Run, fly! Quick! or Satan has her!'

Stubbs and his mob of friends stared broadly at the shouting quaker, whose face was inflamed as a setting sun; and as he came nigher to the crowd, his frenzy seemed to work like beer within him — striking baleful and volcanic sparks from his eyes. As it slowly subsided, and Nathan became sufficiently composed to act according to his cloth, they learnt that Ralph Jones, the strange interloper, was actually then getting married indissolubly to Miss Stubbs by parson Dusthead. The announcement caused a sudden sally of the whole force of Solomon's friends toward the parsonage.

They reach it, and with a simultaneous shout, call for Dusthead. No Dusthead appears. They advance to carry the house by storm; and with one gigantic push, the front-door is forced. They ransack the house, and by dint of research, discover Ebenezer Dusthead in an upper chamber — not ready to receive them in martial opposition, unless his night-cap were a helmet — but ensconced quietly in a bed — pale, emaciated, and apparently sick to the core. A thousand pardons are begged in rustic village style, and the assailants withdraw.

If, a few years after the scenes of the foregoing history occurred, a venturous traveler had passed into Bell-town, casting his eye to the left he might have beheld a neat two-story cottage, with green blinds, and a well-shaven area of grass surrounding it, with three hearty, happy children, full of frolic and fun, capering over it like young colts. Let him enter, and there he would see the mother of those happy ones — the identical blooming Aurelia Stubbs.

For a few questions, relative to the simple mystery of this tale, she might reward him with this simple explanation: that she was the lawful wife in wedlock of Ebenezer Dusthead, parson of Bell-town church, on the hill; that she was wedded to him on the day and date of the 'hue-and-cry' about his house, by Ralph Jones, aforesaid — a young clergyman who had come from a neighbouring city merely to tie the knot; that Mr. Dusthead's sickness and emaciation were all a pretence; that at the time, she was by his side, while the reverend master Jones was hidden in the cellar, mayhap drinking 'the spirit' among cider-casks.

Farther, that a squint-eyed news-boy of the village reported that he had seen Nathan Ellwood hanging himself in his barn, which was false; for, as was afterward learnt, Mr. Ellwood was merely hanging a sheep to celebrate the marriage; and that finally Dusthead loved her dearly, dividing his time nicely between the pulpit and her — and that he often prayed, 'that if he went to heaven, as he truly hoped, he might be allowed to bear his wife under one arm, and his Bible under the other.'

C. M.

THE SPIRIT'S RETURN.

'I've heard the spirits of the dead,
May walk again.' WINTERS' TALE.

——'To die — to sleep —
No more: and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to — 't is a consummation
Devoutly to be wished.' HAMLET.

THERE are who deem that spirits blest return,
To dwell awhile amid their loved on earth,
Or the fierce tide of human deeds discern
From the calm mansions of their upper birth.
It may be thus; but I would ever pray
That my loved ones in spirit-worlds might stay,
Far from the passion, tumult, strife that mar
And quench the beauty of this lesser star.
And though 't were bliss to sometimes deem them near,
When the heart knows (what heart hath never known?)
The utter nothingness of all things here:
Seeking its joys in hours forever flown,
And in its restlessness would barter all,
One golden moment from the past to call:
Yet then I feel I would not have them see,
Unchanged and pure, or change or sin in me.

There was in Paradise a spirit erst,
So tried and pure that might have happy been,
Had not strange thoughts, with retrospection cursed,
Linger'd too fondly on each vanished scene.
From arch to arch, when choral hymns would roll,
Remember'd voices mid the anthems stole;
When heaven's high towers were bathed in glory sheen,
Her home arose amid its bowers of green;
And more than heaven, lawns, woodlands, garlands smiled,
And more than angels seemed the inmates fair;
Her bosom's partner and her cherish'd child,
Son of her youth — these were the angels there.
Years rolled away, yet years brought no relief,
Nor heavenly joys beguiled of earth-born grief;
Till, with soft pity mov'd, relenting fate
Upon her oped the adamantine gate,
And free to roam, from Paradise she pass'd,
Nor lingering look upon its mansions cast;
And never mortal left the world of pain,
With half the joy that she returned again.

'Twas lingering twilight, such as often gilds
The airy towers which restless fancy builds,
From the soft clouds that at calm evening lie
In golden wreaths along the summer sky.
When the lone spirit reach'd the lofty dome,
Affection's shrine, her happy bridal home.
Invisible she flitted o'er the scene,
Each tree recalling visions that had been,
And might not be. One timid glance she cast,
Then felt oblivion of the present — past —
Darkness, and nothingness, and dreamless rest —
The only boon to make the wretched blest;
Unearthly notes like fallen seraph's song
That ere were heard the dewy air along,
Borne from afar upon the breeze's swell,
And these the sounds they seemed to syllable:

I.

'Alas! 't is only buried love
Nor chance nor change can quench or dim;
To me there were no joys above,
For what were heaven away from him?
I deemed that day by day his cheek
Was dew'd with sorrow's burning tears;
I thought his lips would often speak
The name he has not breathed for years —
The name forgotten — to another
My child was taught to murmur 'mother.'

II.

'I thought a single hour beside
His home my widow'd heart would bless;
I came to see a fairer bride
Receive each glance and soft caress.
I thought his love from memory stray'd
To doat upon his boy alone;
I came — and children round him play'd,
Who would not thrill to hear my tone,
Nor on that dusty canvass trace
One feature of a mother's face.

III.

'I left my son as pure, and mild,
And gentle, as a seraph blest,
But earth, and sin, and passions wild
Have written wrinkles in his breast.
His little lips would then repeat
Prayer from a heart that had not err'd
And mingled with love's accents sweet
How dear was each imperfect word!
And now, nor prayer, nor mother's name
His thoughts and words one hour can claim.

IV.

'Mid angel smiles and angel joys
Affection kept its faith unchanged,
The while that perishable toys
Their hearts from all the past estranged.
And what is now that past to me,
Or what, alas! this cherished scene?
Since all my agony will be
The thought that I have ever been.
Oh earth farewell! — I could not brook
Again on those changed hearts to look.'

With drooping wing beneath his kindly rod,
The gentle spirit sought again her God,
And there forever poured the love and trust
Which clung too long to animated dust.
Oh deem not, hope not, that the dead can know
Or joy or grief that stir loved breasts below;
A single glance upon a scene like this
Would mar long ages of celestial bliss,
And angels' songs were harsh as words of strife,
If ever blended with the sounds of life.
To see no more cold time affection steal,
And hearts that felt, forget they e'er could feel;
To learn no more that virtue can decay,
More frail and transient than its shrine of clay;
To never learn the oft repeated lot,
That mortals loved — and having loved, — forgot;
That vows are words, and holiest ties are riven —
To be away from earth, oh this is half of heaven!

New-York, June 16th, 1836. B. D. W.

REFLECTIONS OF A BOOK-WORM

UPON A PASSAGE IN THE WORKS OF SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE.

'The first ingredient in conversation is TRUTH, the second, GOOD SENSE, the third, GOOD HUMOUR, and the fourth, WIT. SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE.

SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE was an able diplomatist, and a shrewd man; and it is a happy comment upon the principles he has laid down, that he himself lived and died esteemed and respected. The opinions of such a man are well worth examination; and at the hazard of being somewhat didactic, I shall proceed to consider them.

The first ingredient, then, in conversation, says Sir William, is TRUTH. Allow me, however, to remark to you, my good Sir, that truth alone, in conversation, would make but a sorry figure. In society, like an old bachelor who seldom goes abroad, Truth would find himself out of place. He would be continually calling up blushes, and treading on toes. He would horrify a dowager with the phrase, 'Madam, how awful you are looking to-day!' and stagger a high-headed aristocrat, with, 'Sir, I am sorry to learn on 'change that you stopped payment yesterday!' No, no — truth, though the best, is the hardest ingredient in conversation, and requires a burnisher. Your bachelor must be married. Be assured, Sir William, truth cannot live happily, and hold up his head in the world, unless he has some delicate hand to plait his ruffles, and brush his coat. Truth is too apt to go upon carpets hob-nailed.

I say, Sir William, truth *must be married* — or, in plain terms, instead of forming the first ingredient in conversation, he will infallibly be voted out of the polite circles. I am glad to find you second my opinion. Truth cannot fail to be satisfied with GOOD SENSE, and Good Sense has always been an admirer of Truth. She will form the best help-mate to him in the world. Let us bring them together, and there they are! So, now that we have united them, it is the pleasantest thing in the world to see them moving arm in arm together in a reformed and fashionable assembly. Observe how carefully Truth looks into the eye of his partner, as the words fall from his lips, to which a host of listening admirers pay deference, and how quietly he submits to her guidance and direction. His step is confidence, and his voice is wisdom. And with what amiable and graceful languor, Good Sense bears upon the arm of her husband, while she regulates and controls him! She is the admired by all admirers, but the language of adulation does not reach her; she hears no voice but that of her husband. But list! There are whispers around, and Scandal never spoke more truly. From the one side comes the exclamation, 'And is it not Good Sense that renders Truth so engaging?' From the other, 'And does not Good Sense derive her beauty and her grace from Truth, her husband?'

Truth and Good Sense, then, Sir William, are very well mated. They move very happily together, and let them not be sundered.

Now come we to GOOD HUMOR. Ah, there he sits, with a face radiant with smiles, and with a brood of riotous children, clambering upon his knee, or thrusting their hands in his pockets. And now his chair gives way, and, with a burst of laughter, he falls prostrate on the

carpet, while the urchins only clamber upon him more thickly, and make jest of his misfortune. Anon he rises, and with a face covered with blushes, looks around him. Truth ceases from converse for awhile; Good Sense reprovingly shakes her fan at him, and lo! a wild and gaily-bedecked youngster, with glancing eye, and curling lip, and ever-varying features, thrusts himself forward, and excites the mirth of the assemblage by wild and reckless raillery. Fainter and fainter grows the smile upon the cheek of the unfortunate Good Humor, and yet again it rekindles, as he meets the encouraging look of Good Sense, whose hand rests kindly upon his shoulder. WIT, baffled, turns petulantly aside to seek another object, and as he speaks, the crowd fearfully listen and applaud — rejoice when he is not near, and yet turn themselves again to listen to his biting satire, and merry inspiration. And now behold his sparkling and excited features at every turning, and listen to the lively sallies that fall from his tongue! He evidently believes himself to be first in the gay company. Fie, fie, Sir William, who is greater than Wit? What ingredient is before wit in conversation? And see, he approaches the circle which is listening to the accents of Truth, or courting the mild influences of Good Sense, and the sunshine of Good Humor. He throws in their midst a merry and thoughtless jibe, which breaks discordantly upon their converse. Even Good Humor frowns, Good Sense looks appealingly to her husband, and Truth turns sternly toward the derisive intruder.

But whence comes the change! A word only has fallen from Truth, and the color has left the eye, and the tongue of Wit is palsied; his head is drooping, and the insignia of happiness has passed from his cheek. Alas! every wanton shaft which his hand has aimed, seems to be turned inward upon his own soul. He has heard for the first time the voice of Truth. He has felt for the first time the influence of Good Sense. In his confusion, he would fly, yet he knows not whither; and he sinks in tears upon the shoulder of the sympathizing and all-forgiving Good Humor.

Here, then, my good Sir William, we leave the characters of the little conversation-party which we have contrived to conjure up, to support the truths of your proposition. In conversation, let Truth seek an alliance with Good Sense, let Good Sense lay her head upon the shoulder of Good Humor, and let Wit, feeling itself the weakest of the band, rest upon Good Humor for support, and wisdom, and peace, and joy, and mirth will form the electric chain of the social circle, which shall be broken by no rude shock, nor fail through any intrinsic weakness.

C. P.

Hempstead, (L. I.,) May, 1836.

A 'LOVE PASSAGE.'

OH doubt not that I love thee yet!
Come to this heart's deep sea —
Thou 'lt find its stilly current set
With images of thee:
Affection shall survive all change —
The life-boat 'scaped the tempest's range.

G.

LIFE AT SEA.

BY THE AMERICAN 'ORSON,' WHO WROTE ABOUT THE SEMINOLES.

READER, do you remember the great storm in the mid-winter of 1830–1? If not, you were not in the same latitude with myself at that time, namely, in the Gulf-stream, between Cape Hatteras and the Bermudas. If you were, I'll be bound you have not forgotten it. If any one ever saw old ocean in a frolic, I saw it then — and for the first time.

We left New-York in a schooner of not quite seventy tons, with a master, mate, two seamen, an apology for a cook, and twelve passengers, and one of them in a deep decline. Our cabin was not furnished with berths for more than six persons. The odd twelve were 'stowed in bulk,' as the sailors say, back of the ladder of the companion-way — a sort of box which had no doors, but a slide over the top, that fenced out the water when it did not happen to roll over it.

The schooner had been a Cape Cod fisherman, but no safer one was to be found going our way, and so I took passage — stipulating, however, for an exclusive berth, as I love comfort. Howbeit, I admitted a fine boy to a share. Well, out we started, with a fine fair wind from the North, and the captain, unwilling to lose so good a chance to gain time, when he knew he could not make an inch against the wind with his bagging old sails, crowded on all the canvass his truly frail bark could stagger under, so that she would hardly steer, but kept 'lurching,' first to the larboard and then the starboard tack, as if she did not wish to go outside; but the captain said 'she would do better off soundings,' and so he did his best to get there. Thus we went reeling along past Fort William, and down through the Narrows, the mate, every now and then, asking our Herculean young captain 'what sort of a night he thought we should have?' He did not know, and only 'wished he was past Cape Hatteras.' For my own part, I only wished I had been seasoned to sea-sickness, for this was my first voyage, and when Neversink light began at last to deny its name, we just began to think what a wretched cook we had. I lose appetite to this day, at a turtle-club, at the bare thought of him. Our crackers were the 'remainder biscuit' of the last voyage, all nibbled by mice and rats, and marked with the prints of their dirty feet; as for the meat, it was odoriferous codfish! I was ashamed of being more dainty than others; and as we were promised better fare next day, I scraped the crackers, and ate; but no man ever cared less for his supper than I did that night.

We continued blundering forward all night, and next morning 'the sea, the sea, the open sea,' broke with its sublime expanse upon our happy sight. We were booming along at a rapid rate; and as the captain truly predicted, with a much straighter course than the serpentine one we had at first described; but every now and then a wave would swell up majestically behind, and threaten to fall upon us, but we would slip just from under it as it broke.

I could not help uttering an exclamation of admiration at these beautifully-crested billows, thus gracefully bowing us away from our homes, but the captain was uneasy and provoked. He had detected certain evil indications in the horizon, and he could only say he 'wished he

was past Cape Hatteras; he could not see what fancy any man could have in waves; as for his part, he had seen enough of them; and if any one else liked them, he would not care if one should fall on board.'

He had hardly uttered this wicked wish, before down fell one upon us. To pay him as he deserved, he was drenched to the skin, while I escaped under an impenetrable Scotch cloak. It was providential, and we enjoyed it exceedingly. It just met his sins, and my superior goodness, and I told him so.

But that cape of storms, Hatteras, had not yet been passed. 'Crowd all sail!' cried the stentorian captain. 'Hug the cape, and drop the sea astern. One such 'beautiful wave' is enough for one day. I have half a mind to take the inner passage.'

I should remark, that about two or three miles off of the shore, there are breakers; and sometimes, in going South, small vessels run inside, to avoid the Gulf-stream, which passes to the North-east, outside the reef.

Thus undetermined, we drove ahead, and by ten o'clock at night we reached a dead calm, off of the dreaded cape. The sails all hung in lank curtain-folds, and it seemed to be a strange sort of angry stillness, as if the next thing we should see would be 'foaming fury.' At length, the boom of the fore-sail gave a tremendous blow, as if it had been silently watching to knock out the brains of some luckless seaman; then it struck on the other side, most spitefully. These were only preludes: soon we heard a roaring, and thunder and lightning, and then the shrouds snapped, and the fore-sheets were torn from their fastenings, and the vessel was a prey to the elements, with breakers under our lee, and the Hatteras light, half-mast high, in the horizon.

The captain showed himself a thorough seaman. All his crew — two men, cook, and mate — were aghast, and only his athletic frame could be seen drawing the flying sheets like a young giant. The next instant, you might have beheld him flying up the shrouds that remained good, and looking out for the breakers, toward which we were irresistibly driving.

For my own part, I began to think the sport was over, and that it was high time to look out for some means to reach shore, without depending on the crazy tackle which was flying about in all directions. So, down we went into the cabin, to hold a brief council with the other passengers. But all was dark and silent as the charnel-house; and when we began to tell them that there was no jest above board, and that we must begin to think of taking care of ourselves, not a word would a soul of them reply. They had been in the habit of ridiculing one of their number, who showed a more than ordinary disinclination to try any other world than this. I told them that, without a thought of a jest, the true state of the case was as I had stated; that the yawl-boat, with one half of our number, would swamp, inevitably; and that it was absolutely necessary to provide means in time. I therefore proposed to get out plank and boards to float upon, as there was a small door from the cabin to the hold, where there was lumber. But not a word could I elicit. It was of no use, they said afterward — and perhaps it was not.

But such fortune did not continue long. We were rapidly nearing the breakers, when suddenly there was a calm; anon, and in the course

of five minutes, the wind blew a hurricane from every point of the compass; and, as if it had tried which was the hardest way it could blow, it commenced with the North-west, as surpassing all others in might, and threw up the very dregs of the ocean. In fact, the elements all seemed to be set to work to frighten us out of our senses. We had longed to see a storm at sea — and we had it!

If there be any line marked in nature between North and South, it is off of this stormy cape. Here the thunder and lightning of the tropics meet the North-wester, and the battle is fought for the disputed territory. The glare of the lightning — the crashing peals of thunder — the roar of the North-west gale, which heaves up sharp billows from the battling Gulf-stream — the flashing crests of foam — the mist, the hail, the rain — and the stupefying blows the enraged, cross, chopping waves can strike — these must render Scylla and Charybdis a race-way of a mill-pond in the comparison. I had no conception of the power of mere water before. It does not *dash*, it strikes a dead blow; and in a great storm, the vessel, as if it had been paralyzed, stops for a moment, and then slowly heaves and groans in every joint. It would not require any great stretch of the imagination to fancy her alive.

Thus we continued, drifting for nine days and nights, most of the time in the Gulf-stream; seventeen souls of us, all in the space of a pig-stye, with a cook before our eyes who verified the sailor's maxim, that if 'God sends victuals, the Devil sends cooks.' But I did not complain. Poor fellow! what could be expected of him? The chickens became so poor, that the captain was obliged to kill them, to save their credit for the table. Table? — there *was* no table! Its legs were all broken off, although it was new when we started. Men, tables, trunks, provisions, and every thing else, had been so often thrown in a heap together, that the identity of any individual thing seemed to be a questionable matter. I have seen in another vessel a table thrown from its legs bottom upward, by one plunge, but I never saw any thing like the commotion in this craft. We were compelled to 'watch and catch,' even in our sleep, to prevent being precipitated clear across upon the opposite berth. The captain was frequently thrown out, and as he was going, he would catch like a cat.

But I was speaking of the fare. Those chickens I shall never forget! They were like anatomical preparations — poor as crows; but they were the very best food we had on board, if we except a few unsubstantial private stores; and *seventeen* would eat of the soup from one chicken! Sometimes, through the small aperture of the companion-way, down would come a flood of water, drenching the cheerful guests. We could have borne all this well enough, but for two things: the first was, that the cook would continue to manufacture and simmer a kind of oil out of scraps of pork, that he might have something to cook with in the place of butter; the smell of this constantly burning, was poison to me; but after much management and remonstrance, the evil was remedied. Then another thing arose. In the hold, there were hay, and spirits, and powder; and every day, and several times a day, the cook and one of the hands, who had been shipped by his landlord against his will, would crawl, with a candle, over these combustibles, and become intoxicated; and the captain would then beat the cook in the small cabin. These were annoyances; but we could not set up in the

cabin, without being sea-sick, so we lay down, out of the way; and to amuse the company, read the only books on board — namely, Tom Jones, The Life of Bolivar, and a nameless tragedy. The captain had begun his repentance, by throwing all the cards overboard, that none might play. The invalid, who was one of the finest young men I ever knew, officiated as chaplain — by reading the Bible; for it had been concluded between us — we two knowing how to read, without stopping to spell — to make every thing as pleasant and orderly as possible. This delighted the captain, who evinced his pleasure by discussing religious topics at one moment, and the next cursing the cook.

In this condition we continued nine days and nights, not expecting ever to see land again. Every stroke the vessel received, seemed so to strain her in every joint, that it appeared impossible for her to withstand another blow without going to pieces. One man prayed almost all the time, night and day; and he avowed if ever he should reach shore once more, he would 'crawl home on his hands and knees, rather than venture out of sight of land again.' The boy I had taken into my berth awoke one morning, and with a very pitiful face showed me his arm, all black-and-blue, and very sore. I could only comfort him, by telling him that in the absence of any thing better, he might at least learn the derivation of the word hardship. His bruises all came from the *hard* ship. A wretched pun, but it served to amuse him.

I was waiting thus anxiously for better or worse fortune, and almost inclined to shed a tear to think how my friends would mourn that I should be obliged so young and unprepared to leave my bones, etc., in the Gulf-stream, with no coffin but my berth, when I saw the mate go up with trembling knees to the oldest seaman — who by the way was the most respectable man of the ship's company, not excluding its officers — and ask him if he had ever seen such a storm before, and if we could possibly live through it? His reply was, that we had a chance, if it should not come any harder. I took comfort at this, for I could not well imagine how it could 'come harder' — but it did! At about midnight, after the fifth or sixth day, the strokes began to fall faster and more violently, and floods of water more frequently to deluge the cabin floor, when I arose, as I often did, to look out by the side of the old seaman. It was then that a sight met my eyes which I shall never forget. I had read of 'the sublime and beautiful,' but never before had realized it. Although death seemed inevitable, yet so glorious was the scene, that an inexpressible fluttering sensation of delight was in my breast, and all thought of danger vanished. The stern of the vessel was lifted high on a short wave, while the bow was plunging into a dark chasm; thick, black, broken, fugitive clouds were rapidly chasing each other past the masts and rigging. 'A few rods astern, a wave had just broken into a mass of living fire; then all was dark again; and presently a glare of light shot from the midst of the cloud in which we were, and revealed all the vast commotion of the elements. Hail and rain were in the clouds, and fell upon us; occasionally we were shrouded in such dense darkness that nothing was visible; and then suddenly the ragged clouds opened, and showed one very bright star, which I took to be Venus. This was like enchantment, and withal was so unexpected, that we could hardly believe it real. All these incidents, happening in quick succession, produced an effect which nei-

ther language nor the pencil can convey. Oh how I panted for some means to catch the flying scene, and transfer it to canvass! But it passed. I had my wish, however. I had seen a storm at sea, and was quite satisfied, should I never live to see another.

We reached our place of destination — of course, or I should not have been here to tell the story — but such a miserable looking set of objects my eyes never before beheld! With beards half an inch long, squalid and thin, we hardly seemed worth piloting into port. But we were strangers, and they took us in. Perhaps at another day I may tell you how foolish it is to believe traveler's tales, by a faithful relation of matters of fact. Until then, gentle reader, if you do not believe my 'Life at Sea,' go a voyage in winter in a Cape Cod fisherman yourself, and be blown through the Gulf-stream by a nine days' gale. *Then* I'll talk with you.

THE IRON AGE.

'The age of chivalry is gone.'— Burke.

Gone are the wondrous days of high emprise,
The age chivalric, with its fierce romances,
When 'worlds,' 't is said, 'were staked for ladies' eyes,'
And knights were staked upon each other's lances.
Who now would draw, in Palestine, the brand?
What Christian would not hob-nob with a fakir?
While ten feet square of ground, just where I stand,
Would buy in 'holy rood' at least an acre?

New things beneath old names we moderns mask;
Still by *a t'urney* men oft close their quarrels,
Of old, men fought duellos in steel *casques* —
We go to combat with a *brace of barrels;*
Visor and helm no more our heroes grace,
But then a face of brass is just as well;
And corslets, too, I ween, their forms embrace,
Only they wear them shorter — by an *i.*

The 'barons bold,' who chased the savage boar,
Are chased themselves — on many a time-worn tomb;
But for the bores, 't is different from of yore —
You'll find them, tame, in every drawing-room;
The 'stalwart *Childe*' who backed his barbed roan,
And swept, hoof-deep in Paynim blood, the sward,
In a hard gallop now would be outdone,
And fairly thrown out in a *gallopade.*

Improvement, bringing safety in her car,
Has forward still upon her glorious march bent:
The mightiest deeds of old were those of war,
But our best deeds are those engrossed on parchment:
Then belted earls — they would be *pelted* now —
Were often little better than marauders,
Who ordered short shrift, short rope, and a bough,
For such as would not *bow* to their short orders.

Strange tales are told us of the 'Lion Heart,'
Splitting down men from plume to saddle-leather,
But Saladin out-fought him by the art
Of making all his forces *stick together.*
In my opinion *Cœur de Lion's* bones
Just worked like other people's in the socket;
I'd back him to have gone to Davy Jones
Before the grin and thews of Davy Crockett!

OLLAPODIANA.

NUMBER FOURTEEN.

Most people travel a *leetle* every Summer through these United States, in sundry portions and quarters thereof; and yet how very few of those who go down upon the sea in ships, or along the rail-road or the canal, seeing the sublimities and oddities of existence, make any record of them? Therefore, gentle reader, do I propose to enlighten thee, not with sketches of travel, but with beneficial hints, whereby thy omnipresent whereabout, as thou journeyest, may be regaled.

We are passing up the Hudson. The low clouds from a hundred steam-boats are staining the sky in the direction of New-York, which has long since faded in the distance. The peripatetic colored man, who summonses oblivious passengers to 'the capting's orifice,' to disburse the swindle for their transit, has not yet gone his rounds: there is only the low gurgle of the waves ploughed aside by the bow of the steam-boat; the half-waked company are promenading the deck, and the poetically-disposed are looking at the palisades, whose dark shoulders rise on the west bank of the river, as if those barriers could never be removed, even by the voice of the archangel, and the final trump.

By-the-way, speaking of the last trumpet, makes me remember the reply of a veteran old charcoal man, of Philadelphia, well known to the citizens thereof for the sonorousness of his tin horn, and the excellence of his commodity. Honest Jimmy Charcoal! — he is removed from among the quick, and numbered with those who have jumped from the shoal of time into kingdom come. He was a cheerful, good-hearted citizen; and though he certainly did not move in the first circles, yet he spread light and heat wherever he went — not by his person, however; for if ever there was a man who looked like a plenipotentiary fresh from the court of Tophet, Jimmy was that individual. Well, as I have said, he had a most vociferous horn, and unremitting were the blasts which he protruded through the same upon the general ear. At last, some evil-disposed citizens, having no taste for music, went to his honor the Mayor, and lodged grievous complaints againt the distinguished *hornist*, (I use a musical term,) setting forth that he disturbed the public bosom with his soul-stirring instrument. After such an accusation, he was brought before the great municipal functionary, and received a stern and awful reprimand. Jimmy stood the rebuke as if Satan had not only allowed him his own color, but also his courage. His reply was cogent and conclusive: 'Look here, your honor,' said he 'I ha'nt no disposition, by no means, to complain of them 'ere people as has complained of me. Folks in my line can bear upwards of considerable in the way of epithets, without changing color, or gettin' mad. But I *do* say, that I axes them as charges me with making too much noise in the world,

why they have got up such an antipathy ag'in' my horn? And I should like to know, if my little tin affair troubles them so now, *how they will feel when they come to hear the big trumpet, that is to be blew at the day of judgment* — calling them, just as likely as not, to a coal-hole a mighty sight blacker than the one I come from?'

The Mayor was non-plussed — and the coal man went twanging on his ways. The officer could no more stand his logic than his opponent could his horn.

But I digress. Let us get back to the Hudson. Stop, ye who travel, one day at West Point. That Cozzens gives noble dinners; his wines are superb; and the man who likes not creature comforts, is a bad member of society. Go thou likewise to the Cattskill Mountain House — whence you shall look down beneath the clouds on smiling counties, and towns, and cities, spread forth as on a map, at your feet. 'There,' said Natty Bumpo, 'you can see — *creation!*' The Hudson like a ribbon — the boats and sails on its blue and gleaming breast not much larger than buoys and handkerchiefs. Oh, 't is a noble scene! — and when the plains beneath are sweltering in the fervors of Summer — when the snake creeps forth on the rock in the sunshine, and the cattle in a thousand meadows consort together under the trees, to breathe the air that gathers from the sleepy landscape into their branches — then, at the Mountain House, 't is calm and cool. I say, reader, be sure to go there; and if it is somewhat too cold in June, it must be nice in July and August.

Magnificent are the Cattskills, as seen from the Hudson. How their 'broad highland regions' swell and roll in sublime and solemn undulations against the sky! How profuse the gushes of glorious sunlight that chase each other along those lordly ridges! As the boat glides along, these peaks are sometimes hid from view; but like great men amid the strifes of parties, or the changes of time, they must almost continually impress us with their presence, and stand like distant guardians of one of the finest rivers in the world, observable, for countless inland leagues, overlooking streams, villages, and the grander Hudson, for hundreds of miles.

Albany is a capital city. If you are a quiet person, enamoured of ease and comfort, go to Cruttenden's — mine host of the Eagle. Most delicious is his coffee — neatest of the neat are his rooms — his bread is like snow — his viands done to a T — and there is nothing equal to his own personal courtesies. Pleasant things drop continually from his lips, and your ear may drink wisdom and wit from them, 'as the honey bee drinks from the rose.' He is the best possible sign of the excellence of his own fare. His cheeks are full and healthy, and though his nose is not bedecked with those sumptuous red carbuncles which are usually supposed the insignia of a true Boniface, yet his figure is

portly and commanding, and 'his belly is as a round goblet, which wanteth not liquor,' as the wise man observes in his Canticles.

Let me not be an out-and-outer, as touching Albany. I would that my praise should be properly modified. The lower, or business parts of the city, except in the region round about the Eagle, are not particularly attractive; but in the upper quarters, near the Capitol Square, and along State-street, few towns in our country 'can with it compare.' I know of no place to which, in some respects, could be better applied the lines of Byron:

> 'For whoso entereth within this town,
> That sheening far, celestial seems to be,
> Disconsolate will wander up and down,
> Mid many things unsightly to strange ee.'

But ascend you to the dome of the City Hall, in Capitol Square, and look forth upon the scene! It is beautiful — that's the word. Look at the landscape to the North, heaved up in the glory and grandeur of Summer against the sapphire walls of Heaven — varied with meadows and harvest fields, and rural mansions; observe Troy, with its Mount Ida, and the affluent valley of the Hudson — likewise the distant Catts-kills — also the city beneath, with those numerous 'white swellings,' or domes, of the steeple genus, which have broken out ambitiously all over the town; look at these — and at the whole sweep of Capitol Square — and you shall meet with great rejoicing of eye. But beware of a person whom you may observe in the streets, perambulating about with a basket on his arm, vending the sweet-flag root, and barks of prickly ash and slippery-elm. The latter, especially, should you partake of it, will cause you to remain a day beyond your time. Wonderfully slippery is that article, indeed — and you would think, to hear its owner talk, 'in the way of trade,' that his tongue was made of the same material.

The route to Schenectady is dullish — but I advise the reader, if that personage be a male, to take the outside of the car, (by courtesy from the powers that be,) and survey the country round. He will see the eternal Cattskills bounding the horizon for near two-thirds of the way — rising like pyramids, blue and lofty into Heaven,

> 'Where clouds like earthly barriers stand,
> Or bulwarks of some viewless land.'

I am discoursing now to the traveler on the Niagara route, and therefore I would fling in a word or two of advice to him. When thou comest to Schenectady, thou wilt be grievously athirst, if the weather be warm — but I beseech thee, buy no soda water in Old Esopus. One Truax has an apology for the article — but drink it not! It is indescribable — tastes like bad champagne, vinegar, and brimstone. A tumbler full of the Dead Sea would taste sweeter. Neither be thou tempted

by the boys who vend nuts and apples by the packet-boat landing. Dishonest, and peddling urchins! — their commodities are awful!

The contrast between the spacious cabins of the Hudson steamers, and the low, narrow boats on the canal — even those of the better sort — is unhappily too striking. When you enter the latter, resign yourself to fate. You will find captains or superintendents, who verily believe that there are no other places on earth but Schenectady and Utica, and that the rest of creation is of small account. They are stupendous persons, on a small scale. The idea of having some fifty or sixty individuals, by compulsion, in their power every day, gives them a sense of their own importance, which nothing can annul; and the air of grandeur with which they help you to a half-boiled potato, or a stinted radish, would befit princes. But do not offend them. On the contrary, cause them to believe that you suppose them incomparable — their fare rich beyond description — their charges no swindle — and that you have no exalted opinion of the new rail-road to be open in August, and destined to carry passengers three times quicker — and you will get the best they have — they receiving, at the same time, a draft on your eternal gratitude. I do not wish to flatter these varlets — but I do say, that their bills ought to be made payable in *slow notes* — namely paper, payable, the first instalment when the debtor *dies*, and the last half when he *rises*.

It is rumored that important improvements are in contemplation by these great men — among others, a novel mode of making the public mouth salutary, 'from North to South.' This was suggested by the following circumstance. A captain was helping himself to the tooth-brush of a respectable passenger, who said to him: 'What the devil are you doing with my brush and powder?' 'Why,' said the captain, 'I am using it because I thought it belonged to the boat, and had been furnished by the company, for *the use of the passengers!*'

When you come to Utica, do not be in haste to depart. You may kill twenty-four divisions of the common enemy — nay, forty-eight, very agreeably there. Trenton Falls are not far off; though it matters little whether you see them *before* you go to Niagara, or on your return.

But soft — 'a word or two before you go.' There is a drug-shop, kept by an Italian, near the canal, on the right of Genesee-street, as you proceed to the West, where you can obtain soda powders, and eke Seidlitz, of unimpeachable excellence. Buy several boxes. They will serve you well on the road to the Great Falls — where, dear reader, you shall meet me anon.

Ollapod.

THE DEPARTED.

They are not there! where once their feet
Light answer to soft music beat—
Where their young voices sweetly breathed,
And fragrant flowers they lightly wreathed.
Still flows the nightingale's sweet song—
Still trail the vine's green shoots along;
Still are the sunny blossoms fair—
But they who loved them are not there!

They are not there! by the lone fount
That once they loved at eve to haunt;
Where, when the day-star brightly set,
Beside the silver waves they met:
Still lightly glides the quiet stream—
Still o'er it falls the soft moon-beam;
But they who used its bliss to share
With loved hearts by it, are not there!

They are not there! by the dear hearth,
That once beheld their harmless mirth;
Where, through their joy came no vain fear,
And o'er their smiles no darkening tear:
It burns not now a beacon-star,
'T is cold and fireless as they are:
Where is the glow it used to wear?
'T is felt no more — they are not there!

England. MARY ANNE BROWNE.

LETTERS

OF LUCIUS M. PISO, FROM PALMYRA, TO HIS FRIEND MARCUS CURTIUS, AT ROME: NOW FIRST TRANSLATED AND PUBLISHED.

NUMBER FIVE.

You could not but suppose, my Curtius, when you came to the end of my last letter, that I should soon write again, and not leave you ignorant of the manner in which I passed the evening at the palace of Zenobia. Accordingly, knowing that you would desire this, I had no sooner tied and sealed my epistle, than I sat down to give you those minute recollections of incident and of conversation in which you and Lucilia both so much delight, and which indeed, in the present instance, are not unimportant in their bearing upon my future lot. But this I shall leave to your own conjectures. A tempest of rain makes me a necessary prisoner to the house, but the pleasant duty of writing to you spreads sunshine on all within my room. I trust in the gods that you are all well.

Of the banquet in that Egyptian hall, and its immediately attendant circumstances, I need not tell you. It was like other feasts of ceremony, where the niceties of form constantly obtrude themselves, and check too much the flow of conversation. Then, too, one's mind is necessarily distracted, where the feast is sumptuous, by the rarity of the dishes, the richness of the service, and the pomp and stir of the attendance. Never was it my fortune in Rome to recline at a table of more imperial splendor. For Lucilia's sake I will just say, that the service

was of pure gold, most elaborately carved, and covered with designs illustrative of points of the Egyptian annals. Our wine cups were also of gold, enriched with precious stones; and for each kind of wine, a different cup, set with jewels, typical of the character of the wine for which it was intended. These were all by the hand of Demetrius. It was in all respects a Roman meal, in its fashions and conduct, though the table was spread with many delicacies peculiar to the Orientals. The walls and ceiling of the room, and the carpets represented, in the colors of the most eminent Greek and Persian artists, scenes of the life and reign of the great Queen of Egypt, of whom Zenobia reckons herself a descendant. Cleopatra was all around, above, and beneath us. Music at intervals, as the repast drew toward a close, streamed in from invisible performers, and added a last and crowning charm. The conversation was light and sportful, taking once or twice only, and accidentally, as it were, a political turn. These graceful Palmyrenes act a winning part in all the high courtesies of life; and nothing could be more perfect than their demeanor, free and frank, yet never forgetful of the presence of Zenobia, nor even of me, a representative in some manner of the majesty of Rome.

The moon, nearly at her full, was already shining bright in the heavens, when we left the tables, and walking first for a time upon the cool pavements of the porticos of the palace, then descended to the gardens, and separating in groups, moved away at will among their endless windings. Zenobia, as if desiring some private conference with her great teacher, left us in company with Longinus. It was my good and happy fortune to find myself in the society of Julia and Fausta, with whom I directed my steps toward the remoter and more quiet parts of the garden — for nearer the palace there was still to be heard the sounds of merriment, and of the instruments, furnishing a soft and delicious entertainment for such as chose to remain longer in the palace. Of the rest of the company, some like ourselves wandered among the labyrinthian walks of this vast pleasure-ground, while others, already weary, or satisfied with enjoyment, returned early to their homes.

The evening, shall I say it, was worthy of the company now abroad to enjoy it. A gentle breeze just swayed the huge leaves of the — to me — strange plants which overhung the paths, and came, as it here always seems to come, laden with a sweetness which in Rome it never has, unless added by the hand of Art. Dian's face shone never before so fair and bright, and her light, coming to us at frequent turns in our walk, through the spray of numerous fountains, caused them to show like falling diamonds. A divine repose breathed over the whole scene. I am sure our souls were in harmony with it.

'Princess,' said I, 'the gardens of Nero can have presented no scenes more beautiful than these. He who designed these avenues, and groups of flowers and trees, these frequent statues and fountains, bowers and mimic temples, and made them bear to each other these perfect proportions and relations, had no less knowledge, methinks, of the true principles of taste, and of the very secrets of beauty, than the great Longinus himself. The beauty is so rare, that it effects the mind almost like greatness itself. In truth, in perfect beauty there is always that which overawes.'

'I cannot say,' replied Julia, 'that the learned Greek was the archi-

tect and designer of these various forms of beauty. The credit, I believe, is rather due to Periander, a native Athenian, a man, it is universally conceded, of the highest genius. Yet it is at the same time to be said, that the mind of Longinus presided over the whole. And he took not less delight in ordering the arrangements of these gardens, than he did in composing that great treatise, not long published, and which you must have seen before you left Rome. He is a man of universal powers. You have not failed to observe his grace — not less than his abilities — while we were at the tables. You have seen that he can play the part of one who would win the regards of two foolish girls, as well as that of first minister of a great kingdom, or that of the chief living representative and teacher of the philosophy of the immortal Plato.'

'For myself,' I replied, 'I could hardly withdraw myself from the simple admiration of his noble head and form, to attend, so as to judge of it, to what fell from his lips. It seems to me that if a sculptor of his own Greece sought for a model of the human figure, he could hope to find none so perfect as that of Longinus.'

'That makes it the foolisher and stranger,' said Fausta, 'that he should labor at his toilet as he so manifestly does. Why can he not rely, for his power over both men and women, upon his genius, and his natural graces. It might be well enough for the Stagyrite to deck his little person in fine clothes, and cover his fingers with rings — for I believe there must be something in the outward appearance to strike the mere sensual eye, and please it, either natural or assumed — or else even philosophers might go unheeded. I doubt if upon my fingers there be more or more glowing rings than upon those of Longinus. To be sure, one must admit that his taste is exquisite.'

'In the manners and dress of Longinus,' said I, 'as well as in those of Aristotle, we behold, I think, simply the power of custom. They were both, in respect to such things, in a state of indifference — the true philosophical state. But what happened? Both became instructors and companions of princes, and the inmates of royal palaces. Their manners and costume were left, without a thought, I will dare to say, on their part, to conform themselves to what was around them. Would it not have been a more glaring piece of vanity, if in the palace of Philip, Aristotle had clothed himself in the garb of Diogenes? — or if Longinus, in the presence of the great Zenobia, had appeared in the sordid attire of Timon?'

'I think so,' said Julia.

'Your explanation is a very probable one,' added Fausta, 'and had not occurred to me. It is true, the courts may have dressed them and not themselves. But never, I still must think, did a rich dress fall upon more willing shoulders than upon those of the Greek, always excepting, Julia, Paul of Antioch.'

'Ah, Fausta,' said Julia, 'you cannot, do what you will, shake my faith in Paul. If I allow him vain, and luxurious, and haughty, I can still separate the advocate from the cause. You would not condemn the doctrine of Aristotle, on the ground that he wore rings. Nor can I altogether, nor in part, that of Paul, because he rolls through the city in a gilded chariot, with the attendance of a prince. I may blame or despise him — but not therefore reject his teaching. That has a defence independent of him. And that he has always frankness enough to say.

Policy, and necessity of time and place, have compelled him to much which his reason disproves. This he has given me to believe — and has conjured me on this, as on all subjects, to yield my mind only to evidence, apart from all personal considerations. But I did not mean to turn our conversation in this direction. Here, Piso, have we now arrived in our walk at my favorite retreat. This is my bower for meditation, and frequently for reading, too. Let us take this seat. Observe how through these openings we catch some of the prominent points of the city. There is the obelisk of Cleopatra; there the tower of Antonine; there the Egyptian Pyramid; and there a column going up in honor of Aurelian; and in this direction, the whole outline of the palace.'

'Yet are we at the same time shut out from all the world,' said I. 'Your hours must fly swiftly here. But are your musings always solitary ones?'

'Oh no — I am not so craving as that of my own society: sometimes I am joined by my mother, and not seldom by my sweet Fausta here,' said she, at the same time affectionately drawing Fausta's arm within her own, and clasping her hand; 'we do not agree, indeed, upon all the subjects which we discuss, but we still agree in our love.' 'Indeed we do, and may the gods make it perpetual; may death only divide us!' said Fausta with fervor. 'And may the divinity who sits supreme above,' said Julia, 'grant that over that, not even death shall have power. If any thing makes existence valuable, it is love. If I should define my happiness, I should say it in one word, Love. Without Zenobia, what should I be? I cannot conceive of existence, deprived of her, or of her regard. Loving her, and Fausta, and Longinus as I do — not to forget Livia and the dear Faustula — and beloved by all in return — and my happiness scarcely seems to admit of addition.'

'With what pain,' said I, 'does one contemplate the mere possibility that affections such as these are to last only for the few years which make up the sum of human life. Must I believe, must you believe, that all this fair scene is to end forever at death? That you, bound to each other by so many ties, are to be separated, and both of you to be divided from Zenobia, and all of us to all fall into nothingness, silence, and darkness? Rather than that, would that the life we now enjoy might be immortal! Here are beautiful objects, among which one might be willing to live forever. I am never weary of the moon and her soft light, nor of the balmy air, nor of the bright greens of the herbage, nor of the forms of plain and mountain, nor of the human beings, infinite in the varieties of their character, who surround me wherever I go. Here now have I wandered far from my home, yet in what society and in what scenes do I find myself! The same heaven is above me, the same beautiful forms of vegetable life around me, and what is more, friends already dear as those I have left behind. In this very spot, were it but as an humble attendant upon the greatness of the queen, could I be content to dwell.'

'Truly, I think you might,' cried Fausta, 'having chosen for yourself so elysian a spot, and filled it with such inhabitants, it is no great proof of a contented spirit that you should love to inhabit it. But how many such spots does the world present? — and how many such inhabitants? The question I think is, would you be ready to accept

the common lot of man as an immortal one? I can easily believe that many, were they seated in these gardens, and waited upon by attendant slaves, and their whole being made soft and tranquil, and exempt from care and fear, would say, 'Ensure me this, and I ask no more.' For myself, indeed, I must say it would not be so. I think not even the lot of Zenobia, enthroned as she is in the hearts of millions, nor yet thine, Julia, beloved not less than Zenobia, would satisfy me. I have now all that my utmost desires crave. Yet is there a part of me, I know not what it is, nor where it is, that is not full. I confess myself restless and unsatisfied. No object, no study, no pursuit, no friendship — forgive me Julia — and she kissed her hand — no friendship even, satisfies and fills me.'

'I do not wonder,' said Julia.

'But how much unhappiness is there spread over the earth,' continued Fausta: 'I, and you, and Piso perhaps, too, are in a state of dissatisfaction. And yet we are perched, as it were, upon the loftiest heights of existence. How must it be with those who are so far inferior to us as multitudes are in their means of happiness. From how many ills are we shielded, which rain down sharp-pointed, like the hail storms of winter, upon the undefended heads of the poor and low! They, Piso, would not, I think, pray that their lot might be immortal.'

'Indeed I think not,' said I. 'Yet, perhaps, their lot is not so much more miserable than yours, as the difference in outward condition might lead one to think. Remember, the slave and the poor do not feel as you would, suddenly reduced to their state. The Arab enjoys his sleep upon his tent floor, as well as you, Julia, beneath a canopy of woven gold, and his frugal meal of date or pulse tastes as sweet, as to you do dainties fetched from Rome, or fished from the Indian seas: and eating and sleeping make up much of life. Then the hearts of the great are corroded by cares and solicitudes which never visit the humble. Still, I do not deny that their condition is not far less enviable than ours. The slave who may be lashed, and tormented, and killed at his master's pleasure, drinks from a cup of which we never so much as taste. But over the whole of life, and throughout every condition of it, there are scattered evils and sorrows which pierce every heart with pain. I look upon all conditions as in part evil. It is only by selecting circumstances, and excluding ills which are the lot of all, that I could ask to live forever, even in the gardens of Zenobia.

'I do not think we differ much, then,' said Fausta, 'in what we think of human life. I hold the highest lot to be unsatisfying. You admit all are so, but have shown me that there is a nearer approach to an equality of happiness than I had supposed, though evil weighs upon all. How the mind longs and struggles to penetrate the mysteries of its being! How imperfect and without aim does life seem! Every thing beside man seems to reach its utmost perfection. Man alone appears a thing incomplete and faulty.'

'And what,' said I, 'would make him appear to you a thing perfect and complete? What change should you suggest?'

'That which rather may be called an addition,' replied Fausta, 'and which, if I err not, all wise and good men desire — the assurance of immortality. Nothing is sweet; every cup is bitter; that which we are

this moment drinking from, bitterest of all, without this. Of this I incessantly think and dream, and am still tossed in a sea of doubt.'

'You have read Plato?' said I.

'Yes, truly,' she replied — 'but I found little there to satisfy me. I have enjoyed, too, the frequent conversation of Longinus, and yet it is the same. Would that he were now here! The hour is serene, and the air which comes in so gently from the South, such as he loves.'

As Fausta uttered these words, our eyes at the same moment caught the forms of Zenobia and Longinus, as they emerged from a walk very near, but made dark by overhanging and embowering roses. We immediately advanced toward them, and begged them to join us.

'We are conversing,' said Julia, 'upon such things as you both love.' Come and sit now with us, and let us know what you can say upon the same themes.'

'We will sit with you gladly,' said the queen; 'at least for myself I may say it, for I am sure that with you I shall find some other subjects discussed beside perplexing affairs of state. When alone with Longinus — as but now — our topic is ever the same.'

'If our topic, however, be ever the same,' said the Greek, 'we have this satisfaction in reflecting upon it, that it is one that in its nature is real and tangible. The well-being of a nation is not an undefined and shadowy topic, like so many of those which occupy the time and thoughts of even the wise. I too, however, shall gladly bear a part in whatever theme may engross the thoughts of Julia, Fausta, and Piso.'

With these words, we returned to the seats we had left, which were not within the arbor of Julia, but were the marble steps which led to it. There we placed ourselves, one above and one beside another, as happened — Zenobia sitting between Fausta and Julia, I at the feet of Julia, and Longinus on the same step with myself, and next to Fausta. I could hardly believe that Zenobia was now the same person before whom I had in the morning, with no little agitation, prostrated myself, after the manner of the Persian ceremonial. She seemed rather like a friend whom I both loved and revered. The majesty of the queen was gone; there remained only the native dignity of beauty, and goodness, and intellect, which, though it inspires reverence, yet is there nothing slavish in the feeling. It differs in degree only, from that sentiment which we entertain toward the gods; it raises rather than depresses.

'We were speaking,' said Julia, resuming the subject which had engaged us, 'of life and of man — how unsatisfactory life is, and how imperfect and unfinished, as it were, man; and we agreed, I believe, in the opinion, that there can be no true happiness, without a certain assurance of immortality — and this we are without.'

'I agree with you,' said Longinus, 'in all that you can have expressed concerning the unsatisfactoriness of life, regarded as a finite existence, and concerning the want of harmony there is between man and the other works of God, if he is mortal; and in this also, that without the assurance of immortality, there can, to the thinking mind, be no true felicity. I only wonder that on the last point there should exist in the mind of any one of you doubts so serious as to give you much disturbance. I cannot, indeed, feel so secure of a future and then unending existence, as I am sure that I am living now. What I am now, I know; concerning the future, I can only believe, and belief can never

possess the certainty of knowledge. Still, of a future life I entertain no doubts that distress me. My belief in it is as clear and strong as I can well conceive belief in things invisible and unexperienced to be. It is such as makes me happy in any thought or prospect of death. Without it, and life would appear to me like nothing more to be esteemed than a short, and often troubled or terrific dream.

'So I confess it seems to me,' said Fausta. 'How should I bless the gods, if upon my mind there could rest a conviction of immortality strong like yours! The very certainty with which you speak, seems, through the power of sympathy, to have scattered some of my doubts. But, alas! they will soon return.'

'In what you have now said,' replied Longinus, 'and in the feeling you have expressed on this point, do I found one of the strongest arguments for the immortality of the soul.'

'I do not comprehend you,' said Fausta.

'Do you not, Fausta,' asked Longinus, 'intensely desire a life after death?'

'I do indeed. I have just expressed it.'

'And do not you too, Zenobia, and Piso, and Julia?'

'Surely, and with intensity,' we answered; 'the question need scarcely be asked.'

'I believe you,' resumed Longinus. 'You all earnestly desire an immortal life — you perpetually dwell upon the thought of it, and long for it. Is it not so with all who reflect at all upon themselves? Are there any such, have there ever been any, who have not been possessed by the same thoughts and desires, and who, having been greatly comforted and supported by them during life, have not at death relied upon them, and looked with some good degree of confidence toward a coming forth again from death? Now I think it is far more reasonable to believe in another life, than in the delusiveness of these expectations. For I cannot suppose that this universal expectation will be disappointed, without believing in the wickedness, the infinite malignity, of the Supreme Ruler, which my whole nature utterly refuses to do. For what more cruel, than to create this earnest and universal longing, and not gratify it? Does it not seem so?'

We all admitted it.

'This instinctive desire,' continued Longinus, 'I cannot but regard as being implanted by the Being who created us. It can proceed from no other being. It is an instinct, that is, a suggestion or inspiration of God. If it could be shown to be a consequence of education, we might refer it for its origin to ingenious philosophers. But it exists where the light of philosophy has never shone. There have been none, of whom history has even preserved obscurest traditions, who have wanted this instinct. It is then the very inspiration of the Divinity, and will not be disappointed. I trust much to these tendencies of our nature. This is the best ground for our belief of a God. The arguments of the schools have never succeeded in establishing the truth, even to the conviction of a philosophical mind, much less a common one. Yet the truth is universally admitted. God, I think, has provided for so important an article of faith in the structure of our minds. He has not left it to chance. So, too, the determinations of the mind concerning virtue

and vice, right and wrong, being for the most part so accordant throughout the whole race — these also I hold to be instinctive.'

'I can think of nothing,' said Fausta, 'to urge against your argument. It adds some strength, I cannot but confess, to what belief I had before. I trust you have yet more that you can impart. Do not fear that we shall be dull listeners.'

'I sit here a willing and patient learner,' said Zenobia, 'of any one who will pour new light into my mind. Go on, Longinus.'

'To such a school,' said he, 'how can I refuse to speak? Let me ask you, then, if you have never been perplexed by the evils of life, such as either you have yourselves experienced, or such as you have witnessed?'

'I have, indeed,' said Fausta, 'and have deeply deplored them. But how are they connected with a future existence?'

'Thus,' replied Longinus, 'as in the last case, the benevolence of the Supreme God cannot be sustained without the admission of the reality of a future life. Nor only that, but, it seems to me, direct proof may be adduced from the existence and universality of these evils to establish the blackest malignity. So that to me, belief in a future existence is in proportion to the difficulty of admitting the idea of divine malignity, and it cannot therefore be much stronger than it is.'

'How can you make that clear to us?' said Fausta; 'I should truly rejoice if out of the evils which so darken the earth, any thing good or beautiful could be drawn.'

'As this dark mould,' rejoined the philosopher, 'sends upward, and out of its very heart, this rare Persian rose, so does hope grow out of evil, and the darker the evil, the brighter the hope, as from a richer and fouler soil comes the more vigorous plant and larger flower. Take a particular evil, and consider it. You remember the sad tale concerning the Christian Probus, which Piso, in recounting the incidents of his journey from Rome to Palmyra, related to us while seated at the tables.'

'Indeed, I did not hear it,' said Zenobia; 'so that Piso must, if he pleases, repeat it.'

'We shall willingly hear it again,' said Julia and Fausta.

And I then related it again.

'Now do you wonder,' resumed Longinus, when I had finished, 'that Probus, when one after another, four children were ravished from his arms by death, and then, as if to crown his lot with evil, his wife followed them, and he was left alone in the world, bereft of every object to which his heart was most fondly attached, do you wonder, I say, that he turned to the Heavens and cursed the gods? And can you justify the gods so that they shall not be chargeable with blackest malignity, if there be no future and immortal state? What is it to bind so the heart of a parent to a child, to give that affection a force and a tenderness which belong to no other tie, so that anxieties for its life and welfare, and cares and sacrifices for its good, constitute the very existence of the parent, what is it to foster by so many contrivances this love, and then forever disappoint and blast it, but malignity? Yet this work is done every hour, and in almost every heart; if for children we lament not, yet we do for others as dear.'

Tears to the memory of Odenathus fell fast from the eyes of Zenobia.

'Are we not then' — continued Longinus, without pausing — 'are we not then presented with this alternative, either the Supreme God is a malignant being, whose pleasure it is to torment, or, there is an immortal state, where we shall meet again with those, who, for inscrutable purposes, have been torn from our arms here below? And who can hesitate in which to rest? The belief, therefore, in a future life ought to be in proportion to the difficulty of admitting the idea of divine malignity. And this idea is so repulsive — so impossible to be entertained for one moment — that the other cannot, it seems to me, rest upon a firmer foundation.'

'Every word you speak,' said Zenobia, 'yields pleasure and instruction. It delights me, even when thickest beset by the cares of state, to pause and contemplate for a moment the prospects of futurity. It diffuses a divine calm throughout the soul. You have given me new food for my thoughts.'

'I will add,' said Longinus, 'only one thing to what I have said, and that is, concerning the incompleteness of man, as a divine work, and which has been mentioned by Fausta. Is not this an argument for a future life? Other things and beings are finished and complete — man only is left, as it were, half made up. A tree grows and bears fruit, and the end of its creation is answered. A complete circle is run. It is the same with the animals. No one expects more from a lion or a horse than is found in both. But with man, it is not so. In no period of history, and among no people, has it been satisfactorily determined what man is, or what are the limits of his capacity and being. He is full of contradictions, and of incomprehensible organization, if he is considered only in relation to this world. For while every other affection finds and rests in its appropriate object, which fully satisfies and fills it, the desire of unlimited improvement and of endless life — the strongest and best defined of any of the desires — this alone is answered by no corresponding object: which is not different from what it would be, if the gods should create a race like ours, having the same craving and necessity for food and drink, yet never provide for them the one nor the other, but leave them all to die of hunger. Unless there is a future life, we all die of a worse hunger. Unless there is a future life, man is a monster in creation — compared with other things, an abortion — and in himself, and compared with himself, an enigma — a riddle — which no human wit has ever solved, or can ever hope to solve.'

'This seems unanswerable,' said Fausta; 'yet is it no objection to all such arguments, which we ourselves construct, that the thing they establish is too great and good almost to be believed, without some divine warrant. It does to me appear almost or quite presumptuous to think that for me, there is by the gods prepared a world of never-fading light, and a never-ending joy.'

'When,' replied the Greek, 'we look at the lower forms of man which fall under our observation, I confess that the objection which you urge strikes me with some force. But when I think that it is for beings like you to whom I speak, for whom another and fairer world is to be prepared, it loses again much of its force. And when I think of the great and good of other times, of Homer and Hesiod, of Phidias and Praxiteles, of Socrates and Plato, and of what the mind of man has in them, and in others as great and good, accomplished, the objection

which you urge loses all its force. I see and feel that man has been made not altogether unworthy of a longer life and a happier lot than earth affords. And in regard to the ignorant, the low, and the almost or quite savage, we are to consider that the same powers and affections are in them as in us, and that their inferiority to us is not intrinsic and essential, but as it were accidental. The difference between the soul of Plato and yonder Ethiopian slave, is not in any original faculty or power; the slave here equals the philosopher; but in this, that the faculties and powers of Plato were strengthened, and nurtured, and polished, by the hand of education, and the happy influences of a more civilized community, all which to the slave has been wanting. He is a diamond just as it comes from the mine; Plato like that one set in gold, which sparkles with the radiance of a star, Fausta, upon your finger. But, surely, the glory of the diamond is, that it is a diamond; not that Demetrius has polished and set it. Man has within him so much of the god, that I do not wonder he has been so often deified. The great and excellent among men, therefore, I think not unworthy of immortality, for what they are; the humble, and the bad, for what they may so easily become, and might have been, under circumstances but slightly altered.'

'I cannot,' said Julia, as Longinus closed, 'deny strength and plausibility to your arguments, but I cannot admit that they satisfy me. After the most elaborate reasoning, I am still left in darkness. No power or wit of man has ever wholly scattered the mists which rest upon life and death. I confess, with Socrates, that I want a promise or a revelation to enable me to take the voyage of life in a spirit of cheerfulness, and without the fear of fatal shipwreck. If your reasonings, Longinus, were only accompanied with authority more than that of man, if I could only believe that God inspired you, I could then rest contented and happy. One word authoritatively declaring man's immortality, a word which by infallible token I could know to be a word from God, would to me be worth infinitely more than all the conjectures, hopes, and reasonings of all the philosophers. I fully agree with you, that the instincts of our nature all point both to a God and to immortality. But the heart longs for something more sure and clear, at least my woman's heart does. It may be that it is the woman within me which prompts the feeling — but I wish to lean upon authority in this great concern; I wish to repose calmly in a divine assurance.'

'In that, princess,' I could not help saying, 'I am a woman too. I have long since lost all that regard for the gods in which I was so carefully nourished. I despise the popular superstitions. Yet is there nothing which I have found as yet to supply their place. I have searched the writings of Plato, of Cicero, of Seneca, in vain. I find there indeed, wisdom, and learning, and sagacity, almost more than human. But I find nothing which can be dignified with the name of religion. Their systems of morals are admirable, and sufficient perhaps to enable one to live a happy or fortunate life. But concerning the soul of man, and its destiny, they are dumb, or their words, if they utter any, are but the dark speeches of an oracle.'

'I am happy that I am not alone,' said Julia; 'and I cannot but think that many, very many, are with me. I am sure that what most persons, perhaps, who think and feel upon these subjects want, is, some divine pro-

mise or revelation. Common minds, Longinus, cannot appreciate the subtlety of your reasonings, and those of the Phædo. And, beside, the cares and labors of life do not allow time to engage in such inquiries, even if we supposed all men to have capacity for them. Is it not necessary that truths relating to the soul and futurity should rest upon authority, if any, or many, beside philosophers are to embrace them? And surely, if the poor and ignorant are immortal, it is as needful for them, as for us, to know it. It is, I conceive, on this account that the religion of the Christians has spread so rapidly. It meets our nature. It supplies authority. It professes to bring annunciations from Heaven of man's immortality.'

'It is for that reason,' replied Longinus, 'I cannot esteem it. The very term revelation offends. The right application of reason effects all, it seems to me, that what is called revelation can. It perfectly satisfies the philosopher, and as for common minds, instinct is an equally sufficient guide and light'

'I cannot but judge you, Longinus, wanting in a true fellow feeling for your kind, notwithstanding all you have said concerning the nature and powers of man. How is it, that you can desire that mankind should remain any longer under the dominion of the same gross and pernicious errors that have for so many ages oppressed them! Only consider the horrors of an idolatrous religion in Egypt and Assyria, in Greece and in Rome — and do you not desire their extermination? — and what prospect of this can there be, but through the plain authoritative language of a revelation?'

'I certainly desire with you,' replied Longinus, 'the extermination of error, and the overthrow of horrible and corrupting superstitions; and of nothing am I more sure than that the reason of man, in unfolding and constantly improving ages, will effect it. A plain voice from Heaven, announcing important truth, might perhaps hasten the work. But this voice, as thought to be heard in Christianity, is not a plain voice, nor clearly known to be a voice from Heaven. Here is the Bishop of Antioch set upon by the Bishops of Alexandria and Cesarea, and many others, as I learn, who accuse him of wrongly receiving and falsely teaching the doctrines of Christ; and for two hundred years has there prevailed the like uncertainty about the essence of the religion.'

'I look not with much hope to Christianity,' said Fausta. 'Yet I must first inform myself more exactly concerning it, before I judge.'

'That is spoken like Fausta,' said Julia; 'and it is much for you to say who dislike so heartily that Paul, whom I am constantly wishing you to hear.'

'Whenever he shall lay aside a little of his pomp, I may be willing to listen,' replied Fausta; 'but I could ill brook a discourse upon immortality from one whose soul seems so wedded to time.'

'Well,' said Julia, 'but let us not be drawn away from our subject. I admit that there are disputes among the Christians, but like the disputes among philosophers, they are about secondary matters. There is no dispute concerning the great and chiefly interesting part of the religion — its revelation of a future life. Christians have never divided here, nor on another great point, that Christ the founder of the religion was a true messenger from God. The voice of Christianity on

both these points is a clear one. Thus, I think, every one will judge, who, as I have done, will read the writings in which the religion is found. And I am persuaded it is because it is so plain a voice here, that it is bidding fair to supersede every other form of religion. And that it *is* a voice from God, is, it seems to me, made out with as much clearness as we could look for. That Christ the author of this religion was a messenger from God, was shown by his miracles. How could it be shown otherwise? I can conceive of no other way in which so satisfying proof could be given of the agency and authority of God. And certainly there is evidence enough, if history is to be believed, that he wrought many and stupendous miracles.'

'What is a miracle?' asked Longinus.

'It is that,' replied Julia, 'which being done or said, furnishes satisfactory proof of the present interposing power of God. A man who, by a word spoken, can heal sick persons, and raise to life dead ones, can be no other than a messenger of God.'

'Why not of some other superior being — perhaps a bad one?'

'The character, teaching, objects, acts of Christ, make it unlikely, if not impossible, that he should have been sent by any bad intelligence. And that he came not only from a good being, but from God, we may believe on his own word.'

'His goodness may have been all assumed. The whole may be a deception.'

'Men do not sacrifice their lives merely to deceive, to play a child's game before the world. Christ died, to show his attachment to his cause, and with him, innumerable others. Would they have done this merely to impose upon mankind? And for what purpose? — for that of teaching a religion inculcating the loftiest virtue! But I do not set myself forward as a champion of this new religion,' continued Julia, plainly disturbed lest she might have seemed too earnest; 'would that you, Longinus, would be persuaded to search into its claims. If you would but read the books written by the founders of it, I am sure you would say this at least, that such books were never written before, nor such a character portrayed as that of Jesus Christ. You who profess yourself charmed with the poetry of the Jewish Scriptures, and the grandeur of the sentiments expressed in them, would not be less impressed by the gentler majesty, the mild, sweet dignity of the person and doctrine of Christ. And if the reasonings of Socrates and Plato have any power to convince you of the immortality of the soul, how must you be moved by the simple announcements of the truth by the Nazarene, and above all by his resurrection from the dead! Christianity boasts already powerful advocates, but I wish it could say that its character and claims had been examined by the great Longinus.'

The soft yet earnest, eloquent tones of Julia's voice fell upon pleased and willing ears. The countenance of the Greek glowed with a generous satisfaction, as he listened to the reasoning of his fair pupil, poured forth in that noble tongue it had been his task and his happiness to teach her. Evidently desirous, however, not to prolong the conversation, he addressed himself to the queen.

'You are pleased,' said he, 'you must be, with the aptness of my scholar. Julia has not studied dialectics in vain. Before I can feel myself able to contend with her, I must study the books she has com-

mended so — from which, I must acknowledge, I have been repelled by a prejudice, I believe, rather than any thing else, or more worthy — and then, perhaps, I may agree in opinion with her.'

'In truth,' said Zenobia, 'Julia is almost or quite a Christian. I I knew not, daughter, that Paul had made such progress in his work. But all have my full consent to cherish such form of religious faith as most approves itself to their own minds. I find my highest satisfaction in Moses and the prophets. Happy shall I be if Julia find as much, or more, in Christ and his apostles. Sure am I, there is no power or charm in the religions of Greece or Rome, or Persia or Egypt, to cause any of us to adhere to them, though our very infancy were instructed in their doctrines.'

'It is not, I assure you,' said Julia, 'to Paul of Antioch that I owe such faith in Christ as I have, but to the Christian books themselves; or if to any human authority beside, to St. Thomas, the old hermit of the mountain, to whom I would that every one should resort who would draw near to the purest living fountain of Christian knowledge.'

'I trust,' said I, 'that at some future time I may, with your guidance, or through your influence, gain admittance to this aged professor of the Christian faith. I confess myself now, since what I have heard, a seeker after Christian knowledge.

'Gladly shall I take you there, and gladly will St. Thomas receive you.'

We now at the same time rose from our seats. Zenobia, taking the hand of Fausta, walked toward the palace; Longinus, with folded arms, and as if absorbed by the thoughts which were passing through his mind, began to pace to and fro beneath the thick shadows of a group of orange trees. I was left with Julia.

'Princess,' said I, 'it is yet early, and the beauty of the evening makes it wrong to shut ourselves up from the sight of so fair a scene: shall we follow farther some of these inviting paths?'

'Nothing can be more pleasant,' said she; 'these are my favorite haunts, and I never am weary of them, and never did they seem to me to wear a more lovely aspect than now. Let me be your guide, and I will lead you by a winding way to Zenobia's Temple, as we call it, for the reason that it is her chosen retreat, as the arbor which we have now left is mine.'

So we began to walk toward the spot of which she spake. We were for some time silent. At length the princess said: 'Roman, you have now seen Zenobia, both as a queen and a woman. Has fame done her more than justice?'

'Great as her reputation is in Rome,' I replied, 'fame has not, to my ear at least, brought any thing that more than distantly approaches a true and faithful picture of her. We have heard much indeed — and yet not enough — of her surpassing beauty, of the vigor of her understanding, of her vast acquirements in the Greek learning, of the wisdom and energy of her conduct as a sovereign queen, of her skill in the chase, of her bravery and martial bearing, when, at the head of her troops, she leads them to the charge. But of this union of feminine loveliness with so much of masculine power, of this womanly grace, of the winning condescension, so that it loses all the air of condescension to those even much beneath her in every human accomplishment

as well as in rank — of this I had heard nothing, and for this I was not prepared. When, in the morning, I first saw her seated in all the pride of oriental state, and found myself prostrate at her feet, it was only Zenobia that I saw, and I saw what I expected. But no sooner had she spoken, especially no sooner had she cast that look upon you, princess, when you had said a few words in reply to me, than I saw not Zenobia only, but the woman and the mother. A veil was lifted, and a new being stood before me. It seemed to me that that moment I knew her better than I know myself. I am sure that I know her. Her countenance all living with emotion, changing and working with every thought of her mind, and every feeling of her heart, reveals her with the truth of a magic mirror. She is not known at Rome.'

'I am sorry for it,' said Julia; 'if they only knew her, they could never do her harm. You, Piso, may perhaps do much for her. I perceive, already, that she highly regards you, and values your opinion. If you are willing to do us such service, if you feel interest enough in our fate, speak to her, I pray you, with plainness, all that you think. Withhold nothing. Fear not to utter what you may deem to be most unpalatable truths. She is candid and generous as she is ambitious. She will at least hear and weigh whatever you may advance. God grant, that truth may reach her mind, and reaching, sway it!'

'I can now think of no higher satisfaction,' I replied, 'than to do all I may, as a Roman, in your service. I love your nation; and as a Roman and a man, I desire its welfare and permanent glory. Its existence is necessary to Rome; its ruin or decay must be, viewed aright, but so much injury to her most vital interests. Strange, how strange, that Zenobia, formed by the gods to draw her happiness from sources so much nobler than any which ambition can supply, should turn from them, and seek for it in the same shallow pool with Alexander, and Aurelian, and the hireling soldier of fortune!'

'Strange indeed,' said Julia, 'that she who can enter with Longinus into the deepest mysteries of philosophy, and whose mind is stored with all the learning of the schools, should still love the pomp of power better than all. And Fausta is but her second self. Fausta worships Zenobia, and Zenobia is encouraged in her opinions by the kindred sentiments of that bright spirit. All the influence, Piso, which you can exert over Fausta will reach Zenobia.'

'It seems presumptuous, princess,' said I, 'to seek to draw the minds of two such beings as Zenobia and Fausta to our bent. Yet surely they are in the wrong.'

'It is something that Longinus is of our mind; but then Zabdas and Gracchus are a host on the other part. And all the power and pride of Palmyra are with them, too. But change Zenobia, and we change all. Oh how weary am I of ambition, and how sick of greatness! Willingly would I exchange all this for an Arab's tent, or a hermit's cell.'

'The gods grant that may never be; but that Julia may yet live to sit upon the throne of Zenobia.'

'I say it with sincerity, Roman — that prayer finds no echo in my bosom. I have seen enough of power, and of the honors that wait upon it. And when I say this, having had before my eyes this beautiful vision of Zenobia reigning over subjects as a mother would reign

over her family, dealing justly with all, and living but to make others happy — you must believe me. I seek and love a calmer, humbler lot. This, Piso, is the temple of Zenobia. Let us enter.'

We approached and entered. It was a small building, after the model of the temple of Vesta at Tivoli, constructed of the most beautiful marbles, and adorned with statues. Within, were the seats on which the queen was accustomed to recline, and an ample table, covered with her favorite authors, and the materials of writing.

'It is here,' said Julia, 'that, seated with my mother, we listen to the eloquence of Longinus, while he unfolds the beauties of the Greek or Roman learning; or, together with him, read the most famous works of former ages. With Homer, Thucydides, and Sophocles for our companions, we have here passed precious hours and days, and have the while happily forgotten the heavy burden of a nation's cares. I have forgotten them; not so Zenobia. They are her life, and from all we have read would she ever draw somewhat that should be of service to her in the duties of her great office.'

Returning to the surrounding portico, we stood and for a time enjoyed in silence the calm beauty of the scene.

As we stood thus, Julia gazing upon the objects around us, or lost in thought, I — must I say it? — seeing scarce any thing but her, and thinking only of her — as we stood thus, shouts of merry laughter came to us, borne upon the breeze, and roused us from our reverie.

'These sounds,' said I, 'cannot come from the palace; it is too far, unless these winding walks have deceived me.'

'They are the voices,' said Julia, 'I am almost sure, of Livia and Faustula, and the young Cæsars. They seem to be engaged in some sport near the palace. Shall we join them?'

'Let us do so,' said I.

So we moved toward that quarter of the gardens whence the sounds proceeded. A high wall at length separated us from those whom we sought. But reaching a gate, we passed through and entered upon a lawn covered as it seemed with children, slaves, and the various inmates of the palace. Here, mingled among the motley company, we at once perceived the queen, and Longinus and Fausta, together with many of those whom we had sat with at the banquet. The centre of attraction, and the cause of the loud shouts of laughter which continually arose, was a small white elephant with which the young princes and princesses were amusing themselves. He had evidently been trained to the part he had to perform, for nothing could be more expert than the manner in which he went through his various tricks. Sometimes he chased them and pretended difficulty in overtaking them; then he would affect to stumble, and so fall and roll upon the ground; then springing quickly upon his feet, he would surprise some one or other lurking near him, and seizing him with his trunk would hold him fast, or first whirling him in the air, then seat him upon his back, and march gravely round the lawn, the rest of the children following and shouting; then releasing his prisoner, he would lay himself upon the ground, while all together would fearlessly climb upon his back, till it was covered, when he would either suddenly shake his huge body, so that one after another they all rolled off, or he would attempt to rise slowly upon his legs, in doing which, nearly all would slip from off his slanting back, and only

two or three succeed in keeping their places. And other sportive tricks, more than it would be worth while for me to recount, did he perform for the amusement of his play-fellows. And beautiful was it to see the carefulness with which he trod and moved, lest any harm might come to those children. His especial favorite was the little flaxen-haired Faustula. He was never weary with caressing her, taking her on his trunk, and bearing her about, and when he set her down, would wait to see that she was fairly on her little feet and safe, before he would return to his gambols. Her voice calling out 'Sapor, Sapor,' was sure to bring him to her, when, what with words and signs, he soon comprehended what it was she wanted. I myself came in unwittingly for a share of the sport. For as Faustula came bounding by me, I did as those are so apt to do who know little of children — I suddenly extended my arms and caught her. She, finding herself seized and in the arms of one she knew not, thought, as children will think, that she was already borne a thousand leagues from her home, and naturally screamed; whereupon at the instant, I felt myself taken round the legs by a force greater than that of a man, and which drew them together with such violence that instinctively I dropped the child, and at the same time cried out with pain. Julia, standing next me, incontinently slapped his trunk, twisted round me, with her hand, at which, leaving me, he wound it lightly round her waist, and held her his close prisoner. Great laughter from the children and the slaves testified their joy at seeing their elders, equally with themselves, in the power of the elephant. Milo being of the number, and in his foolish exhilaration and sportive approbation of Sapor's feats having gone up to him and patted him on his side, the beast, taking as an affront that plebeian salutation, quickly turned upon him, and taking him by one of his feet held him, in that displeasing manner — his head hanging down — and paraded leisurely round the green, Milo making the while hideous outcry, and the whole company, especially the slaves and menials, filling the air with screams of laughter. At length Vabalathus, thinking that Milo might be injured, called out to Sapor, who thereupon released him, and he rising and adjusting his dress, was heard to affirm, that it had never happened so while he was in the service of Gallienus.

Satisfied, now, with the amusements of the evening, and the pleasures of the day, we parted from one another, filled with quite different sentiments from those which had possessed us in the morning. Do members of this great human family ever meet each other in social converse, and freely open their hearts, without a new and better strength being given to the bonds which hold in their embrace the peace and happiness of society? To love each other, I think we chiefly need but to know each other. Ignorance begets suspicion, suspicion dislike or hatred, and so we live as strangers and enemies, when knowledge would have led to intimacy and friendship. Farewell!

STANZAS.

'THE GIRL I LEAVE BEHIND ME.'

'Love is not love
Which bends with the remover to remove:
O no — it is an ever-fixéd mark
That looks on tempests, and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wand'ring bark
Whose worth 's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love 's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out, even to the edge of doom.' SHAKSPEARE.

I.

The boat is loosened from the strand,
And cleaves her liquid way;
Now faint appears the distant land,
Like morn's first shadows gray:
But oh, there is one gentle tie,
Which fain would firmly bind me;
May Heaven protect with watchful eye
The girl I leave behind me!

II.

Still do I fix my lingering gaze
On that fast fading shore,
While Memory museth upon days
That may return no more:
Ah! little deemed I that the spell
Of love so firm could bind me:
May heaven in mercy cherish well
The girl I leave behind me!

III.

Love! 't is the beacon-light of life,
On being's troubled ocean —
That gilds its maddened waves of strife,
And calms their rude commotion:
And while its beam doth constant burn,
Though storms and tempests find me,
My faithful soul shall ever turn
To her I leave behind me!

IV.

One last look — ah! that billow's swell
Hath snatched it from my vision —
Where all my fondest treasures dwell,
And beauty's smile elysian:
Still of that shore, with fond regret,
Shall memory oft remind me,
Nor ever can my heart forget
The girl I leave behind me!

V.

Star of my hope! — thy cheering ray
Still o'er my path be smiling,
Illumine all life's gloomy way,
My breast of wo beguiling!
And then when earth, and earthly care,
And hope, have all resigned me,
Kind Heaven shall hear my latest prayer
For her I leave behind me!

Long-Island Sound, June, 1836. C. W. E.

ODDS AND ENDS:

FROM THE PORT-FOLIO OF A PENNY-A-LINER.

NUMBER SIX.

It is a positive waste of money, to expend it for sight-seeing in a city like this, where there is so much of the curious and strange to be seen, merely for the looking at them. Who would give a dollar to see Miss Phillips, Wallack, or Jack Reeve, when tragedy, melo-drama, and genteel and low comedy, are performing every evening, in almost every street of the city? What is the 'mimic warfare,' compared with the actual fight? What 'the counterfeit presentment of wo,' to the real wretchedness that stares one in the face at every corner? What the spirited representations of 'Rattle,' or 'Dick Dashall,' on the stage, to the living, breathing, *feeling* reality to be met with in Broadway after night-fall? What the 'unfinished gentleman' of Reeve, to the unfinished gentlemen the Dogberrys present to the acquaintance of Mr. Justice Hopson of a morning? What the 'Jemmy Twitcher' of Sefton, to the loafers and snoozlers a walk before sunrise in the Park will present to our observation? Who would give the strolling Savoyard a penny to see his monkey dance, when the 'fantastic tricks' of ten thousand apes amuse him at every turn? Who would expend a quarter of a dollar at the Menagerie, when there is a biped to be seen at every step, who, in his various humors, presents a specimen of the whole collection; who in his raging exceeds the lion, in ferocity the tiger, in brutality the bear, in insensibility the rhinoceros — who in cruelty, bloodthirstiness, fierceness, and yet even in gentleness, docility, meekness, and fondness, furnishes in himself a parallel to the whole range of the brute creation?

'I love the world, and the things thereof.' I love my fellow-creatures. I love, admire, laugh at, reverence, and even adore them, according to the form in which they present themselves to me. I like to see them in their moments of leisure and recreation, in their hours of labor and business. There is instruction to be gained from the study of them when their passions are aroused, and their peculiarities are developed — when deep emotions shake their frames, and their good or evil qualities are brought out — when pleasure lulls them, when suffering wrings them, when joy lights up, and hope beams upon their faces, and when despair chills, and they are hand in hand with misery and want.

One of my chief pleasures is, at the close of the day, to go forth into the street, and meet and mingle in the crowds that throng it, on their thousand various pursuits of business and pleasure; 'to be with them, and yet not of them' — to see, and yet not be seen — to observe, and yet not be observed — to know and comprehend, and yet not be known or comprehended.

It was for the purpose of indulging this disposition, that last evening, an hour before dark, I stepped into Broadway, and in a moment was lost in the throng that covered the pavement of that magnificent thoroughfare. I walked carelessly and leisurely along — sometimes jostled by a bewhiskered beau, sometimes propelled onward by the protuberant paunch of a fat citizen, and then again brushed by the projecting sleeve of a city belle — until I arrived at Stewart's. I always make it a point to

stop there for a few moments. It is a superb shop, and at this time of day it is generally filled with pretty faces and lovely forms. I sometimes enter and purchase a pair of gloves, or some such matter — but not very often, for the spruce clerks do not like to be diverted from their more profitable and certainly more interesting customers. I do not wonder at it — for, independent of the profit of the thing, it is vastly more pleasant to praise the quality and extol the beauties of a lace veil to a young, pretty, hesitating, doubting girl, than to sell a pair of black gloves to an elderly gentleman, of no particular appearance.

As I was saying, I had stopped for a moment at Stewart's, and was just about to continue my onward pace, when a young girl stepped out of the store, and tripped along with dainty steps before me.

I was 'younger once than I am now,' but I am not so old that I do not warm up at the sight of a really pretty face, into a very respectable enthusiasm. I look upon beauty as an old connoiseur would upon a rare painting, and I feel as much real satisfaction on the discovery of a face that comes up to my standard, as my friend Paff would at stumbling on a long-lost Raphael. I feel that it is something gained to the whole world — my mind is possessed of a new conception of loveliness — there is another sweet image for my memory to dwell upon. It matters not to me that I am neither the father, the brother, or the lover of such a creature. It is sufficient that I can occasionally gratify myself by looking at her — that she will come to me in my sleep — that she will visit me in my waking dreams — and that I shall hereafter know such a creature 'lives, and breathes, and has a being.'

It was with a quickened pulse that I contemplated the graceful, airy figure before me. Some sixteen summers, (the winters had not been permitted to visit her,) had shed their sunny influence over the young girl. Each had brought to her its fairest gifts, and added a ripening charm. The next would have found her a woman, full, rounded, and perfect in loveliness. Time could then have added nothing to her charms; he could have done her then no better office than to forget her. She had seen sixteen summers — sixteen such summers as occur but once in a woman's life — sixteen summers without care, or cross, or vexation. Her nursery had been a fairy spot, her childhood a succession of joys, and her girlhood had been as calm and quiet as her own peaceful slumbers, and as beautiful as her young dreams.

I am an elderly and sedate-looking personage, and my presence, if it carries with it no pleasure to the young, certainly has nothing in it repulsive or startling to them.

I drew near to the young girl, for the atmosphere of purity is pleasant to me. Such a being as she now is I have once loved — but it is many years since, and time has worked sad changes in my feelings meanwhile. I have knelt at many a shrine since I breathed my first trembling avowal of affection. I have tried to be tender, but the remembrance of my early and lost love has chilled the homage that was only on my lips. I have even summoned up the recollection of her, in the hope that it would give softness to my tones, and music to my words. I have tried to catch inspiration from the memory of what I once felt, and to light up a new flame from the embers of the old; but the fire would not enkindle — the inspiration would not flow; there was more of sarcasm than love in my observations, more of bitterness than tenderness in my

speech, and —— Verily, it is a difficult thing for me to stop, when I once begin to write about myself. But I will make an effort, and if possible change my discourse from myself to the pretty creature who was walking before me.

She had reached Leonard-street, when I observed her suddenly start, hasten forward for a step or two, and then stop, bewilderingly, for a moment. A deep but suddenly-subdued emotion shook her frame, and she moved on again at her former pace. I looked beyond her, and in the person of young Charles W——, who with beaming eyes and hasty steps was approaching, I discovered the cause of her agitation. 'Rosalie!' 'Charles!' in deep, low, quivering tones, were all the words that escaped from the lips of the lovers, while he turned and received the arm that was placed confidingly in his.

——'Both were young, and one was beautiful:
And both were young — yet not alike in youth.'

No loud expressions of pleasure escaped them — no gay laugh fell from the soft lips of the maiden — no exulting tone betrayed the proud and happy consciousness of reciprocated love, on the part of the youth; but as, in passing them, my eye rested for a moment on their faces, the brief glance told me more than a thousand words could have expressed. Well and most truly hath that most excellent judge of the human heart, Sir Walter Raleigh, written:

'Passions are likened best to floods and streams—
The shallow murmur, but the deep are dumb;
So when affections yield discourse, it seems
The bottom is but shallow whence they come:
They that are rich in words, must needs discover
They are but poor in that which makes a lover.'

There is in the knowledge of the deep and abiding love which a young and pure heart yields to the object of its first idolatry, a full satisfaction, a perfect contentment, that seeks not, admits not, sympathy or participation from the world around. The admiration which the object of one's affection excites in others, can add nothing to the intensity of his own feelings toward her; the approbation of friends, the applause of strangers, can neither elevate or heighten the character of the impression she makes upon his heart. With a selfishness of devotion that will admit of no communion, he offers up his homage in secret and alone. His love, like that of Camöens, cannot live in the crowd — cannot exist in the midst of the multitude. Like him, he would have it

——'shrined within his breast,
A little saint forever rest,
With pious ardor worshipped there,
Yet never mentioned, but in prayer.'

By-the-way, there is a great deal of love-making going on in the streets of this good city. I have a keen eye for the detection of the 'grand passion,' and I can easily discover it under any of the thousand guises it assumes. Lovers, of all others, are the most apt to forget those two important particulars, time and place; and I have caught, during my walks in Broadway, and on the Battery, words, and tones, and

expressions, that were uttered for other ears than mine. It was only a few evenings since, I overheard young G——, the most extravagant, dissipated, good-for-nothing fortune-hunter in the city, declaring, in answer to some reproach from one of the rich Misses Diggs, that a cottage, blest with her presence, was all that he could ask for in this world; that the most common necessaries of life, shared with her, would be more welcome to him than all the luxuries the wealth of the Indies could purchase! In the earnestness and heat of the moment, he spoke so loud that he had more auditors than even his victim and myself, and a half-suppressed titter that pervaded the crowd in front and rear, only at length served to recall him to himself.

I was much amused, during my walk down to the Battery on a Sunday afternoon, a few weeks since, by an instance of street love-making in the lower walks of life. The parties were evidently fellow-servants in some family about town — probably the chamber-maid and head-waiter. They had been to Hoboken, and I suppose had concluded to finish their *holy-day* by a stroll upon the Battery. They were walking slowly along, hand-in-hand, swinging them thus united, as you, dear reader, have seen two loving school-boys, during their truant rambles. John had most likely asked Susan to marry him next Sunday; to which Susan, with proper maidenly reluctance, answered:

'O no! — not so soon.'

'O yes!' earnestly responded John.

'O no!' faintly answered Susan.

'O yes!' again repeated John.

'O no!' was the reply, 'O yes!' 'O no!' 'O yes!' 'O no!' —and thus, unmindful of every thing around them, 'the world forgetting,' but not 'by the world forgot,' they *dawdled* down the street, repeating the foregoing words, the articulation of them at each step becoming more and more indistinct, until it dwindled into a gentle sigh, on the part of Miss Susan, and into a most unqualified grunt, with the loving John.

The most disagreeable of the loving or lover species (if they can be so called,) are those who love for the world — those whom vanity or interest, or both, have drawn together, and have induced to form a matrimonial engagement, founded on no other consideration than that great one to some minds of 'What will folks think?' These people, as soon as the arrangement is complete, take one another by the arm and sally forth into Broadway. They keep their faces close together — they engage in interesting conversation in the street — they look tenderly at one another in church — they hold each other's hand at the Theatre, and they nauseate all decent people with an overweening and ostentatious display of fondness in all places, and on all occasions. I abominate such people. They quarrel after marriage, and the chances are ten to one that, like poor old Sir Peter Teazle, they will find that 'before their friends have done wishing them joy, they are the most miserable dogs alive.'

NOTHING is more curious, than the manner in which traits of character display themselves at every step in the walks of life. I have been sometimes surprised to find how firmly my estimate and opinion of a man has been fixed from what at first sight would appear to be the

most trivial circumstance. Oftentimes, the most simple incident does more to develope a man's natural qualities — the lightest act, the slightest impulse, to show the real character of his heart — than the observation of a long and intimate acquaintance. I noticed a little occurrence yesterday, which led me to form conclusions with regard to a man whom I had never before seen, that I would wager all my wordly goods are correct.

A little yellow cur-dog was sitting on his 'latter end,' on the door-sill of a house in Broadway, whining and begging most piteously for admission. I felt sorry for the poor little fellow, for the sun was beating down upon him with a heat perfectly scorching; but as there were many people passing at the time, and as I did not like to be seen walking up the steps of a strange house, I moved on. A fat, middle-aged man, with a broad, good-natured face, who had been walking by my side, also cast a pitying look upon the dog. After passing the house a rod or two, I observed him stop, hesitate for a moment, and then, with a determined air, turn round, walk back, mount the steps, open the door, let in the dog, and then move hastily along down the street. Now, there's a man that, without further knowledge, I would make my executor, or the guardian of my children: nay, I would even consent to have him espouse my widow, and become a step-father to them: indeed, I would — at least I think I would — lend him my horse to drive, of a hot day.

Sunday, June 19. — This was indeed a Sabbath morning — a Lord's day. After a night of incessant rain, the sun broke forth with great power and splendor. It would have been insupportable, had not a breeze, soft and fresh as the very breath of Spring, spread over the city, with its first rays. I went to church. The preacher is popular, and is much followed by the crowd. I like him, and was instructed and improved by his sermon; but it was one better adapted to a rainy or an unpleasant morning than such an one as this. In the conclusion of his discourse, after depicting this world as a world of sin, and misery, and tears, he besought us to bear meekly and unmurmuringly its ills, and, by fixing our eyes steadily upon that 'better land' which God hath given to his people for an inheritance, to gain strength to bear whatever of trial might await us in our pilgrimage here. As he finished his sentence, I turned my eyes for a moment on the congregation. There were old age, and manhood, and youth, happily blended together. There were matronly beauty, girlish loveliness, the innocence of childhood; there were the stately graces of manhood's prime, and the subdued yet noble dignity of declining years; yet there was nothing of misery, or sorrow, or tears. The bright sun shone cheeringly through the open windows — the song of an uncaged bird rose clear and sweet from a neighboring tree — and while I listened to its joyful notes, I ceased to hear the voice of the preacher. 'Can this be the world of sin, and misery, and sorrow, and death?' I asked — 'can this be that 'dark valley' the preacher has described?' My thoughts strayed far away from the speaker and his sermon. I was thinking how much there was of good, even here; that I was thankful an abiding place was granted to me

even on this footstool, and that I would make my pilgrimage on it (if pilgrimage it should be called,) with joy and gladness.

At this moment, the organ was touched. A tune, as familiar to my ears as one of the old songs that lulled my childhood, swelled through the church; and when the words of that beautiful old psalm,

'When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes,'

were breathed forth by the congregation, I was filled with emotions of indescribable sweetness. Years had passed (to my shame I confess it) since I had heard either the words or the tune. When last they rung in my ears, I was a child, sitting in a country church, by the side of my mother, with her hand clasped in mine. A young sister lay asleep, with her rosy cheek resting on my lap; an elder brother sat beyond her, with his large blue eyes fixed reverently upon the face of our good old dominie. My brother is now an old man — I am stricken in years — and my mother and sister —— * * *

As I came out of the church, I strolled for a moment into the graveyard that surrounds it. It is a strange taste, that for wandering among tomb-stones, and reading the inscriptions thereon. Yet in a calm, beautiful day like this, there is a peculiar pleasure to me in thus visiting what the obituary writers call the 'home of all *living*.'

I had some thoughts of indulging here in a few reflections on graveyards, saying something about the 'deep repose,' 'dreamless sleep,' etc., but I believe all these things have been said and repeated often enough already. I will therefore pass on to what I have in particular to say.

Almost the first slab I approached, was one which told of the death and burial of my old and venerable friend, Christopher Columbus Smith. In a moment, the old man stood before me, as I had last seen him. There were the tall, spare figure, the snowy locks, the old-fashioned coat, the silver knee-buckles, the white stockings, and withal, the gold-headed cane with which my old friend, a bachelor of eighty, supported his slightly tottering steps.

C. C. Smith was, and had been all his life, a character — as marked, peculiar, and distinct from all others of the human race as if he had been of a different species. I will not attempt to depict his peculiarities, or write his history, but will leave them to be developed in such extracts as I shall now, and occasionally in future numbers, make from papers which have come into my hands, through the kindness of a young lady to whom, during the latter part of his life, he was much attached, and whose kind and benevolent attentions did much to soothe the declining years of the old man. The papers are all addressed to the young lady above alluded to, and consist, for the most part, of a rambling history of portions of his life, interspersed with reflections. Many of them have been destroyed, but from those still in my possession I have selected the following for the commence-

ment of the extracts, because there are in them some allusions to his birth and parentage. I shall introduce them here under the head of

REMNANTS OF THE REMAINS

OF CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS SMITH.

'LADY:

'I am a very foolish, fond old man,
Fourscore and upward; and, to deal plainly,
I fear I am not in my perfect mind.'

'You will pardon me, therefore, if what I am now about to write should be hereafter considered rather as an evidence of the imbecility of my old age, or the weakness and incoherency of second childhood, than, as I intend it, a manifestation of the regard I entertain for one who, amid the thronging occupations and pleasures of youth, has still found time to bestow a kind thought and a kind word on a desolate octogenarian. The cheerless pilgrimage I long since entered upon, is about drawing to a close; but a little more of life's path remains for my weary feet to press. Sublunary affections have ceased to operate upon me; the siren song of earthly hope has long been hushed, and worldly rewards or worldly praise are looked for by me no more. What I shall here write, will therefore have, in your eyes at least, the merit of sincerity and disinterestedness. To convince you that I deserve thus much at your hands, I will, at the expense of a foolish vanity, which, old as I am, still clings to me, recount a few of the incidents of my early life. There is a lesson to be learned from them, lady, which, although it will not be directly beneficial to you, may, should these lines by chance fall into the hands of any of the youth of the rising generation, by improving some *one* of them, add perhaps to your own happiness.

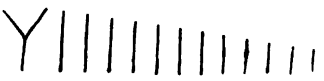
'There is a positive pleasure to me in recurring to the past, abounding though it be in folly and regrets, which, independent of the motive I have before mentioned, would amply repay me for the labor of the task I have undertaken. As we progress in years, and see hope after hope, anticipation after anticipation, fading and dying away; the warm impulses and the glorious aspirations of our youth yielding to the selfish and mercenary cares of maturer years; the beautiful romance of our young life giving place to the stern realities which mark our meridian and declining course, we for a time cling fondly to the recollections and feelings of our early days; but the stirring excitement, the absorbing occupations, which accompany us in our career, at length drive them from our minds and hearts, and it is not until we have reached an age when we cease to look with pleasure to the future, that we begin to turn our eyes upon the past, and to find in it a subject for our thoughts and contemplations.

'This is indeed now almost my only enjoyment. I have lived long, and I have lived in vain. My gray hairs are unhonored — my old age is without dignity, and without wisdom. The phantom for which I labored in my youth, has passed away. The false medium through which, during a long life, I have viewed the world, has at length been removed, and I am now left with the mortifying conviction, that I have formed a wrong estimate of myself, and wasted the strength which was given me for great and noble purposes in the pursuit of shadows.

'But self-condemnation is now useless, and I will not therefore, by

longer indulging in it, detain you from the perusal of the incidents I have proposed to relate.

'Of my ancestry my memory has become so much impaired, that I can say but little; but if I recollect aright, in my youth, while under the influence of several *hundred thousand* charms of a young lady of family, I tried to trace the origin of mine. To my shame, however, I must confess, that I did not succeed in getting farther back than my father and mother. 'It is a wise child,' it is said, 'that knows its own father;' and in my infancy, and in that of our country and society, it was also considered a *respectable* son that was able to point to the immediate author of his existence; but now-a-days, since we have become so refined and aristocratic that we must have a grand-father, on at least one side of the house, it is possible that it may be a matter of reproach that I never could clearly ascertain who stood in that venerable relation to me. However this may be, it is a matter of some satisfaction for me to be able to state, that as far as I did go, I traced my origin with great distinctness. Here is a copy of our family tree, made by me at the time:



'You will observe, that it is composed of a trunk and two branches. The right branch is my father, and the left my mother. The little saplings you see springing up from the foot of the parent stem, and extending in regular gradation to the right, to the number of a baker's dozen, are my brothers and sisters. The last and least of these, you will please to take notice, is myself. It appears to me that I was a kind of remnant, thrown into the world, as it were, into the bargain, as you, lady, perhaps, have had the last skein of silk remaining in the package, after you had selected the dozen you wished, added by the civil shopkeeper to your purchase. Be this as it may, if I was least in size, I was not least in consequence, of my family. I grew in stature, in beauty, and in wisdom, until I became the wonder of my nurse, the pride of my mother, and the admiration of our neighbors. You will excuse me for dwelling on my boyish days. Interesting as that period is to myself, my recollections of it will afford nothing particularly interesting to you, or beneficial to posterity. I will, therefore, pass on to the period when 'the boy was sprung to manhood.'

'In my younger days, before the elevated notions which now universally prevail were known in this country, it was considered proper for every young gentleman to have some ostensible means of support. My parents, therefore, directed my attention to the study of a profession — not, however, with any expectation of my pursuing it for a livelihood, for they considered me a 'child of genius,' and naturally enough supposed that if food or raiment should ever be wanted by me, my extraordinary talents could easily procure both. It may not, however, be amiss for me here to state, that I had a recipe against actual want, in the shape of a small estate of a few hundred dollars per annum, bequeathed to me by a maiden aunt. When I became of age, and the uncontrolled master of my little property, I began, for the first time, gravely to consider into which of the thousand great thoroughfares of life I should turn. Should I, like the majority of mankind, become a

seeker after wealth? Should I join the throng of those who seek glory at the cannon's mouth? Should the immortality of the poet, or the orator, or the statesman, be the object of my aspirations? 'No,' I exclaimed; 'I will not travel any of these turnpike roads to wealth or renown. I will find a path to riches and distinction that the foot of man has never yet trod.'

'After long and serious meditation, and self-examination, I decided upon my course. I fixed upon a character which I determined to sustain as long as I should think it advantageous for me so to do. I chose a line of conduct appropriate to this character, which I resolved steadily to pursue, until the experiment I was about to make should be complete.

'The principle ingredient in my assumed character, was impudence. To it were added coolness, self-possession, and a sprinkling of *hauteur* and assumption. It was necessary to divest myself of every appearance of human passions or sympathy. A single virtue, or tender feeling, or impulse of any kind, would have destroyed the structure. It was an arduous task I had undertaken; but after long and patient study, and a nice adjustment of the different parts, I at length succeeded in producing in my own person the first specimen of that species afterward so distinguished, by the name of the '*Nonchalants.*'

'Lady, it would have been worth your while to have lived at that day, if but to have seen the spectacle I presented in my borrowed feathers. I appeared a kind of walking statue. My figure in public was always erect and unbending. My eyes turned neither to the right nor the left — were never either elevated or depressed — but had the same forward, unchanging direction. My countenance always retained the same expression of imperturbable gravity; not a feature was disturbed, not a muscle moved. The whole world might have passed before me, without apparent consciousness on my part. I spoke, it is true, occasionally, but my observations were always cold and sententious. The least enthusiasm or warmth would have destroyed my character.

'You will be surprised at this account of myself, and will perhaps wonder how I could have submitted to the privations necessary to the assumption and sustaining of so ridiculous a conceit. I can only answer, that you have yet to learn the full influence of vanity upon the human heart. It enables us to accomplish Herculean tasks, and ——'

I MUST defer any further extracts from the remains of the late Mr. Smith, until some future number. Were I not fearful of encroaching upon the space the editors have assigned to the '*instructive articles,*' I would have extended them far enough, at least, to have shown the extraordinary success that attended Mr. Smith's first appearance in his new character; to have shown how the ladies admired him, how men envied him, and then followed him; how his disciples increased until they became a sect; how Mr. Smith attempted to take advantage of his popularity, and to run off with a young heiress; how he was overtaken by her guardian, and lost his prize and his self-command; how, (to continue the manner of speech of honest old Grumio,) he abused the guardian; how the guardian beat him; how he got into disrepute, and how his system declined — all these matters, for the reasons aforesaid, and, (in your ear, reader,) because I am very sleepy, and very tired, must be reserved until the next, or some subsequent number. M.

LITERARY NOTICES.

ANALYTIC GRAMMAR, WITH SYMBOLIC ILLUSTRATION. BY FREDERICK A. P. BARNARD, A. M., C. A. S. 12mo. pp. 264. New-York: C. FRENCH.

THE author of this work, Professor BARNARD, of the New-York Institution for the instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, is doubtless known to many of our readers, as the writer of several valuable articles on that deeply interesting subject in the quarterly periodicals. With some knowledge of the obligations which the science of deaf and dumb instruction, at least in the United States, owes to this gentleman, we were prepared to expect that a work from his pen, in which its great principles should be unfolded and applied to the instruction of children, who are blessed with the faculties of hearing and speech, would possess no ordinary claim to public favor. Our expectations have not been disappointed.

The two principal characteristics of the book are, its *analytical character*, and the employment of *symbolic illustration*. After a minute and careful examination, we are prepared to say that the analysis of the laws of construction is far more thorough than can be found in any of the English grammars which have fallen under our notice. The author, instead of consulting the common works of the day, and presenting under a slightly modified form what has been a thousand times presented already, has evidently gone to the fountain-head of all correct grammar — the philosophy of language. Combining this with the minuteness of detail so indispensable in the instruction of the deaf and dumb, an analysis of the laws of language has been produced of the highest character. In the common works on English grammar, nearly all that is attempted, is, to enable the learner to '*parse*,' as it is termed — that is, to distinguish one part of speech from another, and apply the rules which regulate their mutual dependance. In this exercise, as generally conducted, only a slight degree of mental exertion is required — so slight, in fact, that it may almost be termed mechanical. Professor Barnard has had a higher object in view — to make the pupil a *thinker* as well as a knower. With this view, the greatest effort is made to explain the *reason* of things: to cause the learner to see, not only that language is divided into certain parts of speech, but *why* it is thus divided: to make him acquainted, in fine, with the whole *rationale* of language.

To accomplish this, next to minute analysis and simplicity and clearness of explanation, certain *symbols*, representing the powers of the different divisions of language, have been relied upon. These symbols, it appears from the author's preface, have been somewhat extensively used in the instruction of the deaf and dumb, as representatives of the laws and connection of language. Since this unfortunate class are unable, in the earlier period of their instruction, to comprehend a grammatical rule, expressed in artificial language, it becomes necessary to represent the parts of speech and the rules of grammar by visible symbols, which shall speak to the eye. Thus the nominative case may be expressed by a perpendicular mark, out of which another somewhat inclined to the right proceeds, denoting that from the subject an *action issues*. Such a figure may be made for the verb, that it shall seem to *transfer* the action, (if transitive,) to something else: and for the objective, a character similar

to that of the nominative may be made—the projection, however, inclining to the left; denoting that the object *receives* the action—that is, is acted upon. On the same principle, a complete set of characters may be devised, which shall be a *picture* of the powers of words, and of their mutual dependance in connected discourse.

Obvious as the practicability of devising such a system is, it is evident that its beauty, and even its practical utility, must depend altogether upon the manner in which it is executed. If the characters of such a system were, for instance, entirely arbitrary, and should have no visible connection with each other, they not only would be of no use to the learner, but would be a positive and serious incumbrance. Such is not the case with the system of grammatical signs in the book before us. On the contrary, the symbols are in the highest degree expressive, and have evidently demanded much ingenuity and labor to perfect them. They compose, in fact—if we may use the expression—a complete grammatical atlas. To sum up in a few words the character of the work, the peculiarities of which we have endeavored to state—it is profound and minute, and at the same time simple and entertaining. It will interest the learner, discipline his mind, and give him a thorough knowledge of grammar. We heartily commend the 'Analytic Grammar' to all the friends of real improvement in the science of education.

SKETCHES OF SWITZERLAND. BY AN AMERICAN. In two vols. pp. 465. Philadelphia: CAREY, LEA AND BLANCHARD. New-York: WILEY AND LONG.

WE have before alluded to these agreeable volumes, and expressed our gratification that they were so well calculated to aid in removing the unfavorable effect which the later works of the author were exercising upon his reputation. The 'Sketches' are given in a series of letters, and in an easy, gossipping, yet evidently elaborated style, present various pictures of Switzerland; and whatever the writer may think to the contrary, we cannot but believe, that whoso rises from an attentive perusal of these volumes, will have acquired very perfect conceptions of the sublime country through which he has, in fancy, accompanied the graphic traveler. It is an evidence of no common power, that, treading in the paths of divers other tourists, wherein striking instances of concomitance in description might naturally be expected, Mr. Cooper has given a succession of views clearly his own, without so much as a borrowed shade or tint, to impress the reader with an idea that similar pictures had met his eye before. We select two extracts in justification of our encomiums in this regard. The traveler is describing two sublime aspects of the Alps, as seen from Berne:

"One of these appearances is often alluded to, but I do not remember to have ever heard the other mentioned. The first is produced by the setting sun, whose rays, of a cloudless evening, are the parents of hues and changes of a singularly lovely character. For many minutes the lustre of the glacier slowly retires, and is gradually succeeded by a tint of rose colour, which, falling on so luminous a body, produces a sort of 'roseate light;' the whole of the vast range becoming mellowed and subdued to indescribable softness. This appearance gradually increases in intensity, varying on different evenings, however, according to the state of the atmosphere. At the very moment, perhaps, when the eye is resting most eagerly on this extraordinary view, the light vanishes. No scenic change is more sudden than that which follows. All the forms remain unaltered, but so varied in hue, as to look like the ghosts of mountains. You see the same vast range of eternal snow, but you see it ghastly and spectral. You fancy that the spirits of the Alps are ranging themselves before you. Watching the peaks for a few minutes longer, the light slowly departs. The spectres, like the magnified images of the phantasmagoria, grow more and more faint, less and less

material, until swallowed in the firmament. What renders all this more thrillingly exquisite is, the circumstance that these changes do not occur until after evening has fallen on the lower world, giving to the whole the air of nature sporting, in the upper regions, with some of her spare and detached materials.'

A view of the Oberland Alps, rising above a row of mountain outposts, 'any one of which would be of itself a spectacle in another country:'

"The day, on the occasion to which I allude, was clouded, and as a great deal of mist was clinging to all the smaller mountains, the lower atmosphere was much charged with vapour. The cap of the Niesen was quite hid, and a wide streak of watery clouds lay along the whole of the summits of the nearer range, leaving, however, their brown sides misty but visible. In short, the Niesen and its immediate neighbours looked like any other range of noble mountains, whose heads were hid in the clouds. I think the vapour must have caused a good deal of refraction, for above these clouds rose the whole of the Oberland Alps to an altitude which certainly seemed even greater than usual. Every peak and all the majestic formation was perfectly visible, though the whole range appeared to be severed from the earth, and to float in air. The line of communication was veiled, and while all below was watery, or enfeebled by mist, the glaciers threw back the fierce light of the sun with powerful splendor. The separation from the lower world was made the more complete, from the contrast between the sombre hues beneath and the calm but bright magnificence above. One had some difficulty in imagining that the two could be parts of the same orb. The effect of the whole was to create a picture of which I can give no other idea, than by saying it resembled a glimpse, through the windows of heaven, at such a gorgeous but chastened grandeur, as the imagination might conceive to suit the place. There were moments when the spectral aspect just mentioned dimmed the lustre of the snows, without injuring their forms, and no language can do justice to the sublimity of the effect. It was impossible to look at them without religious awe; and, irreverent though it may seem, I could hardly persuade myself I was not gazing at some of the sublime mysteries that lie beyond the grave.'

A picturesque description of an avalanche, must close our quotations:

"These avalanches, as you will readily imagine, are of as many different forms and characters as can be assumed by falling snow under the vicissitudes of the season, and amid the wild formations of the Alps. Sometimes they are of fresh snow, that has accumulated in huge balls, which come down with their own weight, or are broken off by the oscillations of the air; at other times superior pressure drives them from their seats; the melting of the thaws, and the passage of rills of water produce others. In short, all the causes that can so easily be imagined, combine to force the frozen element from its aëries into the valleys.

"Once or twice the sound we heard was like the mutterings of a distant storm, and we tried to fancy it a mountain turning in its lair. A mountain groaning is very expressive!

"My eye was fixed on the side of the Jung Frau, when I saw a speck of snow start out of a mass which formed a sort of precipice, leaving a very small hole, not larger in appearance than a bee-hive. The report came soon after. It was equal to what a horseman's pistol would produce in a good echo. The snow glided downward two or three hundred feet, and lodged. All heard the report, though no one saw this little avalanche but myself. I was in the act of pointing out the spot to my companions, when a quantity of dusty snow shot out of the same little hole, followed by a stream that covered an inclined plane, which seemed to be of the extent of ten or twelve acres. The constant roaring convinced us the affair was not to end here. The stream forced its way through a narrow gorge in the rocks, and reappeared, tumbling perpendicularly two hundred feet more on another inclined plane. Crossing this, it became hid again; but soon issued by another rocky gorge on a third plane, down which it slid to the verge of the green pastures; for, at this season the grass grows beneath the very drippings of the glaciers.

"This was a picturesque avalanche to the eye, though the sound came so direct, that it was like the noise produced by snow falling from a house, differing only in degree. The size of the stream was so much reduced in passing the gorges, that it bore a strong resemblance to the Staubbach, and according to the best estimate I could make, its whole descent was not short of a thousand feet. The hole out of which all this mass of snow issued, and which literally covered acres, did not appear to have more capacity than a large oven! We shook our heads, after examining it, and began to form better estimates of heights and distances among the Alps."

We welcome Mr. Cooper back into the 'old ways,' and rejoice in the hope which these volumes afford, that he will not again stray into by and forbidden paths, wherein his numerous admirers are little inclined to wander with him.

MEMOIR OF SAMUEL SLATER, THE FATHER OF AMERICAN MANUFACTURES, connected with a History of the Rise and Progress of the Cotton Manufacture in England and America: with remarks on the moral influence of Manufactories in the United States. By GEORGE S. WHITE. pp. 500. Philadelphia: 1836. New-York: WILEY AND LONG.

A MEMOIR of the man to whom the United States is indebted for the introduction of the Arkwright cotton machinery into the United States, and a history of the precious article which has contributed so much to enrich the country, and of its manufacture, were proper subjects for record and illustration; and the public are indebted to Mr. White for undertaking the task, and for the industry he has exhibited in performing it. A notice, at some length, of his labors will not be unacceptable to the readers of this Magazine who reside in the numerous manufacturing towns of the Union—nor can the example which the subject of his memoir presents to the youth of our country be otherwise than salutary.

The work under notice consists of twelve chapters, the first of which is devoted to the biography of Samuel Slater. It is preceded by a preface, in which the writer acknowledges his indebtedness to the authors of whose labors he has availed himself in composing his work. An introduction follows, giving a view of the colonial policy of England on the subject of transatlantic manufactures, and her successful exertions to put them down at the close of the war of the independence, by deluging the country with the various products of her labor, and selling them at such cheap rates as to defy competition—thereby cramping the American manufactures in their incipient and imperfect condition, and greatly retarding their progress.

Samuel Slater was born in the year 1768, and was the son of a farmer and timber merchant in Derbyshire, England, who died when his son was fourteen years of age. He was then bound apprentice to Mr. Strutt, the partner of Arkwright in the business of cotton spinning. A *fac simile* of the indenture is engraved for the Memoir. At this time the cotton business, on the new system, was confined to a small district in the town of Belfer. Having served all his time, he 'became the right-hand man' of his old master, and remained with him for some time, to obtain a more general knowledge of the cotton business and its machinery, with a view of introducing it into the United States. This design he was finally induced to attempt, in consequence of seeing in a Philadelphia newspaper, first, a reward offered by a society there for a machine to make cotton rollers—second, an account of the grant of one hundred pounds by the legislature of Pennsylvania for a carding machine far inferior to the kind introduced by Arkwright, and which Slater understood—and third, from a knowledge that a society had been incorporated by that body for promoting manufactures. He arrived in New-York in the year 1789, and early in January, 1790, went to Providence, Rhode-Island, where he formed a connexion with those who had attempted to spin cotton in Providence. Finding that their 'billies,' 'jennies,' and carding machines were good for nothing, he determined not to use them. As the severe laws of England prevented the exportation of machinery, or of models, drafts, etc., he was obliged to depend on his memory and skill for their construction. He went to work, and in the following December started three cotton cards, a drawing and roving machine, and a water-frame with seventy-two spindles. The cards were made, under the direction of Mr. Slater, by Phineas Earl, of Leicester, Massachusetts, and were his first attempt at any thing beyond hand cards. A steel engraving is given of the whole establishment, and of the state of machinery as constructed by Mr. Slater in 1790. From this small concern, all the cotton mills in the United States may be said to have originated; and as early as 1809, such was the effect of the example, that seventeen cotton mills were in operation

within the vicinity of Providence, working 14,296 spindles, and using 640,000 lbs. of cotton, which yielded 510,000 lbs. of yarn; 1000 looms were employed in weaving, and seven more mills were erecting in that state or section of country. In the year 1812, his cotton cloth sold for forty cents per yard, with an unlimited demand; in 1829, beside having greatly extended his business, he had $50,000 in mortgages on real estate, besides his extensive and valuable establishments, so that his property was estimated, by those who knew best its value, at one million of dollars.

Mr. Slater has also the merit of having first established a Sunday School at Pawtucket in 1796—the first in New-England; and it is honorable to his memory, that the example has been followed in most if not in all the numerous factories in that portion of the Union. In 1794, Mr. Slater first made sewing thread of Sea-Island cotton, the manufacturing of which soon spread into Europe, and was generally supposed to have originated in England.

Beside being a model of industry, Mr. Slater had improved his mind by reading the best authors, and by extensive observation of men and things. He was endowed with quick perceptions, and a penetrating mind; was the firm friend of mechanics, and of inflexible integrity. He was cautious, and rather reserved in his conversation with strangers, but was always ready to assist those who would try to help themselves; but no one was a greater enemy to idleness. He died at Webster, (Mass.) April 20th, 1835, aged 67, leaving a widow and four sons in very affluent circumstances.

To the memoir of this valuable man, Mr. White has added a variety of useful matter, on various cotton factories of New-England, New-York, and other states—their capitals, machinery, and amount of work done, in calico printing, etc. The following is a synopsis of the remaining portions of the volume:

Engravings of 'Plan of Cotton Mill,' 'Fly Frame,' 'Carding and Drawing,' 'Throstle Frame,' and four different Spindles, from the Spinning Master's Assistant; remarks on wages; on the relative advantages possessed by England, France, and the United States, as manufacturing nations; on the growth of cotton, by Tench Coxe, with two engravings of the microscopic appearance of Sea-Island and other species of cotton; a biographical notice of the immortal Whitney, inventor of the upland cotton-gin, with a plate of his invention; details of the early, steady, and important services rendered to the cause of American manufactures, and the growth of cotton, by Tench Coxe, assistant secretary of the treasury with Hamilton; interesting extracts from Barnes and Ure on cotton, and its manufacture; and on the cultivation of cotton, by Whitemarsh, Seabrook, and other planters; the advancement of machinery, including a history of the power-loom, dresser, speeder, American improvements, etc.; plate and chapter on calico printing; ten engravings on silk machinery, including the latest improvements in England, from Dr. Ure, as well as those from the Congress Manual of 1828, by Dr. Mease; a beautiful plate of the silk worm, in all its stages; a valuable article on dying silk and cotton; a profile likeness and autograph, with a notice of the late Samuel Witherill, of Philadelphia, the first manufacturer of fustians and jeans in America, in 1782; notices of Fulton, Fitch, and Evans; the origin of steam-boats and steam-wagons. To the whole is appended a new edition, revised by the author, of Mr. Woodbury's late useful letter on the manufacture and foreign trade of cotton—a production abounding with facts and statements, from numerous authorities, of the greatest importance to those who wish to inform themselves on the subject.

DRAGOON CAMPAIGNS TO THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS: being a History of the Organization and first Campaign of the Regiment of United States' Dragoons; together with incidents of a soldier's life, and sketches of scenery and Indian character. By a Dragoon. One volume. pp. 288. New-York: WILEY AND LONG.

WITHOUT possessing prëeminent merit, in any respect, there is much pleasant matter in this volume which will repay perusal. Aside from the records of abuses and oppressions to which the subordinate members of the 'Dragoons' were subjected, numerous descriptions of western scenery and manners are given, and collateral points of interest are introduced with a liberal hand. Indeed, it may be objected to the work, we think, that it is too rambling and desultory, and that its facts and incidents are too miscellaneously piled together. Many passages have considerable picturesque merit; and taking into consideration that the writer is as yet unpractised in the art of regular composition, the language is not unworthy of our applause. In some instances there is a displeasing minuteness of detail, which detracts from the general impression of pleasure created by the work. We can produce only the following extracts in illustration of our opinions. The first has a wholesome sprinkling of national pride, and is by no means extravagantly prophetic. Would that we could stand upon an eminence, some fifty years from now, and be gifted with uninterrupted vision to look down upon this glorious land, crossed and re-crossed in all directions with rail-roads, gleaming with canals, and dotted every where with cities, now rising, or that will then have arisen, as if by enchantment!

"Had Rip Van Winkle but taken a deeper potation, and continued his nap till now, the old gentleman would surely have died of grief and disappointment. To have opened his eyes upon this age of rail-roads, and twelve-mile trotters; of steam engines and percussion locks; of lucifers and loco focos; of aërial voyages and safty-valve diving bells; and in short, in this age of improvement and rapidity, would of a truth, been too much for the nerves of even the mild, easy-going, indifferent, honest Rip. But, notwithstanding the mighty change that hath come over this land, the Rocky Mountains are not much nearer to their cousins along the Hudson than they were in the days of honest Rip Van Winkle. There hath been a boundary to these doings, and as yet no rail-road intersects the western prairie beyond the Arkansas and the Mississippi. No post-coaches rattle along the Macadamized turnpike over the Pawnee Peaks. There the elk and the bison still range, and the Indian hunter still dwells amid the wild region that encompasses them. But every year hath made encroachments upon this vaunted region; emigration hath 'poured like a torrent down upon a vale,' from every quarter of the globe, upon the skirts of this wild dominion; and should posterity and peace follow up the unabated progress or our country's advancement, but a few years more will not only find the well-guarded trading party, or the troop of mounted and armed soldiers traversing these regions, but the sound of the hammer of the artisan shall ring across the prairie, and the woodman's axe shall resound through the forest.

"Indulge me, if not with me, for a moment, whilst I look through the horoscope, and tell what is now hidden behind the curtain of futurity. See that wild and lovely prairie, waving as the air breathes upon its deep green mantle, spangled with ten thousand times ten thousand flowers, of the brightest hue, and yielding a delicious fragrance; like a boundless ocean, no pathway divides it. Look again, see those towering piles of castellated rocks, beetling above the cloud-capped summit of the mountain; that roaring torrent dashing from crag to crag, from precipice to precipice. Look through that opening vista, and see, like Ossa upon Pelion, mountain rearing its crest above mountain. Stretch forward your eye, and look along that deep green vale, studded with groves, and watered with crystal streams. Climb to yonder pinnacle, and gaze upon the world beneath it — no human habitation, no vestige of improvement greets your view; nature still reigns triumphant over the broad expanse. Let me draw aside the curtain — fifty years have flown away, many a head hath been laid low in the dust, and many a new actor hath made his début upon the stage of life — what seest thou? 'On yonder pinnacle of the mountain, from whence I gazed upon the trackless prairie, stands a proud dwelling, with its towers and portícoes — its halls are filled with groups of visitors; I see a stairway leading up the mountain, carved in the solid rock, and as it winds amid the clusters of trees, I can see many groups resting, as they ascend the summit. See yonder steam-car darting across the prairie, having in its train an hundred passengers. Yonder canal connects the Columbia with the Mississippi, and those boats are carrying bales and boxes of merchandise to the various towns along its line. There, amid the crumbled fragments at the mountain's base, are a group of students gathering specimens for their cabinet — and see that happy and merry group of boarding-school

girls frolicking over the prairie. What a change! The splendid steamer now disturbs the waters of the Mackenzie and the Columbia; civilization hath strode across the land: yonder shrivelled Indian is the last of his race; his people are no more — his hunting ground hath yielded to the plough — his wigwam is destroyed — and he stands solitary and alone, the last relic of a mighty race.'

"Is all this visionary? No: he who watches the signs of the times, and reflects for a moment over the events of years gone by, then bends forward his eye to look through the intervening space of a few years more, must readily imagine that such must and inevitably will be the result."

The following lively passage is a pleasing specimen of a different vein:

"I was led to reflect that the daring and fool-hardy spirit of Mike Fink had not become extinct among the boatmen, when our steamer came to, for a few hours, at Natchez, on her way down the Mississippi. This city, which on the heights displays a beautiful appearance, is nevertheless more noted on the river here for the character of the lower town, or 'Natchez-under-the-hill,' which the boatmen make a kind of rendezvous, and is the frequent theatre of a royal row. At the time of our stop there, over fifty boats of different descriptions were lying off in the river opposite this place. Close to the wharf, upon the deck of a broad-horn, stood a fellow of powerful muscular appearance, and every now and then he would swing around his arms and throw out a challenge to any one '*who dared to come and take the rust off of him*,' styling himself the '*roarer*,' and declaring that he hadn't had a fight in a month, and was getting lazy.

"The men standing around seemed neither disposed to take much notice of this fellow nor to accept his challenge; and from this I imagined that he was a regular bruiser, and no one cared to oppose him. For some time he continued throwing out his challenge, and interlarding his speeches with the usual boast of a western bruiser, that is, that he was 'half horse, half alligator, half steam-boat, and half snapping-turtle, with a little dash of lightning,' &c., &c.

"Presently a little stubbed fellow came along, and hearing the challenger dare any one to rub the rust off of him, stepped up, and in a dry kind of style looked up in his face and inquired, 'Who might you be, my big chicken, eh?'

"'I'm a high-pressure steamer,' roared the big bully.

"'And I'm a snag,' replied the little one, as he pitched into him, and before he had time to reflect, he was sprawling upon the deck.

"A general shout of applause burst from the spectators, and many now, who before had stood aloof from the braggadocio, jumped on board the boat, and enjoyed the manner in which the little fellow pummeled him.

"This scrape appeared to be the signal for several other fights, and in the evening a general row ensued, which ended in the demolition of several edifices and the unhousing of several scores of their inmates; however, during the night our boat left the town, and I learned nothing farther connected with this scrape."

THE DOCTOR. Two volumes in one. pp. 220. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

DELIGHTFUL, unapproachable 'Doctor!' Since the day of quaint old Burton, who has given to the world so charming an *omnium gatherum* as thine! But let us leave apostrophe, and pass to a brief consideration of the book, than which nothing more thoroughly saturated with all sorts of interest has appeared, we know not the time when. Throughout, it bears the stamp of a master. A taste of the introduction alone, invites the reader to devour the book. We see at once that the writer is a man of strong parts — that, to use an expressive Amercanism, he is '*saucy-able*;' for he throws his offspring before the public with the indifference of an ostrich — if they like it, well — if otherwise, *not* otherwise; if it is attributed to other authors, he begs them to allow the report to pass uncontradicted, while he himself defies discovery. Learning the author has, and in abundance — not merely of the lazy, indical kind, but deep and various. He never suffers his erudition, however, to encumber his imagination. His satire is polished and cutting, and there are bits of humor that would transform a broad-brimmed quaker into the likeness of a laughing hyena. Fresnoy was not a greater reader — and yet his mental treasures seem ever at command, as if each had its appointed place in a well-regulated intellectual store-house. His wit now and then

bursts upon the reader as if from an ambush; and the delicate and subtle turnings of the multifarious digressions are alike unexpected and felicitous. An easy gayety enlivens the most indifferent portions, and pathos, tenderness, and sound philosophy have their appropriate places. In choosing two or three from a dozen marked extracts, or even from the entire volume, we feel the force of what the French term *l'embarras des richesses:* howbeit, we will begin with a short chapter, wherein the author ventures an opinion against the prevailing wisdom of making children prematurely wise:

"'What, sir,' exclaims a lady, who is bluer than ever one of her naked and woad-stained ancestors appeared at a public festival in full dis—'what, sir, do you tell us that children are not to be made to understand what they are taught?' And she casts her eyes complacently towards an assortment of those books which so many writers, male and female, some of the infidel, some of the semi-fidel, and some of the super-fidel schools have composed for the laudable purpose of enabling children to understand every thing. 'What, sir,' she repeats, 'are we to make our children learn things by rote like parrots, and fill their heads with words to which they cannot attach any signification?'

"'Yes, madam, in very many cases.'

"'I should like, sir, to be instructed why.'

"She says this in a tone, and with an expression both of eyes and lips which plainly show, in direct opposition to the words, that the lady thinks herself much fitter to instruct than to be instructed. It is not her fault. She is a good woman, and naturally a sensible one, but she has been trained up in the way women should not go. She has been carried from lecture to lecture, like a student who is being crammed at a Scotch university. She has attended lectures on chymistry, lectures on poetry, lectures on phrenology, lectures on mnemonics; she has read the latest and most applauded essays on taste; she has studied the newest and most approved treatises, practical and theoretical, upon education; she has paid sufficient attention to metaphysics to know as much as a professed philosopher about matter and spirit; she is a proficient in political economy, and can discourse upon the new science of population. Poor lady, it would require large draughts of Lethe to clear out all this indigested and indigestible trash, and fit her for becoming what she might have been! Upon this point, however, it may be practicable to set her right.

"You are a mother, madam, and a good one. In caressing your infants you may perhaps think it unphilosophical to use what I should call the proper and natural language of the nursery. But doubtless you talk to them; you give some utterance to your feelings, and whether that utterance be in legitimate and wise words, or in good extemporaneous nonsense, it is alike to the child. The conventional words convey no more meaning to him than the mere sound; but he understands from either all that is meant, all that you wish him to understand, all that is to be understood. He knows that it is an expression of your love and tenderness, and that he is the object of it.

"So, too, it continues after he is advanced from infancy into childhood. When children are beginning to speak, they do not and cannot affix any meaning to half the words which they hear; yet they learn their mother tongue. What I say is, do not attempt to force their intellectual growth. Do not feed them with meat till they have teeth to masticate it.

"There is a great deal which they ought to learn, can learn, and must learn, before they can or ought to understand it. How many questions must you have heard from them which you have felt to be best answered when they were with most dexterity put aside! Let me tell you a story which the Jesuit Manuel de Vergara used to tell of himself. When he was a little boy, he asked a Dominican friar what was the meaning of the seventh commandment, for he said he could not tell what committing adultery was. The friar, not knowing how to answer, cast a perplexed look round the room, and thinking he had found a safe reply, pointed to a kettle on the fire, and said the commandment meant that he must never put his hand in the pot while it was boiling. The very next day, a loud scream alarmed the family, and behold there was little Manuel running about the room, holding up his scalded finger, and exclaiming 'Oh dear! oh dear! I've committed adultery! I've committed adultery! I've committed adultery!'"

A love-passage has quite as sound reasoning and good sense as the above extract:

"I said that Daniel fell in love with the burgemeester's daughter, and I made use of the usual expression, because there it was the most appropriate: for the thing was accidental. He himself could not have been more surprised if, missing his way in a fog, and supposing himself to be in the Breedestraat of Leyden where there is no canal,

he had fallen into the water; nor would he have been more completely over head and ears at once.

"A man falls in love just as he falls down stairs. It is an accident — perhaps and very probably a misfortune; something which he neither intended, nor foresaw, nor apprehended. But when he runs in love, it is as when he runs in debt: it is done knowingly and intentionally; and very often rashly and foolishly, even if not ridiculously, miserably, and ruinously.

"Marriages that are made up at watering-places are mostly of this running sort; and there may be reason to think that they are even less likely to lead to — I will not say happiness, but to a very humble degree of contentment, than those which are a plain business of bargain and sale; for into these latter a certain degree of prudence enters on both sides. But there is a distinction to be made here: the man who is married for mere worldly motives, without a spark of affection on the woman's part, may nevertheless get, in every worldly sense of the word, a good wife; and while English women continue to be what, thank Heaven, they are, he is likely to do so: but when a woman is married for the sake of her fortune, the case is altered, and the chances are five hundred to one that she marries a villain, or at best a scoundrel.

"Falling in love and running in love are both, as every body knows, common enough; and yet less so than what I shall call catching love. Where the love itself is imprudent, that is to say where there is some just prudential cause or impediment why the two parties should not be joined together in holy matrimony, there is generally some degree of culpable imprudence in catching it, because the danger is always to be apprehended, and may in most cases be avoided. But sometimes the circumstances may be such as leave no room for censure, even when there may be most cause for compassion; and under such circumstances our friend — though the remembrance of the burgemeester's daughter was too vivid in his imagination for him ever to run in love, or at that time deliberately to walk into it, as he afterward did — under such circumstances, I say, he took a severe affection of this kind. The story is a melancholy one, and I shall not relate it in this place.

"The rarest, and surely the happiest marriages, are between those who have grown in love. Take the description of such a love in its rise and progress, ye thousands and tens of thousands who have what is called a taste for poetry, take it in the sweet words of one of the sweetest and tenderest of English poets; and if ye doubt upon the strength of my opinion whether Daniel deserves such praise, ask Leigh Hunt, or the laureate, or Wordsworth, or Charles Lamb.

> 'Ah! I remember well (and how can I
> But evermore remember well) when first
> Our flame began, when scarce we knew what was
> The flame we felt; when as we sat and sighed
> And looked upon each other, and conceived
> Not what we ailed — yet something we did ail;
> And yet were well, and yet we were not well,
> And what was our disease we could not tell.
> Then would we kiss, then sigh, then look: and thus
> In that first garden of our simpleness
> We spent our childhood. But when years began
> To reap the fruit of knowledge, ah, how then
> Would she with graver looks, with sweet stern brow,
> Check my presumption and my forwardness;
> Yet still would give me flowers, still would me show
> What she would have me, yet not have me know.'

Take also the passage that presently follows this: it alludes to a game which has long been obselete; but some fair reader I doubt not will remember the lines when she dances next:

> 'And when in sport with other company
> Of nymphs and shepherds we have met abroad,
> How would she steal a look, and watch mine eye
> Which way it went? And when at barley-break
> It came unto my turn to rescue her,
> With what an earnest, swift, and nimble pace
> Would her affection make her feet to run,
> And farther run than to my hand! her race
> Had no stop but my bosom, where no end.
> And when we were to break again, how late
> And loath her trembling hand would part with mine;
> And with how slow a pace would she set forth
> To meet the encountering party who contends
> To attain her, scarce affording him her fingers' ends!'"

The London world are agog to find out the author. *Blackwood* — good authority, in such matters — indicates Southey. But we question the correctness of the

EDITORS' TABLE.

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN: ELEVENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION. — We believe that the two hundred and thirty-seven pictures forming the collection of this year are considered, on the whole, as presenting a greater average of merit than those of any previous exhibition. There are, as usual, some very bad paintings among them — as bad as we have any desire to see — but the number is not afflictingly great; and although we have been able to discover few of first-rate excellence, the larger proportion are considerably above mediocrity, and there is decided improvement visible in the productions of the younger artists, or of most of them. Circumstances have delayed our notice until so late in the season that the subject has lost much of its novelty, and of course its interest; we shall therefore deal very briefly with it.

No. 2. *View of Niagara Falls.* G. MARSIGLIA. This is the best of Mr. Marsiglia's efforts that we have seen. The picture is rather formal, but the perspective is good, and the general tone is rich and mellow. The effect of sunshine upon the fore-ground is well managed. The clouds are stiff and hard.

3. *Landscape.* W. M. ODDIE. A perfect contrast to No. 2. This is one unnatural mass of green, without light or shade.

7. *Landscape view of Catskill Mountains.* G. GRUNEWALD. A new name to our ears. There are very good points in this picture. The distance is well thrown back, and there is freedom in the handling. Mr. Grunewald must guard against the young artist's common error of affectation in attempting what is called the slap-dash style. Better finish carefully.

8. *Hastings, England.* G. OAKLEY. No relief whatever. A flat surface.

10. *Wood Engravings.* W. D. REDFIELD. Very clever. Good, clean cutting, and shadows well defined.

12. *Wood Engravings.* J. ALLANSON. Good also. More in the antique style than the last, but full of good workmanship. There is no branch of the art in which we have advanced so rapidly as wood engraving: witness ADAMS's labors in this department.

13. *The Fisherman's Landing.* J. SHAW. We like this seacoast piece very much. The distance — *offing*, perhaps it might be called, is excellent; the figures are well drawn and well arranged, and the whole is carefully finished. It is moreover a very pleasing composition.

18. 19. *Miniatures.* E. D. MARCHANT. Only respectable.

21. 22. *Portraits in Water Colors.* S. H. GIMBER. Considerable merit. The first is not a good likeness, but the second is. The coloring shows that Mr. Gimber has an eye for tints.

25. *Miniature.* G. NEWCOMBE. Mr. Newcombe has done better than this. The outlines are hard, and the whole picture wants softening down by stippling.

26. *Miniature.* H. C. SHUMWAY. This only wants a little less red, to be a good painting. It is stippled rather too fine.

43. 44. *Miniatures.* T. S. CUMMINGS. Mr. Cummings's specimens this year are decidedly the best, but they are not *his* best. We much prefer No. 55, called *The Bracelet.* Nothing can be more perfect than the drapery in this large miniature.

45. *Lake in Switzerland.* Col. Cockburn. This is but a little thing — a slight sketch in water colors — but it is a gem. It is the lake itself, seen through a telescope held with the large end to the eye.

53. *Hubert and Arthur.* G. W. Flagg. Considering that Mr. Flagg is but a very young man — we might say a boy — it were to be wished that he would not try his hand so often at original composition, and of such ambitious subjects. He has yet much to learn, and something to unlearn, and might employ his time profitably on copies, and simple studies from nature; yet he insists on turning out five or six great pictures every year, and to confess the truth, we see but little improvement in them. There is merit in the composition of this picture, but very little in the execution. The attitude and expression of Hubert are good; Arthur is common-place, and might have been made a prettier boy, without violating history or Shakspeare. As for the execution, it would do very well for a sign, but wants grace, finish, keeping, and in short almost every thing essential in a picture.

54. *Hector dragged by Achilles.* H. Purcell, Jr. Many persons would no doubt call this very fine, but it has grievous faults. In the first place, it is all straight lines; hundreds of figures bolt upright, and walls, towers, lances, all standing in exact parallel. There is a perception — a sort of idea of merit, in the coloring, but Mr. Purcell is also in love with the slap-dash system, and disdains to finish — wherein he errs sadly.

60. *Landscape.* J. M. Tilley. One dead mass of bottle-green.

61. *Bridge near Albany.* J. W. Hill. Well drawn, well colored. A very pretty specimen of water color.

67. *Landscape.* G. Grunewald. Water colors. It hangs high, and we could not see it very distinctly, but it looks well. Indeed the exhibition is quite rich this year in good little water color landscapes.

69. *Group of Children.* H. Inman. Evidently brothers and sisters, from the resemblance. A sweet picture, but out of place in an exhibition. The tone of coloring is too quiet and subdued; it has the appearance of tameness and coldness, arising, however, solely from the propinquity of more showy paintings.

70. *Portrait.* H. Inman. A delicious little portrait of a young, blooming girl, full of health, innocence, and animation.

71. *Peter Stuyvesant and Van Corlaer.* A. B. Durand. We like this picture very much, and do not like some parts of it. The valiant Anthony himself is admirable; Knickerbocker would recognise him in a moment, could he rise from the grave where he has so long slumbered. The gallant Hard Koppig Piet wants something; either dignity, or the lofty, chivalrous bearing which we cannot but ascribe to him, and which accords with his character, even in the humorous delineation of the Dutch historian. Mr. Durand, as it seems to us, has made him too merely an old soldier; he looks more like a crippled sergeant or corporal, than like the gallant governor Peter.

72. *View on the Hudson.* J. G. Chapman. Very pretty, and carefully finished. It has Mr. Chapman's usual fault — uniformity of color. This gentleman can seldom persuade himself to employ more than three or four tints on a picture.

75. *Toper Asleep.* D. Huntington. Another new name. This little picture has a great deal of merit. The relaxed attitude and besotted face of the snoring drunkard are well conceived and executed.

78. *Portrait of a Lady.* J. De Jough. Probably the worst painting in the room. Perhaps we shall find one more utterly destitute of merit as we go on, but as yet it stands prëeminent. Drawing and coloring, all bad as can be.

79. *Portrait of a Lady.* C. Ingham. Exquisitely finished, as are all Mr. Ingham's portraits. Nothing can be more elaborate, or more like nature, (or art, which should it be called?) than the satin drapery. The flesh is less like polished ivory than Mr. Ingham used to make the faces of his portraits, and of course, more like the life.

81. *Euchee Billy, a Seminole Chief.* S. F. B. Morse. A small rough sketch — a

mere study, but we have no doubt a capital likeness. Euchee Billy was killed during the late campaign in Florida.

83. *Portrait of Wm. Rawle, Esq.* H. Inman. A fine, manly, intellectual face, such as we might suppose to belong to the distinguished Philadelphia lawyer. An artist has a chance to show his skill upon such a face as this, where there is expression to be caught, and where the footsteps of age have produced varieties of tints and lights. We think Mr. Inman has somewhat negligently dealt with the figure, and the back ground is very common-place.

89. *Portrait of a Lady.* G. Anelli. This picture has all the vices of the modern Italian school, which, sooth to say, is a very bad one. These are, hard outlines, stiff attitudes, and muddy coloring.

93. *Coronation of Powhatan.* J. G. Chapman. In this painting, and also in a companion, No. 100, *The Warning of Pocahontas*, Mr. Chapman has avoided the fault of which we have spoken, too great uniformity of tint, and almost fallen into the other extreme. Both are showy pictures, and on that account, well suited for an exhibition. The composition of No. 93 is better than that of its companion. In both there is a great fault — the want of Indian physiognomy. But for the copper complexion, Powhatan and his courtiers might pass for Europeans. The group of Englishmen is good in every respect.

96. *Portrait.* C. Mayr. A very wo-begone gentleman. We have again to notice Mr. Mayr's prevailing error, too much muscular development in the faces; we perceive it in this, and also in Nos. 121 and 151. The lady in the latter is the best portrait by Mr. Mayr that we have seen; the child, on the contrary, looks old enough for forty.

97. *Fancy Portraits.* J. G. Clonney. We only mention this picture, to notice the singular appearance of transparency which the artist has given to his figures and accessories. The ladies, and the ottoman, and the carpet, all seem as though you could look through them. Otherwise, the picture has merit.

98. *Group of Children.* W. Page. Mr. Page has undoubtedly improved very much within a few years, but he is getting into a bad habit of making his pictures gaudy. In this group we have scarlet, crimson, bright green, and orange, all jumbled together in most extravagant profusion. So again in No. 171, *Two Children Disputing*, the cheeks and noses of the little innocents would not shame an arrant and veteran toper; they literally blaze with the deepest carnation.

101. *Portrait of a Child.* H. Inman. An excellent full-length of a lovely boy. Like the group of children already mentioned, it appears cold in its vicinity to the flaming group of Mr. Page, and the brilliant hues of Mr. Chapman's Powhatan.

102. *Portrait.* S. F. B. Morse. A good honest portrait; well drawn and colored, and perfectly free from trickery of any kind.

105. *The Presentation in the Temple.* R. W. Weir. Cold as Greenland, but a good composition, and carefully finished.

111. *Dumpling Fort, near Newport.* W. G. Wall. A beautiful and striking water scene, capitally executed, and carefully finished. At first a strange impression is produced on the eye by the prevailing amethyst hue of the sky and water, but we believe that it is faithful to nature. Such tints are seen when a storm is coming up.

116. *Cottage Scene.* A. Stevant. Another good little rustic scene, in water color.

122. *View from Fort Lee.* J. Smillie. This artist, we presume, is Mr. Smillie, the engraver. If so, we have another instance of the pencil supplanting the graver with success. This is quite a good picture.

127. *Landscape Composition.* J. W. Casilear. Yet another engraver trying his hand at colors. A first attempt, probably, or nearly so. Too much green again.

130. *Cavalier.* C. Ver Bryck. We find this marked on our catalogue 'good,' but do not remember what it is, or what are its merits.

131. *Portrait of a Lady.* E. D. Marchant. By far the best we have seen from the pencil of Mr. Marchant. Well drawn and colored. A good honest picture.

132. *Landscape.* H. Inman. We like this picturemuch, and should like well to possess it. The figure is rather standing up to be looked at, but the water and the foliage are excellent; the sky is rather too blue for a coming storm.

135. *Portrait of Bishop White.* H. Inman. A fine venerable face. An excellent likeness, to our knowledge. It wants varnish very much.

138. *Portrait.* W. Page. Very good. Coloring natural and honest.

141. *View in the Wyoming Valley.* There is considerable merit in this picture, although it is not a very pleasing one. The subject is unfortunate; an artist can scarcely give interest to a tame landscape.

147. *Undutiful Boys.* W. S. Mount. A very clever rustic scene. Boys idling their time away, and the farmer stealthily approaching, switch in hand and vengeance in his heated aspect. He looks, perhaps, a little too grim for the occasion. Mount has a fine feeling of the humorous in this rustic line. Another of his, 155, '*Farmers Bargaining*,' is equally good, if not better; the two negociators are whittling away at a great rate, while the very spirit of bargain-making speaks in their countenances, and a patient horse stands near, apparently wondering what they can be talking about so long. In both pictures, every minor adjunct is in the most perfect keeping.

149. *View from Mount Holyoke.* T. Cole. This is really a fine landscape, although at first it does not appear so. It wants to be studied. The formal though singular winding of the river; and the flat level on the right, have an unpleasing effect upon the eye, which soon wears off. The sky is beautiful, and so is the mass of shrubbery in the fore-ground to the left.

164. *The Musician.* G. Margiglia. Very bad indeed. A ghastly lady, all in white, with a figure as upright and as symmetrical as a lamp-post, standing with a very insinuating look before a piano, on which lies a pair of castanets, and *through* which is stuck a harp, holding in her hand a guitar — the lady evidently intending to play on all these instruments at once, and dance with the castanets beside.

167. *The Savoyard Musician.* G. W. Flagg. A small study, from the life no doubt, and a very good one.

174. *Portrait of a Child.* R. Peale. Rather milk-and-waterish. Mr. Peale can paint better than this.

185. *Shipwrecked Mariners.* F. Fink. Meritorious, but the sailors need not have been made to look so heroic or so grim.

186. *Portrait of J. J. Astor, Esq.* E. D. Marchant. Very like.

187. *Portrait of Hon. Daniel Webster.* J. Frothingham. Not like at all. Mr. Webster may look as lackadaisical as he is here represented, when he is very ill, but so did we never see him.

193. *Family Group.* J. L. Morton. A good, pleasing composition, and well executed.

194. *The Highlands, from West Point.* Lieut. Eastman, U. S. A. One of the best amateur performances we have ever seen.

202. *The Pedlar.* A. B. Durand. Well grouped. The girl displaying a pattern for a new gown is very good.

214. *Meeting of Marmion and the Lion Herald of Arms.* S. Watson. Mr. Watson's efforts have hitherto been confined, or nearly so, we believe, to portraits of dogs and men. In this attempt at composition, he has succeeded very well, and produced a picture that does him credit.

215. *Young Rip, from Rip Van Winkle.* O. B. Loomis. Quite good. Young Rip's nose is rather red, but he is evidently an inveterate sleeper, like his father.

225. *Sammy the Tailor.* E. F. Williams. Good again; very good. Sammy is clearly in the full tide of inspiration, and the gentleman who took his portrait has done him ample justice.

Our limits are already exceeded, and here we must close.

Foreign Correspondence. — How good and how pleasant a thing it is to hold communion with friends in a foreign land! How grateful the 'white-winged messengers that come commissioned by Friendship with tidings from the absent!' In looking over some of our familiar epistles from abroad, the thought has struck us that we might add to the enjoyment of our readers by abducing an occasional paragraph which should infringe upon no right nor betray no confidence. The following is a passage from a letter dated at Smyrna, 25th February. It is a graphic 'picture in little' of some of the prominent features of the city whence it is written, and is from the pen of one who is an honor to the literature of his country — one whom we need no farther indicate than to say, that the attentive reader of the present number will recognise his hand among its original papers:

'I have been here now nearly five days, having arrived from Malta, where I spent nine days. We encountered a violent storm off the southern capes of Greece, during which our little schooner was knocked 'upon her beam ends.' She shifted her ballast, and it was some hours before she came up to her bearings again. It was rather a narrow escape, and I assure you I was not displeased to find myself on *terra firma* again, though it be among the Jews, Turks, and Christians, the Greeks, Franks, and Armenians of this Babel. It is indeed a Babel, so far as the multitude and confusion of tongues is concerned. Scarcely an individual can be met who does not speak more than one language, and some, nay multitudes, speak five, six, or seven. I have lodgings on one of the widest of the city's narrow and dirty streets. Perhaps when I say 'narrow streets,' you may suppose I mean that they are so narrow that not more than two carriages can pass, abreast. But no; I don't mean exactly that. I paced the open square before the door of Signora Maracini, where I lodge, and found it thirteen feet wide; but it soon grows narrower as you recede either way from the door, till it comes to something like eight or nine feet wide: and this is 'Bond-street' — or perhaps 'Bonne-street' — the good street, by way of eminence. But how then do carriages pass? O no difficulty on that score — there *are* none! Well, *carts* — how do *they* get along? Just as easy — there are no carts! I have n't seen a wheeled thing since I have been in Smyrna. Camels bring goods into the city, from the interior, and Turkish porters transport packages and bales that come by sea. A Turk takes a bale of cotton that weighs four hundred and fifty pounds, or a box of Havana sugar, upon his back, and marches up or down the street with it. That 's the way they do things here; and as for coaches — every man, woman and child is born with his own.

'What direction I shall take next, I know not. I shall probably go up to Constantinople, after the weather gets a little more mild; for here it is yet uncomfortably cold, and Constantinople is much more so. It is now so late, however, that it is not probable I shall go to Syria, and as it is yet colder in Greece than here, I should gain nothing on the score of weather by going there at present. Every body is expecting milder weather soon; and I shall wait here a few days, and be governed in my movements afterward by circumstances as they present themselves.'

Many of our readers will remember a series of papers, published a year or two since in this Magazine, from the pen of Dr. Samuel L. Metcalf, entitled 'Life,' and another on a cognate subject, under the head of 'Molecular Attraction.' These papers having excited much remark and speculation, the subjoined extracts of a late communication from the author will not be without interest to those whose attention has been awakened (through the articles alluded to,) to his favorite subject, the investigation of which he is pursuing in England with characteristic fervor. The letter bears date at London, 26th May. After expressing regret that he had been unable to write to and for us, as he had anticipated, the writer says:

'My only excuse for my remissness is, that I have been so incessantly occupied by laborious and exhausting study as to incapacitate me from discharging even the ordi-

nary obligations of friendship. You have no doubt been much surprised at the long delay of my publication. This has been owing to various causes, but chiefly to the growing magnitude of the task which I have imposed upon myself. Nine months were spent in the examination of authorities, after which came the labor of throwing into form the results of my researches. At three different times my health gave way, from anxiety and over-exertion — for I have met with many discouragements. I have long since given up all hopes of present emolument as the fruit of so much labor. Were I not buoyed up by the consciousness that I am engaged in a great and good cause, which must ultimately triumph, my strength and courage would fail.

'I exhibited a portion of my work to the bibliopole, Murray, last December, who kept it nearly a month, when it was returned with a polite note, stating that it contained so much that was at variance with all the established systems of philosophy, he feared to publish it on speculation. Since that time, I have been engaged in reducing it to such a state of demonstration as must *insure* the establishment of its fundamental principles. When I compare its present state with the papers I communicated to the Knickerbocker, they appear more like dim guesses and aspirations, than sober demonstrations. Nevertheless, they contained the germs of a great revolution in science, however imperfectly developed. At the present moment, I know not whether I shall be able to bring my work before the English public in a suitable manner; but I shall leave no effort untried. That you may be prepared for the worst, I inform you, that the best works of a similar character which have appeared in England for the last twenty-five years have never passed the first edition — (I allude to the Chemical Philosophy of Dalton, and a work of the same title by Sir H. Davy,) — and that no scientific works of the present day command an adequate sale, except those which contain nothing new, such as Arnott's Physics, which yield £2000 per annum. So much for civilized England. I have small hopes of encouragement from the professors of science. Perhaps you are not aware that the Royal Society refused the papers of Franklin a place in their transactions, and that Newton's Optics were handed about from one publisher to another, for two years, before one of them would undertake it!'

A YOUNG and enthusiastic American, of fine parts — who has seen every portion of his own country, and whose heart is replete with all good impulses — now on a tour through Europe, which he visits for the first time, writes us as follows:

'WHAT a wonderful place is London! I am content to be considered 'green,' so that I am permitted to give vent to this exclamation, which in truth I cannot forego — for here am I, pleasantly located in the West End, amid a scene of gayety and splendor that must be seen to be realized. London is *crammed* — and you can partly imagine what the metropolis must be, in the 'fashionable season.' I must first tell you, however, a little of what I have seen on my way hither. Let me begin at Liverpool, with which I shall deal briefly. It is, as a town, the reverse of what I had supposed it to be. To say nothing of its matchless docks, and noble harbor, it is a neat, pleasant city: its streets are somewhat irregular, but the buildings are massive, and generally good. The first un-American feature of Liverpool, is the roast-beef forms and rosy complexions of the mass of the people — the next, the elephant-like horses and enormous carts that thunder through the avenues of the town, reminding one of the custom-house stone-wagons, or the menagerie cavalcade which sometimes rolls through New-York. I visited the 'lions' of the city — and there are many well worthy the observation of the visitor — among which may be mentioned the Theatre, (where I saw Charles Kean play Hamlet surpassingly well,) the Cemetery, the Market, (a mammoth!) the City Hall, with its fine sculpture, etc. After we had tarried in Liverpool many days, so it was that we departed; and of what is to be seen between that city and Manchester, you

can judge as well as I. I took the rail-way — *whiz!* — and we were at the end of our journey. I thought of the phrase, 'They went as if the D — l kicked 'em in end!' Manchester has been described so often, that I shall take the liberty to skip it, with the single remark, that its importance has not been over-depicted by my countrymen. In its way, it is a marvellous place. The country between Manchester and Birmingham is a perfect Eden — interspersed with numerous noblemen's mansions, and their splendid domains — among them, Palmerston Park, Dartmouth Castle, Spring Grove, Stafford Castle, etc. For twelve miles into 'Brummagem,' as far as the eye can reach on either side, is seen a desert of iron and coal pits, with their forests of tall chimneys, surging volumes of smoke and flame into the very clouds, and staining the atmosphere for leagues around. Birmingham is a well-built, but black and dreary city, and you may consider me as having left it, after spending two days in visiting the manufactories, and Lord Thomaston's show-rooms.

'I rapped at the porter's lodge of Kenilworth Castle, (itself a castle,) and 'just as the yellow sun was going,' I stood — *alone* — in the very midst of those renowned ruins: Rooks were screeching forth the desolation of the place; the shades of evening were gathering around me, and the towering walls, overhung every where with the clambering ivy, loomed yet more gigantic than the reality in the solemn twilight. I sat upon the highest accessible point of Cæsar's Tower, and never uttered a more sincere prayer, than that Heaven had made me a painter! Romantic, storied Kenilworth! It scarcely needed the power and imagination of the 'Northern Wizzard' to add to thy attractions. How I cursed Cromwell, as I left the scene of his depredations!

'Of my visit to Warwick Castle — its pictures, vase, curiosities — the superb view from the top of the tower, etc., — I may tell you hereafter. For the present, let me take you with me, five miles, to Stratford-upon-Avon — that intellectual Mecca of millions of pilgrims. The voluble old landlady of the Red-Horse Inn placed us in the very room in which Washington Irving wrote his description of Stratford, in the Sketch-Book — a circumstance at which I was not a little delectated. Irving's name is mentioned with the utmost respect and gratitude — and well it may be, for he has brought much moneys from the pockets of his countrymen into the 'Red-Horse' coffers. 'Shakspeare's House' is a low, old-fashioned two-story cottage, with a large window swung up, resembling a butcher's stall. I could not for a long time realize that I was in the room — that I sat in the same chair — in which Shakspeare wrote, and reposed. Three old carved chairs, a curious old-fashioned chest of drawers, an antiquated half-circle cupboard in one corner, three ancient pictures, and a bust of the immortal bard, make up the furniture of the apartment. The first thing shown us by 'the garrulous old woman, in false hair,' was the name of Washington Irving on the wall — next, Scott's — then Hackett's, to which are affixed some very clever humorous lines, which you have doubtless seen. It was not till after a long search, that I found a clear space on the wall sufficiently large to write my name; and the only hope I have of its ever meeting the eye of a friend or an acquaintance, is its proximity to that of the author of the 'Sketch-Book.' It is something to have stood upon the same boards that Shakspeare trod — where Scott, Byron, Irving — kings and princes — have worshipped — the very walls and boards made sacred, by one

> ——— 'whose fame holds in
> This orb o' the earth.'

'After visiting his grave in Stratford church, I went to bed, to give life and reality in my dreams to the shadows I had conjured up from the 'Shakspeare gallery' of my imagination during the day.

'I left Stratford with regret — for I could have tarried a month. A few hours' posting brought us to the 'Hen and Chickens' in Oxford, whence I sallied out to survey the town. I shall attempt no description of it — for it is a city of scholastic castles and palaces. Gorgeous architecture, of all possible orders, meets you at every turn, and

hoary Antiquity gazes at you from the past. I was fortunate in arriving at Windsor Castle just as the royal equipage, containing their Majesties the King and Queen drove up from London. Of the castle itself, I reserve a description until I see you.

'I never shall forget my entrance into London. It was an epoch in my life. About two o'clock in the afternoon, while we were yet thirty or forty miles from the metropolis, a friend pointed out to me an indication of its 'whereabout.' A little above the horizon, and as far in the distance as I could strain my vision, lay a long line of watery-looking cloud, like the first faint distant view of the Blue Ridge, in Pennsylvania, seen when the early morning light touches it in October. This was the smoke-cloud that always overhangs London, be the day never so fine or clear — a cloud, the extent and 'volume' of which may be gathered from the fact, that vegetation is earlier by a fortnight on the west and south-west sides of the metropolis, than at the northern and eastern sides — a circumstance alone attributable to the severity of the north and north-east winds being mitigated in their passage over London, by the smokes belched from a million of coal-fires into the hazy air. About ten miles from London, the carriages, wagons, carts, indeed vehicles of every description, began to thicken — and every eminence of the highway that overlooked a long onward reach of the road, showed the mass denser and more dense, as it neared the metropolis. 'And this is London, is it not?' said I, as we entered upon a broad, continuous street, and saw others commencing on either side. 'Not yet — wait a bit,' said the bluff, alderman-like coachman. We rose a slight ascent: '*That* is London!' said the driver, with conscious pride, as he pointed with his whip — 'there's the *village!*' I turned my head — for with boyish eagerness I had been looking right and left — and before me lay the British metropolis, spread all round to the horizon in every direction — a thousand domes, towers, steeples, and turrets piercing the dim atmosphere — St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, the Tower, among them — a wilderness of architecture, thirty miles in circumference! It was a sight to be *seen*, but it defies description: he is not a wise man who attempts it — and I forbear. My sheet is full — so, 'particulars hereafter.'

The Indian Gallery. — The noble collection of Indian portraits — one hundred and fifteen in number, from eighteen distinct tribes — which has been open for exhibition during the month at the Washington Divan, has excited general admiration. The picturesque in human limning was never more strikingly set forth. In connection with this brief reference to a fine collection of art, which we lack leisure and space to notice in detail, we may mention, that Col. M'Kenney and James Hall have now in press in Philadelphia, and will soon publish, a truly splendid work, embracing all the portraits in this collection, engraved in the first style of American art, colored in all respects like the originals, and accompanied by elaborate biographies.

American Periodical Literature Abroad. — It was erewhile a query of our transatlantic neighbors, 'Who reads an American work?' The quotation is somewhat musty, we are aware; but a little circumstance has forced its sententious criticism upon our minds. A late number of the London '*Ladies' Cabinet of Fashion, Music, and Romance*,' (which a prominent weekly contemporary has pronounced a very *recherche* metropolitan publication,) has been placed in our hands, containing no less than *nine* distinct articles from the Knickerbocker Magazine, and each inserted as original in the Cabinet. The following are the articles: 'The Knight,' by Percival; 'Leaves from an Æronaut,' (changed to 'Notes by an Æronaut;') 'Lines written at Sea,' by J. Barber, Esq.; 'Scenes in the East,' by an officer in the American Navy; 'A Musical Soirée,' by Dr. Caruthers, of Virginia; 'The Broken Heart,' by J. Barber, Esq.; 'Sketches in Hol-

land,' by Professor LONGFELLOW; 'Odds and Ends: from the Port-folio of a Penny-a-liner,' (changed to 'Random Sketches in the Metropolis!') and 'The Dream,' by R. S. M'KENZIE, Esq. The most impudent part of the matter, however, is the transformation which many of the articles have been made to undergo, to suit the meridian of London. In the altered 'Odds and Ends,' the streets of New-York are changed to those of the British metropolis, with the coolest impudence in the world. In short, there are in the 'Random Sketches' twenty such amended passages as the following, which we take from the 'Musical Soirée:'

THE KNICKERBOCKER.

'The extent of New-York defies slander and defamation, and you are necessarily compelled to resort to the latest publication — the last imported star at the Park — the Opera — Fanti — Miss Phillips — or perhaps the last number of the Knickerbocker, or the American Monthly.'

THE 'CABINET.'

'The extent of London defies slander and defamation, and you are necessarily compelled to resort to the latest publication — the last imported star — the Opera — Almacks — Miss ——, or perhaps the last number of the Quarterly, Edinburgh, or Monthly Review.'

The circumstance is a little mortifying, that the merit of one or two of the articles named above was not discovered in America, until they were re-printed from an English periodical, when lo! they were straightway widely diffused, through the medium of native city and country journals. *When* shall we learn to think for ourselves?

UNITED STATES' NAVAL LYCEUM. — We have been highly gratified by a recent visit to this new and flourishing institution. It is steadily advancing, both in popularity and means. We learn that during the past year large and valuable additions have been made to the library, of scientific and other works, as well as the periodical publications of the day. The cabinet has been greatly enriched by contributions from officers abroad; Commodore PATTERSON, and J. L. PAYSON, American Consul at Messina, have contributed two fine collections of lava, one from Vesuvius, the other from Ætna. United States' vessels, from all quarters, have brought home something for the Lyceum — antiquities, minerals, shells, etc. The pictorial department has been greatly increased; the late LUMAN REED, Esq. of this city having made a donation of portraits of all the American presidents, from the hands of eminent native artists. A noble corner-stone for the department of statuary has been presented by J. C. HALSEY, Esq., of New-York — a bust of WASHINGTON, from the chisel of GREENOUGH. The *Naval Magazine*, ably edited by Rev. C. S. STEWART, and published under the auspices of the Lyceum, is acquiring a wide circulation, and cannot fail to be advantageous to the interests of the institution, and to the naval service of the republic.

'TALES OF THE WOODS AND FIELDS:' by the author of 'Two Old Men's Tales.' Our readers have surely not forgotten 'Two Old Men's Tales,' one of the best English re-prints of its kind that has been presented to the American public during the last two years. The volume before us is from the hand of the same author, and fulfils the high expectations naturally raised by that excellent work. Although, to our perception, there is no single story equal to 'The Admiral's Daughter,' yet there are the same traits — the same uniformly chaste and simple style — the same beautiful truth and unity — which distinguished that performance. The characters of the author, in an especial manner, are traced with great individuality and distinctness — and the native taste of the writer, disdaining to 'shine, and blaze, and thunder,' or to eke out pages by the aid of expletives or digressions, has gone hand

in hand with nature; and hence his narratives are not adulterated by the modern improvements in works of fiction or sentiment, wherein probability is shocked, and language strained to its utmost tension.

'Louisa Mildmay,' and 'Love and Duty,' are the titles of the two tales which constitute the present volume — of which, though both are good, the first impresses us the most favorably. The great length to which our *Original Papers* have extended, prevents the insertion of several extracts, and critical and illustratory comments thereon, which were in type, in connection with the preceding remarks. They would far exceed our allotted limits, upon which we have already greatly trespassed.

It may not be amiss to mention, that the edition of SAUNDERS AND OTLEY is in two volumes, of a larger type, and that that of the Messrs. HARPERS was placed in type, handsomely printed and bound, in the space of thirty-six hours! — a despatch unparalleled. In the latter edition, a chapter flaming with abolition and amalgamation has been very wisely omitted.

LITERARY RECORD.

THE 'BIBLE PSALMS.' — Mr. JONES, to whose proposed edition of 'Bible Psalms' we alluded in our number for June, has requested us to present his views in relation to Dr. Watts, which were contained on a concluding leaf of his Prospectus that was not annexed to the specimen upon which the comments of this Magazine were founded:

'It is proper that the author should state, to prevent misapprehension, that he claims a place among the lovers of the poetical effusions of that justly venerated and excellent man, Dr. Watts; and that a great portion of his Psalms and Hymns will be found incorporated into this work, should it ever make its appearance. Such of his Psalms as are sufficiently conformable to the text, will still hold their places. Others that are more foreign, will be incorporated into the Hymns, which are intended to be responses to the Psalms. His Hymns will appear under their proper heads among the Spiritual Songs. An eminent author remarks upon Dr. Watts's Psalms, that 'they appear in general to contain such reflections as would naturally arise in a pious mind upon reading the Psalms, rather than the Psalms themselves.' Many of them are indeed very beautiful, when considered merely as poetical productions, which, at the same time, ought not, in justice to the Bible, to pass for David's Psalms. I cannot expect that my feeble voice will be heard very far against the tide of influence which I am perfectly aware is against me. Several new works have appeared within the last few years, and two within the last six months, that purport to be improvements upon Dr. Watts, in which we find stated what were his leading defects. Still the difficulties that we have alluded to are passed unnoticed. His want of uniformity of accent, his prosaic lines, and the like, are censured with some severity. But his frequent digressions from the sacred text, interpolations of foreign subjects, and imagery, seem not to have caused a regret.'

A NEW AMERICAN NOVEL. — The BROTHERS HARPER have in press a novel, in two volumes, from the capable author of 'The South-west, by a Yankee,' (Professor INGRAHAM, of Mississippi,) which, judging from those portions which we have perused, will find, we think, abundant favor with the author's countrymen. It is entitled 'Lafitte, the Pirate of the Gulf.' The scene is laid in New-Orleans and the Gulf of Mexico. Several eminent historical characters are introduced; the *time* in which its action is embraced is short, and includes the battle and siege of New-Orleans; and the scenes are laid in the city, during the reign of martial law. Some idea of the *manner* of the volumes may be gathered from the three 'Scenes,' elsewhere in this Magazine. The work will be published, before the close of the month, simultaneously in London and New-York. It is, we understand, to be dramatized by Miss MEDINA, who has acquired wide repute for talent and skill in dramatic literature.

VALUABLE BOOKS OF INSTRUCTION. — The public have recently been much indebted to Messrs. KEY AND BIDDLE, Philadelphia, for the publication of many works of standard value. Two recent issues from the same press are worthy of particular praise — namely, a 'Manual of Classical Literature, from the German of J. J. Eschenburg;' by N. W. FISK, Professor of Languages in Amherst College — a comprehensive *text-book*, of more than six hundred pages, in the department of classical literature and antiquities — and Oswald's Etymological Dictionary, a work in which those unacquainted with the learned languages may ascertain with clearness and precision the true and radical signification of words derived from foreign languages. The words are arranged according to their *genera*, and under their respective roots.

GERMAN LITERATURE. — We have rarely seen an equal amount of fact and judicious criticism condensed so clearly into so brief a space, as in a neatly-printed pamphlet before us, entitled, 'A Lecture on German Literature; being a sketch of its history from its origin to the present day: delivered by request before the Athenæum Society of Baltimore. By GEORGE H. CALVERT, translator of Schiller's 'DON CARLOS.'' The first paragraph is but a fair sample of its style — and its sententious English would strike the most indifferent reader. We commend this Lecture to the German student, and the lover of German literature, as worthy alike of perusal and preservation.

TRAVELER'S GUIDE. — Mr. DISTURNELL has performed good service to the public, in the issue of a small pocket-volume, called 'The Traveler's Guide through the State of New-York, Canada, etc. — embracing a General Description of the city of New-York, the Hudson River Guide, and the Fashionable Tour to the Springs and Niagara Falls; with Steam-boat, Rail-road, and Stage-routes.' The work is accompanied by correct maps, and embellished with two good engravings of the new University and of Masonic Hall, Broadway.

HISTORY OF TEXAS. — Messrs. J. A. JAMES AND COMPANY, Cincinnati, and HOWE AND BATES, New-York, have published a 12mo. volume of upward of three hundred pages, entitled, 'The history of Texas, or the Emigrant's, Farmer's, and Politician's Guide to the character, climate, soil, and productions of that country; geographically arranged, from personal observation and experience. By DAVID B. EDWARD, formerly Principal of the Academy, Alexandria, (La.,) late preceptor of Gonzales Seminary, Texas.' Such a work, at the present moment, is calculated to supply an important desideratum.

GRAY'S BOTANY, a handsome volume of some four hundred pages, illustrated by very numerous and well-engraved wood-cuts, has just been issued by the Messrs. CARVILLS AND COMPANY. It indicates great industry and research, and is simply written. It is divided into seven chapters, under the following heads: On the organs of vegetation in flowering plants; on nutrition in flowering plants; of the organs of re-production in flowering plants; of flowerless plants; of the classification of plants; with a 'Glossology,' and directions for collecting and preparing plants for the Herbarium.

'GALLERY OF AMERICAN PORTRAITS.' — A small volume, in the plain outward garb of Webster's Spelling Book, but not the less attractive in its contents, which are devoted to brief histories of most of the prominent public men of this country, many of which were formerly published by the author — GEORGE WATERSTON, Esq., — in a little work entitled 'Letters from Washington,' ostensibly written by a British nobleman to his friend in England. The work has reached its third edition. Washington: FRANK TAYLOR.

'Western Literary Journal and Review,' is the title of a new monthly publication, issued on the 1st ultimo at Cincinnati, under the editorial supervision of William D. Gallagher, Esq., a young poet of very clever parts, of whom favorable mention has frequently been made in these pages. The 'Journal' bears evidence of both industry and talent; it has, however, a powerful rival in the 'Western Monthly Magazine,' conducted by James Hall, Esq., a terse, vigorous, and well-known writer.

'Russia and the Russians.' — Messrs. Carey and Hart have just published in one volume, 'Russia and the Russians,' or a Journey to St. Petersburg and Moscow, through Courland and Livonia — with characteristic sketches of the people.. By Leitch Ritchie, Esq. It is an interesting volume, but not uniformly well executed. It strikes us as an enlargement, merely, of the Russian descriptions contained in the Picturesque Annual for 1836, of which Mr. Ritchie was the editor.

Mr. Barnard's Address before the Albany Institute. — We have perused this Address with unqualified pleasure. It goes over the whole ground of popular education, and in language nervous and concise, enforces arguments founded on sound principles, and on a just perception of the evils that exist in prevailing systems of public instruction. It is beautifully printed, and will command general applause.

'Watkins Tottle, and other Sketches.' — Messrs. Carey, Lea and Blanchard have not misjudged in the publication of this exceedingly clever volume. The writer has drawn copious supplies from wells of unadulterated humor; his observation of men and things, moreover, is acute and discriminating; and he possesses an unusually felicitous power of communicating his impressions to the reader. Long live 'Boz!'

Philadelphia Book. — The 'Boston Book' would seem to have suggested the idea of this work, which is a collection of well-known and popular articles, from the pens of native or resident Philadelphians. There are several old favorites from Dennie, Hopkinson, Brown, and others, which have lost none of their attractions by age. Key and Biddle.

May Martin, or the Money-Diggers. — This is a re-publication, in a small volume, of a prize-tale, written some time since for the New-England Galaxy, and subsequently widely circulated in the journals of the day — a proof that its merits have not been unappreciated. Montpelier, Vermont: E. P. Walton and Son.

'Random Recollections of the House of Lords.' — The favor with which 'Random Recollections of the House of Commons' was received by the British public induced the speedy publication of the present volume. It bears evidence of the haste with which it was prepared, in its great inferiority to its predecessor.

Convents. — Messrs. Van Nostrand and Dwight have published a small volume of some two hundred pages, entitled 'Open Convents: or Nunneries and Popish Seminaries dangerous to the morals, and degrading to the character of a republican community. By Theodore Dwight.' We have found no leisure to peruse it.

'My Aunt Pontypool' is the title of a novel, an English re-print, in two volumes, from the press of E. L. Carey and A. Hart. Receiving it late, our perusal has been but cursory. It has impressed us as a work much above the ordinary run of English fictions.

'SKETCHES OF A SEA-PORT TOWN.'—Two pleasant, readable volumes enough, but not remarkable for any great display of *genius*, strictly speaking. The sketches are various — now lively and gossiping, anon spirited or pathetic; and there are occasional episodical disquisitions of merit. The work is better than most of the commonplaces which the small authors of England seem so feverishly anxious to empty into the capacious lap of the American public.

BYRON. — The twelfth number of DEARBORN'S renowned 'Library of Standard Literature' contains the third volume of Byron's works, and embraces Childe Harold, The Giaour, The Bride of Abydos, The Corsair, Lara, The Siege of Corinth, Parisiana, The Prisoner of Chillon, Beppo, and Mazeppa. A superb likeness of the noble poet, while yet a boy, embellishes the volume.

SCOTT'S WORKS. —The seventh volume of Messrs. CONNER AND COOKE'S 'Complete Works of Walter Scott' contains his life of Napoleon Bonaparte, with various corrections of the text, and additional notes, left in two interleaved copies of the work, by the author himself.

BULWER'S WORKS. —The seventh and eighth volumes of HARPERS' fine uniform edition of Bulwer's works contain 'Devereux' and 'The Student.' Each volume is illustrated by two engravings — the second, from paintings by Chapman, one of which (the Lonely Man,) is an excellent effort.

SALUTATORY.

WITH the present number commences a new volume of this Magazine. The proprietors, mindful of the liberal favor with which the work has been received at the hands of the public, would embrace the occasion to say, that enhanced attraction will be given to it, in a precise ratio with the increase of its circulation. It has been their steady aim to present a periodical which should be worthy the support of the American people — one in which they might have a just pride. A distinguished native statesman has said, in relation to that literature which it is the design of this Magazine to assist in rendering honored at home and respected abroad, that 'it is the graceful ornament of civil liberty, and a happy restraint on the asperities which political controversies sometimes occasion. It is an embellishment of society, and diffuses positive good throughout the whole extent of its influence.' It is a gratifying feature in the intellectual aspect of this republic, that these sentiments are every day becoming more general; and the day is not distant when our people, in an equal degree with those of England and Scotland, will evince, by their enlarged support of indigenous literature of merit, how much, in their estimation, it has to do with the real repute and glory of a nation. When it is stated, in connection with an acknowledgment of similar previous success, that within the last month one hundred and seven voluntary subscriptions have been added to the list of this work — (including, however, a dozen or more from London,) — the reasonable ground upon which the anticipations above expressed are founded will become apparent.

'EDITORS' DRAWER.'—Several articles and parts of articles — including a rejoinder of 'JUNIUS, JR.' to Rev. Dr. BEASLEY — prepared for this department, are delayed until a future number.

THE KNICKERBOCKER.

VOL. VIII. AUGUST, 1836. No. 2.

ORGANIC REMAINS.

NUMBER ONE.

If, in tracing the progress of human knowledge, we observe any one department which, more than others, involves important and general consequences, in respect to the condition and relations of mankind, geology claims that distinction. While it reveals to our view and for our use the most valuable resources of nature, it directs our inquiries with no less advantage, to those physical laws which most vitally affect our moral sentiments. To *Fossil Geology*, in particular, are we indebted, individually and collectively, for those subterranean treasures which have ever been considered the great and enduring elements of social and national prosperity. But for the metals and the immense coal deposits of England, a maximum would long since have been reached in her manufactures — the pride of her people, and the foundation of all she now boasts as a nation. To geology is she equally indebted for the analysis and improvement of her soils, sustaining with comparative ease her dense population. Not less — nay even more — are we indebted to this subject for the development of those vast yet half-explored sources of wealth, which now distinguish America, and which, for untold ages, will make us the most numerous and happy people on earth.

Fossil geology embraces all those valuable and interesting inquiries and discoveries which have presented to our wonder and admiration so many organic remains, in both the animal and vegetable kingdoms. The vegetable origin of coal being no longer doubted, all inquiries into its characteristics and formation cannot be otherwise than highly useful and pleasing. The extraordinary animal organic remains also, which have been brought to light by fossil geology, will be no less valuable and interesting.

Independent of the importance which this subject assumes, as the medium of communication with the hidden natural resources of our globe, it opens to our admiring gaze the direct and only communication with an infant world. Looking through the media of those animal and vegetable fossils which have been thus presented to us, we are enabled to see into the economy of primeval time. We behold Nature busy in moulding with her plastic hand the future residence of man. We behold organic life successively starting into birth. At first, all is simple, yet admirably adapted to the functions and the spheres of the newly created beings. The zoophitic family, partaking alike of the two kingdoms about to be organized, and destined to inhabit the young mun-

dane orb, first slowly come into life. Thence we trace the grades of condition and organic perfection through the various orders of beings, the genera and species, the names of which, however entertaining when associated with their peculiarities of form and character, would here be useless. A new order of geological formations then comes into existence, for the first residents on our virgin planet. In the phenomena of this arrangement, we perceive great commotion to have taken place, and the young tenants of our world to have taken various and anomalous positions from the agitations which ensued. Amid the confusion resulting from the transition of the earth from an uninhabitable to an inhabitable state, we observe the wreck, as well as the creation, of the first series of organized beings. They have gone down, as we may do, to mark a period in the history of a then young, but now waning world. The primary elements of the successive formations retained not a solitary memorial of life, and at this day they present little else than their cold, forbidding aspect to the sight of man. As if to show to the 'last and the best' of those beings which had been reared on the bosom of Nature their origin and destiny — or to look abroad, from the summits of their high places over the fair face of creation, and watch the stirring worlds of life upon it.

From the beginning of existence, thus far removed from the present surface, all the way upward to man, it is then the great and interesting task of fossil geology to unfold.

While by the generous influence of science is spread out to every variety of taste a rich feast of thought, and while the only result of scientific truth is to make us wiser and happier, it is painful to observe the fixed determination of some men, even at this enlightened time, to oppose its spirit, and revile its truths.

Such is the melancholy condition of intellect, unillumed by this and kindred sciences; and hence it is but reasonable to infer that prejudice and superstition are the legitimate offspring of ignorance. Geological science, in its turn, has met with the hate, the contempt, or the ridicule, of those whose preconceived opinions it has confronted. But such opinions have at length given way to philosophical truth, as they ever must. The discovery of organic remains, and the important facts which they disclose, have given birth to the strangest conceits and the most extravagant theories. These have been the result, not only of a desire, but of a firm resolve, to make them cōincident with the Mosaic narrative of the creation.

The discrepancy which was perceived to exist between geological facts and the sacred canon, only served to render these theories the more wild and inconsistent: still it must be confessed that they, as well as all those which have preceded them, for the purpose of refuting plain matters of fact, and continuing certain ancient doctrines, merely because they were ancient, have tended to advance the principles of science, and to hasten the period in which they were to be better understood. Such, in particular, is the case in reference to fossil geology. New discoveries daily added to the dilemma in which its opponents found themselves involved — and they were at length compelled to acknowledge the difficulty. But the desperate resort to cry down the science of geology, and ridicule or undervalue its discoveries, produced an effect opposite to that intended. Investigations multiplied in consequence, and the cu-

riosity of all was vastly increased. The wonder excited at the extraordinary animals brought to light from the darkness of tens of thousands of years, gave the most interesting character to geological research, and inspired a general spirit of inquiry. Following the example of those who had made the futile attempt to destroy the evidences presented by the science, and of those who, with equal earnestness, applied the phenomena which it developed to the illustration of the record alluded to, many later and better men have been engaged in the same useless and unfortunate task.

Dr. Buckland, in his '*Reliquæ Diluvianæ*,' has realized the fulness of all such attempts. After years of research in the production of that work, his favorite theory, establishing a cōincidence between the diluvial formations and the deluge of the Scriptures, is abandoned. The offspring of his fruitless labor is discarded by its own parent. All efforts, therefore, to support a theory in opposition to physical laws, must prove abortive. In the language of a late foreign quarterly review, 'the doctor himself has afforded, in his own writings, a striking example of the danger and impolicy of endeavoring to connect geological theories with the Scriptures;' and 'farther geological investigations have satisfied the doctor that his opinion is untenable, and accordingly he quietly renounces it. But may we not justly fear, that such persons as have been led by the eloquent arguments of the 'Reliquæ' to rely on the supposed geological evidences of the deluge, as strong confirmation of the authenticity of the inspired narrative, may feel their faith rudely shaken, on hearing from the same authority that this fancied corroboration is a fallacy; that the evidence is no evidence at all, and rested on an entire misconstruction of the facts,' etc.

Now that wonder has, in some measure, given place to rational inquiry, the remains of a former world are viewed in reference to natural history, and to the aid which they afford in determining the relative age, order, and character of strata. That this wonder was very naturally excited on beholding what now inspires astonishment, and therefore entitled to apology, must be confessed. We cannot view the massive mountain, composed entirely of shells in a perfect state, or what is still more surprising, whole ranges of mountains made up almost entirely of fine fragments of shells — the result of long attrition, without the strongest emotions. Here are seen myriads of animal exuvia, once enclosing organic life at the depths of the ocean; perfect in themselves, and sporting in the fulness of that enjoyment for which animal life is so wisely adapted; now comminuted, and composing immense mountain ranges, upward even to the height of thirteen thousand feet above the surface of their former element.

Nor is it a matter of surprise, that vague theories should have been originated to account for these extraordinary formations, since those theories were necessarily made conformable to the commonly received opinion in regard to the age of our planet. The moment these preconceived opinions were abandoned, however, geology, and all the wonders which it developed, took an elevated rank, and speculation on the subject was mainly guided by its facts.

During the periods of ignorance, and the early observations to which we refer, the fossil remains of elephants and other huge animals, which were then found in the alluvial formations, were supposed to be the

relics of giants, and their preservation was attributed to inhumation. Poetry and sacred and profane history were therefore consulted for an explanation of the mystery. Still, difficulties were encountered, and particularly on the discovery of fossil teeth, and other bones evidently belonging to extinct quadrupeds. These ultimately resulted in the study of comparative anatomy: but previous to this, a variety of crude notions may be supposed to have prevailed. It is related by a Franciscan monk, that he saw the bones of a man in Mexico so large, that the person to whom they belonged must have been eighteen feet in height. Another describes grinding-teeth ten inches high and five broad; from which he infers, that the heads of the giants, out of which they had fallen, were so large that they could not be embraced by two men with their arms. Entire skeletons are also said to have been found, of huge dimensions. One of these was discovered in Dauphiny, twenty-five feet in length, with the head five feet long, and ten feet in circumference. These impostures — though they indicate a more extraordinary cerebral development than modern phrenologists are disposed to admit — remind us of a skull we saw in Cincinnati, and taken two or three years since, from one of those remarkable mounds of earth at Chillicothe, containing human bones, which measured more than twenty-seven inches in circumference. Some of the marvellous accounts related may have been errors, as the names of the narrators lead us to conclude; yet the bulk of them originated in a disposition to play the wonderful, not less prevalent now, perhaps, than formerly.

One of these authors (Mons. Le Cat,) relates that two skeletons were found near Athens, one of which measured thirty-six feet and the other thirty-four feet in height. Two others were likewise found, it is said, in Sicily, one measuring thirty-six and the other thirty feet in height. In Spain another was discovered, twenty-two feet in length. The same author mentions still another, found at Rouen, the skull of which held a bushel of corn! The tibia bone of this giant was four feet long, and the whole height seventeen feet. To establish, beyond doubt, the verity of this account, the veracious writer says that the name of his hero was 'the Chevalier Ricon de Valmont,' and this name was inscribed on his tomb.

To the extraordinary plastic power of Nature were many fossil remains attributed, but lately, by Platt, Ray, Lister, and others. Fossil shells, for instance, were *lapides, sui generis.* This *vis formativa* and *vis lapidificativa* were most accommodating properties, and admirably suited to the extent of research, and the intellectual caliber of these authors. Among the most curious advocates of this *vis plastica*, was Langids, who, in his '*Historia Lapidum Figuratorum*,' maintained that certain kinds of matter possessed a delegated power, peculiarly adapted to the performance of these marvellous functions. This will hardly be supposed to partake less of the wonderful, than the Giantology of Hernandes and others, to which we have alluded. Swift made both of these the subjects of his humorous criticisms, as will be seen by the descriptive scenes of Brobdignag.

A still more ludicrous attempt at a philosophical solution of the origin of fossil exuviæ, was by supposing them to have been produced by the evaporation of the seeds of fishes and shells into the atmosphere, and from thence deposited, by means of rains and dews, in the fissures of the

earth. Here, by some unaccountable elaboration — partaking, however, of both the animal and vegetative processes — they grew, and assumed forms determined by their semina. The germinating power was communicated by the mineral properties — yet, however hard and unmanageable the character of the mineral substance, the animal principle was graciously allowed, by this theory, to determine its own form — a distinction that modern physiology refuses to allow our poor vegetative natures. It was supposed that stones vegetated according to certain laws, somewhat like crystallization, and that the structure of the fossil was determined by the vital principles, or the prototype, inherent in the seed. These seeds were the medium of communication, and the connecting link, between the organic and inorganic creation — the primitive materials prepared by the same plastic hand of nature for the propagation of animated and analogous existences.

However crude and unphilosophical these theories, they were supported by many distinguished names: nor are some of the present times, on other subjects, less strange and irrational. But, in reference to geology, or natural history, men have rapidly advanced. Botany, zoology, mineralogy, and comparative anatomy, are now included among the studies of the geologist. While geological science brings to light the animal and vegetable remains of an ancient world, a knowledge of kindred sciences enables us to determine their character, their situations, their species, and even their habits. How wide and how interesting, then, is the field of the geologist! Though but of comparatively recent origin, geology has done more to enlarge our minds, and to discover our relations with the animal creation, than all other physical sciences combined. This is the fortunate result of a department of that science, properly denominated *fossil geology*. There is, indeed, no branch of human knowledge which displays more important facts, or which, from the extraordinary character and novelty of those facts, is calculated to excite more intense interest, or produce a more lively curiosity, than this subject. Its range is immense, and its materials throughout fascinating. Every day discovers new sources of attraction and usefulness. Its votaries are every where enthusiastically engaged in successful researches, in disclosing, to our surprise, the wonders of primeval organic life — in discovering the relations of extinct and existing species, and in enlarging our conceptions of supreme wisdom, and the laws by which it is manifested.

In the branches of fossil ichthyology, conchology, ornithology, etc., the advancement of the science has been rapid beyond the example of any other. The devotion of Agassiz, Deshays, and others, serve to increase that of all admirers of the subject. Cuvier, that giant in natural history, has performed wonders in comparative anatomy, more surprising than the fabled personal exploits of Hercules. But to enumerate those who have been eminent in fossil geology, would be impossible, if not useless. The names of such will endure with their discoveries.

The geographical extent of the field which has developed these organic remains, is comparatively very limited. The basins of London and of Paris are the principal stages on which have been represented some of the doings of an infant creation. These districts, with Italy, parts of England, Germany, Spain, and America, comprise quite all of the territorial surface yet explored. How extensive is the field still

before us, and how rich may not that field be, in all that is calculated to awaken our attention, and benefit human kind! The vast continent of America, already discovered to abound in the most remarkable organic remains, as well as valuable earthy salts, rich deposits of coal and useful metals, is in view, and what may it not bring to light? Its geological character is of the most interesting kind, and it has very justly elicited the admiration of European geologists.

With so little known, and yet so much interest so justly excited, on the subject of fossil geology, we anticipate the most splendid results from future investigations.

In treating this subject, divisions are necessary. As we have glanced at some of the opinions of former theorists — for they cannot claim the title of geologists — we will, after some preliminary definitions, trace the progress in the discovery of fossil substances, and notice the extraordinary character, size, and structure, of the remains hitherto discovered, with the equally important facts and conclusions which they present.

Notwithstanding the researches which have been made, it would be absurd to suppose that they were yet sufficiently conclusive to afford the necessary materials for a complete theory of the earth, or the formation of its crust. By tracing the history of organic life, we are enabled to form rational and plausible opinions of the inorganic. Hence our subject, above all others, is valuable in determining the history of our planet. It is known, indeed, by it alone, that its age, instead of being six thousand years, may be as many millions. Certain it is, also, that the commonly adopted opinion is far, very far, from being correct, not only as it regards the duration of the earth, but the existence of animal and vegetable beings. While the remains of organic bodies are found to have been deposited far down in the range of stratified rocks, amid the early elements of our globe, and while they are traced from thence through all the series of strata, and their successive changes, to the broad day of its surface, we are enabled to draw, by strict comparisons and inquiry, such inferences, and to form such conclusions, as throw a blaze of light on the history of the animal and vegetable kingdoms. In all this range, we no where find man, his analogue or semblance; but every where do we observe the gradually progressive condition and organization of animals, quite up to the lord of the creation. The botanist and zoologist are associated with the geologist in these researches and conclusions, and they are alike interested in making the important inquiry, 'How many species and genera of animals and vegetables are extinct? — how many are new, or have their analogues, among fossil remains? — and what have been the climates or fluids which they have inhabited?'

That the climate of the temperate zones, in which most of these remains have been found, has undergone essential changes, there cannot now be any doubt; for the most remarkable of both vegetable and animal fossils prove them to have been residents of a torrid zone, or of a climate even much warmer than that now between the tropics. The geological phenomena which we know to have taken place since the beginning of our world, serve to guide us in arriving at some satisfactory conclusion on this point. Physical geography, to which these changes are more immediately referable, also proves a necessary

correspondence between the climate of our globe and superficial changes. These changes have been great and continuous. As land has, from time to time, prevailed over the old dominion of the waters, meteorological phenomena have been correspondingly influential, and a reduction of temperature has undoubtedly followed such changes. An age is sufficient to convince us that the encroachment of land on the water is progressive, particularly in the temperate region — for it is here that our own observation, though but a speck in the illimitable expanse of time, comes to the aid of historical truths.

It is an important fact, and a fundamental principle of geological science, that the same causes now prevail which characterized the distant periods of our world's existence; that similar phenomena continue to be manifested which have produced such mighty revolutions on the exterior of our planet; that what has occurred, may again occur, or be reversed; the lofty mountain, towering in magnificence and solemn grandeur up to the cold and dark regions of silence and death, may bow down its proud head to the very depths of oceanic stillness and gloom. The hidden caves of submarine midnight may, in their turn, be lifted up high above the peering summits of Teneriffe, Mont Blanc, or the head of the immeasurable Himalaya. The tenants of the 'deep, deep sea' may suddenly take their habitations midway in air, or the innumerable small things of life — 'poor pensioners on the bounty of an hour' — basking for the moment in the sun-lit ray, may as suddenly sink from the mountain's side, or the pleasant plain, to the hollow concaves of an unfathomable sea. Even man, with all his possessions and panoply of life — his domains, his joys, and his peerless mind — may all, in one fell swoop, be forever ingulphed in some dark and tumultuous abyss. These things having been, may yet be. Our own recollections of the past, with the scenes of Lisbon, of Caraccas, and Callabria in view, remind us of the possibility of the future.

To these subterranean causes are we indebted for the presentation of the various and innumerable marine fossils, in mountain masses, which are strewed throughout our terrene sphere. Upheaved, as they have been, by volcanic action, we find genera and species, to which we were strangers, singularly imbedded and commingled. We find them on the soil which gave them alike existence and death. We find them alternating with those of different specific and generic characters, of land and of marine animals. We find them now masses of stone, yet as they were, in form and action, when overtaken by the embodying substances. We find them of the most gigantic size, and of the most anomalous characters: some with organs fitted alike for air, land, or water. We find those which inhabited water only, now the indurated tenants of the solid rock. We find those which died, as they lived and moved, on the soft surface, now immured far down in the rocky mountain; those which moved and died horizontally beneath the sea, now forming parts of high and immense vertical cliffs. We find those which were deposited in deep and horizontal beds, now enclosed in elevated strata, at high angles, and irregularly disposed. We find them thickly inhabiting some kinds of rocks, while in others they are never found; those which were inhabitants of one particular climate and location, transported to other climates and other parts of the world. We find them entangled and accumulated in alluvia, by seas, lakes, and

streams, which have long since disappeared; those which were exclusively marine, occupying the same alluvial formation with land animals. Indeed, the various and anomalous relative positions in which organic remains are now discovered — their immense numbers, and, to us, strange formations — admit of no definitive description, nor even an enumeration. We shall allude, however, in an ensuing number, to some of the probable causes which have been instrumental in effecting the changes, the depositions, and entombments of some of these fossil bodies, and sketch a limited description of their extraordinary forms and character — and shall content ourselves, thereafter, with the establishment of the general fact, that this planet of ours has undergone numerous and astonishing revolutions.

AMERICAN ANTIQUITIES.

What though they tell thee thou hast nought,
Young land of beauty, to bear back,
Through crumbling arch and fane, our thought
To Time's long hallowed track;
That thine antiquity begun
When other lands were growing old —
Thy name unwon, till Spain's bold son
Came to thy shores for gold:

Heed not the imputation thrown
So rashly on thy rising fame;
Each giant cone of thine was known
When Rome was but a name;
Each glorious stream which bears its foam
To the Atlantic's deep repose,
Was known and named before a dome
On Tiber's banks arose.

His bow had many a warrior bent,
In deadly conflict or the chase,
Whose long descent was closely blent
With Israel's royal race;
And many a sage had made his grave
By Niagara's ceaseless roar,
Ere Cæsar's legions crossed the wave
To Albion's chalky shore.

What are the castle's turrets gray,
Clothed with the moss of centuries ten —
Or what the scenes of fierce affray
Between half savage men?
Point thou to hill and river vast
Rife with the deeds of glory's day,
Mute but because the muse hath cast
Their memories away.

What are the pyramids which tower
High o'er old Egypt's sandy plain,
Those altars to Oblivion's power,
Which Time hath swept in vain?
Thou too — if aught of praise redounds
From home of death and mourning stone —
May'st boast thy mounds — the burial-grounds
Of heroes long unknown.

When Israel's tribes were captive led
To Gozan's deep and distant tide,
Far from the oppressor's hand they fled
O'er many a desert wide;
And many a foamy stream they passed,
And many a forest wandered through,
And trod at last the barriers vast
By Behring's waters blue.

But islands, since by fire subdued,*
In ceaseless chain before them lay,
And o'er the flood on rafts of wood
They took their untried way,
And pressed those shores before untrod
By mortal foot, since time began,
Alone — deserted by their God —
Deserting tyrant man.

And though full many an ancient rite
Of sacrificial laws they bore,
Preserved through Error's gloomy night,
To that far distant shore,†
Its end and spirit were forgot,
Its lifeless form they held alone,
For they had brought no record fraught
With Inspiration's tone.

And thus they lost that art which bids
Defiance to the tooth of Time,
When mounds and sculptured pyramids
Forget the tale sublime;
And the exciting deeds, which filled
The space of full two thousand years,
Lie unrevealed, in darkness sealed,
Where never ray appears.

Long else had been the scroll of Fame
Thy storied muse had handed down —
Else should thy lengthened annals claim
Antiquity's renown;
Lament it not — in every age
Too long the tale of woes and crimes —
Would that the sage had torn the page
He traced in ancient times!

Happy unhistoried art thou —
Happy that thought may soar away
Where but Conjecture tells her how
Transpired the former day.
Fancy still paints with fairer hues
Than Time and Truth, old artists stern —
Better the deeds of old to lose,
Than blush the tale to learn.

Dorchester, (Mass.) J. H. C.

* The Fox Islands, some degrees South of Behring's Straits, all bear traces of volcanic action: some of them are extinct volcanoes.

† The religious ceremonies of many of the Indian tribes still bear a striking and wonderful resemblance to the institutions of the Mosaic economy.

MY FRIEND'S MANUSCRIPT.

BY MRS. SEDGWICK, AUTHOR OF 'EDUCATION OF YOUNG LADIES,' ETC.

'STRANGE that all who dwell in the Temple of Nature should not be worshippers of Nature's God! Strange that all who live in this beautiful world, should not remember that they are treading *His* courts, and be mindful to have clean hands and pure hearts.' Such were, I conjectured, the thoughts of my friend, Henry Foster, as I found him one evening, just at sunset, leaning over his gate, and viewing the beautiful landscape which lay spread out before him.

'Stanley,' said he, as I approached, 'how is it that we all think so little of the mystery of our being, and are so little moved by the idea that we are inhabitants of the *Universe?* The child who builds his house of cobs, and digs his mimic wells, and the man for whom thrones are erected, and palaces reared, seem equally wrapped up in their own petty individuality, and occupied with the little scene in which they move. We go through our daily rounds of pleasure or business — we watch the changes of the seasons — we interest ourselves in the concerns of the neighborhood, and now and then extend our observation beyond it — but we are as insensible as the trees themselves to the grand circumstances of our being. Grovelling in the dust, we forget that we are travelers in the skies — that our earth was perhaps one of 'the morning stars' that 'sang together, when all the sons of God shouted for joy' — that ever since, it has held on its course in company with a heavenly host, sharing the benefit of the wonderful laws which regulate them, and making a part of their glorious community. There is, to my mind,' he added, his fine eye kindling with enthusiasm, 'something peculiarly grand and touching in the single fact of the mariner's compass pointing always to the North star, which seems to me intended as a proof that there is some invisible union between our world and the rest of nature: 't is like holding a sort of intelligence — a mysterious communion — with its remoter limits.'

He would have proceeded, but he saw a smile on my lips, which checked him for a moment.

'Ah, Stanley, you think me a dunce — a madman!'

'You mistake entirely,' I replied: 'shadows of thoughts like these have often flitted across my own mind; and when, by the wand of your eloquence, you called them up — embodying and presenting them in clearness before me — I smiled as I should have done at recognising an old acquaintance: we are indeed a dull race.'

'Yes,' replied my friend, 'what our Saviour said to the Pharisees, when they wished him to rebuke his disciples for their loud tributes of praise, that if 'these held their peace, the very stones would cry out,' might be applied to us. We are mute, while every thing in Nature hath a voice, and 'day unto day uttereth speech.' The mountains look forth a meaning, and the winds whisper it, while the woods wave in assent — it is painted on the clouds, reflected from the bosoms of the streams, breathed from the flowers, and sung by the birds — which is more full of high and holy import than the best thoughts of most of the race of man. What the Arab said when he was asked where he perceived the evidences of a God — that he traced Him by every thing he

saw, as he traced an animal by its footsteps in the sand — is one of the finest comments upon the book of Nature that was ever made.'

'And yet,' I replied, 'though it is thus that the Deity holds intercourse with us, it is a symbolical language he uses, which, though so significant, so beautiful, does not satisfy us like the living voice. There is a hand-writing on the wall of the firmament, as distinctly visible as that which made the knees of Belshazzar smite together; but in constantly beholding it, we forget that it was traced by the finger of God.'

'I know it — I have felt what you express — and have often longed for a more intimate and direct manifestation of the Deity, like that with which He favored the ancient patriarchs; but Moses was obliged to veil his face to the glory which was revealed, and to hide himself when the Lord passed by. Our flesh is the veil to us; and I am inclined to think that God sometimes makes his presence felt as sensibly as our weak nature can bear, and finds means to speak to his children in tones of love or pity, sympathy or reproof, which penetrate their inmost souls.'

Just at this period of our conversation, a little child of three years, her face flushed with health and happiness, came running toward us with a bunch of flowers in her hand. 'Father,' she exclaimed, 'do look at these beautiful flowers. I must kiss you for them. I just got them off the bed you made for me.' So saying, she sprang into her father's arms.

He pressed her in a long embrace to his bosom, and seemed a good deal touched.

'It is God, your heavenly Father, that makes the flowers grow, my darling,' he said to her, 'and I only give you the privilege of calling them your own.'

'I am sure I think he is very good then,' she replied; 'I must be his good little child, and I won't cry because the flowers fade, as little Susan Bacon did.'

She then bounded away again, her father following her with one of those looks which fasten on the object it pursues. When she was quite out of sight, he observed: 'God speaks to me through that child; through her he addresses me in language that sometimes melts my soul within me — sometimes rouses, strengthens, elevates my spirit. At her birth, I felt that she brought me a message from my Maker — that she was a blessing sent by a Father's hand — that through her, he bade me be mindful of my high calling as an immortal being — as an intelligent creature, to whom 'the inspiration of the Almighty had given understanding' — whose existence was now so linked with that of others, that there was no assignable limit to my responsibility; and at the same time that I felt a new and oppressive conviction of duty, it was heightened by the encouragement with which it was accompanied. I looked upon my child, and felt that I could make any effort, practice any self-denial, in the cultivation of that virtue which would descend, by rightful inheritance, to her. Since her mother's death, I have of course felt all this more deeply; I have no longer a divided heart.'

Here his voice failed him — but in the exercise of a self-control, which his excitable and enthusiastic nature rendered peculiarly necessary, he soon recovered himself.

'Stanley,' said he, 'pardon me; our conversation has insensibly led

me to express myself upon subjects to which I do not often allude. But even in our comparatively short acquaintance, I have experienced so much of your sympathy — I have had so much familiar, agreeable intercourse with you, such as circumstances have for some time denied me from every other source, and have found such harmony in our tastes and sentiments, that I have often felt myself impelled to disclose my most secret feelings — and they escape from me as naturally as the pent up stream rushes out when the obstruction is removed.'

Mr. Foster had resided in our village but little more than two years, and previous to that time I had never known him. When he came among us, he had recently returned from England, and brought with him his wife, then in a declining state of health, and a few months afterward she died. He had few relations in this country, but was bound to it by the tie of birth. This fact I knew — but of the particulars of his history I was wholly ignorant, except as he would incidentally mention some of them in our conversations. After that which I have just detailed, he begged me to go in; we passed the evening together — and when I came away, he said to me: 'I believe you do not, to this day, know much of my history; I have been amusing my lonely hours with recalling its prominent circumstances, and weaving them in the form of a narrative. I wanted to preserve some particulars which I feared might fade from my memory, if I should live to advanced life, and also to secure to my daughter some memorial of her parents, in the event of my removal from her by death, while her mind is yet in its infancy, and equally unable to comprehend the past, or retain her impressions of the present. Here is my manuscript; and though, when the idea first suggested itself, I felt a great repugnance to showing it, that is now overcome by the constantly increasing pleasure which I derive from your friendship, and the reflection, that when you know more of me, I shall have more of your sympathy. My life has been marked by no extraordinary circumstances — but I may venture to hope, that to a friend these simple reminiscences will not be altogether uninteresting.'

I thanked him as well as I could, for so touching a mark of confidence, and hurried home as eagerly as if I had been going to see a long absent friend.

I read the manuscript with deep interest. The sacred deposit was left in my hands. My friend died, not many years after, and with the permission of his daughter it is now made public.

THE MANUSCRIPT.

'My paternal ancestors came to New-England with its early settlers, but those on the maternal side did not join the infant colony, until a much later period. My parents resided in one of the New-England villages, and had, by right of inheritance, sufficient property to secure their independence, and enable them to live very pleasantly. My mother gave birth to a large family of children; but all excepting my sister and myself — the two youngest — died in infancy.

'My sister was two years older than myself. She had a peculiar degree of refinement of character and purity of taste, accompanying an ardent imagination and a warm, generous heart. From my con-

stant and intimate association with her, and from our secluded manner of life, it chanced, perhaps, that I had always rather a sentimental, romantic cast of character — as much so as is consistent with great cheerfulness, and even vivacity. There was nothing melancholy in my temperament, but I loved to steal away and watch the moon rising from the summit of a noble mountain, which was one of the dear land-marks of home, and advancing in silent majesty to mid-heaven, and to roam in the woods, and through the fields alone, in a sort of reverie, or with my darling sister, whose taste in these respects accorded with mine. I was fond of books, and, as a school-boy, never found it a task to study, except in the spring, when its soft winds first began to steal over us, and its gay sounds announced the approaching jubilee. Then I felt a sort of fellowship with Nature, which prompted me to forsake all things else for communion with her, and forget for the time that I belonged to a different order, in her kingdom, from the birds or the lambs

'My mother was a woman of a devotional character — most excellent and exemplary; but her mode of conveying religious instruction was in conformity with the usage of the times, rather than with her own unbiassed judgment, and therefore very injudicious. She presented the image of the Deity to the mind, invested with the gravity and austerity of a judge, rather than with the tenderness and benevolence of a parent; she produced such a sentiment toward Him as is felt toward a friend who, though thoroughly excellent in character, is nevertheless cold in his feelings, and severe in his judgments. The effect of this mode of teaching was, however, somewhat counteracted for the time, by my own cheerful, confiding disposition, together with the thoughtlessness incident to the early period of life — while any doubts which might have arisen as to the justice of such a view of the character of God were prevented, by the feeling of entire deference with which I regarded a course of instruction that had my mother's sanction, for whom I felt a respect amounting to reverence.

'She was of a timid, tender nature — distrustful of herself. She *cherished* a self-condemning spirit. She was so thoroughly conscientious — she had such a high sense of duty, and such a low estimate of her moral capacity — that the responsibilities which must always weigh upon a reflecting mind became too momentous to be sustained without injury to her health, which was greatly impaired many years previous to her death.

'Sometimes, in looking back upon my early life, I reflect with pain upon my frequent indulgence, in her presence, of a merry, vivacious spirit; and then again, when I recollect how sometimes my childish pranks and gay conceits would chase away the melancholy of her countenance, and light up a smile there, that smile gleams on me as a bright and beautiful light in the gloomy distance, 'the dusky regions of the past.'

'As we emerged from childhood, my sister and myself had a private teacher, whose mode of instruction was in many respects judicious. It inspired us with a love of general literature and useful knowledge. We had both a decided taste for poetry and classic lore, and I have thought that there might have been something in the peculiarly picturesque situation of our father's house, and the beautiful scenery that surrounded it, which had a tendency to cherish a taste of this kind, and to inspire a

love of Nature, and an intimate feeling of companionship with her, which have never forsaken me, and which have constituted a great deal of the happiness of my life. Even in the intelligent part of creation, an exterior of loveliness is an attraction whose influence is always felt. Unless there is something engaging to the eye in the beings who surround us, we are apt to disregard them, until chance reveals a hidden merit; and why may it not be thus with Nature, that when she presents herself to our daily and familiar observation, in purest loveliness, we feel a charm — a tie that binds us forever?

'Of my scholastic attainments I had nothing to boast; and at the age of fifteen, I was sent to one of the best schools that had yet been established in our youthful country. It was only a day's ride from our village, but I suffered a pang at parting, that those only can know who have lived so entirely at home as to sympathize with the feeling which I had, that I belonged to the soil, and that it was like being plucked up by the roots, to tear myself away. The spirit of youth is, however, proverbially elastic, and mine did not long yield to this depression. I soon found myself in a new scene, whose novelty was not its only recommendation. The gentleman to whose care I was intrusted, and in whose family I lived, was one of those benevolent, fatherly men, whose presence alone is sufficient to constitute a *home-scene;* and I had the good fortune to be associated with some young men who were fine-spirited, intelligent lads. I became an ambitious student, and the sunshine of my life was unclouded, except by occasional intimations, conveyed in my letters, of the increased ill health of my mother. I have since wondered that these did not disturb and alarm me more. I can only account for my infatuation from the fact, that before having had any experience of the serious afflictions of life, the youthful spirit is nearly as insensible to the possibility of their occurrence, as is the child, just learning to walk, to the dangers which attend it at every step.

'At length, however, toward the close of an afternoon, when I had retired to my room for the purpose of writing to my mother, I heard the rumbling of a wagon in the yard, and was directly informed that a man in the kitchen wished to speak with me. My heart instantly began to beat with violence, and my limbs to tremble, though I hardly knew why. But when, in going down the stairs, I caught, through the open door, a glimpse of a well-known face — that of a faithful domestic of my father, who had lived with us until his hair had become gray — I was unable to proceed a step farther, and sank upon the floor. I shall never forget the good creature's sympathy. He passed his arm around me, and raised me up with one hand, while with the other he brushed a tear from his eye. 'Mr. Harry,' said he, 'we will set directly off, and can ride some ways to-night, so that you may yet see your mother, and get her blessing.' As he said this, I sprang to my room, and in five minutes we were on our way home.

'As soon as I was seated in the wagon, I opened a letter which he handed me from my father, saying that my mother had been suddenly seized with a paralytic affection, and that its symptoms were of a very dangerous nature, but that still he did not utterly despair of her recovery. The travelling was very bad; with all the exertion we could make, we did not reach home till the hour of twilight the next evening — and

daily as that hour still returns, it brings with it a tinge of the peculiar sadness, which marked it then.

'As I approached our little village, I heard the bell which, according to a common practice in New-England, is tolled to announce the departure of the spirit from its house of clay. Whether it be a relic of popery, I know not: I had supposed it was of puritanical invention, intended as a means of giving additional effect to the impression of such events, until I afterward found that it was customary in the mother country. Be that as it may, it sounded to me, on this occasion, like my own death-knell.

'When I reached the house, I sought instinctively my sister's room, where I found her in convulsions of grief. We threw ourselves into each other's arms, and sobbed and wept together, until, after the first agitation was over, we began to realize that we were united again, after a long separation, and to feel that there was blessing even in mingling our griefs. Before we parted for the night, we repaired to our mother's room. I had never seen but one person after death, and there were some circumstances associated with the recollection which inspired a feeling of such dread as had prevented my ever looking at another — but it was not sufficient to counteract the heaven-directed impulse which first sends the infant to its mother's breast, and afterward, as the moral and intellectual wants of its nature are developed, still guides to her as to the fountain whence all wants are to be supplied, until at last, when the soul of the mother has fled, it prompts the child to hang lingeringly over her remains, as if to be with her was still the only solace.

'Death sometimes wears an expression which seems as if in mockery of life — but here it had no victory. The countenance was sweet and heavenly, as if the soul, in departing, had lingered there, and left a trace of itself. It was marked by a look of holy serenity, on the memory of which my mind has often reposed, and stilled its inquietudes, when it would find rest no where else. I passed in the chamber of death nearly all the two days that intervened between that time and the funeral. What I felt when dust was committed to dust, I will not attempt to describe. Whoever has buried a beloved mother, has known something of the soul-stricken feeling — the heart-chilling sense of desolation and irremediable loss — which comes over the child when he turns his back upon a mother's grave.

'There is something in the relation of mother and child which nothing else can ever supply. It is a tie that commences with our birth, is nourished with the milk which gives us sustenance, and the feeling of its value and endearment 'grows with our growth, and strengthens with our strength.' It is more *intimate* than the paternal tie, for the mother's province is with her children. She lives for them alone. She is seldom or never absent — she is their fixed and perpetual centre. She views their character, and interprets their conduct, with more indulgence than can be expected in any other relation — an indulgence which is more correspondent to the idea we entertain of the protecting tenderness and benevolence of the Deity, than any thing else that we ever experience. She feels for them as for a part of herself. The most disinterested beings have some portion of individuality; a mother seems to have none, when she views herself in connection with her children.

'After my mother's death, my father thought it indispensable that I should return to complete my year at the school. When I first went there, it was with the purpose of fitting myself for college; but at my own and my sister's earnest entreaties, my father now consented that, at the expiration of the year, I should be placed in a law office in our immediate vicinity. I studied hard, that I might be better able to dispense with a collegiate course, and returned home with a sufficient store of Greek, Latin, and mathematics in my head, to answer all necessary purposes, and save me from mortification. Of course, I now attached myself more than ever to my sister. She was almost my only associate, and we were constantly pursuing some course of reading together, so that to her skilful, judicious guidance I am indebted for following those paths of literature, where the richest treasures are to be gathered. My mother's death had given to this world, and to every thing that surrounded me, a different aspect. It was the first serious sorrow I had ever experienced, and a deadly one. It converted into sources of anxious reflection many things which I had before regarded as mere matters of course. I never thought of murmuring at the dispensation from which I suffered so severely: my early training had subdued my mind into a habit of considering that whatever is, is right — which often is mere habit, I believe — just as much as the unenlightened submission of the lower orders of creation to its lords. But I began to feel my mind disturbed by the amount and the various forms of evil that existed in the world — by the reflection that so many beings seemed formed only to suffer and to die; that so many were necessarily trained up and confirmed in vice, before they were old enough to 'choose the good and refuse the evil.' Books of history and travels occasioned me more unhappiness than amusement. To read of the horrid abuses and iniquities that have been practised among mankind ever since the world began, and to know that even at the present comparatively enlightened period, such an immense proportion of human beings were without the lights, either of knowledge or religion, occasioned a feeling, that it was difficult to reconcile all this with the paternal character of God; and to think of the Supreme Being as divested of that character, was to make the universe worse than a blank. The inquisition — the slave trade — despotism, in every form, oppressing the free heart and spirit of man — and above all, the necessary entailment of vice upon generations, as they rise successively, where vice and ignorance prevail — to see too, how few, even in Christian lands, make of virtue and religion much more than a name — how selfishness wraps up the heart, and passion debases the nature of many who profess the Christian name — these things occasioned me such uneasiness, that I might say with the Psalmist, 'my soul was disquieted within me.'

'I did not communicate my feelings to my sister, because I could not bear to disturb the repose of her mind. My father was a great deal absent from home, and though of an affectionate disposition, had a reserve about him which was unfavorable to that free, confiding intercourse which ought ever to subsist between parent and child. So I kept all these thoughts within my own breast; but was unhappy at the feeling of estrangement from God, which they occasioned. I did not cease to pray to him, and my constant petition was, 'Help thou my unbelief.'

Had I early received such impressions of the Deity as may and ought to be conveyed to the mind of a child, by judicious instruction, I believe these harassing thoughts would never have disturbed me; for though many of the ways of Providence must forever be shrouded with inscrutable mystery, an enlightened faith in his goodness is seldom shaken.

'I sought for traces of the image of the Deity in his children; but we were surrounded by farmers, whose mode of life is more favorable to the 'sobriety of virtue' than to its striking exhibitions, and the disgust which I sometimes experienced at the hollow-heartedness and hypocrisy of some, more than counteracted the satisfaction I derived from the unaffected simplicity and goodness of the rest. I sought as eagerly for every thing that would have a tendency to restore what had before been my habitual confidence in my Creator, as a fainting man seeks for something with which to revive his drooping nature. Nothing cheered me so much as to find eminent examples of goodness, whether among the poorer or the more wealthy classes of society. I was in the habit of accompanying my sister in her visits, which were many and frequent, to the poor, and was delighted with occasional exhibitions of the power of the religious principle in sustaining the spirit, when every other support had failed. I remember particularly, one poor invalid, who had been reduced by a complication of diseases to such a state of infirmity, that even the bed — the last resource of suffering humanity — was often no resting place for her; and for months together, she would be obliged to take all the repose she could get, in a sitting posture, leaning her head upon a table. She was, in one sense, alone in the world — being the last of her family — and she was supported by the contributions of a few ladies who rescued her from the poor-house. Yet in this condition, which would be deemed utterly cheerless, she was one of the happiest persons I ever saw — full of spirit and animation. Praise was always on her lips, as in her heart. She would say, that to be one of God's creatures, and capable of comprehending the relation she bore to him — to have a place on his earth, to be an object of his care, and to hope for the immortality that had been brought to light — were privileges worth more than all the sufferings that could be inflicted. 'Truly said the Apostle,' she would exclaim, with great earnestness, 'this is eternal life — to know thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent.' What are the evils of this earthly scene, to those who feel that they have laid hold on eternal life? If my father chastises me, it is in mercy.'

'Still,' I said to myself, 'supposing all this were a delusion, might it not have the same effect upon the mind as if it were reality?' And then again I replied — 'No: if this faith were not of heavenly origin, it would partake of the perishable nature which stamps every thing earthly; it would contain the elements of its own destruction; and when every thing conspires against it, it would fall as falls the tower under which a mine has been sprung.' Thus my mind vacillated — sometimes swayed by one set of feelings and opinions, sometimes by another.

'I now examined, for the first time in my life, with careful scrutiny, the evidences of Christianity, and they seemed to me perfectly satisfactory. Then I considered that our Saviour was exhibited to us as a transcript of the Deity, and that he was full of tenderness and benignity,

such as made him weep over the sorrows of his friends, and exercise his sublime power in behalf even of the humblest beggar. In thus making an investigation for myself, I was able to throw off some shackles which had fettered and galled my mind, and to remove some of my worst difficulties. I found, too, that even when my mind was in its most unsettled state, if I chanced in my reading to come across any sneers at a religious faith — at rational sentiments concerning the being and providence of God — it revolted with disgust; and it was then I would discover, that I still clung to those persuasions which before I seemed ready to renounce. I remember in reading Voltaire, the idea which he somewhere implies that the Deity deems us too insignificant for his notice, offended me very much. I felt that it was contradicted by my own experience of the bountiful provisions made for man's happiness and improvement — 'and after all,' I would say to myself, 'what can poor ignorant mortals do, but judge by our own experience? I know that I have within me the elements of happiness, if I chose to make use of them as such, independent of any outward circumstances, and that happiness has extensively prevailed within the small limit of my observation. This world, perhaps, could not be otherwise than it is, if intended as a state of trial and probation; and it is certain that from him to whom little is given, little will be required. For the rest, it is matter of faith, such as Abraham exercised when he doubted not the reasonableness of the command which required him to offer up in sacrifice his only son — to confide with the humility and teachableness of a child in the wisdom and goodness of that Being 'whose ways are past finding out' — and that this was the great faith upon which the Bible so much insists, I became more and more persuaded. Still, I would sometimes long for a clearer manifestation than such as is obtained 'by looking through a glass darkly,' and my doubts occasionally returned.

'About this time, it was my happiness to become acquainted with one, the influence of whose character and example had more effect in establishing and confirming my mind on the only sure foundation, than all things else. He was a man of a most enlightened, independent, and upright mind: his character was marked by a purity that seemed uncontaminated with any thing worldly; he was one of the few in whom the image of God is not defaced. His heart, too, was full of benevolence that had the activity of a vital principle, and dispensed its life-giving influences as freely and noiselessly as the sun and dew. These qualities were moulded together by religion 'unto the measure of the Christian stature' — for he had a firm, practical belief in the religion of Jesus, and a perfect reliance on the benevolence of the Deity.

'Soon after he came to reside in our village, I was transferred to his office, that I might have the benefit of his eminent professional excellence; and as his manners were particularly kind and encouraging to the young, I had every opportunity of knowing him intimately. I was never with him a day without perceiving that his conceptions of moral duty were of the most elevated kind, producing in his mind a genuine love of Virtue, who was not only his hand-maid, but his twin-sister. He was, moreover, without the stimulus — to which even religious minds are not entirely unsusceptible — of sectarian popularity; for, differing from the prevailing faith of the community in which he lived, he gave of-

fence, and was the innocent subject of much uncharitableness and censure. These things, however, never disturbed his serenity, nor excited, apparently, a single unhallowed emotion: on the contrary, he exercised the greatest indulgence toward the faults and infirmities of those from whom he differed, and who thought that intolerance was a virtue.

'I was very much impressed with this feature of his character, upon an occasion which I thought would afford him a welcome triumph. There was in our village another gentleman of his profession, a Mr. Bond, whose talents were respectable, and who, notwithstanding he was opinionated, and self-complacent, had acquired considerable influence in society. On a public occasion when a question which concerned the religious interests of the people was discussed, my friend contended for some broader and more liberal principle than Mr. Bond approved, who therefore took this opportunity to assail him in the coarsest manner, attributing to him a secret, unfair method of using his influence, of which he was no more capable than the sun is capable of diffusing darkness. His uniform self-command, however, enabled him to preserve his equanimity under this pelting abuse.

'Some time after, this same man, so ready to suspect others, was himself detected in dishonorable conduct, connected with his professional pursuits, which came to the knowledge of a full court, and which nothing but the greatest indulgence on the part of his brethren, and their unwillingness to disgrace a man whose parentage was highly respectable, and whose standing had until then corresponded to it, could have induced them to overlook. For some days, the affair was matter of public discussion, and though I heard it talked of in my friend's presence, not one remark upon it ever escaped from him, nor did any significant expressions of his face reveal what he might have forbidden his lips to utter. I thought of him, who, when he was reviled, reviled not again.

'Such a man must of course acquire extensive influence. He was a good deal in public life, and a large community were fixing their eyes upon him with admiration, respect, and high anticipations of his future usefulness. I remained with him four years: he was ardent and assiduous in every pursuit, and far too intensely occupied, for his health.

'Upon an occasion of unusual excitement and labor in an important case, in which he had been retained, he became suddenly and dangerously ill: there seemed a total suspension of his powers, which was attended with dangerous symptoms. These increased, until it was apprehended that to us he was already as one that is no more — that the spirit would pass without any parting recognitions: but, a few hours previous to his death, he revived, and to my latest day I shall bless God for having been permitted to witness the scene that followed. His mind which before had completely sunk under the effect of disease, roused from what had seemed the sleep of death, and in its strength burst for the time the withes and cords of mortality with which it was bound; nor was he in the least dismayed by the sudden conviction that death was upon him.

'The King of Terrors seemed like an executioner, awed by the dignity of his victim to suspend his function, until the last adieus were uttered. Calmly and joyously did the spirit review its past career, and contemplate its future destiny; and the satisfaction which at such a moment the consciousness of his past fidelity to his master evidently im-

parted to him, seemed to me like a voice pronouncing this to be a beloved son. He no longer saw through a glass darkly; the veil of mortality seemed to be lifted from his eyes, and immortality to dawn upon him. All this was the more striking, as he had none of that enthusiasm which makes the imagination excitable. His strongest feelings were the result always of deliberate conviction; the religious principle was thoroughly woven into his character; he had ever lived in a sense of dependence upon, and communion with his Maker and Saviour. The perfect repose of *his* mind, in death, upon the same principles that had abided with him through life, when, too, the suddenness of the summons furnished the greatest possible test of their value and sufficiency, since it deprived the soul of all opportunity to marshal its forces, and array itself for the great victory it had to accomplish, conveyed to my mind a new and powerful conviction of their truth, which nothing has yet been able to remove.

'Long and bitterly did I deplore his loss to myself personally, though I was but one among many, very many others, who wept and lamented over him. Such a man is like a beacon-light in the moral wilderness of the world — and the brightness which it diffused fell on my soul.

'Soon after this, my beloved sister was married, and my father being engaged to a lady for whom I had conceived a dislike, I could not bear to think of remaining at home under these circumstances. I therefore determined, with my father's consent, to accept an invitation, long since received, to visit a bachelor uncle of my mother's, after whom I was named, who resided in England. I took leave of the living and the dead, in going from the home of my youth, and with a sad heart proceeded to the place of embarkation. We had a prosperous voyage: the ocean, which I had never seen before, was to me a new and glorious revelation of the wonderful attributes of the Deity; and though grandeur and might were the prevailing features which it disclosed, I was ever discovering traits of tenderness, too. Among these, was the very circumstances of man's familiarity with the mighty deep — the ease and safety with which he traverses and makes it subserve his various interests. Even the beautiful color of its waters, and the rich hues with which it was occasionally dyed — the fish, too, swimming joyously about in their native element — seemed to me like so many circumstances intended to relieve the oppressed sense, and reveal the tender father in the mighty God.

'I received from my uncle — whose only inmate, beside domestics, was a maiden sister, and who had long been separated from all the rest of his family — the kindest welcome. He had naturally very warm affections, but from his isolated manner of living, and his want of objects to excite them, they had become so dormant that he was himself hardly aware of their existence.

'My arrival seemed soon to awaken them in all their force. I had the good fortune to produce an agreeable impression upon him, and he listened with intense interest to all that I told him, as well of our country, as of his relatives who had settled there. Having been so long unused to the pleasure of society and sympathy — his sister being, both from taste and habit, exclusively devoted to housewifery — he now enjoyed his intercourse with me, as a man whose appetite has long been destroyed by the unhealthy state of his system enjoys its restoration.

He soon began to manifest an anxiety to secure my stay with him as long as possible; and ascertaining by his inquiries the peculiar circumstances that decided me upon coming to him, and the facts that I was just twenty-one years of age — had finished my legal studies — been admitted to the bar — and expected to commence practice immediately upon my return — he said to me that he hoped I would not be in haste to leave him, nor anxious about securing, through my profession, the means of support, as it was his intention to settle upon me, immediately, a portion of that estate the whole of which he had always designed should be ultimately mine. I was touched with his kindness, and did not hesitate to accept it. I spent my time, in the year that ensued, either with him, or in making excursions into different parts of England — that island queen, to whom, in her robes of perpetual verdure, and her look of laughter and loveliness, might be applied with slight exception, what has been spoken of one of Fancy's creations:

'Say, to delight this wondering earth
Does she among us mortals roam,
Who from the blue deep took her birth,
Her nurture from the sparkling foam?'

'My uncle lived in a retired country-seat, and there was but one neighbor with whom he had much intercourse. This was a man of strongly-marked character, and great peculiarities, who had been twice a widower, and whose present family consisted of several sons and one step-daughter. Being introduced to them, I soon discovered some circumstances of similarity in my condition and that of the young lady, which heightened the interest that her appearance and manners had previously excited. The disagreeable impressions of her step-father, which his somewhat unreasonable and domineering treatment of her mother had produced on her mind, were increased to positive dislike, in consequence of his persevering determination, in spite of her manifest aversions to such a step, that she should unite herself in wedlock with one of his sons of a former marriage. The poor girl had no escape from the disagreeable circumstances of her situation but in an occasional visit to a married daughter of her step-father's, who had too much generosity and delicacy to join the family compact against her happiness. In the course of some months, I had an opportunity to see a great deal of her, and found her all that I had been led to imagine from her first appearance — warm hearted, intelligent, delicate, and sensitive. When her father, who was likewise her guardian, discovered my increasing interest in her, he made use of a prejudice which he really felt against all Americans, as a pretext for requesting my uncle that I might not come to his house again. This, of course, produced a separation between the families; and the prospect of a total suspension of our intercourse — since all those facilities were removed, which seem almost indispensable to a delicate female — brought the matter to a crisis at once. I found means to declare my attachment, and the answer which I received filled me with the raptures of a successful lover.

'My uncle soon informed his neighbor of the state of affairs between us, which made him more violent than ever in his dislike to me. He still forbade me his house entirely, and so unpleasant was our situation rendered, that I listened with the less reluctance to the proposal of my uncle, who really took a great interest in the affairs of the

'young folks,' as he called us, that as 'the girl' was yet a minor by some months, I should travel a year on the continent, and then she would be at liberty to act for herself. "'T is a pity,' he added, 'that you should not see all that is to be seen, on this side of the water.'

'I knew that this was quite a sacrifice on my uncle's part, and felt that he had continually new and strong claims upon my gratitude.

'In having an opportunity to see more of the world, I was happy to find, that though I of course perceived an admixture of good and evil — the tares sown plentifully with the wheat — yet that the traces of a father's love and benificence were every where manifest to me. I realize, more than ever, the significance and truth of the sentiment, 'Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God;' yes, with her thousand and ten thousand voices. Nature's beautiful and imperishable monuments recorded an inscription to Him who reared them — a *Deus fecit;* while the wonderful works of Art bore witness with what a generous portion of his own intelligence the Creator had endowed his creatures — and assimilated them to himself. It was more and more evident, too, that the moral nature of man, where it had not become debased, was stamped with his image. I have elsewhere preserved in my journal the particular impressions made upon my mind by different objects and scenes, and will not here repeat them. Meanwhile, the letters which I constantly received from the chosen of my heart gave new impulse to all the best susceptibilities of my nature. This was the holiday of my moral existence.

'On my return, I found her on a visit to her sister, at whose house, a month or two after, we were married. My uncle was very desirous that we should become members of his family. We could make a part of the establishment, without feeling that we burdened it. Here, then, we lived in the most retired manner, and had ample opportunity to ascertain our mutual resources.

'My wife had been carefully trained by a most judicious and enlightened mother: both her intellectual and moral nature had been richly cultivated, and in the school of adversity her character had acquired a stability and maturity, which were very uncommon for her years. She had a lofty sense of duty, an energy of purpose, and at the same time a modest estimation of herself, which form the happiest combination in the female character. She had, too, a most enlightened piety, the observation of which tended to confirm the lately-acquired steadfastness of my faith — and she loved me in the characteristic manner of her sex — that is, with entire devotion.

'We passed nearly two years in unvarying happiness. We were occupied with our own improvement, and interested in promoting the happiness of those with whom we were inmates: nor was the welfare of the peasantry in our neighborhood indifferent to us; and I flatter myself their condition was essentially and permanently improved, by the knowledge and religious instruction, disseminated, by our means, among them, and particularly among their children.

'The birth of our daughter, at the close of the second year of our marriage, awakened a new set of feelings, and opened a new sphere of duty. Our cup of happiness which before was full, seemed to overflow; but alas! it was not long before it became infused with bitter drops. My wife's health visibly declined, and we became excessively anxious

on her account. After awaiting, for some months, the effect of time, and of the various remedies which skill could suggest and tenderness apply, I wished very much to try the effect of a voyage — and led, by this circumstance, to turn my eyes to my own country again, I felt an irresistible longing to tread its soil once more — to embrace my much-loved sister — and to claim for my wife and child those generous sympathies of her nature which had constituted the pride and happiness of my early life. She had been constantly in the habit of corresponding with me, and I had never lost for a moment the memory of her love. My poor father, too! I hoped I might do something for him. His marriage had proved, as I apprehended, most unfortunate; his gay young wife had persuaded him to exchange his country residence for a city life, and our beloved home was sold into the hands of strangers.

'My uncle did not oppose my plan. 'Something must indeed be done for our dear Louisa,' he said, 'and it is natural you should wish to be in your own country, and among your own friends again. Your father, too, has a claim upon you, which far supersedes mine. I have always regretted that I did not go to America before I became so firmly established here, and think it the best place on earth for a young man to establish himself. I will not, then, be so selfish as to detain you here. I am old, and have not long to sojourn on the earth, and my good sister and I will, with God's permission, finish our journey together.'

'I was deeply affected by my uncle's magnanimity and kindness on this occasion, and assured him that I would hold myself in readiness to return to him, should any thing occur to make him particularly desire it.'

'My wife had no strong tie to England, save that which one always feels to the soil in which are the graves of those one loves. In consequence of her lonely and isolated condition, at the time our acquaintance commenced, she clung to me, not only as the heart clings to its dearest possessions, but as it fastens itself to one only hope or treasure; and she was ready to say, 'Thy people shall be my people.' She participated too, in my desire that she should see my sister, and felt that her society would be a great addition to our happiness.

'It was late in the fall, before all things were ready for our departure. Our voyage was long, and attended with some untoward circumstances which affected sensibly the feeble frame of my wife. When we arrived in America, the first tidings we heard was that my sister, in consequence of her husband's ill health, had gone to pass the winter in the South of France. I will here add, that she has remained on the continent with him ever since. I have received recent intelligence of her husband's death, and of her intention to come and live with me. Her faithful bosom will be as a haven of rest to a weary mariner.

'This was a great disappointment — a shock to both of us; nor had the wan and altered aspect of my father, whom I saw a few days after, any tendency to cheer the gloom which it occasioned. I now felt that I was a stranger, homeless and almost friendless, in my native land. I signified to my father my wish to procure for the winter a comfortable residence in some retired country village. He had seen our present residence advertised. I first hired, then purchased it, and have never left it since. My sister left no family behind, and my father, I knew, preferred seeing me any where else rather than in his own house.

'During the dreary winter that ensued, our child was our only solace and amusement. With an aching heart I watched the hectic hue on my wife's cheek, 'like the unnatural red which autumn plants upon the falling leaf,' growing brighter and deeper, and her parched lips betokening the withering away of the vital principle. She lingered through the Spring, and I hoped that in the month of June I should travel with her, and that her drooping nature might at least be revived a little by the freshness of the season — but even this was denied me.

'She expired the latter part of July. She was able, until just before her death, to take short rides, and to walk a little about our own precincts. 'It is a privilege,' she would say, 'to have lived so far through this beautiful season — to see Nature dress for you so sweet a home. My grave will be near you, and you will visit it, Henry, and you will take our child there, when she is old enough, and teach her whose it is — and then you will point to Heaven, that her thoughts and hopes may soar thither.'

'When she uttered sentiments like these, there was a holy calmness and authority in her manner, which suppressed the agitations of my nature. It was like the voice which said to the tumultuous waves, 'Peace, be still!' and hushed them into silence. She was remarkably cheerful through all her sickness: the heavenly tranquillity of her mind was never disturbed, except occasionally, when her lip would quiver, and a tear drop from her eye, as some touching display of loveliness in her child awakened the strong desire to live and watch her 'mind's development' — some circumstance occurred to make her mind dwell with unusual tenacity upon the idea of leaving it motherless. It was her constant endeavor, however, not to indulge such reflections. 'Jesus Christ took little children into his arms and blessed them,' she would say, 'and that blessing rests on them still.' Their angels do always stand before the face of my Father who is in Heaven.'

'She was constantly speaking of her mercies. When the season of flowers came, some little children of the neighborhood, who, in the few months that we had lived near them, had already experienced her beneficence, and learned to love and almost venerate her, constantly brought her their little offerings, and one day when a handful of roses had been thrown upon her bed, she smiled and said significantly, 'My bed is strewed with roses.'

'Even in her sleep, she not unfrequently indicated the constant state of her mind, by singing in her former sweet, musical voice, which now seemed only lent her for the moment, words and notes of praise — and when she finally slept the sleep of death, it was as when a child falls asleep in the lap of its parent.

'She is gone! — but her presence dwells with me, and nothing can destroy the faith I feel, that I shall yet see her, eye to eye and face to face. I thank my God for having given me one of the loveliest of his creatures, to be so long the companion of my pilgrimage. If I had every possession on earth, nothing but my child would yield me such a revenue of happiness, as I constantly derive from the treasures of my memory.'

THE YOUNG WIDOW.

I.

Ye bid me mingle in the dance,
And smile among the young and gay —
Ye say that grief will dim my glance,
And turn my raven tresses gray;
I care not, yet I strive to bow
In meekness to my lonely fate —
I dry my tears and smooth my brow,
The while my heart is desolate.

II.

When last I joined the festive throng,
I heard — it seemed my brain to sear —
A stranger breathe the very song
That first *he* warbled in my ear.
The words, the tune, but ah! that tone
What living lip could imitate?
Mid laughing crowds I stood, alone,
Unutterably desolate.

III.

I miss him by the evening hearth,
I miss him at the silent meal,
But keenest in the bower of mirth
My joyless solitude I feel:
But late I saw a happy bride
Smile fondly on her wedded mate,
While I — oh! would that I had died
With him who left me desolate.

IV.

Ye speak of wealth — In Mammon's mart
There's not a single boon I crave;
Gold cannot heal the broken heart,
Nor bribe the unreturning grave:
It cannot fill the vacant seat
Where once my honored husband sate,
Nor still my heart's convulsive beat,
Nor make my home less desolate.

V.

Alas! the base on which we build
Hope's fairest fabric, is but air,
And laughs the heart, when God has willed
To lay his chastening finger there.
A brighter, happier dream than mine
Did never love and hope create;
I bowed before an *earthly* shrine,
And *Heaven* has left me desolate.

VI.

And yet not so: my soul be calm —
The hand that smiteth will sustain;
Thou hast a helper on whose arm
The mourner never lean'd in vain.
O! may that arm the pilgrim guide
By the straight path, and narrow gate,
To where the loved in bliss abide,
And hearts no more are desolate.

J. B.

EAST FLORIDA—ALLIGATORS—THE SEMINOLES, ETC.

BY 'ORSON.'

EAST FLORIDA, the 'land of flowers' — 'sweet Florida' — is the land of fiction, and always has been so. In this sense, it may be the land of poetry, but in sober earnest, it is for the most part a flat, pine barren, full of swamps; and where there are hills, they are sand hills, which frequently fall through, and reveal a pond of water — so that the word *terra firma* has no application to this territory. We could not help advising a speculator, who was boasting of his purchase, that he had better erect a steam engine, and paddle his land to some place in the ocean where there is a bottom, if he wished to have it *settled*. We knew of one who had pitched on a site for a house, and when he took a friend with him to look at it, the foundation of his project had literally *fallen through*. There was a pond in the place of the hill. In one section, the country is full of such ponds for miles. The reason of falling through in this manner is, that there is a soft limestone below, and a quicksand above, and when the limestone dissolves, down goes the land, of course, however high speculators may *raise* land in other places. But we will stop punning, and be serious.

The first impression of this country, as seen from the ocean, is that of a sandy reef, thrown up by the Gulf Stream, and I am not very sure that it is not the correct one. There are no primary rocks, and only such as have lime for their basis, that I remember. I have also met with pieces of rock coral in the centre of the peninsula. The natives term it 'petrified live oak,' but I fancy that the roots of these live oaks stand on the bottom of the ocean, and form the foundation of the territory. But no matter, at present, what is below — there is not much to support enthusiasm above. Here and there are oäses in the desert, and they appear more beautiful by the contrast than do like spots in another country.

For instance, near the 'Devil's Elbow,' on the St. John's River, there is a lovely place. The trail from St. Augustine to this great bend is about thirty miles, is almost as level as a board floor, and has not a house on it for the whole distance. In dry weather, you can hardly find a drop of water on the route; but should it begin to rain when you start, you must spur ahead, or next day the whole country will be deluged, and you must tie your clothes on your head, and swim your horse over deep creeks, and wade him all the rest of the way, excepting for a short distance near the town just mentioned. So you must not turn back for rain; neither should you go forward, unless absolutely compelled; for it is much more dangerous to be wet at the South than the North. A check of perspiration is likely to be fatal in a short time in low latitudes. Some persons can resist exposure wonderfully, while it is soon death to others. We heard of a boat load of sixteen persons being overset near New-Orleans, and not taking care to change their clothes, they took the fever, and only one survived. The like danger prevails even in the West India Islands, and Florida is not exempt. Along the coast it is as healthy as at the North, taking the year round; but at the time I was there, the back-woodsmen were nearly all sick. I have been wet all day, but, by drinking a sufficient

quantity of good wine at night, escaped all evil consequences. In truth, with care, a man may live almost any where, and expose himself also, if he will only take counteracting measures in time.

I was about to describe a beautiful spot, but if we should reach it too suddenly, justice will not be done to it, and nature will not have been followed — for you cannot be there by one wish. For the most part of the time, you must consent to mount your horse early, and let him paddle you there, through swamps and creeks — and if it should chance to be a horse of the country, ten to one your feet will be dragging in the water all day long, for they are not larger than Shetland ponies. A traveler makes a strange figure on one of them, with his saddle-bags projecting out on each side. To a humane man, they seem to be chosen so that the rider may take turns in duty, and carry his horse when the horse becomes tired of walking.

One day in August, desiring to travel this *trail* — for there is no road — and it being very warm, I waited until afternoon, so as to escape the heat of the day, and have the cool of night. After securing a passage over a deep creek by day-light, I did not regard the night, as it was at the time of full moon, and I depended on this to find my way. But a cloud arose, and as it began to grow dark, the first company I met was a large bear; I had not taken the precaution to carry pistols, dirk, or any thing in the shape of arms, beside what nature gave me, although sometimes I did. However, bruin left me; but I had remarked a great many tiger tracks in some parts of the trail, which were out of water, and I did not like their owners much at night, with odds against me: I had now to penetrate a deep branch called Moccasin Branch, from the number of moccasin snakes in it. Beside, there were alligators, and the water, between two and three feet deep, extended two or three miles, and had fallen logs and crossing roots in it, which sometimes catch hold of the horse's feet, and keep him fast. I was once served so. Withal, the roots of the cypress rise up in the shape of a sharp sugar-loaf, and make a horse stumble. Sometimes a horse, when he is lost in such a swamp, must leap over a fallen tree, and one knows not exactly where he may alight.

In this condition, I found myself one night alone, and it became so dark that I could not see my horse's head; he was lost also — for he stopped, catching at the wild grass which arose above the water, and began to try to scent his way like a dog. I knew he had a poor chance for this, as there was nothing but water to smell to, and this will not hold a scent of tracks. Had I not become accustomed to such dangers, I should have felt very disagreeable, for Major C —— had lost his horse in this very place by the bite of a moccasin snake; and one man — not remarkable for his veracity, however — had told me that he had been attacked by an alligator in the morass, and escaped with considerable difficulty. I had heard so much of these things, without having been alarmed at any time myself, to any great degree, that I had impatiently, and I must confess imprudently, refused to be troubled with arms any more, excepting on especial occasions. Where there are no brigands or lawyers, a man is pretty safe, wherever he may be — and to say truth, whatever *appearances* of danger there may be to the uninitiated among bears, wolves, tigers, alligators, moccasin and rattle-snakes, scorpions or centipedes, miasma or malaria, in a pitch dark swamp

at midnight there is less in reality than with many a lawyer or merchant I could mention, who has obtained a great name by impudence and cunning. We shall grapple with them, likely as not, one of these days: but let us go on.

I got out of the swamp, by the light of the moon, after the shower passed over, and on reaching the open pine barren, the horse's instinct assisted me to find the trail again. We then jogged on at a dog-trot pace, and by two or three o'clock reached a long line of thick woods, which told me that the softly-flowing St. John's River was near at hand. Here was a camp of enterprising live-oak cutters procuring timber for the navy; and near this place I threw dull care away, or rather lost it, in slumber. It was at the wigwam of an old Indian 'medicine-woman' that I stopped. She had wandered there from the east end of Long-Island, and there she lived entirely alone, although sixty or seventy years of age — a strange being, who did not lack shrewdness, by any means, nor skill in the cure of simple sores, or fresh wounds. She would have been thought a witch in Scotland or New-England, in the days of witchcraft. I have known her to catch turtles, weighing forty or fifty pounds, with a fish-hook not larger than a perch-hook — and this, of itself, would have given her some credit; her independent tone and manners would have confirmed her claims. Her hut stood near the loveliest spot in Florida, and it is this I was about to describe.

By looking on the map, about a hundred miles from the mouth of the St. John's, a short turn will be seen in the river. It is the place described by one of the historians of Florida* as so thickly abounding with alligators, that a dog might cross the river by leaping from the back of one to the other, all the way over — a story larger than I intend to tell. But it is indeed a lovely spot, to which my careless pen can hardly do justice.

To view the place advantageously, we must sail up to it in a pleasure-boat, and then land. At first, we are in a broad bay, but as we approach, the river contracts, and exhibits that rare beauty in Florida — rippling water, running under the long, pendent, gray mosses of the live-oak, and the gracefully-bending, golden, wild orange tree, bowing to the waters, and towering above all, the giant magnolias. Often the stream foams with fish, and the wild duck seems to be at home, and the deer comes down to drink the waters, and the alligator bellows like distant thunder. Otherwise, silence and solitude reign, and *all* appear as if man had never intruded here. I have gone on shore to enjoy the coolness created under the wild orange groves by the current of the river, and have seen the Indian come paddling down the stream with his child; his squaw also rowing with one oar, while he paddled and steered, and every thing has had the appearance of the time of Columbus. The hand of civilized man was not visible; all was primitive, and few could better enjoy the scene. This was my favorite place of resort. The alligator was not the least interesting neighbor. With my good rifle, I could prove my skill without any compunctious visitings of conscience, which is not always the case with a good marksman. When a man wings a noble eagle, he is apt to regret it, and to

* Bartram.

wish that it might soar away again. But an alligator, a man must be a first rate shot to kill — and when he is dead, we rejoice even as though we had killed that 'old serpent which is called the devil,' for truly, nothing can seem more like the tempter. You would take him for an old log, on which you might step with safety; and it requires a practised eye to see him when he is close by you: but only give him a fair shot, and he will soon show his power by whitening the river with foam — unless, indeed, the shot should be point blank, in which case he will only turn over and lift up his quivering black arm and hand, and die. I have counted ten or fifteen in sight on the river, at once, on a calm day; but generally they are close in shore, and then they make the finest shots.

One day, with a half-grown Indian and an Indian mulatto boy — who, by the way, was as handsome a fellow as ever I saw in my life, and the least to be depended on — was out with me in a canoe near this place, on an alligator hunt, and I shot one about twelve feet long, but did not kill him. Being the first one, and not long after my arrival in the country, I desired to secure his skin as a trophy. Thinking him sufficiently wounded, I made a noose of the rope at the bow of the canoe, and slipped it over the end of his rough, jagged tail, where it held on; but in attempting to tow him backward to a good landing-place, to have him skinned, he came to himself in a great measure, for he had only been stunned. There was a time then! The water foamed, and the canoe was jerked hither and thither, and he would come up alongside with his great jaws wide open, as though he would like nothing better than to swallow us, canoe and all. The boys were for cutting him loose, but this was out of the question. My only fear was, that he would *break* loose. So I sat the boys down on the bottom of the crank canoe, that he might not overset us, while I stood up with the butt-end of an oar, in the position of a harpooner, to 'give it to him' in the mouth and eyes every time he came up. After fighting in this manner for a time, and battering up the end of the oar so that it was spoiled, by good fortune he dragged us near an overhanging live-oak, on which I placed one of the boys, that he might go and get an axe. He soon returned, and I astonished him by a blow on his cranium, and then fairly settled him. He had sand, and pine-knots, and other 'hearty food' in his stomach. One of his hands had been lost, probably bitten off in battle with some wild beast, or brother reptile. He made a very pleasant morning's sport, especially as it was my first conquest, and entitled me to all the privileges of a Floridian.

At this my favorite place of resort, a Gretna-Green affair happened, just before my arrival, and was witnessed by a companion who was often with me, but who now — poor fellow! — sleeps in the sands, as indeed do most others of my acquaintances of 'sweet Florida' — for the truth is, all the beautiful pendent mosses are, to the initiated, weeds of mourning for a depopulated country. But to the Gretna-Green affair of the Seminoles.

One day, as he described it, warm and calm, the river glossy, and the air silent, excepting with the voices of alligators, he heard, up the river, a confused, hurried splashing of paddles, and what should he see shoot around the point, but a man and woman in a canoe — he dashing with might and main, while she pulled with one oar, which, by

the way, is their usual mode; but on this occasion there was more than ordinary interest and energy displayed; and there soon appeared good reason for it. There was a tall, athletic Indian in pursuit, with eyes flashing fire, and dealing out strokes as if he had the good will to drive the river back to its source. It was a royal race, and no sham about it. A jealous lover was in the last canoe, and he had the consent of all friends, save the two who were foremost in the race. They might have come fifty or sixty miles, for aught any one could tell, and it was impossible to say how far they ran. The flitting past was all I heard of; and imagination can only picture one of the most fearful struggles that ever took place between two mortal men. Doubtless one or the other fell, and became food for alligators and buzzards.

The punishment for murder is death, invariably, even when it is accidental. They make no exception to the law, that 'whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed.' Anciently, they made the culprit stoop on his knees, and then with one foot on his back, the executioner — who must be the nearest relative of the deceased — struck a tremendous blow with a sharp-edged war-club on the head, so as to cleave it almost through. At present, a rifle is placed in the hands of the nearest relation, and thus the work is despatched. I knew of an instance wherein a boy, only about eleven years of age, was the executioner. The culprit had killed his father, by a sudden blow; and as if he knew his fate sealed, and all attempts at escape must be either fatal or unworthy of him, he sat down quietly upon the ground, and the boy advanced with his father's rifle, and shot him, by applying the muzzle of the piece to his side. The ball passed first through his arm, and then down diagonally, and out at his hip: they buried the murderer and his victim in the same grave. Sometimes they thrust their dead up hollow trees, and at others, build a sort of small log-hut over them, so that wild beasts may not devour them.

For less heinous crimes than murder, they mutilate the ears, noses, and lips of culprits, and sometimes, by banishing themselves, and remaining away until the corn dances take place, they are forgiven at that jubilee.

I was acquainted with one tall, finely-modelled Indian, whose ears had been cut off for some peccadillo, and who felt the disgrace in his inmost soul. He was a dangerous man, but I did not heed him, particularly, until one day, wishing to try his strength against my own, I proposed to wrestle with him. Being very little, if any, over the middle size myself, and not particularly muscular in appearance, he seemed to anticipate an easy victory; but I doubted it, and at it we went in good earnest. Their mode of wrestling is, to rest their chin upon the shoulder of their opponent, and clasp the hands over the small of the back, and then press on the arch — which the antagonist makes of his back — to bend it in, and throw him thus, or, by a sudden wrench, dash him down upon the ground. In this manner we made many tracks in the sand, but neither could conquer; and so, by mutual consent, we gave it up; but on his turning to leave the ground, I thrust my fingers in his flank, under his short ribs, to tickle him, in mere sport, when, as if he had been converted to a fury, he turned, and with his war-knife projecting from the lower part of his clenched hand, his eyes glittering beyond any thing I ever saw in a rattle-

snake's head, he brandished it with rigid muscle, and was in the very act to plunge it down into my heart, when he caught my eye laughing, and nothing but sport in it, and he merely shook his head, and put it up. I never would wrestle with such a hot-head again. He would not have been so furious, had there not been a deep feeling of revenge against the author of his disgrace; and I might have known he was a dangerous chap, had I noticed him more particularly before. He had all the marks of a furious character — not the least of which was the voice of a boy of seven years of age — for in these men, extremes meet.

Never but once or twice, beside this time, did I come near being attacked by any of the red race, that I know of, and then it was in consequence of not properly regarding their dignity, which is a mortal offence. They did not like to hear me imitate their singing, but always said I had taken 'whiskey too much,' although I abominated the stuff, and they knew it — but I loved to teaze them, and my danger was, in carrying it too far. On one occasion, one came at me, with a bad intent, for laughing at him for being caught out of his district, and taken prisoner by his chief, at the command of the United States' agent; and I certainly should have been obliged to stand in self-defence, knife to knife, had not a chief stepped in between us at the instant, and pronounced me, 'Heint le ma escha!' — that is, 'very good indeed,' or in Seminole English, 'good too much.'

The character last referred to had been many miles with me through the country, up the creeks or branches, to look for a mill site, and we had slept on the ground together, far from any white man's habitation. It was only a sudden passion he was in, and it must be confessed I was in the wrong myself in not looking into the depths of his mind, and in not being careful to avoid hurting his feelings, which I did thoughtlessly. Both of the above-mentioned Indians were high-minded, chivalrous fellows, and I have always thought the more of one of them for his spirit, although it came near costing me my life. Not giving sufficient credit to the Indian character, is the greatest cause of trouble with them — and this is a good moral for a conclusion.

A NIGHT IN JUNE.

WRITTEN ON THE HEIGHTS OF THE HUDSON, NEAR ROCKLAND LAKE.

How peaceful is the night! — one large pale cloud
Is sailing slowly o'er the starry blue,
While, like a virgin in her snowy shroud,
Seems the young moon so wanly gleaming through;
The waters are at rest — and not a swell
Uplifts the anchored lily's folded bell.

There 's scarce a breath the spangled leaves to shake,
Yet fresh and cool comes up the dewy air;
The silver stars sleep in the silent lake,
As if another Heaven indeed were there.
Thus, while rich perfume all the scene embalms,
Night lies asleep, with Nature in her arms.

J. B.

THE SKY: (AN EXTRACT.)

BY J. G. PERCIVAL.

No wonder nations worshipped here, and bowed
Their forehead in the dust before the fires
That watch o'er earth, and seem to speak aloud
The deeds of unborn ages; man aspires
To the high seat of gods, and never tires
To read the infinite, the past, and throw
Looks full of hope before him; so those fires
Which are so high, and look so far, must know
All that is big with fate, and will have birth below.

Faith centres in the sky; 't is there we turn,
When earth is only darkness — there we send
Our vows to those we fear, and there we burn,
When the last pulse beats low, to find the end
Of all we hate, and thus in hope we tend
To the high dwelling of the stars — bright souls
Love with the purer elements to blend;
And so, when the deep knell its parting tolls,
They gaze on the pure light that ever round us rolls.

So those, who have been gifted with the flame
Of an ascending intellect, whose light
Kindled as death drew near, and seemed the same,
Or fairer on the verge of being's night —
So they have fixed their last look on the bright,
Clear sky, as if awhile insphered and bound
In a full sense of glory — their delight
Was too intensely keen to have a sound —
It spake in the long smile they cast so calmly round.

SALT WATER SKETCHES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'ROUGE ET NOIR,' 'THE INUNDATION OF SAINT PETERSBURGH,' ETC.

THE PASSAGE HOME.

READER, has it ever been thy misfortune to encounter a London November fog? If not, thou canst form no adequate idea of its exquisite discomfort. Let me depict it to the eye of thy imagination. An unwholesome, sulphurous vapor, about the same color and almost as palpable as pea-soup, is above and around you, forming a most delectable horizon to your field of vision, a semi-opaque circle, six feet in diameter. The *trottoir* is smeared with a greasy, tenacious mud, and so slippery that the foot glides six inches backward from the spot whereon you plant it, at each advancing step, with the same pleasing facility as if you were perambulating a pavement of eels. Your ears are saluted with every imaginable variety of discordant sounds, the occasions of which — probably all trifling — you magnify into something horrible, merely from inability to investigate them; and when at length, led by instinct more than any other guide, you reach the door of your hotel, felicitating yourself on the prospective creature-comforts of a good dinner and a bottle of Madeira, it is an even chance that some dexterous pickpocket has 'boarded you in the smoke,' and appropriated all your available resources.

I write advisedly, having experienced all these inconveniences, yea even to the last and most excruciating one, while enveloped in the mephitic nuisance I have endeavored to describe.

The November of 18— was remarkable for the opacity and continuity of these gentle exhalations — a fact I have sufficient reason to remember, from the circumstance of the vessel in which I had engaged my passage to New-York, being, with some five hundred others, literally fog-bound for upward of a fortnight.

It was on the fifth of the month — (the date was indelibly fixed in my memory by the united exertions of half a dozen ragged urchins beneath my window, yelling at the utmost stretch of their voices,

'Remember, remember the fifth of November,
When gunpowder, treason, and plot,' etc.,)

that I was disconsolately dallying with my breakfast in the commercial room at Hatchett's, Piccadilly, and inwardly petitioning Providence to clarify the atmosphere, when methought gleams of something like daylight began to steal through the misty window panes. Having wiped one of them with my handkerchief, I was delighted to find the opposite buildings visible, and to distinguish the shadowy outline of cabs, coaches and omnibuses, looming vast in the 'dim delirious air,' for some distance before they reached the corner of St. James-street. Anon, the circumjacent gloom began to imbibe a bilious tinge of sickly yellow, which gradually deepened as in the different stages of jaundice, until it assumed the color of a Seville orange. These were certain indications that Phœbus was about to get rid of 'the vapors,' and extinguish the torch and gas-light substitutes which had so long miserably counterfeited his bright and joyous smile.

As Captain Gilead had expressed his intention to sail as soon as the dissipation of the fog rendered the river navigation practicable, I determined to proceed on board forthwith. All my baggage, except a dressing-case and carpet-bag, had been shipped some days before, so that I had only to pay my bill, charter a conveyance to St. Katherine's dock, and depart.

'Cab at the door for gent'man in No. 17: your bag and case *is* in, Sir.'

'Very well, James;' and I proceeded through the hall to the vehicle, bowed out by half a dozen domestics, whose obeisances I had just purchased at an average of two shillings and sixpence sterling per head. The particulars of the transit from Hatchett's to the dock — how we encountered scores of grim effigies of that ungodly incendiary, Guy Fawkes, borne on the shoulders of dirty eleemosynary juveniles, whose custom-chartered appeals for alms were frequent, urgent, and apparently profitable — how we met the Lord Mayor's ginger-bread carriage in Fleet-street — how we were blocked up by half a mile of wheels in Cheapside, where I saw several individuals in the tumult mistaking the pockets of their neighbors for their own — how the draymen swore, the omnibus cads fought, the women screamed, and the policemen swaggered — together with the untutored eloquence with which Jehu expatiated upon the merits of his spavined anatomy of a steed, as he held him up with one hand, and belabored him with the other — are matters unnecessary here to be dilated on. Suffice it to say, that I reached my

destination in time to jump on board the good ship Margaret, as she was moving through the dock-gates into the river, where the steam tug, which was to tow us to sea, awaited her. The voyage down the Thames is sufficiently dull; its muddy waters are freighted with the rich outpourings of every quarter of the globe; its shores thronged with dépôts capable of containing the mighty influx: but the eye becomes tired of resting upon this vast commercial monotony, where sordid Art has crowded Nature out of the scene; and though the chaste and classic architecture of Greenwich College, the Arsenal at Woolwich, and the noble ships of war at Deptford, and other naval stations, attracted my admiration, as we passed them, I felt relieved when, some time after passing Gravesend, we descried the beautiful little island of Sheppey in the distance, and exchanged the discolored waves and muddy banks of the river for the translucent green of the German Ocean. The steamer left us off Margate, and late on the evening of the seventh we dropped anchor at Spithead, to receive a channel pilot and the remainder of our passengers, I being the only one, with the exception of those forward, who had embarked at the metropolis.

After a detention of a few hours, we weighed anchor, and again set sail, with a fair wind. When I joined my fellow-passengers at breakfast, the following day, the pilot had left us, and a dim, hazy streak of coast in the North-east was the only perceptible vestige of terra firma. As the breeze, which was about two points abaft the beam, was quite moderate, and we were gliding on almost without perceptible motion, there were no absentees from the matin meal, but each, with an appetite sharpened by the pure sea air, was eager to commence an assault on the edibles. The party, exclusive of Captain Gilead, his second in command, and myself, comprised seven persons — four masculine and three feminine — to each of whom the skipper, with much formality, introduced me. And now, most discreet reader, I will do the same kind office by thee; and while we will suppose one of the ladies to be pouring out the chocolate, just whisper in thy ear, *sub rosa*, a few sketchy hints regarding each individual present, which will enable thee to enjoy their succeeding colloquies with a higher relish, and to enter more completely into the spirit of certain sequent events with the narration of which I propose to tickle the palate of thy imagination.

First, then, let thy fancy embody a long, wiry, lean biped, with a hawk nose, keen dark blue eye, and mahogany complexion; figure to thyself such a man, encased in a shrunken suit of thread-bare azure, with coppery-looking buttons, a huge narcotic excrescence disfiguring his left cheek, and linen that seemed as if washed in what from thence exuded, thrusting out one long bony hand across the table to help the person farthest from him, while grasping in the clenched digits of the other the half-stripped, comb-like skeleton of a smoked herring, and you will have a tolerably correct idea of Captain Gilead doing the attentive at breakfast. The mate, Mr. Fathom, was a thin, shadowy, stupid-looking fellow, perfectly uneccentric and common-place. Not so the gentleman who sat next him, announced as Major Tunley, of the British army. Falstaff might have envied him his 'broad circumference' — Bardolph the intense rubicundity of his incendiary nose. It was indeed impossible to look at him and 'imagine thin potations;' and being of a mathematical turn, the first glance at his countenance

set me to calculating how much old port had been expended in its coloring. But he had an eye clear as a first-water diamond — was, as the event proved, a good-humored, whole-hearted, jovial old soldier — and, though he took his wine freely, by no means a deep drinker: so that probably, nature as well as wassail, had a share in imparting the Vesuvian glow to which I have alluded. Major Tunley had been in the peninsular war, and he did not mind saying so — at some length; he had also a phrase — but of these hereafter; I am anticipating. The next in order of introduction were Mrs. Fenn, and the Misses Tabitha and Wilhelmina Fenn, her daughters. Reader, I profess to thee I know not how to make palpable to the perception of thy mental optics that truly original trio. I will give thee a rough etching; thou hast an imagination, and canst fill it in. *Imprimis* then, the old lady was apparently about eighty years of age, dressed for thirty — was very straight, very thin, very blind, very deaf, and had a very remarkably long, drooping nose, which she unceasingly fed with snuff from a silver-mounted Scotch mull, of extraordinarily capacious dimensions. Her every action was performed with a quick motion of the head — something between a coquettish toss and a nervous jerk — that was indescribably ludicrous; and her speech seemed to partake of the same impulse, her words issuing in hissing jets, like vapor from the safety valve of a locomotive. The young ladies who called her ma, were seemingly of about the ages of fifty-five and sixty; and except that they simpered, and looked conscious, and did not move nor speak by jerks, nor take snuff, were such faithful scions of the maternal stem, 'that each seemed either.' Malicious persons might have said they rouged, but, thank Heaven, I am not censorious. Between these two juvenile antiques — leaning affectedly over the back of a chair — lounged a cadaverous, moustached, ungentlemanly-looking young man, dressed in the *outre* style of fashionable absurdity, reconnoitering the viands through a gold-rimmed eye glass. 'Mr. Augustus Fitzherbert Sapling,' said old Gilead, with a wink, and a roll of his quid, which expressed as plainly as eye and quid could do, 'Ain't that fellow a genuine ass, stranger?' Then there was Mr. O'Halloran, a fine free-hearted young Irishman, from the lakes of Killarney, every inch a gentleman, and as full of frolic and fun as a boy just let loose from school. And last, but quite the converse of least, Hiram Coon, Esquire, of Ohio — a tall, broad-shouldered, iron-visaged back-woodsman. Suppose not, however, I mean to imply by this term, that he was a rude, uneducated boor: quite the reverse; he knew a thing or two, I guess, beside treeing bears and barking squirrels. In short, as I afterward had occasion to know, he was a shrewd, intelligent man, who had traversed the greater part of Europe with an observant eye, and while he took notes of the character and habits of the people among whom he sojourned, had never deviated from the republican, perhaps somewhat egotistic, plainness of his own. His usual manner was grave; but this was only the superstratum to a vein of dry, original humor, infinitely entertaining to those who understood and appreciated it.

Such is a brief outline of my *compagnons du voyage;* and I think, gentle reader, thou wilt allow it does not often fall to the lot of the ocean pilgrim to meet with a more compendious aggregate of originality. I congratulated myself on having eschewed the ceremonious

etiquette and polite ennui of 'a liner,' for the undress sociability of a simple merchantman, as, with a heart yearning in kindness toward my messmates, and the boiled eggs and buttered toast, I took my seat at the breakfast table between Miss Wilhelmina and the major.

'Take cream and sugar, Sir?' said the eldest Fenn, (Miss Tabitha,) who was doing the honors.

'If you please.'

'Do you think,' lisped the fair Wilhelmina, who I soon found was considerably addicted to the sentimental, 'we are likely to have a quick passage across the watery waste?'

I thought, 'How the deuce should I know?' but gallantly said, as in duty bound:

'At all events, Miss, in such agreeable society, I have no doubt it will seem so.'

There was a short, dry cough, in the direction of Hiram Coon, Esquire.

'I'll trouble you for 'alf one of them an-*cho*-vies,' said Augustus Fizherbert Sapling, addressing the skipper.

The captain cut one in two.

'Which half will you have? — 'heads or tails?' — Mr. Sapling.'

'O the 'ead — certainly;' drawled the puppy; 'Lady Musktown taught me that. I breakfasted with her a few days ago. 'Gusty,' says she — we're *so* intimate — 'Gusty, always eat the 'ead of an an-*cho*-vy.'

'Sappy would have been a better abbreviation than the other,' muttered O'Halloran.

'By the Lord!' exclaimed the major, in a half whisper to me, 'that fellow is invaluable; we'll smoke him like a Yarmouth herring. I remember when I was in the 65th in Spain, we had just such a young baboon in our mess, but as ill luck would have it, somehow or other he was taken prisoner in a skirmish as we were marching on Salamanca; we offered ten Frenchmen in exchange: no use; they sent us word they did not catch such a fool every day. Carried him off — never saw him again — had nothing to laugh at — whole mess had the blue devils — and every thing of that kind, you know.'

'Have you ever tempted the deep before?' queried Wilhelmina of the dandy.

'O yes,' responded he, with what was intended to be an air of aristocratic *sang froid;* 'I have been out innumerably with my friend the Marquis of Gossamer, in his yacht; last summer we sailed round Greece, and managed to kill time *rether* agreeably, considering the stupidity of the natives.'

'Ah! I should imagine so,' replied Wilhelmina, calling up a poetic look, that is, throwing up her eyes till nothing of them was visible but what should have been the whites — 'Greece is a classic clime, is it not, Mr. Coon?'

'Classic?' returned the back-woodsman quietly, 'well, I expect it is — on the whole; may I trouble you for some of that tongue you have before you, Miss Wilhelmina?'

'Were you ever sea sick?' inquired Tabitha of Sapling.

'Sea sick? oh dear, no! I use the patent preventive plaster,' said the would-be exquisite.

Miss Fenn opened her eyes and ears; she had never heard of a preventive plaster before; was it applied to the mouth, or where? — she

did not like to ask, but perhaps it might come out in the course of conversation.

'Some gentlemen are *so* wedded to the sea,' observed Wilhelmina, ('I never heard of any except the Venetian Doges,' interjected O'Halloran, in a whisper,) 'and indeed ladies too, sometimes. Now there 's ma, for instance, has been twice to India, and is so enamoured of the ocean, that I really believe she would rather be what she calls 'out of soundings,' than partaking (and here the maiden fetched a sentimental sigh,) of the tender reciprocities of domestic life. Is it not so, ma?'

The old lady turned her head, with a convulsive twitch, in answer to the nudge which accompanied this question, but looked utterly unconscious — as well she might, for being as deaf as a door-nail, she had not heard a syllable of the foregoing conversation.

'Ma 's got a dreadful cold,' continued the daughter, fearful we should attribute the infirmity to its true cause, age, and thence draw unpleasant inferences. She then shrieked in her mother's ear a brief recapitulation of the matter at issue, as to the respective merits of land and water, ending with, 'And now, ma, we want to know which you prefer?'

'Some o' the — fried-potatoes — my — dear,' replied the old lady, with a complacent smirk, at the same time thrusting forward her plate with the action one would use in pitching a quoit. She had caught only the last three words of her daughter's appeal, and supposing them to refer to dishes before her, answered accordingly. This was too much: no politeness could be proof against such a magnificent *contre temps;* so we all, with the exception of Sapling and the ladies, adjourned from the cabin, to enjoy on deck the laugh we vainly struggled to suppress.

'By the piper that played before Moses!' exclaimed O'Halloran, as he recovered from his cacchination, and addressing the major, with whom he appeared to be intimate, 'but this is rich. We have fun enough on board to last us to the North pole, to say nothing of across the Atlantic. 'Out of soundings?' I suspect the old gentlewoman *has* been out of soundings these twenty years.'

'And her daughters, eh, my boy?' said Tunley; 'what a pair of antediluvian Venuses! I'll tell you,' he continued, 'how I think we may have some sport. That same Augustus — I believe he is a stranger to us all — seems, saving his moustaches, to be an ineffable ass. The Misses Fenn look as if they *might* be wealthy; suppose we incense him with the idea that they *are* so? I have no doubt the young gentleman would bite like a starved gudgeon. We have all the materials for a sea-comedy — Miss Wilhelmina the heroine. I'll just set the thing agoing, open the campaign, and every thing of that kind, you know; what say you? — will you all be accessory?' The affirmative was carried *viva voce.* Landsmen on a voyage are glad to catch at any plan which promises to keep that monotony-begotten incubus, *ennui*, at bay.

We were now slipping delightfully through the water, with every sail set which would draw, and were rapidly exchanging the short, quick heave of the channel, for the measured, majestic, but alas! nauseating roll of the broad Atlantic. By the way, the sympathy, or rather animosity, between the bosom of the deep and the diaphragm of man, is a queer affair. Major Tunley, I recollect, had a curious and somewhat characteristic theory on that subject.

'The world,' argued he, one day after dinner, 'is made up of antipathies: hounds have a natural hatred for foxes, cats for mice, hawks for doves, women for tailors, John Bull to a Frenchman. I will tell you some extraordinary instances of the last, which occurred when I was on the Pyrenees, another time. Now I maintain there is in the human system a similar instinctive antipathy to cold water; it is not the motion, but the *element:* if the Atlantic were South-side Madeira, you would never hear of sea-sickness; but the stomach,— as well as the mind, recoils from the idea of an illimitable quantity of cold, blue, salt water; and hence nausea, vomiting, (help yourself, and pass the wine,) and every thing of that kind.'

To return from my digression. I said we were beginning to feel the long, regular undulations of the Western ocean. I had not long noticed the change, when I saw the face of Mr. Sapling emerge from the companion-hatch; his complexion was withered to a whitey-brown, and it was evident that his stomach 'confessed the soft impeachment'—the preventive plaster to the contrary notwithstanding. The expression of the dandy's countenance was exquisitely lachrymose; his eyes were leaden, his moustaches had lost their drake's-tail curl, and drooped as if in sympathy with the corners of his mouth, while there was altogether an air of *abandonnement* about the individual, infinitely touching to a feeling mind. To have mentioned love, matrimony, or even personal interest, at such a conjuncture, would have been as idle as trying to tickle a dead man with a straw: we therefore determined to postpone our approaches to a more propitious season.

It was ridiculous to note the efforts which the chop-fallen beau made to hide his infirmity: staggering up to Mr. Coon, who was leaning over the starboard bulwark, he pointed to a fast-fading speck of land astern, and in a voice quivering with the shiver of suppressed nausea, inquired 'what land that was in the 'orizon?' 'Well, now you put me in mind of it, I b'lieve those are the *Scilly* isles: were *you* ever there, Mr. Sapling?' returned the Ohioan, drily.

'O yes — I recollect — *ugh* — me and Lord — *ugh* — Gossamer — *augh* ——' And here the unfortunate, unable longer to control his rebellious member, scudded to leeward, and — 'cast his bread upon the waters.' Tabitha and Wilhelmina were in the meantime settling their little affairs, under the superintendence of the stewardess, below.

But sea-sickness is only a temporary evil. In a few days the elderly young ladies (ma was never sick) were convalescent, and when we reached the latitude of the Western Islands, our plot was in full operation. By this time, we had all been heaved, pitched, tossed, and rolled into intimacy, and most of us had communicated one to another the nature of our pursuits, intentions, and prospects. Not so Augustus: he was aristocratic and mysterious, discoursing more than ever of his high-born acquaintance, much to the edification of his credulous inamorata, whose mental œsophagus was of a most extraordinary caliber. The former was in a state of eminent bamboozlement, and we had strong reason to suspect had offered and been accepted. This last we considered a certain consequence of proposition, for 'Mr. Sapling was such a delightful young man — such high feeling — and *so* much soul;' and then he was, or said he was, the son of a baronet.

We had hitherto been blessed with East and North-easterly winds, light but steady, with, latterly, delicious weather; nor had we yet had

occasion once to unrig our studding-sail booms. But in the parallel of the Azores, the breeze suddenly left us. For three days we were unvisited by a zephyr strong enough to shake the reefs out of a lady's ringlets. 'Fine weather for making love, catching Portuguese men-of-war, playing at shuffle-board, and every thing of that kind,' as the major oracularly remarked. I can imagine no more perfect realization of repose, than a calm at sea, in a warm latitude. It was the last day of our detention; there we lay, a cloudless sun above our heads, and the slumbering deep, with a metallic gloss upon its surface, heaving up its bright unwrinkled undulations around us, as slowly and lazily as if it possessed the *vis inertia*, as well as the hue, of an ocean of quicksilver. Occasionally a dolphin would flash for a moment in the air, as it leaped from the jaws of the pursuing shark, or a school of flying fish suddenly dart, like silver arrows, from the round acclivity of a wave, and after a quivering flight of a few seconds, as suddenly disappear. But these tokens of energetic life were too short and infrequent to give animation to the universal monotony; while the heavy, lethargic roll of the unwieldly grampuses, which were wallowing on every side, and the smooth, gliding motion of flocks of Mother Carey's chickens wheeling over the burnished expanse, seemed only in keeping with the sluggish drowsiness of sea and air. Our vessel, with all her complex aërial machinery utterly useless, her lightest sails unlifted, and even the storm-frayed streamer which overtopped them drooping stirless from the mast, hung as powerless, almost as motionless, on the waters, as if she had been

'A painted ship upon a painted ocean.'

The sailors, released from their ordinary duties, were aloft mending the rigging, or seated in picturesque groups on deck, repairing damaged canvass, or bending new. The passengers forward, principally Irish, were some of them lying on coils of ropes, or heaps of old sails, engaged in simple sedentary games, while others were leaning over the ship's side, discoursing, as they looked toward the West, of the yet untried land, where, they had heard, the hand of oppression mulcted not the honest gains of the industrious poor. Never shall I forget the evening of that day. Surely a glorious sunset, as well as the stars, is worthy to be styled 'the poetry of Heaven.'

I was gazing intently on the changing clouds, as their fiëry tints gradually softened into the quiet hues of twilight, when the major tapped me on the shoulder, and notified me that supper was ready below.

'Come,' said he, 'the skipper, O'Halloran, and Mr. Coon have commenced operations; I saw them through the sky-light; and if we don't look sharp, we shall fare badly. I'd as leave forage after a flight of Egyptian locusts, as Gilead and the squire. Talking of foraging, by the way, puts me in mind of a circumstance that happened during the peninsular war; provisions were scarce, and Lord Wellington, you see ——'

But having heard three editions of that same story from the same lips, I did not feel a 'desire on my mind,' as the Quakers say, to hear a fourth; so, swearing I heard the steward calling us, I bolted down the companion, Tunley kindly assuring me, as he trod on my heels in the descent, that I should have the whole story another time, if I only put

him in mind of it. It is needless to say, I made an internal asseveration not to bind him to his bargain.

In the cabin we found the gentlemen, with one exception, talking politics, the fair Tabitha and 'ma' holding a conversation at cross purposes, and Augustus Fitzherbert making the excruciatingly-agreeable to Miss Wilhelmina. The consumables were reduced to a few pinches of jerked beef, and some devilled biscuits — so much for sentiment and sunsets. Supper finished, we sat down, as usual, to loo. We had been playing some time, and the captain was just distributing a fresh supply of counters, when Mr. Fathom made his appearance, and informed his superior that it looked very dirty to windward.

'What does he mean by 'dirty to windward?'' simpered Wilhelmina to her cavalier.

Augustus was somewhat nonplussed. 'Dirty to windward,' drawled he, after a considerable pause: 'Ah! I presume he intends to convey, that the sailors have not scrubbed the boards clean on that side.'

The captain and mate went on deck, and shortly thereafter we heard the sound of a commotion, such as at sea usually accompanies the rapid execution of hasty and urgent commands.

'We are going to take the benefit of a squall,' I exclaimed.

'Can you swim?' asked the squire, slowly and solemnly, of Sapling.

'No,' he replied, anxiously: 'pray what do you inquire for?'

'Nothing — only when a man has but a plank between his foot and what may be his grave, he *ought* to be able to swim.'

'Oh! you don't think we are going to be in danger!' asked Wilhelmina and Tabby, in a breath.

'Well, I expect we may: the sun went down mighty stormy, and this is an old ship;' was the consolatory reply of the imperturbable Hiram. Sapling edged up to the major: 'Did you think it looked likely for a storm, when you come down stairs, Sir?'

'Storm,' returned the veteran, with a sly leer at O'Halloran — 'yes, very much; just the sort of sunset I once witnessed in the Bay of Biscay, and that very night our vessel — she was a stout transport, well manned, and ably commanded — foundered, and every soul perished, with the exception of a surgeon's mate and myself. We lashed ourselves to a coop full of ducks — I have never eaten a duck since, and should think it sacrilege to do so — *that* was our salvation; the vessel went down, but the ducks, you see, swam, and helped to keep us above water, till we were picked up by a French letter-of-marque. The Parlez Vous, and be cursed to them, devoured our preservers, and carried us into Rochelle. Well, as I said, that was much such an evening as *this*. I trust, however, matters may not turn out the same, especially as we have no ducks on board. It would not surprise me, however, if we were on our beams ends before morning — masts gone — sailors at prayers — death staring us in the face, and every thing of that kind, you know.'

Sapling's physiognomy had grown longer and longer, as the recital proceeded, like a balloon from which the gas is gradually escaping; he had not, however, an opportunity of making any comments, for as the narrator ceased speaking, the sounds over head increased to an uproar; a sharp, hissing sound, followed by a loud crash, succeeded; and in an instant afterward, Sapling and the ladies, together with every ar-

ticle in the cabin that was not lashed, was canted to leeward by a shock that made the timbers of the old ship shudder again. The rest of us, who had anticipated something of the kind, avoided the like catastrophe by clinging to the table. After picking up the spilled damsels, 'ma' and Augustus, and assisting the former to their state-rooms, we scrambled on deck to ascertain how matters stood there.

The squall, though short, was sufficiently energetic; nor was the appearance of the huge, precipitous waves, which careered through the darkness on all sides, and often seemed as if about to engulf us in their embrace, by any means inviting. The men had been unable to make all snug in time; the onset of the squall had consequently carried away several of our lighter spars, and a heavy sea had stove in a fathom or so of the starboard bulwarks, at the same time starting the water-casks and long-boat from their lashings, much to the discomfiture of a couple of sheep and a pig contained in the latter. The captain swore it was all the fault of the d—d lazy crew, winding up a string of unique imprecations by swearing, that if he 'were to rake h–ll with a small tooth comb, he could not catch such a set of lubberly rascals.' The weather moderated before morning, and for several days after, we had baffling winds, which kept us continually tacking without making much progress. We began to feel *ennuied*, the courtship was becoming stale, and we wanted fresh excitement. It was therefore determined to bring things to a crisis. In pursuance of this resolution, one morning when our victim came on deck, O'Halloran took him aside, and in a mysterious manner, 'hoped he had not committed himself with Miss Wilhelmina.'

'Why do you ask me?' responded Sapling, rather taken aback.

'Because,' continued his tormentor, 'the major and I fear that, from false information, we have unintentionally deceived you as to the pecuniary circumstances of her family. We are anxious now to set you right on the subject—neither of the *young* ladies will have a shilling. The young gentleman was electrified: an explanation followed—he was engaged to lead Fenn *tertius* to the altar, on our arrival in New-York.

'God bless me! how sorry I am we have got you into such a scrape!' exclaimed his auditor, sympathetically; 'but you see it was all the fault of that Ohio 'squire: he told us he knew these people well, and that they had an immensity of the indispensable; now he confesses having invented the whole story to 'snare a green-horn,' as he has the audacity to call *you*, my ill-used and too-confiding friend.'

'Did he say so?' sputtered the dandy, in an ebullition of small wrath; 'then he is a ——'

'So I think, exactly,' said O'Halloran, interrupting him: 'let me act as your friend in this matter. I'll go and do it at once,' and our emissary returned to us to report progress.

It is unnecessary to detail all the manœuvres by which we finally induced the dupe to send Coon a challenge. Suffice it to record, that the next day, after dinner, the latter individual being on deck to give us the opportunity, and the ladies taking siestas in their state-rooms, we managed, with the aid of the bottle, to stimulate Sapling's courage to the required state of effervescence. The missive having been penned with a trembling hand, was consigned to the Irishman, who immediately left us to hand it to the 'squire.

'Are you a fair shot?' queried the major of the challenger, as soon as the messenger had left the cabin. 'I believe,' he added, 'Mr. Coon has been known to split a bullet on the blade of a razor at twenty-five paces.'

Sapling groaned. 'The worst of it is, you 'll have no time for practice, for I have no doubt your antagonist will insist upon fighting at day-break to-morrow, or perhaps this evening; he's just that kind of man.'

'But, my dear Sir,' stammered the youth, now thoroughly frightened, 'I can't think of fighting, till we get on shore: the motion of the ship — and — and — the ladies — and beside, Captain Gilead would n't permit it' — and he looked imploringly at the latter.

'Permit it, Sir?' cried the skipper, 'to be sure I will — always like to accommodate my passengers. You can fight before the ladies leave their berths, and if you only mind the roll of the ship, you may send your bullet through a button-hole. Mr. Fathom is an excellent hand at a splice, if you should get winged, and there 's a methodist parson in the steerage who 'll read the service over you, if we have to sew you in your hammock.'

'O yes,' added Tunley, 'we 'll see to all that properly, I assure you.'

At this juncture, Coon and O'Halloran entered the cabin.

'Captain Gilead,' said the former, 'will you be my friend in this affair?'

'With pleasure, Mr. Coon.'

'Thank you. Mr. O'Halloran — quarter-deck — day-light to-morrow morning — ten paces, advance and fire: if both miss, take to our dirks. I have a couple of long Spanish knives, to one of which your principal is welcome, should we have occasion for them, which I expect we wont.' So saying, and without relaxing a muscle of his countenance, the 'squire bowed, and vanished up the companion-ladder.

Sapling was pale as ashes, and seemed almost paralyzed with terror.

'Have you made your will, and every thing of that kind?' said Tunley, looking as grave as an undertaker.

'No – o!' hysterically replied the youth.

'Then you had better retire to your berth, and do so at once; it is well to be prepared for the worst.'

'Ye – es,' sighed the persecuted, as with an air of bewildered misery he rose from the table, and shuffled into his state-room.

He did not make his appearance at supper, and the next morning, when O'Halloran went to rouse him, he declared himself unable to rise, from a severe attack of rheumatism. It being the unanimous opinion that he had been sufficiently tormented, we pretended to believe him, and he remained unmolested in his berth during the short remainder of the voyage, Miss Wilhelmina sending the steward punctually twice a day to inquire how he was.

In four days from the above-mentioned morning, we made Sandy Hook; in three hours afterward, passed the Narrows, and just as twilight was beginning to close in, we of the cabin landed from a boat at one of the East River wharves, leaving the Margaret at anchor in the stream. Augustus, whose rheumatism had miraculously departed as soon as we got into the river, was the first who jumped ashore. No sooner had he touched the *terrene*, than he bolted, and I have strong reason to believe the enamoured Wilhelmina never again beheld her perfidious swain. I have now fairly stranded my *dramatis personæ:* it cannot be expected, neither would it be decorous, that I should fol-

low them to their hotels, boarding-houses, and elsewhere, for the purpose of peering into their domestic concerns; I therefore say to thee, indulgent peruser, as Major Tunley said to me, when we parted: 'God bless you! my dear boy, (or girl,) may you live long, and die happy — and every thing of that kind.'

I had nearly forgotten to mention, that when travelling in the western part of Kentucky, some fifteen months after my debarkation, in passing through a small town which shall be anonymous, I remarked the following, in gilt letters on a blue ground, over the door of a clothing-store, in the principal street:

'A. F. SAPLING,
TAILOR,
FROM LONDON.'

And on looking through the store window, I saw the veritable Augustus, the son of the baronet — the protegé of Lady Mustown — the *fidus achates* of Lord Gossamer — cutting out a pair of fustian unmentionables! 'Oh! what a fall was there my countrymen!' J. B.

MEMORY.

'RATHER than have one bliss forgot,
Be all my pains remembered too.' MOORE.

AND wouldst thou advise me to mix with the crowd,
And strive to efface the remembrance of years;
When, though mists of misfortune too often might shroud,
One smile hath repaid me for long hours of tears?
And sayst thou that memory only can feed
The fever that preys on the desolate heart?
Oh! thou knowst not, unless thou hast felt it indeed,
What balm the remembrance of joy can impart.

There are things that are past, which I would not forget
For the brightest of pleasures that earth can now give;
Their bliss had a mixture of sorrow, and yet
Like stars in the night of my bosom they live.
As on scenes we have passed, when by distance made soft,
We gaze the more fondly the farther we go,
So, when years of our prime are gone over, how oft
We turn with delight to past pleasure and wo.

I once felt affections, most gentle and fond,
That shone o'er my soul, like the stars o'er the seas;
And thinkst thou my spirit can ever despond,
While mem'ry revives such emotions as these?
Oh! how many a smile and affectionate word
Remain through long years on the wo-blighted mind,
When joy hath shot over its wastes, like a bird
That hath left a bright gift from its plumage behind!

And what though the vision of happiness flies
From the heart that had cherished it fondly before?
Its flowers may be withered, but mem'ry supplies
Their vigor, and fragrance, and beauty once more.
Oh! may my remembrances never depart!
May I still feel a bliss in beholding the past —
While memory over the gems of the heart
Shall, sentinel-like, keep her watch to the last. M. A. B.

THE ECLECTIC.

NUMBER ONE.

'Homo sum humani nil a me alienum puto.'

'THERE is,' says that fascinating philosopher, Victor Cousin, 'no total error in an intelligent and rational being. Men, individuals and nations, men of genius and ordinary men, unquestionably give in to many errors, and attach themselves to them; yet not to that which makes them error, but to the part of truth which is in them.' This is a sentiment highly honorable to our nature; and what is better, it is a true one. He who forgets the mixed quality of our common humanity, its coexisting ingredients of good and evil, and particularly the relations which it sustains both to truth and error, is not only unfitted for the accurate and successful investigation of human opinions, but is also destitute of an essential propedentic for the comprehension of his own being, and for 'the proper study of mankind' — the study of man.

Human nature, as it exists in actual development, presents a variegated picture, full of contrasts — full of beauties and full of faults — in which light and shadow follow each other in quick and fitful succession. It is a picture in an unfinished state, but still abounding with the immortal touches of a master, asking of the connoisseur only candor, impartiality, and acuteness, in order to be discovered and admired.

It is an obvious truth, that the appearance of objects to the eye varies with the particular position of the beholder, and that the kind of impression left on his mind may be unpleasing to him, and unfavorable to the object, if the circumstances of his view are disadvantageous in any important respect. Nor are these the only causes of the distorted appearance of objects. Physical defects in the organ of vision, or peculiarities of atmosphere, through which the beholder looks, may cause to be figured on the retina an image not much superior to a mere caricature of the object before his eye.

Now the optics of the mind are subject to similar conditions, in a faithful discharge of their appropriate functions. Our moral vision may give back 'false images of things,' either because we are on the wrong side of the object, or because we look at it through a bad medium. Our conceptions of humanity, as revealed in its wonder-world of thought and action, must be deeply colored by the results of a *previous question* — our antecedent opinion of its inherent susceptibilities and legitimate tendencies — and also upon the *rationale* we may have seen fit to adopt, for solving its knotty problems, and disentangling its mingled yarn of rectitude and folly. The disciple of Hobbes, Mandeville, Rochefoucault, and Helvetius will inevitably on this subject come to a different conclusion from that of a follower of the 'immortal Bishop of Durham,' or our own eloquent Channing. Both work upon the same problem, but they use different formulæ; how then can their results correspond? According to the theory of the former, man is but an incarnation of selfishness, and is essentially a contemptible and vicious being. According to that of the latter, there is a law of virtue written in the heart of man — a moral nature — ever prompting him to follow the good and avoid the bad; which is never utterly obliterated, but is frequently over-

come, for the time being, by some violent passion; which would nevertheless, 'if it had might, as it has right, if it had power as it has authority, absolutely govern the world.'

Strange indeed must have been the view of our common nature taken by the philosopher of Malmsbury from the low, pestiferous, and fog-encircled grounds of the selfish system in which he was inextricably mired. It must have been absolutely hideous. The best things, as Lord Bacon says, can be most abused. So the sticklers for this admirable system do not scruple to turn even the very best face poor human nature can put on, into a proof positive of her guilt. Every quality of human actions, heretofore accounted a virtue, is by their ingenuity tortured into a vice, and made to bend to the Procrustean demands of an arbitrary and unnatural hypothesis. If we are pre-determined to think all men completely bad, or that most are so, it will be easy to find the arguments, however scarce, to get rid of difficulties, however puzzling, and answer objections, however strong. We have only to shut our eyes to all that is destructive, and open them to all that is confirmatory, of our dogmas. Let me, however, rather err with Butler, than be right with Hobbes, in the idea that 'pity is merely imagination, or fiction of future calamity to ourselves, proceeding from the sense (he means sight or knowledge) of other men's calamity.'

The sophistical and ensnaring author of the 'Fable of the Bees' sinks still lower than his predecessor. He represents man as a weak and odious being, and is ever holding up the darkest shades of his character to view, and concealing or distorting the brighter side of the picture. His writings can find favor only among the morose, the malignant, and the cross-grained. Let every one who wishes to retain his good humor, his bonhomie, and above all, that charity which is the alpha and omega of goodness, avoid these infernal sentiments. How much more pleasant is it, to put our argument on its weakest foot, to entertain generous and honorable thoughts of our race, and reverence for those noble capacities that lie folded up in the human mind? For surely it cannot but make one feel ill-natured, and almost misanthropic, to look upon the greatness of his fellow-beings around him as so many devils, and the world itself as a miniature hell. Existence in such a world could be no blessing, but an intolerable curse. But, thank Heaven! such is not the scene in which we live: such a sepulchral, wo-begone philosophy is not taught by the actual circumstances of mankind, and is equally opposed by reason, religion, and common sense.

The easiest, and as it appears to us most rational doctrine, on this subject, and that by which all the most difficult problems of human nature can be easily solved, is that to which we have already adverted, viz: that no man is wholly good, or wholly bad; that the virtue of the best of men is like the numeral expression of a radical quantity in algebra, only an approximation to the real value; and furthermore, there are few human beings so low in the moral scale, in whom good qualities do not flourish, and, it may be, form the predominant party in the mind. This is eclecticism. But let it be recollected, that we are advocating the rule merely in its practical applications to a particular, and what some may erroneously suppose a very narrow branch, of intellectual action — we mean that which consists in judging of human actions and estimating human character. It is not our purpose at present to

advocate the revivification of the eclectic school of olden time — for such a school flourished once in the Christian church — the professed principle of which was, that the truth should be culled from all systems. We have no fault to find with this rule, for it appears sensible and wise. But to the other point.

He who would be an apt scholar in the study of human nature, must remember that its good qualities are seldom found in juxtaposition. They are, for the most part, separated by sensible, and sometimes, too, by very unlovely partitions. Nor are they commonly found in masses or groups, but in scattered fragments and solitary specimens. Or, as a mathematician might express it, man's moral wealth comes in fractions, not in integers. If we were mineralogists, we certainly should not hesitate to compare our fellow men to an immense collection of garnet rocks, in some of which the little purple heads of the crystals are seen protruding in every direction, in others, fewer are seen, and in most of which, the encompassing mass, in which they are irregularly packed, has by far the advantage, both in bulk and weight. The garnets, of course, are intended to typify the virtues as they actually exist in human beings. But if this view is just, how absurd is wholesale praise, as well as wholesale condemnation! We must discriminate — we must select — we must not utterly condemn, nor wholly approve; for this last we cannot do, if we retain our power of judging at all of human nature and its peccability. 'If,' says Dr. Johnson, 'man be fallible, he must fail somewhere.' And we are willing to add, if he be human, he will be good somewhere. If the tree does not produce fruit, it may leaves, that are eatable; and those are better than nothing. It is the proud prerogative of good taste, to know both when to find fault, and when to admire. On this grand idea hangs the true diagnosis of human character. How variant this rule is from popular practice in the present day, we need not stop to remark. We say 'the present day,' not for the purpose of making any invidious distinctions in favor of the past, or of causing any body to utter the foolish wish that he had been born a few centuries earlier, but because the present is the only spoke in the wheel of time with which we have any thing to do. But is it not, we ask, much too common for men, in estimating one another, to fasten their minds on the polar extremes of optimus and pessimus, without having due regard to the almost endless shades of intermediation? This is to exceed the folly of the son of St. Crispin, who had but two lasts, one for giants, and the other for dwarfs. The truth lies between the extremes. But of this we are notoriously forgetful, and are forever imagining our fellow men to be like Jeremiah's figs — the good, very good indeed; the bad, not fit to be given to the pigs. A most miserable plan of judging, to be sure! — a highway to mistakes — a jumping philosophy, and so blind, that it discerns nothing but the broadest features, and so deaf, that it can hear nothing but the loudest sounds. Truth is seldom found in sweeping estimates. A rule without exceptions may be true, but it is certainly suspicious.

After all, it is a difficult thing to judge another; it is a serious thing to censure him; it is utter presumption to condemn him *in toto*. To descend into ourselves, is a great work; to penetrate others, a greater. In this respect, how true it is, that 'we see through a glass darkly!' This should make us exceedingly modest in indulging in philippics against others.

We frequently err in our conceptions of human character, from the gratuitous assumption, that a specific intellectual error, embodied in its creed, must exert as deleterious an influence upon every other mind as we imagine it would on our own, and that a fault in faith or conduct is equally censurable, by whomsoever embraced or practised. To this fancy we may oppose the fact, which almost every one's observation can verify, viz: that important moral defects do actually inhere in some minds, without impairing their general tone of excellence, or proving destructive to the prëexisting virtues by which they were distinguished. And it may also be true, that some are blessed with moral constitutions more capable of resisting the deteriorating properties of speculative error than others, whose apparent disadvantages in this particular are fully compensated by an almost inappreciable exposure to the inoculation. Until we have ascertained the precise rank in one's creed which a specific article is permitted to hold, how can we determine the real amount, either of its good or bad influence? 'The same doctrine,' says an able writer, 'when mixed up with one set of opinions, will cause moral and intellectual results essentially different from those which would have followed in combination with another system of mind.' The most mischievous traits of character, also, are found to flourish side by side with the most commendable. On this point we must again quote the sagacious Cousin: 'A man may be at the same time both very ambitious and very sincere. Cromwell, for instance, was, in my opinion, a sincere puritan, even to fanaticism; and likewise greedy of power, even to hypocrisy; and still his hypocrisy is more obscure and more doubtful than his fanaticism. His tyranny is not a proof that his republican ardor was assumed.' Another writer has observed, with a corresponding depth of thought: 'Good is so intimately, so invisibly mixed up with evil, that it requires not only a right feeling to love and embrace it when found, but the exercise of every faculty of man to separate the metal from the ore in which it is embedded.' We may add, that it also requires a good deal of love of human nature, both to look for its virtues where they are to be found, and to spy them out quickly when in their neighborhood. It is hard to throw off the cold wrapper of selfishness and suspicion, and wear the uniform of that divine charity which 'hopeth all things and believeth all things,' and which is resolved to recognise the good and the beautiful wherever they are to be found, whether in meanness and tatters, or even under the rubbish of evil habits and erroneous opinions. But it must be done, if we would be just to our fellow men. The dominion of virtue may, though feeble and wavering, be real; and while perhaps her plants maintain at the present but a sickly and precarious existence, beneath the shadow of some frightful excrescence of vice, it may be but to shoot up ere long into the most healthy and beautiful luxuriance. We must learn to respect the minutest evolutions of excellence; and above all, to disabuse our moral vision of a delusive influence, sometimes affecting even well regulated minds, that have long been directed toward the discolored points of human character, the tendency of which is to robe even the brighter phases of our nature in the same sombre hues.

It is unquestionably much easier, requires far less thought and discrimination, to have but a two-fold moral classification of human beings,

the members of each class being supposed to be the moral antipodes of one other. As a theory, it is beautifully simple; but is it correspondent to the condition, does it satisfy the varied phenomena, of humanity? We think every man's consciousness, to say nothing of his observation, must falsify it. For, says Lord Bacon — good authority, we are sure — 'The minds of *all* men are at some times in a more perfect, and at other times in a more depraved, state.' But to the theory once more. Does it harmonize with what our eyes see, and our ears hear, of our fellow men? Is it not, on the contrary, guilty of the palpable oversight of real virtues, and does it not look with too severe and scathing a glance upon many human actions, of a noble and praiseworthy nature? Ah! we fear that sickly sensibility is its chronological antecedent, while we know that a surly misanthropy is its natural consequent; for misanthropy feeds on any supposition favorable to its cheerless and heart-oppressive views of man. If it could be proved that nine-tenths of the human family are morally worthless, and completely destitute even of the feeblest scintillations of true virtue, how the demonstration would gratify the few delirious Timons of our world!

'Hoc Ithacus velit et magno mercentur atridal.'

We hope there are but few, very few, of such unhappy spirits among us. Let us do nothing to strengthen, but every thing to break, the spell that now throws its dark illusion over their moral landscape, cheating them of all that is most animating and delightful in the chequered scenes of human life. H.

STANZAS.

WRITTEN IN A FRIEND'S ALBUM.

I.

Some love to have their memories kept
In records on the sculptured stone,
For crowds to see — let me be wept
But by one faithful heart alone.
Some strive to seize the flowers of fame,
Forgetting that, though bright they 're brief:
But prouder far am I to claim
From Friendship's wreath the simple leaf.

II.

Oh! from the world I'd pass away,
Like snow-wreaths from a wintry scene;
Or as a cloud of yesterday,
Forgotten, as I ne'er had been.
Yet in one place my name shall be,
And in one tablet have a part;
That place, thy faithful memory —
That tablet, thine own gentle heart! M.

THE SIEGE OF ANTIOCH.

A TALE (IN TWO PARTS) OF THE FIRST CRUSADE.*

PART I.—CHAPTER I.

THE CITY—THE SUPPLY—THE RESCUE.

THE city of Antioch, toward the end of the first crusade, occupied a mountain whose base sloped down to within a bow-shot of the river Orontes; its summit terminated in three cones, the northernmost of which, surrounded by abrupt precipices, was crowned by the lofty citadel. On one side of the city, a morass stretched from the river to the chain of mountains on which Antioch stood, across which was thrown a long, narrow bridge. On the other side, where the river approached nearest to the walls, a causeway ran from the city to the banks, where it joined a stone bridge of nine arches, strongly fortified in the centre and at the end, where it met the road leading to the gates, with iron doors. Beside these outward defences, the city was encompassed with massive walls and towers, which seemed, when united with the natural advantages of the place, to offer an impenetrable barrier to any foe, however well appointed with the warlike preparations of that day.

Robert, Duke of Normandy, had forced a passage across the 'iron bridge,' as it was called, and three hundred thousand well armed Crusaders were now encamped around the walls, and pushing on the siege with all the skill which the rude warfare of the times possessed: but weeks had passed, and yet no impression had been made upon the mighty defences of the city, and the lavish profusion of the first few days which followed the arrival of the soldiers of the cross had already began to produce want in that immense host, and few of the leaders were hardy enough to conduct their followers in search of supplies, when every pass was guarded by a powerful and vigilant enemy; for the besiegers were themselves besieged by fierce bands without, and constantly harassed by sallies of the citizens. In addition to the famine, which daily became more and more dreadful, pestilence began to rage through the crusading camp, engendered by the proximity of the stagnant marshes which surrounded it, and scenes of horror and crime became at length familiar in that wretched and rapidly diminishing army.

In this miserable state of affairs, no leader was more active than Bohemond, Prince of Tarentum, in endeavors to diminish its horrors. He had joined the crusade with all the enthusiasm of a young and ambitious warrior, and at the preaching of Peter the Hermit, is reported to have broken his armor in pieces with his battle-axe, and caused it to be made into crosses and distributed to his followers. He was now in the meridian of life — perhaps somewhat beyond it — though toil, privation and exposure might have anticipated, by some years, the ravages of time. His stature was athletic and commanding — his forehead broad and high, and his whole countenance would have worn the impress of courage, candor, and generosity, had not his small, dark and

*The leading incidents of this tale are strictly historical.

deep-set eyes betrayed an expression of shrewdness and art, which are often characteristics of the Italian countenance.

The camp was thus situated, when, as the morning sun was just throwing his light across the valley of the Orontes, a heated horseman, pausing before the tent of Godfrey, demanded audience, and was admitted.

'What intelligence bringest thou?' asked the chief.

'That which will afford joy to thee, and to thy brothers in arms,' replied the messenger: 'a fleet from Genoa and Pisa have just anchored at St. Simeon, laden with provisions, and bringing rēinforcements of troops.'

'Now God be praised!' piously ejaculated the leader; 'never was supply more deeply needed, nor more earnestly prayed for. We will see to it. Meanwhile, there is gold for thy welcome news.' So saying, he placed a purse of considerable weight in the hands of the messenger, who departed.

In an instant the camp was in confusion. One of the famished sentries at Godfrey's tent had overheard the joyful intelligence, and lost no time in communicating it to his fellow sufferers; and ere Godfrey could organize an escort to send to St. Simeon for the safe conveyance of the provisions, a mixed multitude of men, women, and even children, was rushing, in rapid and disordered streams, toward the port, which was only a few miles distant.

The infidels, who, from their elevated citadel, could see all that was passing in the Christian camp, no sooner perceived this company issue forth, shouting with joy in the anticipation of release from famine, than divining the cause, and being themselves nearly as destitute as the besiegers, they prepared an immense band to attack the multitude on their return, and to intercept the prize.

The port had been reached — the provisions landed — the crowd again sought their camp. On came that tumultuous and joyful assembly, with shout, and merriment, and song. Bohemond and the Count of Toulouse, with their armed followers, had joined them, and were marching, some beside the long train of heavily loaded carriages; some in advance, to give notice of any foe that might be lurking near — some occupied in vain attempts to marshal the noisy crowd into something like order. In this way they had proceeded about half way to the camp, when suddenly wild shrieks and groans were heard from the stragglers in the rear. Bohemond and his lancers spurred instantly to the spot, but it was some time ere the clouds of dust which arose on all sides, and the rush of the unarmed multitude toward the camp, enabled them to perceive the foe, or to rescue their friends. Thrusting aside the fugitives with the handles of their spears, or trampling them beneath their chargers' hoofs, they were now almost within reach of the enemy, when another wild cry from the drivers of the loaded wains and the crowd who surrounded the baggage, showed that they were encompassed by enemies. Again they turned to protect the supplies, or, if too few for that purpose, to cut, if possible, their way to the camp. In this latter attempt they succeeded. Headed by Bohemond, whose spear had been broken in the first charge, but whose sabre swept like a whirlwind among the Moslem ranks, they opened for themselves a passage over the corses of their foes, leaving behind them

the supplies, and the greater number of the defenceless crowd, together with several knights who had followed Bohemond's banner, cut down by the sabres of the infidel. Spurring their foaming steeds, they dashed into the camp, calling aloud upon the different leaders, as they passed their pavilions, to arm for the rescue. On reaching the centre of the encampment, where were erected the tents of Godfrey, they found that chief already in the saddle, marshalling his followers.

'Ye have sped rapidly, Prince of Tarentum,' said Godfrey, glancing at the panting charger of Bohemond, 'but the ill news has preceded you. Your advance company heard the tumult in their rear, and bore the tidings hither. And now, gallants, to the rescue!'

Bohemond and Raimond of Toulouse, waiting only to obtain fresh steeds, hurried back to the scene of action, and were joined as they passed by Robert of Flanders, Hugh of Vermandois, the Duke of Normandy, and other leaders.

The Turks, in momentary apprehension that a large body of the Christians would appear to dispute with them the rich booty which had just fallen into their hands, were making the best of their way through the passes of the mountains toward the city. Some of them, however, flushed with their easy conquest over Bohemond, and thirsting for the blood of the besiegers, were still hanging upon the rear of the miserable fugitives, who had not yet reached the camp, and staining their lances with the blood of the old and the feeble, the females and the children, who were left hindmost in that dreadful race.

Godfrey and the rest of the leaders had avoided the course taken by the fugitives, that they might, if possible, seize the pass which led to the city, and cut off the enemy ere they could reach the gates. Bohemond had, on the contrary, led his followers to cover the retreat of the unarmed multitude, ere he joined his companions, and had reached the rearmost of the panic-stricken crowd, ere the pursuers were aware of his approach. Just as he was clearing the last scattered groups, he beheld a maiden running wildly toward him, closely pursued by a Turkish horseman, whose lance would soon have been buried in the body of the fair fugitive. Bohemond spurred forward, and the next moment the infidel was rolling on the ground; his thick turban had proved but a vain defence against the practised arm of the warrior — his head was cloven to the teeth. The maiden kneeled to thank Bohemond for his timely succor, but he paused not to hear her, and, urging on his followers, slackened not his rein, until the assassins of the defenceless were slain or dispersed.

CHAPTER II.

THE CONTEST—THE MAIDEN.

The time thus consumed by Bohemond was of infinite importance to the event of the battle which ensued. The Moslem, perceiving that their return was cut off from the city, after making several ineffectual efforts, by extending their line to turn the flank of the Christians, at length found it necessary to come to a general engagement. They were more numerous, but not perhaps so well disciplined and appointed as the Crusaders: in other respects, the two armaments were nearly equal. Closing

their vizors and couching their lances, the Christian knights rushed upon their foe with their invariable battle cry, 'God wills it! God wills it!' The infidels received the charge unbroken, and foot to foot, and hand to hand, that doubtful battle raged, famine, no less than glory, urging on the opposing bands, who deemed the quick death of combat light in comparison with the tortures of slow-wasting hunger. It was at this critical juncture that the forces of Bohemond were seen pouring down from a neighboring eminence, and charging the infidels in flank. Being detained by the necessity of conducting the fugitives to the camp, he had arrived at the scene of action just when the conflict was so situated, that a slight additional force on either side were sufficient to insure the victory. The Saracens, pressed hard by augmented numbers, gave ground, slowly at first; but soon accelerating their speed, they fled tumultuously to the bridge. There, crowding foot and horse upon that narrow way, thousands were thrust over into the deep Orontes, and those who reached the shore found a speedy death from the infuriated mob, whom but a brief space before they had been so mercilessly pursuing. Night alone put a stop to the carnage.

Joy was once more diffused through the camp of the Crusaders. A short-lived plenty again smiled upon the wasted thousands, and nothing was heard but song, and dance, and revelry.

Bohemond, wearied by the exertions of the day, was reposing upon a rich carpet within his tent, and his attendants were removing the remains of the first plenteous banquet which for weeks had graced his board, when a soft voice was heard at the outer entrance requesting admission. A maiden of stately form and exceeding beauty approached, and as she stood a moment before the chief, her bosom heaving, and her eye and cheek glowing with emotion, she seemed like the angel of victory appearing to welcome the warrior from the well-fought field. Throwing herself on her knees before Bohemond, who had risen at her approach, she seized his hand and kissed it, and in a voice rendered almost inarticulate by deep feeling, she said:

'I have dared, Prince of Tarentum, to seek thy tent, that I might thank thee for the life thou hast this day saved. May God reward thee! Agatha has little beside her prayers to return for the gift thou hast conferred.'

'Rise, fair one,' replied Bohemond, 'thou owest me no thanks, for in sooth yon cowardly infidel would have met the same fate, whoever had been beneath his lance. Thee I never saw before I was so fortunate as to rescue thee, and truly our meeting then was somewhat of the briefest.'

'It is not strange,' replied the maiden, 'that thou, Lord of Tarentum, shouldst forget the humble Agatha; howbeit when I saw thee, this morning, like a thunderbolt crush my pursuer, I dared to think that thou didst recognise me, or at least that thou didst behold in my poor features those of thy native Apulia, and methought the memory of our lovely Italy nerved thine hand with unwonted strength.'

'Art thou then of Apulia?' asked Bohemond, with some curiosity.

'I am,' replied the maiden; 'Giuseppe, my father, was a follower of thine, and fell fighting at thy side before the walls of Amalfi.'

'For his sake, maiden,' replied the chief, moved by the intelligence he had just heard, 'I doubly rejoice at thy rescue; and trust me, thou

shalt find a friend in Bohemond, whenever thou shalt stand in need of his succor. But methinks Giuseppe had a son, worthy of so brave a father. What has become of thy brother, Bartoldo?'

'He fell, as I heard, at Dorylæum,' she answered mournfully, 'in a fruitless effort to save thy cousin William from the spear of the Saracen. And now Agatha is left without a single relative among this mighty host. On the death of our father, Bartoldo was seized with an unconquerable desire to join the army of the Crusaders; our mother had been long dead, and I resolved to follow my brother, in the hope that I might be enabled to minister to his comforts in the perils and privations which I knew he would be called on to endure.'

'Alas! poor maiden,' replied the chief, 'and how hast thou been preserved, with no friend to watch over thee, amid the horrors of this dreadful siege?'

'The saints have protected me,' she said, with much solemnity, 'and have raised me up a friend in the Lady Isabella, wife of the Count of Blois.'

'Stephen of Blois, fair one, is wearied of the discomforts of this protracted siege,' rejoined the chief, 'and under the plea of ill health, will shortly desert our camp. Hast thou no other protector to defend thee when he has departed?'

'Cause thy attendants to retire,' she replied, after a brief pause, 'and I will answer thee.'

Bohemond waved his hand, and his followers left the tent. The maiden resumed.

'Pledge me thy faith, Prince of Tarentum, that my secret shall be safe in thy keeping.'

'I promise,' said the chief, 'upon the faith and honor of a knight, that thy secret shall be betrayed to none.'

'It is enough,' said Agatha; 'know then that I am betrothed to Phirouz, the Armenian.'

'How can I credit thee, maiden? Phirouz is a Mahommedan, and has for some time been intrusted by Baghasian, Prince of Antioch, with the defence of one of the towers which guards the northern wall.'

'My words are nevertheless true,' replied the maiden, 'and Phirouz is no Mahommedan; I have been the poor instrument, in the hands of Heaven, of bringing him over to our holy religion.'

'But by what means hast thou been enabled to hold converse with him?'

'For some weeks,' she replied, 'Phirouz was daily in our camp as a spy —'

'Well for him he crossed not my path,' interrupted Bohemond; 'trust me, his visits would effectually have been arrested.'

'I knew him not as a spy,' continued Agatha; 'he won my affections ere I knew his office; and when I did know it, I forbade him, for a time, my presence. Meanwhile he had been rewarded for his intelligence by the situation he now holds. When we again met, he sought the interview, to learn from me new arguments for the truth of Christianity; for my former words had sunk deep into his heart, and he felt that his own creed was false, but he knew not then that ours was true. And now,' continued the maiden, 'Prince of Tarentum, thou hast given me life, it is my duty to recompense thee as I best may. Would yon-

der proud city be a worthy prize to thine ambition? Perchance the poor Agatha can give even *that* into thine hands.'

Bohemond gazed upon her for a moment, like one entranced. Then striding twice or thrice rapidly across the tent, he paused abruptly before the maiden, and exclaimed:

'Show me but the way, fair herald of glad tidings, and I swear to thee by the holy sepulchre, that thou and thy lover shall be richly rewarded.'

'Admit me to thy tent to-morrow evening,' said the maiden with some hesitation, 'and perchance thou mayest hear further intelligence.' So saying, she withdrew, and Bohemond retired to his couch, but not to sleep: ambition was too busy at his heart to allow slumber to visit him, weary though he was with the hard strife of the day.

CHAPTER III.

THE ARMENIAN.

THE moon was sleeping in solemn beauty upon city and camp. No sound was to be heard, save the tread of sentries — the deep murmuring of the Orontes — the occasional baying of a hound, or neigh of a war-horse — and the clatter of the armourer's hammer, repairing the mail, battered in the morning's contest; the lateness of the hour, at which he plied his task, proving how great a demand for his services the battle had caused. It was near midnight, and amidst the stillness of the hour, a figure closely muffled in an ample cloak was ascending, with an elastic step, the abrupt path of the mountain toward the northern extremity of the city. At length, pausing at some distance from the walls, it thrice sounded a peculiar note with a small whistle, listening with some anxiety between each blast. The echo of the last had scarcely died away, ere from a broad loop-hole of one of the towers, a ladder of ropes was let down, and a form was seen rapidly descending. It was that of a man under the middle age, slight, but of perfect symmetry, and rather above than below the common standard of height. Instead of the turban which was commonly worn, his head was covered with a high crimson cap, beneath which might be seen a finely moulded brow and face, terminating at the chin in a perfect oval; its deep olive complexion agreeing well with the jet black hair which fell gracefully from beneath the cap, and the long, slender moustache, which curved like a battle-bow above his small, well formed mouth. The straight Grecian nose showed him not to be of Turkish descent, though the piercing black eye, and indeed the general contour of the features, proclaimed an eastern origin.

'Dearest Agatha,' he exclaimed, as he approached the closely-muffled form, 'how many weary days have passed since the sound of thy welcome whistle has greeted mine ear.'

'Nay, dear Phirouz,' rejoined Agatha,' ever since the night when thou wert so nearly discovered by that midnight prowler, the Count of Melun, I have scarcely dared to leave the camp, lest our interviews should be forever prevented; henceforth I fear me they must be few, unless this unhappy siege should soon terminate. But,' she added, 'is it certain that even then we could hope to meet without concealment? Would to God that thou, dear Phirouz, wert one of our warriors, and not the

warden of yon hostile tower! And now that thou hast embraced the same faith, is it well for thee to war against the soldiers of the cross?'

'Would that it were otherwise!' he answered, musingly; 'but, dearest, there are difficulties in the way. I am known in the Christian camp only as a spy. Were I to desert my charge here, and join the ranks of the Crusaders, I should be still looked upon with suspicion; they may even refuse to receive me as a companion in arms. Even were my services accepted, my single arm could avail but little toward the accomplishment of their undertaking.'

'Phirouz,' said the maiden with great earnestness, placing as she spoke her hand upon her lover's arm, 'thou hast often bidden me demand from thee some proof of thy affection. I doubt it not — I have never doubted it — but the injunction proves that thou art willing to make some sacrifice for thine Agatha. Our warriors are fighting in a holy cause. They have come hither from distant lands to recover the sepulchre where our Lord was buried, and to insure safe passage to and from that sacred spot, for the bands of pious pilgrims who resort thither; and who, thou well knowest, have been miserably oppressed, ill treated, buried in loathsome dungeons, tortured and slain, by those for whom thou art perilling thy life. Is it not thine, dear Phirouz, a believer now in the same creed, to aid their pious design, rather than to give thy assistance to impede it? The command of the tower which now frowns above us, is thine — thine Agatha asks thee to forward the undertaking of thy fellow Christians — Bohemond of Tarentum will reward thee richly, if thou wilt.'

'It shall be done,' replied the youth, after a pause — 'long have I felt that my situation was an unpleasant one; but this morning,' he continued, and his eye kindled and his lip quivered as he spoke, 'Baghasian, in making the circuit of the walls, upbraided me with my apostacy from Islamism, and then, in the presence of a large body of my fellow captains, turned away from me with the insulting speech, "There is but one step between the apostate and the traitor — beware! thou art suspected!" Maiden, his prediction shall be verified. Let Bohemond keep his gold; neither for that nor even for thy love — highly as I value it — would I betray the trust that is reposed in me, were I not convinced that a purer motive requires me to do so. Even that motive I might have repressed, but for the insult of Baghasian. Tell Bohemond to have all things prepared for an assault, and when he sees a light in the highest loop-hole of this tower, bid him lead his bravest lances to its foot — they shall be admitted. And now, dearest, farewell! I see the torch of the officer of the guard approaching along the walls; I must be on my post. When next we meet, it shall be no longer in the stolen interviews between those of hostile camps.'

He kissed her fair brow, and departed, and was soon in his tower, awaiting his superior's approach.

CHAPTER IV.

THE COUNCIL—THE ASSAULT.

SLOWLY to Bohemond passed that night and the succeeding day: as evening approached, every step, every voice he heard, drew his eyes to the tent door.

He had that day called a meeting of his brother chiefs, and demanded of them, in full council, if, in the event the city should be taken by his means, they would consent to give up to him the sole possession of the prize. At first they had refused. Each chief asserted his right to an equal division of the spoil, whoever should lead the way to its acquisition. Bohemond, somewhat disappointed at the reception which his proposal met with, rose abruptly from his seat, saying:

'As ye will — as ye will, my lords. The distresses of the siege press not more heavily on me than they do upon you. We will again quietly sit down and look at the walls of Antioch. As ye refuse me the possession of the city, ye cannot complain if I refuse to divulge the means by which I had hoped to take it; nevertheless, ye will, perhaps, wish that ye had made a less hasty decision, when ye hear the intelligence I have to communicate.' Clapping his hands, a messenger appeared. 'Tell these noble leaders,' continued Bohemond, addressing him, 'that which thou didst tell to me as I met thee on my way to the council.'

'Be it known to you, noble Godfrey,' said the messenger, 'and ye other leaders of this Christian army, that the Sultaun of Persia is now on his march hither to raise the siege of Antioch, and unless the city be soon in your power ——'

The messenger was here interrupted by Raimond, Count of Toulouse, between whom and Bohemond a coolness, almost amounting to a decided quarrel, had for some time existed.

'The Prince of Tarentum, my lords, hath been happy in discovering a messenger so opportunely to back his arguments. Trust me, I could procure twenty at an hour's notice, who would declare to you that the Sultaun of Persia was marching in an opposite direction.'

'Nay,' replied Godfrey, 'the information is correct. I have this morning received the same intelligence from another source, and it was my intention to have laid the subject before you forthwith. Kerboga leads an immense and well appointed host. What say you then, my lords, shall we accept the noble Bohemond's proposal?'

After some discussion the chiefs, perceiving that the emergency was pressing, consented to agree to the proposition of Bohemond. The following morning was appointed for the council again to meet, to receive from that chief whatever disclosures he might have to make with respect to the capture of the city; and on returning to his tent, it was not without deep anxiety that Bohemond awaited the promised visit of Agatha.

The maiden at length appeared, and the chief read success in her countenance. She revealed to him the conversation which had passed between her and her lover, and the signal which was to warn the Crusaders of the hour of attack. As she turned to depart, the delighted prince threw over her shoulders a massive gold chain, of great value, 'not as a reward,' he said, as she attempted to return it, 'but as a mark of admiration for the virtue which thou hast exhibited in the midst of vice and licentiousness. Continue thus to act, fair maiden, and the saints doubtless will protect thee; and thy lover — if he be indeed the noble youth thou describest him — will prove himself a husband worthy of thee. May the God of battles bless our arms, and afford ye a peaceful and happy union!'

At the council, on the following morning, Bohemond related to

Godfrey and a few of the principal leaders, under the strictest obligations of secrecy, in consequence of the numerous spies who infested the camp, his intercourse with Phirouz, and his plan of attack. It was then determined to place under Bohemond's orders seven hundred chosen knights, to be ready at a moment's warning, the ostensible object of whose preparation was to lay an ambush for the Persian army, which was known to be approaching. All the necessary arrangements were soon made, and the moment twilight fell, Bohemond's eye was turned anxiously toward the tower of Phirouz.

The night fell dark, cloudy, and tempestuous. It was uncertain when the signal would be made, but the time was so favorable for the enterprise, that the warriors were ordered to hold themselves in readiness, and Godfrey, Bohemond, and Robert of Flanders, the three leaders of the expedition, assembled in complete armor in the tent of the latter, which, from its situation in the camp, commanded a full view of the tower which Phirouz held. Hour after hour passed, and still no signal appeared: and after a short deliberation, it was resolved to set out in the direction of the tower, so as to lose no time in entering, after Phirouz should signify his readiness to receive them. Slowly and stealthily they left the camp, all but the leaders ignorant of the real object of the march. Making a circuit of some distance among the mountains, they reached at length a deep valley, not far from the walls, where they halted. The tower was in sight, but dark and still as if untenanted by living being. The leaders, fearful that Phirouz had deceived them, again went apart to consult, and Bohemond had just volunteered to go up to the walls alone, and try to procure some intelligence, when suddenly from the highest loop-hole of the tower flashed forth a brilliant and steady light! Bohemond flew back to the band, and, pointing to the light, said:

'My friends and fellow soldiers! — that beacon fire lights you to victory. Not for ambush have we left the camp; a nobler quarry demands your courage. It was necessary to conceal the object of our expedition, lest spies should have learned the truth, and defeated our plans. Know then, that yonder light, gleaming from the tower of Phirouz, shows that he is ready to admit us within the walls. Be brave, fellow soldiers, and your toils will be ended. This night Antioch shall be ours. Now forward to victory and spoil!'

The whole band advanced rapidly, but without noise, save what arose from the heavy tread and clanking armor of so many knights — but even that was unheard, amid the howling of the storm through the steep mountain passes around them. They reached the walls. From the loop-hole through which the lover had descended, two nights before, to meet Agatha, hung a single rope to which a ladder of hides, which the invaders had brought from the camp, was attached, and drawn up by an invisible hand within. Then it was that the full peril of the enterprise struck the minds of the Crusaders. 'Who shall ascend first?' was the question which each asked, but no one answered.

'Who is this Phirouz?' exclaimed Walter de Bras, a rough but bold knight of France: 'we can enter but one at a time, and a single hand above may silently cut off the bravest lancers of the Crusade.'

'Phirouz is a true friend,' whispered a voice above; 'trust to him, and fear nothing. On your speed depends your safety. A patrol with

a torch comes forth every hour upon the walls. Ascend, ere you be discovered, or I suspected.'

'Follow me then!' cried Bohemond, springing forward to the ladder which he held with one hand, and crossing himself with the other, added, 'Holy mother defend me! If I die, it will be in a good cause, and ye, my friends, will not allow me to die unavenged. Let those who have no woman's hearts beneath their bucklers, follow me.'

So saying he commenced the ascent. Walter de Bras followed, muttering between his teeth:

'Plague on your night attacks! — they are an innovation in the art of war. Woman's hearts, did he say? The corslet of Walter covers none, but i' faith this dangling between heaven and earth likes me not; it is an unlucky omen.'

Ere this soliloquy was completed, Bohemond had gained the tower, and from the loop-hole above encouraged his companions to follow. Godfrey and Robert, succeeded by several others, then mounted. Emboldened by example, the knights soon began to crowd upon the frail support, and scarcely more than twenty had entered the tower, ere the ladder was found to be giving way beneath the numbers who had gathered upon it. One side had already parted, and shortly afterward the other, straining and rending beneath the increased weight thus thrown upon it, snapped, precipitating several warriors upon the iron spikes which armed the edge of the fosse.

The clang of their armour as they fell, and the groans of those who were wounded in their rapid descent, struck terror into every heart, lest the noise should betray them, and defeat the whole enterprise. But the besieged heard it not. The roaring of the storm, and the rushing of the vexed river beneath, swallowed up every other sound, to all but those who were the immediate actors in the perilous adventure. The ladder was soon repaired, and, after another pause of doubt and hesitation, was again strained by the weight of the ascending warriors. Then came a new cause of alarm. Ere more than fifty or sixty knights had made good their footing in the tower, a torch threw its red and flickering glare along the walls. The delay caused by the breaking of the ladder had rendered it impossible to admit all, ere the patrol made his rounds. Those who were still at the foot of the walls crowded closely under the shade of the battlements, but all in vain — they were discovered! The officer bent with his blazing light over the parapet, and turned to give the alarm, but ere a word could pass his lips, the dagger of Bohemond was deep in his heart. And now, the knights who had gained the walls, forming themselves into a close band, passed down the narrow stair-case to the guard-room, and the soldiers who slumbered there awoke no more. Then descending to the nearest gate of the city, they threw it open to their fellow soldiers who had not yet mounted to the walls, and the whole band uniting there, rushed into the city, following up their first glad shout with a long, loud, thrilling blast of trumpets; intended at the same time to strike terror into the hearts of the besieged, and to give warning of their success to their fellow warriors in the camp, who, arming instantly, rushed to their support. Ere morning dawned, Antioch was in possession of the Crusaders, with the exception of the ·adel, whither, on the first alarm, Baghasian and the flower of his y had betaken themselves.

It is not necessary to the development of my tale, that I should dwell upon the fearful events which that night witnessed: but while I draw the veil over these barbarities, I am compelled to proceed to the description of scenes scarcely less painful.

CHAPTER V.

THE FAMINE.

ANTIOCH, for some weeks before its capture, had been suffering from want of provisions, not less severe than that which oppressed the Crusaders; and the fall of the city had therefore brought to the conquerors no mitigation of their sufferings. Nevertheless, for some days after taking possession of their prize, so great was their joy at the termination of a siege which had been the fruitful parent of so much misery, they gave themselves up without restraint to revelry and debauch, heedless of the future, and almost forgetting that a powerful enemy was at hand. Ere the leaders could rouse them to exertion, and organize a band to scour the neighboring country for supplies, Kerboga, Emir of Mosul, and Kilidge Aslan, better known by the name of Solyman, Sultaun of Roum, had encamped with three hundred thousand warriors around the walls of Antioch.

Whatever privations the Christians might have endured while besieging the city, they were light indeed when compared with the dreadful sufferings to which, as the besieged, they were now reduced. Horses and dogs, and eventually the most loathsome reptiles, were used as food. Famine, in every shape of horror, and accompanied by its inseparable attendants, selfishness, and utter abandonment of all moral restraint, reigned every where supreme. Even the strong voice of natural affection was silenced amid the horrors of the time, and hundreds of the old and infirm fell daily before the pittiless tooth of the slow-wasting enemy. Armed bands prowled the streets day and night, and without remorse broke into the houses of the weaker, and seized upon their little store; and the plunderers themselves perchance, unless they quickly devoured their ill-gotten supply, found it wrested from their hands the next moment by a larger or better armed company. Many, unable to bear the lingering tortures which they experienced, deserted from the walls in the desperate hope to escape, or, failing in that, to find a more rapid and easy death among the spears of the besiegers. In many instances, the bodies of the dead were devoured by the living, and the dying found an aggravation of their horrors, in the shuddering thought that their only tomb would be the greedy throats of their own kindred.

Phirouz and Agatha had met, without the necessity of secrecy, but alas, under what circumstances! It is true, indeed, that famine, from particular causes, pressed less heavily on them than on their fellow sufferers, but still the keen eye of the lover was compelled, day by day, to witness the fair cheek of his betrothed becoming paler and still paler under her privations; and she could well perceive that his active form had lost much of its vigor, and that his firm step had grown less elastic.

After the desertion of Stephen of Blois, Agatha had found an asylum in the tent of the same Walter de Bras whom we have seen with Bo-

hemond in the perilous adventure on the night of the assault. He had attached himself to that leader's banner, and, with his wife and daughter, who had followed him from France, now occupied a dwelling in the city, not far from that of the Prince. Bohemond, whose deep interest in Agatha had experienced no diminution, failed not, so long as his own table was furnished, to impart a portion of his supply, for her sake, to the family of his follower; and ere that source of bounty failed, Phirouz, who still retained the command of the tower by which the Crusaders had entered, had succeeded, by enormous bribes, in procuring from some of the less scrupulous followers of the enemy's camp, who were revelling in abundance beneath the walls, and in sight of the famishing thousands within, an uncertain supply, which he never failed to share with his beloved Agatha.

In this miserable state of affairs, utter despair would undoubtedly have taken possession of all — leader and follower alike — had not religious enthusiasm been called in to support them. The historians of the time inform us that visions and prophesies were almost daily published among the credulous multitude, promising victory and abundance to those who should endure courageously to the last.

The sun was shining calmly and gloriously upon that suffering city, as Phirouz and Agatha, whose curiosity had been excited by rumors of a new miracle which had been spread on the preceding day, held their way to the Church of St. Peter. As they passed along the streets, now crowded with pale, emaciated forms, whom curiosity had called forth from their wretched homes, their eyes frequently encountered scenes of the most revolting character. Living in comparative plenty, they had not yet become accustomed to the degrading influence which famine had been exerting on the poorer classes, and Agatha shuddered, as they turned the corner of a street to behold a female figure, kneeling on the ground, and digging up, with palsied hands, from beneath a stone which she had removed with some difficulty, though it was by no means a heavy one, the worms and crawling reptiles which had embedded themselves there. Her languid eye at one moment was lighted up with a gleam of intense pleasure, as she eagerly devoured her prize, at the next she cast her glances hurriedly and anxiously around, fearful lest some one should arrive to dispute with her the nauseous banquet. Farther on appeared a youth, whose restless and dilated eye betrayed the failing intellect which famine often produces, sitting on the threshhold of his home, gnawing a fleshless bone which he had found, and endeavoring, with the skirt of his robe, to hide his booty from the eyes of the passers by, lest even that miserable source of nourishment might excite envy and aggression. In one of the less frequented streets, their ears were assailed in passing, by the unwonted sounds of merriment; and on turning their eyes toward the broken casement whence the noise issued, horror-struck, they beheld three attenuated forms — one of them a female — tearing with bony fingers the morsels from a dish before them, in the midst of which, mangled and half devoured, appeared a human hand!

They hastened on, and at length found themselves in the midst of an immense multitude, entering the spacious church of St. Peter. With some difficulty they procured a seat, and after the vast and highly excited assembly had been hushed into silence, a priest arose, whose hollow

cheek was flushed, and his sunken eye appeared as if lighted up with some unearthly fire. He commenced abruptly, and his deep tones came forth like a voice from the sepulchre. Every breath was hushed — every eye turned strainingly toward him.

'These eyes have seen a vision! — these ears have heard voices which are not of earth! Listen to the words from Heaven — let the commands of the holy apostle be obeyed. Your toils are passed — your miseries ye shall experience no more. Yes, blessed saint!' he continued, spreading abroad his hands, and raising his eyes toward Heaven, 'thou didst in the night visions reveal to me that in a vault beneath this sacred edifice lies buried the spear-head which pierced the Saviour's side. Methought, my friends, he did place his finger on the very spot. And to me, yea to me, unworthy of so great a revelation, these were the blessed words he uttered: 'For your crimes', he said, 'ye have been punished. The sword without and the famine within, — these have been your penance. The wrath of Heaven is now passed away like a cloud from the face of earth. Cause the sacred weapon to be disinterred — cause it to be borne before your hosts — sally forth bravely upon the infidel, and your enemies shall melt before you; yea, victory and abundance shall be yours!'

He sat down, and buried his face in his hands. The multitude, with a sudden impulse, arose, and the vaulted roof shook as it echoed to the shout of thousands, 'God wills it! God wills it!'

The leaders immediately took measures to avail themselves of the enthusiasm thus excited. The lance-head, whether pretended or real, we pause not to inquire, was dug up, and every preparation was made for the desperate sally, which was appointed to take place on the second morning succeeding the day on which the lance was discovered. In the meantime, it was determined to send a merciful embassy to the Emir and the Sultaun, to warn them that the wrath of Heaven was upon them, and to bid them depart, while it was yet in their power.

THE DECEIVED.

I said that friends and kindred I had none,
To share the bliss or soothe the woes of life;
I did not name one tie — the only one
This heart e'er knew — for a convulsive strife
Of keener pangs than e'er assassin's knife
Gave to the breast through which its point was driven,
Wakens within me at the name of *wife!*
Fiend! she deceived me — but the bond is riven
By Death's cold hand; may she find peace in Heaven!

By man cast off — by woman basely wronged —
What wonder if I well nigh hate my race?
And that the joys for which my heart once longed,
I now hold dreams, that fleet and leave no trace,
Save the fierce throe no balsam can efface,
Nor aught save death or madness bid depart:
Hope is a bubble, which 't is vain to chase;
All is deception in this mighty mart —
Man cheats the head, and woman dupes the heart.

THE SISTERS.

AN EXTRACT FROM AN UNPUBLISHED POEM.

Nay, Inez, why that thoughtful brow,
On this enchanting morn?
The lark is blithely revelling now,
Amid the golden corn:

I've dash'd the dew-drop from the rose,
And robbed the lily's bank;
I've been where violets repose,
And their fresh odour drank:

'Tis strange, dear Inez, you should stay
Your head upon your hand:
Ah, I forgot — *He's* far away,
With his heroic band.

How deep and burningly you blush,
And turn your face away ——'
'Dear Meta, will you never hush
Those foolish words to say?'

'Nay do n't be angry, or I'll pour
Deep vengeance on your head;
Such wrath upon you will I shower,
You'll wish your words unsaid.'

O'er Inez' brow she gaily threw
A stream of roses wet with dew:
Lilies and violets mingling there,
With the dark tresses of her hair —
Some rolling down, fell on her breast,
And some upon her lap found rest;
Some drooping lay upon the ground —
Their fragrance filled the air around.
Encircled thus was Inez seen,
Of flowers the guarding fairy queen.
Delighted with the rich display,
The gay girl laughed, and danced away.

Inez was left alone — she smiled
At Meta's laughing frolic wild,
Then gently swept the flowrets by,
And sank once more in reverie;
'Twas strange indeed to one so young,
Such earnest contemplation clung;
But 'twas her nature, ever prone
To muse with her own heart alone.

The moon that, robed in silver, rides on high
Is beautiful — the stars that tread the sky
In golden majesty: the clouds that play
In the rich sunset's blazing purple ray,
The thousand-tinted flowers that deck the earth,
The bird whose life is music from his birth,
Are each and all most beautiful: but far
More exquisite than these — than cloud, than star,
More wonderful in form and hue, the brow
Of thought — the spirit-speaking eye, the glow
Of hope, that feeling which bepaints the cheek
Of the young maiden with a rainbow streak,
And that first freshness of glad youthful hearts,
Which gentlest hues to heaven and earth imparts,
Which in gay dreams forgets the fever, strife,
And tints with moonlight ray the stream of life.

And such was Inez: there she sate
Calm, still, and thoughtfully sedate;
With raven locks and large dark eye
That spoke her soul so thrillingly.
With chiselled features, high-arched brow,
Which leaned upon her small hand now;
Her cheek was as the lily pale,
But ever and anon the gale,
Or some light passing thought would come,
Tinting it with the rose's bloom:
And ever a soft dimpling smile
Would flit around her lips the while.

And Meta — she had sprung away
To watch the wood-birds at their play,
To hear their song as on it floats,
And echo back their own wild notes.
All lightness, witchery, and ease;
The fawn that trembles at the breeze
Was not more timid — nor the lark,
That hails the morning's first bright spark,
More full of joy. Her laugh, gay, low,
Which from her very heart would flow —
Her step, that lightly touched the ground,
Had music in each faëry sound.

* * *

O'er feelings generous, high, and warm,
There came at times a transient storm;
The lustre of her eye would brighten,
The glow upon her cheek would heighten;
The wilful word was sometimes spoke,
But then the sorrow it awoke —
The big tear trembling in her eye,
Her neck bent down so droopingly,
So generously for pardon plead,
You scarce could wish her words unsaid.

Trenton, (N. J.,) 1836. H. L. B.

THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE.

The rapid strides which our young and vigorous country is making in internal improvement, is a subject of just exultation to ourselves, and admiration to the world. However sceptical some may pretend to be as to the development of the physical and intellectual powers of man in the new world, none will deny that here the improvement of his physical condition is pushed forward with more energy, and the natural evils by which he is surrounded are overcome and banished with more zeal, rapidity, and success, than in any other quarter of the globe. We will not stop to inquire, whether the highest display and most useful employment of the human intellect are to be found in abstract disquisitions, and poetical or philosophical contemplations, or in the practical application of the great leading principles of nature and of truth to the amelioration of the condition of our species. Both are undoubtedly appropriate fields for the exertion of mind, and the happiest result would be produced by their combined operation. It might be expected, however, that the latter would command the precedence in a new country, where the obstacles that nature interposes to the convenient habitation of civilized man are first to be overcome, and a certain degree of exertion is necessary, to raise any class of men above the

immediate wants of their physical condition. In these efforts for advancing their civilization and improvement, the American people have peculiar advantage. They have the benefit of the moral and philosophical researches and discoveries of the old world, without the embarrassment of prejudices transmitted from the dark ages, and the shackles of institutions, customs and opinions, cast off there, to be sure, by the few, but still worn by the mass, rendering the truths of philosophy of but little practical benefit to the human family, and confining their influence chiefly to the small circle of refined and privileged beings, whom the favors of fortune have almost elevated into a superior species. In the new world, a great truth is appreciated, felt and acted upon at once, by the whole community; in the old, if understood at all by any considerable portion of society, it is regarded as a subject fit merely for the abstract contemplation of the few, and dangerous to be thought of by the many, or if attempted to be carried into practical use, it must force its way most generally through deluges of blood. Here any important principle in human polity is freely canvassed, and has to contend only with public opinion; there its agitation is forbidden, and it must come in contact with the despotic will of an individual, or the self-interest of a class; here, any great public measure, having for its object the general good, has to contend only with conflicting local interests, or the question of its utility; there, it has, in addition, to combat the *vis inertiæ* of the popular mass, weighed down by prejudices, traditions and customs, deep-rooted and inveterate, inspiring a dread of innovation, and creating a distrust of any improvement which had not been tried by their ancestors. Here, modifications are adopted in the form of the government by the voice of the majority, without popular violence; there, the slightest alteration proposed, is the symptom of a revolution. France has waded through seas of blood in search of improvement, and how little has been effected! Millions have been crushed in the attempt to push the car of state out of the ruts of old opinions. In whatever direction we turn our eyes, throughout the old world, we perceive the same state of things. England advances faster than any other country, except our own; and yet how encumbered is she still with the institutions, customs, and prejudices of other and less enlightened times! Much as she has done for literature, for science, for religion, for morals, for the elevation and refinement of our species, how little has she improved the condition, and advanced the happiness, of the mass of the people! How little has she done toward removing the gloomy pall of popular ignorance, besotted superstition, and degrading prejudice, which overhangs the nation, flaunting its dark folds exultingly in the face of pitying Nature! In the United States, the whole energy of the human intellect is devoted to developing the resources of the country, and improving the condition of the people. Hence, in proportion to our population and wealth, we have more works of general utility than any other people: and hence the engrossing interest that is felt for the improvement of our political institutions — a matter closely connected with the prosperity of any nation. The difference in the manifestation of this energy, here and elsewhere, consists in this: that here, it embraces the whole people, without distinction of rank, class, or order, and carries all forward with the same noble impulses, and in the same great exertions. Hence we may account for the vigor, zeal,

and spirit, with which any system found to bear favorably upon the public weal, such, for instance, as that of internal improvements, is urged forward by the American people. It interests all classes, it unites all hearts, it combines all efforts. It is discussed in all the newspapers, talked of in every village, and comprehended and understood by the humblest freeholder, who feels that he has an interest in the general prosperity. We may add, too, that it conflicts with no old prejudices; it comes in collision with no false systems and opinions; it harrows up no old associations. Its march is onward — as majestic as the forests that bow their tops beneath its influences, and as irresistible as the winds that howl among their falling branches! Having for its object the improvement of man's physical condition, and the removal of the natural evils that surround him, with which his moral and intellectual advancement is more closely allied than is generally understood, it unfolds the practical use of genuine philosophy, and contains the essence of true benevolence. If half the intellect which has been wasted in the debates of the schools, and metaphysical controversy, had been devoted to the conception, development and maturing of systems, adapted to promote the public good, to unfold the resources of the country, to awaken its productive industry, and to facilitate interchange of commodities, and intercourse from different parts, how much might the improvement of mankind have been advanced! — how much more truly might the purposes of philanthropy have been subserved! If the ingenuity which was expended in the disputes of the stoics and epicureans about the *summum bonum*, and other abstract questions, had been employed in devising some practical scheme of human improvement, and some feasible method of vanquishing physical evils, can it be believed that the ingenious ancients would have remained so ignorant as they were of many of the simplest remedies against such evils? Would their dwellings have been destitute of chimneys or glass? Would thousands of talents have been thrown away in the construction of aqueducts, from ignorance of a simple and obvious principle in hydrostatics? Would commerce have been compelled to hug the shores of the Mediterranean? Would manufactures have known no better instrument than the distaff? Would the material universe have remained a sealed book, and its simplest laws a mystery? Would the mind of Socrates have satisfied itself with a few syllogisms, and the eloquence of Cicero have been employed to uphold a superstition as gross as it was unnatural and ridiculous? And in less enlightened, though scarcely less ingenious times, during the reign of monkish supremacy, while the human mind continued under the baleful influence of the Platonic and Aristotlelian philosophy, and Christianity itself had become corrupted by it, would the logic of Duns Scotus, under other influences, have been gravely employed in proving that the difference between Peter and John consists in the *Peterity* of the former, and the *Johnnity* of the latter, and the whole learned world been agitated by the discussion of questions too ridiculous to excite any thing but the smile of contempt?

It is true that the old world has shaken off these puerilities; that the Baconian philosophy has restored science to her dignity, and placed the temple of knowledge upon the firm basis of observation and experience. Successful war has there been made upon *idola fori*, or 'idols of the market-place,' as Lord Bacon quaintly denominates the errors and pre-

judices of former times, and Europe has gloriously profited by the noble conquest. But we contend that in America, the 'idols of the market-place' have less influence over the human mind than in Europe. Several causes have combined to produce this result, though we attribute it chiefly to two, namely: the free and independent spirit of the early settlers of this country, who sought the asylum of our shores 'for opinion's sake,' and the mixed character of our population. To the former, we may refer the liberal spirit of inquiry, and dislike of oppression of every kind, which prevail throughout our land; and to the latter, we may ascribe our comparative exemption from Lord Bacon's 'idols of the market-place.' Here are brought together the various classes, tribes, and nations of the world, and their chains are worn off by the contact. The continual attrition of one prejudice against another, has diminished the asperity of each; the contrast of one error with another, transferred from different parts of the world, has opened the eyes of the people to all, each one perceiving the folly of his neighbor, and being thereby led to suspect his own. The Highlander is set down by the side of the German, who gives him no countenance in his belief in second sight; while the former in turn ridicules the superstitions of the Hartz mountains. The Austrian, accustomed to implicit obedience to despotic authority, loses his reverence for absolute power, when he hears an intelligent Englishman, his neighbor, discuss the advantages of a limited monarchy; while both begin to doubt the divine right of kings, when listening to the argument of a native American. Thus our country may be considered as a vast alembic, where the errors, and prejudices, and superstitions of the world are dissolved, and truth, and right, and wisdom, assume their just supremacy.

It is evident, from the view we have taken of the influence of the circumstances and institutions of our people, upon their character and conduct, that a most rapid development of the physical resources of the country, a prodigious increase of national wealth, and an unparalleled improvement in the condition of all classes of our citizens, may be expected. The existing state of general prosperity throughout the whole republic, and the vast enterprises of public improvement begun and contemplated in every quarter of our extended empire, are but the natural result of the causes which we have been considering, and open a vista into futurity, magnificent and dazzling. The sun-light of this benign spirit will shed its plastic beams over an extent of territory as large as Europe, and capable of sustaining a larger population, unobstructed by the chilling clouds of ignorance and superstition, which overhang almost the whole of that continent, or by the icy thrall of despotism which still binds the ten fragments of that vast kingdom of iron, which was, according to the sublime prophecy of Daniel, 'to devour the whole earth, and tread it down, and break it in pieces.' It is impossible to contemplate, without exulting hopes and throbbing expectations, the destiny of this great portion of the North American continent, possessed by the Anglo-Saxon race, which was the first of the races of the earth to throw off the yoke of bondage, and whose blood, whether in American or British veins, gives the quickening impulse to civilization, and soul to enterprise, throughout the world. Here is an appropriate field for the exercise of the free and noble spirit of that race: a boundless extent of country, of unexampled fertility,

penetrated by navigable waters from its remotest borders to the ocean, and affording great facilities for linking them together by artificial communication, and essentially unembarrassed by the occupation of inferior races or degraded classes, whose ignorance, stupidity, and intellectual degradation, would impede the progress of improvement. There is not here, as in the British empire in India, a vast population, debased for centuries by gross superstition and galling despotism, nor is the mass of the people here, as in European countries, kept stationary and disregarded amidst the improvements going on in the superior classes around them; but the whole American people are animated by the same free and enlightened spirit, and go forward under the same elevated and generous impulse — with the same hopes and prospect of benefit — with no jealousies of caste, or privileged orders, and with an encouraging consciousness that whatever may be done, is done for the advantage and glory of all. With such a feeling pervading the whole people, and such a country for its exercise and display, all measures, having for their object the general good, will be at once fully appreciated, promptly adopted, and vigorously and perseveringly prosecuted.

Bountiful as Nature has been to America, in opening channels of intercouse through her great rivers and lakes to every part of the continent, still much is left for the hand of art and industry of man to accomplish. The navigation of rivers is to be improved, and the great thoroughfares are to be connected and linked together by canals and rail-roads. The boldness with which such projects of internal improvement are conceived, the vast resources required and created for their undertaking, and the astonishing rapidity with which they are accomplished, throughout the whole Union, evince that the view which we have taken of the influence of the circumstances and institutions of the American people upon their character and conduct, is sustained by facts and results. A statistical detail of the various rail-roads, canals, and other projects of internal improvement, completed, or in the course of construction, in this country, could not but afford a highly interesting illustration of our theory, and exhibit a striking view of American energy and enterprise. But our limits will not admit of so extensive a range, and we can but take a hasty glance at two great works now agitated in the State of New-York, the contemplation of which has suggested the few general remarks we have ventured to throw out. The works to which we allude are the New-York and Erie Rail-road, and the Ontario and Hudson steam-boat and sloop canal.

The New-York and Erie Rail-road is undertaken by a company, with some aid recently granted by the State, and will be, when completed, by far the most magnificent and important rail-road in the world, whether we regard the magnitude and extent of the work, the great interests it will bind together, the vast resources it will develope, and the immense internal trade which, accumulating for ages, it is destined to facilitate, nourish, and expand. Extending upward of five hundred miles through a fertile country, and stretching forth collateral branches at many important points, it connects Lake Erie with the ocean by a communication, comparatively uninfluenced by the rigors of winter, and opens an avenue to the numerous rail-roads destined soon to intersect the boundless Valley of the Mississippi. While aiming chiefly to grasp the treasures of the West, it will gather in the sweep of its polypus

arms those of the North and the South. To travelers, it will make a pleasure trip of a day, what is now the fatiguing journey of a week; it will make the farmer of the Mississippi Valley the neighbor of the merchant of the sea-board; it will unite in a community of interest, feeling, and interchange of social affections and commercial advantages, the whole people of the eastern and western states, and cement, beyond the possibility of dissolution, that union so essential to the common prosperity. It is a work of which the State of New-York may well be proud; for, though undertaken by individual enterprise, and dependent mainly for success on individual exertion, still by the liberal and enlightened policy of her last legislature, in granting the company the credit of the State to enable them to carry on the undertaking, she has virtually made the project her own. Under such auspices, with such advantages and blessings in its train, this important work is now commenced, and we doubt not will be prosecuted with vigor to its completion.

The proposed Ontario and Hudson steam-boat canal, which is beginning to attract a good deal of the public attention, is perhaps a still more important and magnificent undertaking. The project has not long been before the public, but, interesting as it does nearly all the Northern States, it has already concentrated public opinion in its favor, and evoked a burst of enthusiastic feeling from the Atlantic sea-board to the vast waters of the far West. The object in view in this truly splendid undertaking is, to connect the great Lakes with the Atlantic, by an enlarged water communication, adapted to vessels that navigate both waters. By a glance at the map of the United States, it will be seen that the only feasible route for such a communication is through the valley of the Mohawk river. It will also be observed, that that valley approaches at Rome, a little west of Utica, very near to the valley of waters that empty into Lake Ontario, and that this point is the only place on the continent where the Alleghany ridge is effectually broken, and the great plain of the Mississippi and the Lakes finds an easy access and convenient outlet to tide water. Such being the general geographical features of the country, let us examine what are the particular facilities for the proposed work on this route. From Oswego to Utica, one half the distance from Lake Ontario to the Hudson, the route has been carefully surveyed by a competent and able engineer, E. F. Johnson, Esq., whose report has recently been laid before the legislature, and printed. From that report, it appears that the facilities afforded by nature for that portion of the route are peculiarly great and striking. The Oswego and Oneida rivers, two large deep streams, not subject to inundation by floods, or diminution by drought, are proposed to be used as part of the canal, and now make, together with the Oneida Lake, a steam-boat channel, navigable, with but slight improvement, about two-thirds of the distance from Oswego to Utica. Mr. Johnson estimates the expense of this portion, being about half the whole distance to the Hudson, at only about $1,200,000. For the residue of the route, from Utica to Albany, it is proposed to improve the channel of the Mohawk river for steam-boat navigation, enlarge the present Erie canal, or construct a new canal of sufficient dimensions along the Mohawk valley: which of these plans will be preferred, can be determined only by an actual survey and estimate, which have not

yet been made, though either of them is known to be feasible. The precise size of the proposed canal has not yet of course been definitively settled. The dimensions, assumed and calculated upon in Mr. Johnson's estimate of the Utica and Oswego portion, are, a depth of eight feet and a width of ninety feet, with cut-stone locks, thirty by one hundred and thirty feet. The tonnage of vessels adapted to a canal and locks of such dimensions may be rated as follows: schooners and sloops, one hundred and sixty tons; freight vessels towed by steamers, one hundred and ninety tons; and steam-boats, one hundred and forty tons. Mr. Johnson says, (p. 10,) 'Provision for the protection of the banks has been made in the estimate, to guard them from the effects of abrasion by the wave or swell caused by boats moving rapidly, whether propelled by steam or otherwise, and a towing path constructed to allow the use of animal power.' We are inclined to think, with Mr. Johnson, that a larger channel will be preferable, corresponding in size with the improvements now making on the St. Lawrence, and to the proposed enlargement of the Welland Canal from Lake Erie to Lake Ontario.

By the construction of the proposed canal, in connexion with the ship canal around Niagara Falls, which will, beyond much doubt, be immediately undertaken by the general government, and in conjunction with the Welland Canal, already in operation, the trade between the sea-board and the great lakes can be carried on in their own bottoms, those coming from the West being taken in tow at Oswego, and those coming from the East, at Albany, by horse or steam power, and transmitted from the waters of each section without unlading. It will, in fact, create an extension of our coasting trade, upward of two thousand miles, along those vast lakes, or, as we may say, Mediterranean seas, and their tributary streams, into the heart of the most fertile and productive portion of the continent. The advantage of such free and unembarrassed intercourse, between so extensive portions of our flourishing country, and the benefits of such cheap conveyance, and such great facilities for commercial purposes, as would be afforded by so extended and magnificent a water communication, cannot fail to strike the most unthinking and indifferent observer, and to impress the intelligent mind very forcibly with its vast importance. It is certainly one of the boldest conceptions of this daring age, and an enterprise in every respect worthy of the great and prosperous State which has the honor of being the pioneer in the system of internal improvements. We are sure that the project, when understood, cannot fail to gain 'golden opinions from all sorts of men,' and become a favorite measure, not only throughout the State of New-York, but the whole northern portion of the union. The passage of the Deposite Bill, authorizing the distribution of the surplus revenue among the States, will put the State of New-York in immediate possession of more than enough treasure to complete this great work as far as Utica, and though from that point to the Hudson, the time and expense consumed in its construction will be much greater, in proportion, than in the former part of the route, still sufficient means, we think, from the same source, may be relied on, to complete it to tide-water, as fast as they will be wanted. It is to be hoped, therefore, that no narrow policy will be allowed to prevail; that enlarged and comprehensive views will be taken by our legislators; that the State of

New-York will respond to the wants and demands of her sister States, and, while she unlocks the treasures of the great West, and developes its unbounded resources, by opening an easy access to market, she will, at the same time, secure to herself the privilege of making it all pay her tribute, and the advantage of controlling its rapidly growing trade for ever.

It is in such works of internal improvement as we have been contemplating, that the true prosperity and glory of any country consists, and without which the proudest triumphs of architecture, the most magnificent castles, towers, and pyramids, are but the monuments of extravagance and folly. We trust that our young empire, which has so nobly began to put forth her strength in these exalted enterprises, will never flag in her career. It is remarked of all the great enterprises of the day, that they indicate a new era in the world, and that this Union starts into being under the auspices of this new era. It is an era in which we trust the civilized world is beginning to awake to the blessings of peace and the horrors of war — in which mankind have wisely resolved to devote the fruits of their industry, as the means of their further prosperity, instead of mutual injury and destruction — in which the energy of the whole human family will be employed in improving their condition as a mass, instead of ministering to the gratification of privileged orders and pride of kings, and wasting their resources in the pomp of palaces, temples, and thrones, and the insatiable thirst of conquest. It is in great works of public improvement, of general utility, and liberal systems of moral and intellectual culture, that a nation finds the elements of continued prosperity, and lays the foundation of her greatness upon an immutable basis, beyond the reach of the physical and moral changes and convulsions of the world. What barrier did all the pyramids of Egypt interpose to the irruption of the sands of the desert over the once fertile valley of the Nile, or the current of moral degradation which has made that unhappy country the continual victim of oppression and the most despised of nations! If the millions which were expended in erecting the temples of Thebes, the obelisks of Luxor, the sphinxes of Carnac, and the pyramids of Cheops, with the numberless other monuments of the pride and vanity of kings, had been expended, even partly, in improving the moral and physical condition of the country, it is hardly to be believed that that fine region would have deteriorated so astonishingly, that it now would afford but a scanty subsistence to a handful of barbarians, and that nothing would escape the desolations of time and the encroachments of the desert but the ruins of its former magnificence. If Rome, instead of aiming to extend her colossal empire by expensive conquests, and making war her chief employment, had devoted her attention to improving the condition of a limited territory, elevating the moral and intellectual character of the mass of the people, and developing the resources of the country by public improvements, it is hardly probable that she would have fallen so easy a victim to a horde of barbarians, or that all the arts of civilization would have been carried into oblivion by her fall. Let America take warning from the history of the past, and the follies of the old world, and by devoting her energies to the improvement of the condition of the whole people, she will establish on this continent an imperishable empire, destined to confer innumerable blessings on the remotest ages. Her canals and her

rail-roads, on which she is so wisely expending such vast treasure, will confer prosperity and happiness, and sustain a constantly increasing, thriving, and intelligent population throughout all her borders, making her most secluded valleys and remotest mountains smile under their fostering influence, while the colliseum continues to crumble into ruins — while the once fertile plains of Syria and Babylon remain but the haunts of the hyena and dragon — while the mouldering columns of the Parthenon look down upon the mud-hovels of semi-barbarous hordes — while the sand-storms of the desert sweep over the gigantic pillars of that once flourishing Palmyra, which might have controlled to this day, the trade of the East, and sustained her ancient splendor, by a canal to the Mediterranean at one half the costs of her useless temples; while, in short, desolation, poverty and wretchedness, brood in gloomy silence over the cities and plains of the empires of the East, and may, perhaps, finally embrace those of Europe in their train, and the sculptured tomb, and fretted arch, and towering column, alone remain, to attest the existence of the countless myriads that once thronged the busy streets, but shrunk away under the withering influence of endless wars, continued oppression, and persevering neglect of improving man's moral and physical condition, and establishing his true happiness and glory.

FOREST PICTURES.

'T is pleasant, in the joyous spring, the forest bowers to tread,
Where shadows of the living leaves dance lightly o'er the dead,
And ever, as we wander on, gleams forth some beauteous thing —
The sparkle of a bubbling fount, the glancing of a wing.

Here weaves some blossomed parasite its richly-blushing woof
About the wild-wood's rugged shafts and through its waving roof,
While, nestling softly in the moss around the giant stems,
The little starry flowrets lie, like vegetable gems.

And then the glimpses which we catch of sky, and stream, and glade,
Where stretches to the forest's verge the natural arcade,
How sweetly through the twilight gloom breaks in the sunny scene,
Like imaginings of Eden, through the shadows of a dream.

Sweet is the greenwood minstrelsy — oh! ne'er can key or string
Vie with the wingéd melodists whom God has made to sing;
And e'en the locust's whirring beat, the hornet's buzz and drone,
Seems music in these still retreats, so beautiful and lone.

I love in some green hiding place, to sit without a sound,
Till come the forest denizens all gambolling around,
While through the crashing underwood the stag unconscious stalks,
And gracefully the squirrel bounds along the forest walks.

The scarlet-tufted woodpecker again his hammer plies,
And bird to bird, through all the woods, in every tone replies,
The while the subtle mocking-bird, with ever-varying call,
Sits laughing on the chesnut bough, the echo of them all.

How often 'mid such peaceful scenes, for hours I've sat and mused —
My setter crouching at my feet, my fowling-piece unused;
'Till, loving every living thing, I softly crept away,
Afraid to *fright* the timid ones I came intent to *slay*.

Who loves not the autumnal woods, when summer's leaves are sere,
When mantles of a thousand hues the woodland monarchs wear,
And still some crimson giant towers in triumph o'er the rest,
Like warrior fresh from slaughter, with its tint upon his crest.

When winter's tempests are abroad, oh! what sublimer sight,
Than when the broad-armed forest oaks, in unapparelled might,
Stand, like embattled skeletons, upon the storm's dark path,
And toss and writhe their groaning limbs beneath its howling wrath!

The towering pine-trees, still the same in every change of scene,
Alone remain to tell that earth once wore a robe of green,
Like hostages of Nature, left with us till she bring
Back from her Southern pilgrimage the fairy-footed Spring.

Amid the leafy solitudes I roam not as of yore;
The busy world's distracting crowd is round me with its roar,
But oft in Sabbath quietude, within God's holy pile,
I see, in thought, the living arch that shades the forest aisle.

Though proudly swells the circling dome up from the pillared hall,
Give *me* the foliated roof, the greenwood's flow'ry wall;
God's spirit seems to consecrate the shadows cool and dim,
And in their voiceful loneliness 't is good to worship HIM.

New-York, July 6, 1836. B.

DIARY OF COTTON MATHER.

WHO has not heard of Cotton Mather? There is not a more familiar name in the history of New-England; and yet who knows any thing of the life of Cotton Mather, except that he was the author of the 'Magnalia,' and some hundred works beside? His writings show, that he was a man of unexampled industry and learning, and, at the same time, indicate pretty distinctly that the learning might have been of better quality, had it so pleased him, and the industry employed in works more useful and lasting. He is known, too, as the great antagonist of the powers of darkness in former days, though there is some reason to doubt his glory and success in this warfare: some wise men at the time, believed that his prowess in resisting those preternatural visitations was but a poor compensation for his agency in bringing them down.

Cotton Mather was a curiosity in human nature — a solitary specimen of the kind. Having lately had occasion to search for information respecting him, I have found the remnants of his diary scattered in various hands. It was written in books, each containing the history of a year: and these unlucky annals are dispersed, some in the possession of the Historical Society, in Boston, about as many in the Antiquarian Hall, at Worcester, some few in the hands of individuals, and others irrecoverably lost.

One of the most peculiar traits of his character, as drawn, unintentionally, by his own hand in this diary, was his religious devotion. With a most sacred sense of obligation, and a disposition to do every thing to express it, he was not merely earnest and instant in prayer, but feeling as if the ordinary manifestations were not sufficient, he sought out unusual ways to excite and express such emotions. Beside praying several times a day, in his family and in his study, he deter-

mined to try the experiment of passing whole nights in devotion. After the first of these vigils, he was so well satisfied of their utility, that he determined to pursue them, 'so far as the sixth commandment would allow.' On these occasions, he tells us that he was often rewarded by sweet and reviving impressions, or by direct information communicated to him concerning matters in which he was interested, relating either to himself, his children, or the public welfare. He does not relate, perhaps was not able to define, the manner in which these communications were made: sometimes he speaks of a voice from Heaven; at others, he seems to mean nothing more than a divine suggestion to his soul. But he relied firmly upon these prophetic revelations, however made; and in one or two instances, where the event did not perfectly correspond with the prediction, he seems bewildered by the fear, lest his faith should be no more than fancy, particularly in the sickness of his first wife: he was assured that she should recover from her decline; but the disease proved fatal at last.

Immediately after her death, finding himself beset with various temptations to despondency, and other self-indulgent feelings, he says, that he made it his particular request that God would kill him, sooner than allow him to fall into sin. Shortly after, he felt sick: upon which he says, with an expression of some alarm, 'I thought the Lord was going to take me at my word,' and he evidently wishes that he had considered the subject more, before the petition was made. But the symptoms soon passed away: thereupon he says, with a laudable candor, 'I perceived that the complaint was nothing but vapors.' At the time, he was indeed beset with a temptation, or rather a trouble, of an unusual kind. A young lady, whom he describes as quite remarkable for her talents and attractions, waited upon him, and told him, that since his widowhood, she had thought much of the subject, and was convinced that it would be for the interests of her soul, if she might be personally united to him: and though this was the only consideration she had in view, still his charms were such that she was quite ready to walk in the path of duty. To an offer so direct and flattering, it was difficult to frame a suitable reply. It was not altogether to his taste, but with his old-fashioned politeness, how could he say so to her? All at once a bright thought struck him; by way of discouragement, he told her of his austere life, and the intense devotions which his wife would be expected to share. Instead, however, of being daunted, she replied with great composure, that this was the very thing of all others which she desired. After that, he could only obtain a reprieve: but he dismissed her, saying that he hoped he should by all means make her the bride of Heaven, if not his own. After this, she pressed her liberal offer till he was almost ready to die, and borrowing resolution from despair, entreated that he might not be killed by hearing of it again. This put an end to the affectionate persecution; and he intimates that such a termination was under all circumstances not to be deplored; since her reputation turned out to be less snowy than would have been desirable in the wife of a minister of the gospel.

His impression was, with respect to devotion, that every blessing might be had for the asking. On one occasion, he upbraids himself with the death of one of his children. It was sick, and he neglected to pray for it as earnestly as he ought; in consequence of this omission,

the child died, and he evidently felt as if this melancholy event was one for which he was responsible. At another time, hearing that a large number of books were to be sold at auction, he submitted the affair to Heaven, intimating that he had no very decided wishes upon the subject, but that if it were for the interests of religion to put him in the way to secure them, the favor would be quite acceptable to him. The result was, that a gentleman, who had formerly been unfriendly to him, hearing of the sale, insisted upon it that he should accept from him a sum of money sufficient to make the treasure his own. When his great work, the 'Magnalia,' was completed, and sent to London to be published, the booksellers turned from it in dismay. He prayed that the undertaking might not fail; and thereupon an individual stepped forward, who said that he was willing to publish it, though at certain loss, because he believed it would be of service to the cause of his Master. One case of this kind exceeds belief, though the wonder is, not that it should have happened, so much as that he should have recorded it; but he was one of those who, as Miss Edgeworth says, 'have no perspective in their views of things; all appear equally near, and equal also in magnitude and importance. He states that he was tormented with a heart-burn, which nothing would cure, and which had afflicted him till it made his life almost a burden. In reflecting on the subject, one day, it occurred to him, that 'there was *this* among the evils with which his Master was afflicted,' and he prayed 'that for the sake of the heart-burn endured by the Saviour, he might be delivered from the other and lesser heart-burn wherewith he was troubled.' Immediately it flashed across his mind that he had one of Sir Peter Paris' plasters in the house, and by applying it to the part affected, he was soon healed of his malady. His journal abounds in similar examples. Nothing in modern times will compare with this confidence, except perhaps that of Huntington, the sinner saved, who tells us that when his clothes were ragged, or resources drained, the defect was immediately supplied, on his making the proper representations.

But this high privilege was attended with one serious abatement; which was, that whenever he had been permitted to enjoy some peculiar manifestations of kindness from above, the blessing was immediately followed by some sign of malice from the great adversary of man. Some vexation on earth, either bodily illness, or popular clamor, or some Satanic buffets, immediately followed. One day, after an unusual enjoyment of this kind, he says that he anticipated some evil. 'Accordingly, when I was preaching on the day following, one of my chimneys took fire, and my own house with my neighbors' were endangered, and a great congregation ran out of the meeting-house unto the relief of my house, and I was thus marked out for talk all over town.' One would have thought that this was quite a harmless piece of revenge; and that to fire the chimney, instead of the house, was rather a blessing than a trial. But the truth was, that according to his system some trial was to be expected about that time: and as there was no other event which could possibly be deemed an infliction, this circumstance of the burning chimney was compelled to do duty; since, though not an irreparable misfortune, it was the best that could be found, on the spur of the occasion.

The most remarkable part of his personal history is that connected

with the witchcraft delusion. He is well known to have been exceedingly active on that occasion, and to have urged on the proceedings against the unfortunate victims, with more violence than became his character or profession. At the execution of a clergyman, Cotton Mather addressed the crowd in such a manner as to stifle their compassion, and even to make them ferocious against a dying man. It was not easy to account for this exasperation, in a man who, though excitable enough, was in general kind and liberal to others. A passage in his diary seems to explain the mystery in a most satisfactory manner. The whole affair was a personal quarrel between himself and the Prince of Darkness; no wonder, therefore, if in the contest with such an adversary, he lost his self-command, and became unduly excited.

He says that he had labored long, assiduously, and with good success, to induce his fellow-men to enter into covenant with the Lord. He had preached, prayed, and distributed numberless little books, to recommend and enforce this duty. It was suggested to him by some judicious persons, to whom it occurred, before he thought of it himself, that it was to take revenge for his exertions that Satan descended with such malice and power. This explanation was perfectly satisfactory; and since he had been the instrument of bringing such visitations upon the country, he felt bound to exert himself to the utmost to rescue souls from infernal hands.

While this quarrel raged, he evidently thought it was a pity to spoil it by any explanation. But the public mind grew weary of persecution, and those who had been foremost in the chase, finding that their arms might be turned upon themselves, retreated from the field; thus the people had a breathing time, to contemplate what was done; and never was there a change more thorough, from wrath and exultation to remorse and shame. Not so with Cotton Mather. He persevered in his delusion, and lamented that the public feeling should go down. Moreover, he had the happiness to see that the visitation of darkness, though it had subsided elsewhere, still continued to follow him. One Margaret Rule, a girl of his society, was afflicted with fits, which were ascribed to witchcraft; indeed, she declared that she saw her preternatual tormentors, though with their faces covered; by which disguise they evidently wished to prevent her testifying against them. In his description of the case, he throws a gleam of light, though quite unconsciously, upon the subject, by saying that these malignant spirits tried to starve the poor girl, and only permitted her to swallow occasionally a little rum. But those were not the days of Temperance Societies, and he would have scorned any one who pretended to see any connection between the rum in question, and the spirits by which she was afflicted. As a specimen of the times, it may be mentioned, that six men testified under oath that they saw her raised from her bed, by an invisible power, till 'her body touched the ceiling of the chamber, where she remained suspended so firmly that it required their united efforts to pull her down.'

This diary contains a curious exhibition of feeling toward the college. His father had been president of that institution for years, and he, from his acknowledged ability, and unequalled learning, naturally expected to succeed him: but his defect of judgment was so generally known, that the people considered it wise to select a man of more practical good sense, though inferior in learning. In 1707 a vacancy took place: it was immediately filled by the appointment of Judge Leverett, a choice

which Cotton Mather ascribed to Governor Dudley, whom he considered a bitter enemy. Dudley had political reasons for passing over Cotton Mather: the clergy had always been friends of freedom, a privilege which he did not greatly covet for his country; and knowing Mather's restless and unmanageable spirit, he was not willing to put the means of extensive influence into his hands. As a letter from Cotton Mather, read to the king, had secured the appointment of Governor to Dudley, it was not unnatural to expect that the compliment should be returned. But it was ordered otherwise: and after this, Cotton Mather speaks of his Excellency, as '*the wretch*' — '*our wicked Governor*' — and other terms of the kind, which indicate no good will. At one time he says, that he mentioned his enemies (of whom Dudley was one,) by name unto the Lord, imploring that he might be delivered from their power, and he immediately received assurances to that effect, with which he was greatly comforted.

Presidents are mortal — and after seventeen years of usefulness and honor, President Leverett died. Cotton Mather records that event in his diary, with all the sorrow that might be expected, saying that the unhappy man, who had so long presided in the college, was at length dead. This, he says, will open a door for his doing singular service to the best of causes: he preaches and writes on the subjects of the college, the importance of choosing the proper men to govern it, and the best means to make it extensively useful. He held a fast, to pray for direction in his conduct; but while he was thus preparing to accept the trust, which he has no doubt will be offered him, he hears that another person is chosen. His journal kindles at once; he says that he always foretold that the corporation would act like fools, if it was a possible thing, and also that they would pass over him, if they dared. Meantime, he says it was a great mistake to fancy that he desired such an office. He never could look upon the prospect of his accepting it, without dismay; and he accounts it a singular mercy of heaven that he is not thus compelled to sacrifice his private feelings to a sense of public duty. His experiences on this occasion furnish a specimen of profound self-delusion, well worthy to be studied by those who desire to be acquainted with what Dr. Johnson calls, the anfractuosities of the human mind.

Owing to these disappointments of ambition, and still more so, perhaps, to domestic troubles, he became gloomy in his views: and with his usual openness, he writes in his diary a full expression of his feelings. He says that there is not a person living who has done more for others than he, and who has been so vilely requited. He has always loved his family with the utmost affection, and studied out ways in which he might do favors to his relations: but he is afflicted with relatives who are perfectly monstrous for ingratitude and malice, and he can say with the patriarch, 'I am a brother to dragons.' No man, he says, ever treated the female sex with so much deference; he has written the lives of females, and done every thing possible to exalt the claims of the sex; but so far from meeting with any gratitude in return, he does not believe that there are twenty women in Boston, who have not, at times, been guilty of slandering him. To seamen he has always been a fast friend, advocating their claims to instruction, and laboring to raise the standard of character among them; but he says it is notorious that no one was ever so cursed by the sailors as he. And moreover, the negroes, whom he has pleaded for so strongly, endeavoring to impress on their masters

the duty of giving them religious instruction, so far from feeling grateful, do actually impose on their offspring the name of Cotton Mather, so that whatever evil is done by the young negroes, may be charged to him. There was, undoubtedly, some foundation for his remarks, for he had many and zealous enemies; but his feeling that he was thus universally disliked, was the natural growth of a mind ingenious in all its efforts, and particularly so in the art of self-tormenting.

I would not have it inferred that Cotton Mather was a weak man. On the contrary, it is well known that his talents were great, and his industry and attainments almost without example. This, however, only makes curiosity more active to learn every particular respecting his habits and character. It is true that his diary reveals many infirmities; but it is necessary for us to know them, in order to make up our opinion of the man. Infirmities and passions make a large proportion of the history of every heart. P.

THE VICTIM OF THE INQUISITION.

The ghastly rays of a dying lamp
In quivering gleams are thrown
On the gloomy walls of a dungeon damp,
Where a captive broods alone;
And the icy drip of the cavern's dew
Is chilling his life blood through and through.

Faintly as ocean's roaring flood
Is mocked by its murmuring shell,
Sounds the din of the outer multitude
In that subterranean cell.
It seems like a bitter taunt to him
Of the heavy heart and the fettered limb.

Why is the prisoner cast to rot
In that green, unwholesome lair,
Where the pleasant sunshine entereth not,
Nor the pure and fragrant air?
It is that he will not bow the knee
At the shrine of unhallowed bigotry.

Slowly the massive doors sweep back
From yon chamber dim and grand,
Where silent round the unshrouded rack
The masked familiars stand:
Hung with sable are roof and wall
Of that terrible crime-stained judgment hall.

And seated there are the judges grim,
Each wrapt in his cloak and cowl;
They smile as they think of the writhing limb,
And the victim's maddened howl;
Even now that victim, wan and lean,
Is tottering forward his guards between.

'Heretic, own thy damning guilt —
To the church for pardon sue:'
'Never! — my faith on a rock is built,
And the faith I hold, is true.'
'Darest thou, minion, our power defy?'
'I fear it not!' is the brief reply.

A sign, and the black officials bend
On the rack his meagre form,
They wrench the cords till his sinews rend —
He writhes like a trampled worm;
They deem he yields in that last fierce throe:
'Dost thou *yet* recant?' — but he falters, 'No!'

Once more! — with a sudden jerk again
They tighten the cracking strings:
One long, wild shriek the tremendous strain
From the panting martyr wrings:
They loosen his bonds — to his dismal cell
They are bearing him back insensible.

With solemn step, from yon gothic arch,
Forth issues a shaven band;
And there in the midst doth the doomed one march,
With a priest on either hand.
Blindly and slow he staggers on,
For his eye is dull and his strength is gone.

Behold! they have reached the fatal stake —
Dry faggots are piled around;
A torch is ready the flames to wake,
And the sacrifice is bound:
He looks with a quiet, holy smile
On the kindled torch and the gathered pile.

'Tis fired! — and a stream of murky flame
Shoots up with a sudden flow;
An outline dim of the martyr's frame
Is wavering in the glow.
It kneels, and the hands are clasped in pray'r —
'Tis gone! — there is nought but ashes there! J. B.

JACK MARLINSPIKE'S YARN.

'This have I observed, oftentime, that divers people do possess divers views within their mindes of Hades and Sathanus. Every man, most part, will make unto himself a *material* picture of either, the which he colors with hews from his own fancie.'

The Diall of Princes.

'Oakum,' said I, to an old maintop-man, 'they say you tell a very good story.'

The old tar shifted his position in the halliard-rack, and after rolling a huge chew of tobacco about in his mouth, with the air of a stray shot in a gale, replied:

'They have giv'n me the credit of spinning a tolerable yarn upon the berth-deck, and in the 'top;' but there 's blue-jackets in the ship who beat me hollow: for instance,' continued he, 'there's Jim Bitts, the mastman, and Dave Tank, the holder — why you'd s'pose, Sir, to hear 'em, that they'd gone a cruise or two to the devil's cruisin' ground, with Skipper Vanderdecken.'*

I requested him, however, to relate one of his own stories, and postpone the examination of the merits of Bitts and Tanks, until some other night.

* The distinguished commander of the 'Flying Dutchman.'

'Well, Sir,' said he, 'to begin, as the boy said, when he robbed the church, I once knew a chap that hailed from the main deck of America,* and answered to the name of Jack Marlinspike: he was a thoroughbred sailor, too, every inch of him, from truck to kelson, and know'd a ship better than my old grandmother does her prayers; 'cause you see, Sir, he did n't make his first cruise in a man-o'-war. Why, a lad might as well go to h — ll to larn powder-making, as come on board of a craft like this to larn the duties of a seaman. The marchant service makes the sailor, the States' service, the lubber — 'cause why? Why, in one we have only five or six hands, where every one must haul his own rope; here we have two or three hundred, and old hands enough among 'em to do the work, while the green-horns and youngsters skulk round the galley, or lofe their watches out in the head, and be d — d to 'em.

'When I was the size of that monkey there, who knows how to do nothing but gnaw hard tack, and strike the bell, I could reef, hand, and steer, with the best aboard. To be sure, I was n't very strong, being but a lad; but what I did n't do in dancing, I made up for in turning round, 'cause I was 'prentice, you see, to a skipper that know'd his duty, and had a way of teaching other folks theirs. Ah, poor old Reef-tackle! — he took an extra allowance one cold morning, and walked overboard — thinking, no doubt, that he was going below. We lowered a boat for him, but it was no use: the devil was on the look-out, and nabbed him the very moment he plunged into Davy's fish pond; but, avast a bit — I am yawing from the p'int; and so 'here's at you again,' as the boy said when he kicked the cow.

'Jack Marlinspike returned from an India cruise, with deep water in both pockets, and after having rigged out in long togs and boots — for you must know Jack was a bit of a 'damn-my-eye' — and given his old mother something in memory of old scores, he took a regular blow-out, and was not sober again for a month.

'When Jack came to himself, he found his pockets as dry as a powder-horn, and his coppers as hot as a loggerhead: the land-sharks had been afoul of his rigging, and instead of his long togs, he found his timbers cased up in an old purser's jacket, that looked as if it had been a target for canister shot; they had walked off, too, with the slack of his boots and bandanna; and when he had overhauled damages, he felt a little queerish. But it was no use to grumble, and so he philosophized, saying: 'Here I am, without a penny in my pockets, or a drop in the bottle — stripped to a girtline, too — for these rags a'nt fit for a Scotch Jack in or'nary.' And so he thought he must try it again afloat, for Marlinspike was n't a man to sling his hammock in Bilboa.

'Jack made a straight wake for the shipping; but trade was dull, and berths were not to be had; and Jack Marlinspike, who had been first dickey of an Indiaman, could n't get a situation afore the mast of a Ballyhoo coasting-brig. So one day, as he was standing on the wharf, with a face as long as the debtor side of a purser's log, he heard himself hailed by a strange gent'man in black, who asked him if he wanted to ship. In course, Jack said he did, and did n't much care if 'twas on a voyage of discovery to h —, you know where, Sir.' 'It 's a bargain,'

* New-York is thus denominated by sailors.

said the stranger; and he gave Jack three months' advance, and a week's leave, telling him he must meet him at that place the very moment his liberty was up. Jack then asked him what was the name of his ship, and where she was bound; but the skipper told him not to mind that, as it mattered but little, seeing as how the bargain was closed. Jack went to his lodgings, and after laying in stores, and rigging for his cruise, he squared yards with all hands, and met the strange gent'man at the app'inted day, bag and hammock.

The skipper told him he was glad to find him so punctual; Jack said that he always made it a p'int to be present at muster, as he did n't like to hear a bo'son's mate roaring out his number between decks. The other then pointed to a long, black six-oared gig, and told him to gallop his rags into it, as he was in a hurry to shove off. When Jack was done stowing his luggage, he was about to jump out, but the skipper told him to take his seat, as he was going aboard.

'But where the deuce are the boat's crew?' roared Jack; 'd—l the one, blue jacket or marine, do I see here: the chaps, may be, are gone up to Moll Ferguson's, at the Shad-and-Anchor; had n't I better run up, and ——'

But the skipper clapped a stopper on his tongue, by ordering him to sit down; and so Jack took up an oar, but the stranger told him to put it down again.

'Curse my rigging, Sir,' said Jack, 'do you expect the craft to move of herself? But may be you 've got the starn-boat of the Flying Dutchman; if that 's the case, she can work her own traverse; for they say that she'd take you to h—ll against a head-beat sea, in a dead calm.'

At this remark, the stranger's brow grew as black as a thunder-storm; but he did n't answer, merely giving the order to shove off. As there was nobody in the boat but he and Jack, the chap picked up the boat-hook, when, to his astonishment, the gig flew fifty feet from the wharf, even afore he had time to shift the staff end for end. 'Let fall!' said the skipper; and sure enough the oars fell, as if they had been handled by a crew of man-o'-war's men. He then sung out, 'Give way!' and the boat began to move through the water at the rate of about twenty knots an hour: ships, wharves, and houses flew by them like lightning, and the water roared around the bows like thunder.

'Going to h—ll, or I 'm a liar!' muttered Jack, in amazement, while the hair of his head rose on end with sheer fright. 'Well, it 's just as I expected: but blast my top-lights! if I ever dreamed of being smuggled there by old Square-toes himself. Hark ye, Mister Von Belzebub, or whatever ye call yourself, I begin to believe you 're a skulking, kidnapping scoundrel, that goes about the world 'seeking whom you may devour,' as the preacher says, and that gets the weather-gage of honest seamen in distress, by h'isting out false lights. Where is your ship bound?'

'To the place you have just mentioned, on a voyage of discovery,' said the skipper, with a grim smile, reminding Marlinspike of the conversation on the wharf. With that, Jack got up in the boat, and hauled off, to give the devil—for it was that renowned old fellow—a good mauling; but afore he could let him have it, his arms were gripped by some one behind, and he was forced down on his seat. Marlinspike now

swore that it was all day with him; and as it was no use to veer or haul any longer, he might as well content himself; so he began to reflect upon the times when he used to go to church, and read the Bible, and he then wished that he had never cast off the tow-line his old woman gave him, when a lad. But just then, Jack's meditations were all blown aloft by the gig's darting alongside of a large frigate-built ship, with sails bent, and royal yards across. She was at single anchor, stu'n'-sail gear rove, clues furled out, lower booms alongside, and all ready for getting underway.

The Gent'man in Black leaped up the accommodation ladder, and Marlinspike followed him, swearing that he'd be d—d if he'd be boat-keeper to any such craft. When Jack got on board, not a soul could he see, fore or aft, save the skipper, who stood upon the quarter-deck; but what most astonished him, was to see the gig dropped to the davits, hooked on, and hoisted up, without a man in the boat, or a soul hold of the fall. Presently he heard the bo'son call 'all hands up anchor;' then he heard the bustle of the men, as they hurried up to their stations; he saw the messenger passed, the bars shipped, and swiftered in, and heard the chain as it came rattling in the hause-hole — but not a man could he see, beside the skipper, who stood upon the quarter-deck, giving his orders through a trumpet as black and as big as a frigate's galley-funnel. Presently the anchor was catted and fished, and Jack beheld the ship moving out under all stu'n'-sails. You may be sure he was terribly frightened at this, and wondered all the time what the old woman would say, if she knew to what port the vessel was hastening.

At last Jack went up to the skipper, and asked him for his station, as he did n't like to be drifting about, with his hands in his beckets, when there was duty to do; but he was told that he was merely wanted to look out for land, and that it would be two or three months before his services would be wanted: so Jack had nothing to do, for a long time, but to work Tom Coxe's traverse — that is, come up one hatchway and go down the other.

The Gent'man in Black did n't take an observation all the while; there warn't a compass aboard, and Jack could only tell that they were steering North, by the pole-star, which he saw ahead every night. They had some heavy blows, attended with rain, and thunder and lightning; but the sails were always so well trimmed to meet the emergencies, that Marlinspike guessed there might be about two hundred invisible men aboard, all told.

One day the skipper told Jack to go upon the top-gallant-yard and look out for land. Well, he had n't been there long, afore he sung out 'Hell a head, Sir, by the Lord Harry!' — and sure enough, he saw a flame rising out of a hummock of land, a great way off, and once or twice he thought he smelt burning brimstone. 'Here we go,' says he, right into h — ll, with the wind aft, and stu'n'-sails both sides — no clawing off, either. Well, I'll not take on, for many a better man than I has made this land-fall afore me, and many a better one will after me — 'happy go lucky, if you go to the devil?'

That evening they came to anchor in a small bay, and the skipper told Jack to stand by to go ashore. So Marlinspike rigged out in his mustering suit, and they went ashore in the same boat that brought them aboard. After cruising over hills and valleys, for three days, they

came to the mouth of a cave, in the bight of a dismal mountain, out of which spouted a sheet of blue fire. Here they entered, and travelled round and round for three days: at last they began to near the infernal regions — for Jack could hear the clanking of chains, and could smell brimstone in the flaws that now and then passed him. On the evening of the third day, they came to a big iron door, and the Gent'man in Black took a key out of his pocket, and opened it. The next moment Jack was in one of the ante-chambers of the place he 'd heard so much of. Here the skipper stopped, and taking Marlinspike to a grating set in the wall, told him to behold the rewards of iniquity. Jack looked down, and saw a crowd of beings, as far as he could look, chained up in the flames. They were making the most infernal noises he ever heard; and some, whose tethers were long enough, were hopping round to get on to the cool side of the biggest coals; but what most affected Jack, was to see his master, old Boombrace, shackled to a red-hot anchor.

'Ah,' said he, 'old 'un, the black fellow, your uncle, has got you at last! Well, I 'm sorry for you, being as how you were a seaman, and could splice a rope, or pass a gasket, with the best hand that ever put his mark upon a ship's books: but it was your destination from a youth; you were a devil's chicken, man and boy, and its a poor ship that won't make her port in fifty year's cruising?

'Come,' said the skipper, 'I will show you your duty.'

They went into a room much larger than the first: here Jack saw a great number of spars, coils of rigging, and old junk, blocks of all kinds, pennant-tackles, and old sails; there were also about a hundred large pots in the room, and a rousing fire under them all. The Gent'man in Black then told Marlinspike that he must keep up a good lively flame under all the pots, for the space of one year, and that at the end of that time, if he did his duty well, he would give him some lighter employment.

'But, look ye, Sir,' said Marlinspike, 'when I shipped, it was as a man afore the mast, not as a land-lubber of a pitch-boiler.' 'Every man to his trade,' as the doctor said when he killed the king. Now if you have any dead-eyes to turn in, or rigging to fit, or any thing to be done which requires the knack of a man who has followed the sea, I am the chap that can do it; but this job you've laid out here is more in the line of a ship's cook than of a rated seaman. But the Old Boy said he had nothing else for him to do, and so Jack had to take hold of the poker and shovel. In the mean time, his superior left him, telling him that he would be back in one year. So Marlinspike was left alone in the ante-chamber I spoke of, to learn the profession of pot-boiling.

One day, as Jack was rousing up the coals, he heard a groan, and presently a voice crying out from inside the pot:

'O shipmate, for mercy's sake, avast!'

Marlinspike instantly laid down his poker in astonishment.

'And who in the devil's name are you?' asked Jack — for the voice was as familiar to him as the roaring of the seas.

'What!' said the voice — 'have you let old Timberheads slip the cable of mem'ry in that kind o' way? — he, too, that larnt you to knot and clinch, when you warn't higher than a match-tub?'

'My eyes! — is this old Jim Timberheads?'

'Yes, Jack, and in a pot, too, boiling like a yam,' answered Jim.

'And what wind blowed you here, pray?'

'Why, you must know I shipped aboard of a craft that turned out to be a pirate; we were all taken by a British channel-groper, and hung — the tail end of which was, that we were shipped to this port, bag and hammock.'

Jack then took the poker, and pushing off the lid of the pot, set his old friend at liberty. Jim began to thank his preserver, but Jack told him to never mind it — that it was all in the cruise, and that they ought to turn to, and get the rest on 'em out of limbo.

'Who's in that pot, there?' asked Marlinspike.

'Old Tressletrees, the boatswain.'

'Pot there!' shouted Jack. 'Hallo!' answered the voice within.

'You're in Darby's, I think.'

'Yes,' answered the bo'son, 'coiled away like an old sheet in a tier; but who are you, making my number in that familiar kind o'way?'

'Your old messmate, Marlinspike.'

'What,' said Timberheads, 'has the devil toggled you at last, Jacky? Well, my lad, I am not surprised, 'cause I always know'd you'd bring up here — but I did n't think the old 'un would heave his grapnels at you so soon. You 're a young man, but I'm an old offender, and it 's a-most time my account was squared.'

Jack then told him how he had got into Beelzebub's clutches, and how he had liberated Timberheads.

'Well then, Jacky,' said the bo'son, 'if that's your spirit, just lift up the lid, and let an old messmate out o' irons, for d' ye see, I havn't stirred tack nor sheet these six months, and its *almost* as uncomfortable here as 't was with me at Dartmoor.'

Marlinspike and Timberheads then slued the lid off the pot, and the bo'son jumped out, and shook his old shipmates heartily by the hands; they then turned to, and liberated about twenty more on 'em. At last they came to a pot that was up in one corner. 'Who's in this pot?' asked Timberheads.

'Ah, my good kind friend Timberheads, do pray let me out of this!' groaned a voice from within.

'Who are you?' asked Jim.

'Your old shipmate, Mister Clews.'

'Ah ha, my darling! — Nicholas has hoisted *you* in, too; well, you infernal, tyrannical scoundrel, here's where you ought to have been ten years ago: if he'd caught you then, it might have saved your credit, if you ever had any.'

'O, Mister Timberheads — recollect, Sir, that I only did my duty!'

'Avast there, Sir! — avast there! — none o' your lies now, or shiver my timbers, if you ever see daylight again. You was a tyrant on the J——'s berth-deck; but I'll forgive you that, and show you how a seaman remembers an injury: there, Sir, hop out, and if you should ever be master's mate of another frigate's berth-deck — which is a thing not at all likely, considering the place we 're in — jist please to recollect that blue-jackets have feelings as well as those who sling further aft, although they don't wear as much gold lace, nor make as much noise to so little purpose.'

Jack and the rest on 'em then freed three or four old admirals, some

captains, and one or two lieutenants, of different nations — and when they were all free, they began to sky-lark, and kick up a hooroosh in all quarters: but presently they were somewhat astonished at seeing a huge monkey-built varmint, with ears like a jackass, and horns like an ox, come to the grating and ogle at them, grinning and chattering like an angry baboon. Old Tressletrees swore it was the devil, having seen him, as he said, twice in Havana, and once on the coast of Africa. One o' the men then picked up a poker, and hove it at him, but the varmint wheeled round, and poking his tail between the bars of the grating, began to shake it at 'em, as much as to say, 'You may go to h — ll, you d — d tar-dobbing scoundrels;' but while he was wagging it about, old Timberheads sneaked up behind him, and catching hold the end of it, took a turn with it round a spike in the wall. 'Now, boys,' said he, 'we've got a clinch on the ryptile, and we'll see how he 's laid up; hand me down that luff tackle, and look round, some of ye, for a selvige.' Both these articles were found at hand, and in a minute they had hooked the double-block of the luff to a strap round the varmint's tail, and the single block to a bar in the opposite grating. 'Now, my lads,' said the bo'son, as coolly as if he had been on a man-o'-war's fo'castle, 'clap on the fall, every man o'you!' — while at the same time he took out his whistle, and commenced piping 'Bouse-away!' As soon as the tackle got pretty well taut, the fiend began to grow very uneasy, frisking his head and arms about on all sides, and looking pitifully at 'em through the grating. 'You d — d monkey-rigged villain,' said old Timberheads, going within a few paces of the animal, 'we'll have a longer face than that on you, 'fore we 're done with you; we 'll taut'en your cable for you. Haul, boys, haul; hold on what you get, and don't slack an inch of it.'

By this time he began to bellow out, and ax for mercy: 'O gentlemen,' said he, 'for pity's sake spare me! — *do*, good gentlemen, spare me! Mister Tressletrees, I appeal to *you!* Recollect our long friendship.'

'You be d — d!' shouted the bo'son; 'I wants none o' your blarney. Bouse away, my livelys!'

The tears now ran down the varmint's face, as big as dead-eyes, and he roared out like the united voices of a thousand mad bulls. Nothing could be heard but the bo'son's whistle, excepting when the animal took breath for another bellow, at which time Tressletrees took advantage of the lull, to give his orders: at last the bo'son thought it would be best to hold on a bit, for fear his tail would strand, or part, and they 'd lose him altogether; but Timberheads sung out to go on with him, and clap stoppers on his tail, in case it began to weaken. This so terrified him, that he commenced begging and praying to all, addressing his conversation particularly to one or two of the admirals, and to Tressletrees, calling them his particular friends, and telling them the favors he had done 'em; but finding this useless, he at last told 'em that he'd deliver up the key, in case they 'd come up the tackle. The bo'son told him to fork it out then, which he immediately did.

'Now, boys,' said the bo'son, 'take a turn with the fall round that bar, while I go and try if the villain has given us the right key.'

Tressletrees then opened the door, and finding all right, he went up to the grating, saying to the liberator: 'Hark ye, my friend, you 'll

larn, after this, to treat honest seamen like men, when they happen ag'in to drift into your clutches, and not to be wagging your tail at 'em in that tantalizin' kind o' way. I've got no ill will agi'n' you, at all, except that kind o' feeling which a Christian man should always have for Satan; and as to the stretching we gave your out-rigger, it will be sarviceable to you, seeing as how it will taughten the lays of the strands, and make it more imparvious to water. Give us a grip of your flipper, and so good-bye to ye. Come, up the fall, boys, and let 's be moving.' So they released the poor devil, and cleared out for upper air. In three days, they made the surface of the 'arth, and in three more arrived at the bay, where, to their great joy, they found a Nantucket whaler, which had put in for water. When they told the captain their history, he laughed, and agreed to give 'em a passage home, where they all arrived shortly afterward.

One day Jack was standing on Old-Slip, when he heard some one from behind ask him if he wanted a berth. Marlinspike turned round, when, to his astonishment, there stood the Gent'man in Black. Jack eyed him a moment, and then knocked him down, saying: 'There's a berth for you, you blear-eyed, man-roasting, coal-burning scoundrel.' The devil then hauled his wind, nor has he showed his colors ever since. It being, come Christmas next, twenty years ago, I suppose the varmint shifted his cruisin'-ground. Tressletrees told me that, about ten years afterward, he got a peep at the gent'man on the Livy, at Orleans, but afore he could overhaul him, the scoundrel was hull down.

R. B.

AWAY FROM THEE!

WRITTEN TO MY HUSBAND, DURING ABSENCE.

'And from the hills, and from the hearth,
And from the household tree,
With thee departs the lingering mirth —
The brightness goes with thee.' — Mrs. Hemans.

I.

My youthful home is as lovely still
As ever it was to me,
And as dearly I love its sloping hill,
Its lawn, and each old oak tree;
Yet can I be happy? — how could I be,
When I am away, love, away from thee!

II.

The little bird, with its merry lay,
Is sweet to my listening ear,
And bright to my eye is each flowret gay,
As ever it did appear:
Yet they seem not as once they seem'd to me,
Because I'm away, love, away from thee!

III.

My childhood's home, with its clustering band,
Is as warmly greeted now,
And I love to clasp a mother's hand,
And gaze on my father's brow.
With loved ones like these it is sweet to be,
Yet there is *no* pleasure, away from thee!

IV.

My father's house — 't is a happy scene,
For every heart is glad;
While joy shines out from each sparkling mien,
My spirit alone is sad;
For e'en joy itself is not joy to me,
If it be not, my own love, shared with thee!

V.

It is true that this rural scene is sweet,
With its pure and balmy air —
That I love not the city's crowded street,
But our wedded home is there!
And where thou art not, 't is a desert to me —
The only green spot is with thee, with thee! e.

AMERICAN SOCIETY.

NUMBER TWO.

'UNDOUBTEDLY, simplicity of manners is one of the great pillars of morality. It circumscribes our wants, and thus diminishes those besetting temptations to extravagance and dishonesty which originate in and receive their power from the love of dress, splendor, display, and luxury. Those who set an inordinate value upon the gratification of these vanities, will come in time to sacrifice to their attainment all that solid stock of happiness which is derived from the possession of integrity and independence. An age of simplicity is, therefore, an age of morality; and hence it is that the wisest writers of antiquity have made simplicity of manners essential to the preservation of that liberty which cannot be sustained by a luxurious and corrupt people. That our own high feelings of independence are rapidly fleeing away before the quick steps of ostentation and luxury, and that the love of wealth, as the means of attaining to these gratifications, is becoming the ruling passion, must be obvious to all observers.'

PAULDING.

IT is to the agricultural portion of our community that we must look for the preservation of our liberties. The simplicity of their manners, and their isolated situation, enable them to think, and judge, and act for themselves. Uninfluenced by the power of sympathy with the many, and devoid of that restless excitability which places the populace of our cities in the power of every demagogue who harangues them from the polls or the market-place, and who can fire them either to acts of destruction or deeds of patriotism, this sober and independent body of freemen govern their feelings by their reason, and their actions by their sense of right.

With what consciousness of superiority must the farmer look down upon those who are childishly triumphing in the possession of fine houses, fine furniture, and splendid equipages; and with what pity must he regard those who are wearing out their lives and energies, to gain those gilded play-things and gewgaws of mature age. As for him, he treads the imperial carpet with as much indifference as he does the dusty pathway; and the grassy bank affords a more inviting seat than the most luxurious ottoman or fauteuil.

From my heart, I honor the countryman, in whatever situation he may be found. Look at the wagoner beside his team; the manliness of his gait, the flourish of his whip, the very wearing of his hat, show that he is a freeman — that he feels no superior. Contrast him with the journeyman mechanic of the city. The latter is either a copyist of others, in a different station in life, or he is embittered by jealousy

and envy of that class whom he styles the aristocracy, and whom he imagines to be leagued in an unholy alliance against the rights and privileges of his fellow-workmen.

Look at the wealthy farmer — the man of character and intelligence. When among his laborers, he gives them the right hand of fellowship, and converses with them as with fellow-countrymen. Conscious of his own standing and influence, he assumes no superiority, but admits them to his house, and often to his table. And, in their turn, they always regard him with that deference and respect which is due, not to his estate, but to his mind and character.

How different is the man of fortune in our cities, whose riches are the result of a life devoted to gain. His workmen, his clerks, his less wealthy neighbors, are those whose society he most wishes to avoid. Fearful, lest those with whom he cannot help associating in the way of business, should make this acquaintance an opportunity of visiting him, he wraps himself up in the mantle of self-consequence, as the only way of preventing personal contact. He looks at his lofty mansion, his liveried servants, and thinks all beneath him, whose means will not enable them to live in the same luxury and ostentation. Having commenced as a pedlar or mechanic, he tries to banish it from his memory, and strives more anxiously to keep this unknown to his children, than he would do had he been a forger or defaulter. He would rather meet an enemy than the friend of his father, or of his own early days; and his near-sightedness prevents his recognising any one who patronized him in his former trade. Such are the pitiful shifts, the meannesses, of those whose only claims to distinction are their riches and their gorgeous display.

A country life appears to be as favorable to the moral healthfulness of man, as it is to his physical well-being; and its effects are equally manifested in the day-laborer as in the landed proprietor. It is this noble stock of American freemen that will prevent our becoming a puny and degenerate race. It is amidst this host that we must look for that true worship of liberty, which is well nigh extinct in the bosoms of those who bow at the crowded shrine of Mammon.

Wherever human beings congregate in masses, there will always be found the workings of human corruption. In the society of cities, the influence of evil will ever be more *apparent* than that of good, even if it be not greater, as some have said. It is true, there is much that is pure and elevated, there is much that is high and holy, among the dwellers in cities; but its effects are not sensibly felt beyond its own immediate circle of action. The 'still small voice' of religion and of reason is only heard in the hours of retirement and reflection. The hurrying crowd are impelled by their passions — those impetuous leaders, whose clamor overpowers the claims of truth, integrity, and virtue.

The multitudes that throng our thoroughfares, are divided into two prominent classes — those who are toiling and grasping for wealth, and they who are ostentatiously spending it. Look at the money-seeker; observe his care-worn, his anxious countenance. Follow him to his counting-room; see him clutch, with nervous eagerness, the sum he has just gained in the way of trade, but not in the way of upright dealing. Look at him as he goes over page after page of his leger, and sums up column after column of its figures, to estimate the profits

of the past year. Newton could not have shown half the trembling anticipation, the eager delight, as he was about concluding the calculation that was to establish his great discovery, that this man exhibits as his pen writes down the thousands that have been added to his former gains.

This craving desire for wealth is the fruitful source of fraud and forgery, and of every species of gambling, from the wild speculation to the lottery and the card-table. This lust for gain — this master passion that deadens every other emotion — has spread its baleful influence far and wide throughout our cities. It is not confined to the avowed worshippers of Mammon; it is not only amidst the money-changers, in the outer court of the temple, that its corruption is seen; it has entered within the veil, and those who have openly professed to have renounced 'the world and its lusts,' by becoming the followers of Him, who, when on earth, 'had not where to lay his head' — even these will lift the sacramental cup to their lips, while every desire of their hearts is devoted to the accumulation of money. I have heard Christian mothers try to convince their youthful daughters of the happiness to be enjoyed in the possession of splendid establishments, and in having wealth at command. I have seen Christian fathers give their blooming, lovely girls to the arms of sensualists and dotards, and then complacently and smilingly receive the congratulations of their friends on the *happy* occasion. Is this a false picture? Would that it were! But it is too true! The canker of gain hath eaten deeply into the very heart's core of society.

Let us now turn to the money-spender, and see what was the object for which these treasures were so anxiously laid up. He has now left the worship of Mammon for that of fashion. He surrounds himself and his family with the splendor that is to gain him admission into those circles that have been the heaven of his desires and endeavors. At first, he may meet with something like a repulse; but if he repeat his advances, and continue to increase the number and the brilliancy of his gilded trappings, he will see the gates unclose, and find himself most warmly welcomed by those who most loudly condemned his presumption. This being gained, it is now requisite for him to copy the motions, the manners, and the fashions of those around him. He finds that these are all drawn from European models, and in order to make a faithful imitation, it is considered necessary to take his family across the Atlantic, that they 'may catch the living manners,' from seeing the nobility passing in their equipages, from living near their palaces, or perhaps by the supreme happiness of gaining admission to an entertainment given by some one who is second cousin to a lord or a baronet. Oh, fashion! — what follies are committed in thy name! To an European observer, these follies would be a fit theme for ridicule, but in a *true* American, they excite feelings of the deepest mortification. Can such an one read or hear of the conduct of some travelling Americans, and of American society in Paris, and not feel his ears tingle and his cheeks blush with honest indignation? And it is by society like this, both at home and abroad, that Americans are judged by Europeans. The fashionable world, in any country, is but an unfair specimen of national character. It is generally composed of the imitators of other nations — the idle, the vain, and the unintellectual — and this is especially so in our own coun-

try. Our men of character and intelligence are occupied on the busy arena of life. Our women of cultivated minds and simplicity of manners are found in the social circle, or at their own firesides. In fashionable society, as it is at present constituted, there is little to attract such men or such women, and it is unfortunate that this is the case. For, however pretty or light may be the materials of which it is composed, its prominence in the public eye, its blazonings, its efforts to draw attention and admiration, will always give it influence. And this influence is powerful. From the Almack system of London, to its pitiful imitations in our own cities, we see the uncontrolled sway it can exercise at will. And what are the effects of this influence? It is to this we owe that love of splendor and display which has infected all classes of our citizens. It is this that has made wealth so attractive, that men will sacrifice their integrity, their reputation, and even Heaven itself, to obtain it. It is this that is undermining the fair fabric of our national prosperity, by giving rise to those jealousies and heart-burnings that cause the cry of 'Down with the aristocracy!' to be muttered between the teeth, or boldly to be proclaimed, in times of popular excitement. To this also is owing that fearful tide of foreign notions and foreign innovations that is pouring along our commercial emporiums, and which, unless arrested in its course, will swallow up every thing like American individuality and republican simplicity.

In tracing the unhappy effects of this influence, let us go back and see what portion of this society gives the tone to its usages and opinions. If we discover the origin of this evil, we may also find the remedy that is needed. I hope I shall not be considered a libeller of my own sex, when I lay the blame at their feet. The influence of fashionable society is the reflected influence of woman, and to her we must look for the reform and reorganization of American society.

Let the female of intellect and judgment, who has leisure at command, consider whether she has done her duty in leaving such power in the hands of coxcombs, silly women, and girls who still need a teacher. If men of integrity, when disgusted with the chicanery and corruption of some politicians, were to retire from public life, and leave every thing to mercenary office-seekers, what would become of our government? But such men know and perform their duty better: exerting the whole weight of their influence to counteract the evil doctrines disseminated by designing men, and striving to bring the unthinking mass to a sense of their true interests, they firmly fix their feet on the rock of political principle, and point out the course to the ignorant and unwary, while the tide of calumny and corruption rushes by them unheeded. It cannot move them from their place, for their object is their country's good.

Our government — the bulwark of our liberties — is intrusted to the care of America's sons. And let them guard it well, for it is the Freedom of the World that is committed to their charge. And since they have left female influence to regulate society, let the daughters of America remember their responsibility. Let them speedily unite in throwing off the yoke of European bondage, and proclaim their independence of foreign fashions and imported customs. And then, and then only, will American society be, what it ought always to have been, a beautiful illustration of republican simplicity and republican principles.

G.

TEWANNA.

A LEGEND OF THE SENECAS.

'ALL things that we ordainèd festival
Turn from their office to black funeral:
Our instruments to melancholy bells;
Our wedding cheer to a sad funeral feast;
Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change.' SHAKSPEARE.

YEARS have circled away, since the lovers were laid
At the foot of a sycamore tree,
Whose column-like trunk throws its beautiful shade
On the banks of the dark Genesee.
One morning in June to the spot I was led
By the son of a perishing race,
And he told me a story, allied to the dead,
That renders more holy the place.

'Pale boy!' said the falcon-eyed man of the wild,
In the tremulous accents of grief,
'Many summers have ended since weeping ones piled
Yon mould on a maiden and chief:
Though the soul of Tewanna dwells now in that land
Where suns in the West never set,
I still see her look of expressiveness bland—
Her dark eye is visible yet.

In the lodge of a sachem the damsel grew up,
With a smile like the dawning of light;
Her form vied the lily in grace, when its cup
Is bestudded with gems of the night.
The girls of her tribe glen and precipice sought
For trophies to lay at her feet,
And to garland her brow, from the wilderness brought
Wild blossoms, of fragrancy sweet.

The power of her charms woke the torturing fire
Of passion in many a breast;
But the son of a chieftain, in league with her sire,
Her vow of fidelity blest.
By his shaft fell the roebuck, in pride of its speed—
In battle his hatchet was true;
His foot was more fleet than the prairie-nursed steed,
That rider or rein never knew.

I remember the time when the bridal throng met,
And gave their loud mirth to the air;
I remember Tewanna, whose tresses of jet
Were inwoven with ornaments rare.
I remember her gesture and look of dismay,
When the Seneca prophet thus spake—
'The heart that is beating so gladly to day,
With grief on the morrow will break!'

'Is the bridegroom a laggard?—what fetters his limb,
While the many his coming await?
Is he searching out game in the wilderness dim,
Or some proud bridal gift for his mate?
The forehead now wearing the sign of delight,
Will darken with horror, ere long,
For the whippoorwill came to my lodge yesternight,
And forebodingly chaunted her song.'

Day faded apace, and the timorous deer
Sought a flowery couch in the shade,
But the lover came not, with his presence to cheer
The heart of his beautiful maid.
When the last gleam of day from the occident fled,
And darkness infolded the cloud,
From the lodge of their sachem, with whisper of dread,
And presentiment dark, went the crowd.

Néxt morn from the chase an old hunter came back,
And reported, in faltering words,
That deep in the wood he was lured from his track,
By the screaming of carrion birds:
That in a lone glen, where dark hemlocks shut out
The cheerful effulgence of day,
While the hoarse raven flew in swift circles about,
The corse of a warrior lay.

We went forth in haste to the desolate glen,
And the loved of Tewanna we found —
Near the body were foot-prints of ruffian men,
And marks of red strife were around:
The blended expression of wrath and disdain
His visage yet fearfully wore —
The long slender arrow, wherewith he was slain,
Was dyed to the feather in gore.

On a litter, with leaves of the forest bespread,
We mournfully placed the young chief;
Then homeward we carried the slumbering dead,
With faces bent downward in grief:
A dirge for the fallen we solemnly raised,
And were met by the youthful and old,
Who surrounded the death-couch, and fearfully gazed
On the sleeper unbreathing and cold.

'Make room for the maid whom in life he loved well!'
Said a voice, as Tewanna drew near;
She caught but one glimpse of the features, and fell
An inanimate corse by the bier.
On the following day, weeping relatives laid
The warrior-chief, in his gore,
By the side of his love, in a tomb rudely made,
At the foot of yon old sycamore.

Avon, (N. Y.,) July 17, 1836. W. H. C. Hosmer.

LETTERS

OF LUCIUS M. PISO, FROM PALMYRA, TO HIS FRIEND MARCUS CURTIUS, AT ROME: NOW FIRST TRANSLATED AND PUBLISHED.

NUMBER SIX.

Many days have passed, my Curtius, since I last wrote, each bringing its own pleasures, and leaving its ineffaceable impressions upon the soul. But though all have been in many things delightful, none has equalled that day and evening at the palace of the queen. I have now mingled largely with the best society in Palmyra. The doors of the noble and the rich have been opened to me with a liberal hospitality. As the friend of Gracchus and Fausta — and now I may add, I believe, without presumption — of Zenobia also, of Julia, and Longinus, I have been received with attentions of which Aurelian himself might with reason have been proud. More and more do I love this people, more and more fervently do I beg of the Being or Beings who rule over the affairs of men, to interpose and defend them from any threatening danger. I grieve that the rumors still reaching us from Rome tend so much to confirm the belief that our emperor is making preparations for an eastern expedition. Yet I cannot bring myself to think that he

aims at Zenobia. If it were so, would there be first no communication with the queen? Is it like Aurelian to plan and move so secretly? And against a woman too? — and that woman Zenobia? I'll not believe it. Your letters would not be what they are, if there were any real purpose like that which is attributed to Aurelian. But time will make its revelations. Meanwhile, let me tell you where I now am, and what pleasures I am enjoying. This will be written under various dates.

I write to you from what is called the Queen's Mountain Palace, being her summer residence — occasionally — either to avoid the greater heats of the city, or that she may divert herself with athletic sports, or hunting, of which she is excessively fond, and in which she has few equals of her own or even of our sex. Roman women of the present day would be amazed, perhaps shocked, to be told what the sports and exercises are in which this great eastern queen finds her pleasures. She is not more exalted above the women of Rome by genius, and the severer studies of the closet, than she is, in my judgment, by the manner and fashion of her recreations. Let not the dear Lucilia be offended. Were she here with me, her fair and generous mind would rest, I am sure, after due comparisons, in the very same conclusions. Fausta is in these respects too, as in others, but her second self. There is not a feat of horsemanship or archery, or an enterprise in the chase, but she will dare all and do all that is dared or done by Zenobia. Not in the spirit of imitation or even rivalry, but from the native impulses of a soul that reaches at all things great and difficult. And even Julia, that being who seems too ethereal for earth, and as if by some strange chance she were misplaced, being here, even Julia has been trained in the same school; and, as I shall show you, can join in the chase, and draw the bow, with scarcely less of vigor and skill — with no less courage — than either her mother or Fausta. Although I have now seen it, I still can hardly associate such excess of beauty — a beauty both of form and face so truly belonging to this soft, Syrian clime — with a strength and skill in manly exercises that might put to shame many a Roman who wears both a beard and the manly gown. But this, I need not say, is not after Julia's heart. She loves more the gentler encounters of social intercourse, where wit, and sense, and the affections, have their full play, and the god-like that is within us asserts its supremacy.

But my purpose now is, to tell you how and why it is I am here, and describe to you, as well as I can, this new Elysium: and how it is the happy spirits, whom the gods have permitted to dwell here, pass their hours.

I am here by the invitation of the queen. A few days after that which we had so highly enjoyed at the palace of the queen, she expressed her desire that Gracchus, Fausta, and myself would accompany her, with others of her select friends, to her retreat among the hills, there to indulge in perfect repose, or engage in the rural sports of the place, according to our pleasure. I was not slow, neither were Gracchus and Fausta, to accept so agreeable an invitation. 'I feared,' said Fausta, 'lest the troubled state of affairs would prevent the queen from taking her usual vacation, where she loves best to be. But to say the truth, Lucius, I do not think the prospect of a rupture with Rome does give her very serious thought. The vision of a trial of arms with so

renowned a soldier as Aurelian, is, I doubt, not wholly displeasing to her; there being especially so good reason to believe that what befell Heraclianus might befall Aurelian. Nay, do not look so grave. Rome is not fallen — yet.'

'Your tongue, Fausta, is lighter than your heart. Yet if Rome must fall, why, truly I know not at whose feet it could fall so worthily as those of Zenobia and Fausta. But I trust its destiny is never to fall. Other kingdoms as great, or almost as great, I know you will say, have fallen, and Rome must in its turn. It seems, however, I must say, to possess a principle of vitality which never before belonged to any nation. Its very vastness, too, seems to protect it. I can as soon believe that shoals of sea-carp may overcome the whole, or an army of emmets the elephant or rhinoceros, as that one nation, or many banded together, can break down the power of Rome.'

'How very, very naturally and easily is that said. Who can doubt that you are a Roman, born upon the Cœlian Hill! Pity but that we Palmyrenes could copy that high way you Romans have. Do you not think that strength and success lie much in confidence? Were every Roman such as you, I can believe you were then omnipotent. But then we have some like you. Here are Zenobia and I, you cannot deny that we have something of the Roman about us.'

'I confess it would be a drawn battle, at least, were you a nation of Zenobias. How Fausta is at the lance, I cannot yet tell.'

'That you shall see as soon as we are among the mountains. Is not this charming, now, in the queen, to bring us all together again so soon, under her own roof? And such a place too, Lucius! We shall live there, indeed; each day will, at least, be doubled. For I suppose life is to be measured, not by its hours, but its sensations. Are you ready for the morning start? Oh, that Solon were here! — what exquisite mirth should we have! 'Milo is something; but Solon were more.'

'Fausta, Fausta,' cried Gracchus, 'when will you be a woman?'

'Never, I trust,' replied Fausta; 'if I may then neither laugh nor cry, nor vex a Roman, nor fight for our queen. These are my vocations, and if I must renounce them, then I will be a man.'

'Either sex may be proud to gain you, my noble girl,' said Gracchus.

Early in the morning of the following day, all at the house of Gracchus gave note of preparation. We were to meet the queen and her party a few miles from the walls of the city, at an appointed place, whence we were to make the rest of the journey in company. We were first at the place of meeting, which was a rising ground, shadowed by a few cedars with their huge branching tops. We reined up our horses, and stood with our faces toward the road, over which we had just passed, looking to catch the first view of the queen. The sun was just rising above the horizon, and touching with its golden color the higher objects of the scene — the tall cedars — the gray crags, which here jutted out into the plain — the towers, and columns, and obelisks of the still slumbering city.

'How beautiful!' exclaimed Fausta: 'but look! that is more beautiful still — that moving troop of horse! See! — even at this distance you can distinguish the form and bearing of the queen. How the slant

beams of this ruddy sun make her dress, and the harness of her gallant steed, to sparkle! Is it not a fair sight, Lucius?'

It was beautiful, indeed. The queen was conspicuous above all, not more for her form and bearing, than for the more than imperial magnificence of her appointments. It is thus she is always seen by her people, dazzling them equally by her beauties and her state. As she drew nearer, I felt that I had never before seen aught on earth so glorious. The fiery Arabian that bore her knew, as well as I, who it was that sat upon him; and the pride of his carriage was visible in a thousand expressive movements. Julia was at her side, differing from her only as one sun differs from another. She, like Zenobia, seemed almost a part of the animal that bounded beneath her, so perfect was the art with which she rode.

'A fair morning to you all,' cried the queen, accompanying the words with a glance that was reward enough for a life of service. 'The day smiles upon our enterprise. Fausta, if you will join me, Piso will take care of Julia; as for our Zabdas and Longinus, they are sad loiterers.'

Saying these things — scarcely checking her steed — and before the rest of the party had quite come up — we darted on, the queen leading the way, and, as is her wont, almost at the top of her horse's speed.

'Zenobia,' said Julia, 'is in fine spirits this morning, as you may judge from her beaming countenance, and the rate at which she travels. But we can hardly converse while we are going so fast.'

'No bond has been signed,' said I, 'that we should ride like couriers. Suppose, princess, we slacken our pace.'

'That will we,' she replied, 'and leave it to the queen to announce our approach. Here now, alas! are Zabdas and Longinus overtaking us. The queen wonders at your delay,' said she, addressing them; 'put spurs to your horses, and you may easily overtake her.'

'Is it required?' asked the Egyptian, evidently willing to linger.

'Not so, indeed,' answered Julia, 'but it would be gallant; the queen, save Fausta, is alone. How can we answer it, if evil befall her? Her girth may break.'

At which alarming suggestion, taking it as merrily as it was given, the two councillors quickened their pace, and, bidding us good morning, soon, as we saw, at the ascent of a little hill, overtook Zenobia.

For the rest of us, we were passing and repassing each other, mingling and separating all the remainder of the way. Our road lay through a rather rough and hilly country, but here and there sprinkled with bright spots of the richest beauty, and highest cultivation. The valleys, whenever we descended into them, we found well watered and tilled, and peopled by an apparently happy peasantry. And as we saw them from first one eminence and then another, stretching away and winding among the hills, we agreed that they presented delicious retreats for those who, weary of the world, wished to taste, toward the close of life, the sweets of a repose which the world never knows. As we drew toward the end of our ride — a ride of quite twenty Roman miles — we found ourselves forsaken of all the rest of the company, owing either to our horses not being equal to the others, or — rather, perhaps — to the frequent pauses which we made at all those points where the scenery presented any thing beautiful or uncommon.

Every thing now at last indicated that we were not far from the royal demesne. All around were marks of the hand and eye of taste having been there, and of the outlay of enormous wealth. It was not, however, till we had, for a mile and more, ridden through lawns and fields covered with grains and fruits, laid out in divisions of tillage or of wood, that, emerging from a dark grove, we came within sight of the palace. We could just discern, by the glittering of the sun upon the jewelry of their horses, that the last of the company were wheeling into the grounds in front of what seemed the principal part of the vast structure. That we might not be too much in the rear of all, we put spurs to our horses, which then, with the fleetness of wind, bore us to the outer gates of the palace. Passing these, we were in a moment in the midst of those who had preceded us, the grooms and slaves of the palace surrounding us, and taking charge of our horses. Zenobia was still standing in the great central portico, where she had dismounted, her face glowing with the excitement of the ride, and engaged in free discourse with the group around her. Soon as Julia reined up her horse, and quicker than any other could approach, she sprang to her daughter's side, and assisted her to dismount, holding with a strong hand the while, the fiery and restless animal she rode.

'Welcome in safety, Julia,' said the queen, 'and thanks, noble Piso, for your care of your charge. But perhaps we owe your safety more to the strength of your Arab's girth, than to any care of Piso.'

Julia's laugh rang merrily through the arches of the portico.

'Truly,' said she, 'I was glad to use any sudden conceit by which to gain a more solitary ride than I was like to have. It was my ambition to be Piso's companion, that I might enjoy the pleasure of pointing out to new eyes the beauties of the country. I trust I was rightly comprehended by our grave councillors.'

'Assure yourself of it,' said Longinus; 'and though we could not but part from you with some unwillingness, yet seeing whom we were to join, we bore the loss with such philosophy as we were able to summon on the sudden.'

Zenobia now led the way to the banqueting hall, where tables loaded with meats, fruits, and wines, offered themselves most temptingly and seasonably, to those who had ridden, post as it were, twenty Roman miles.

This villa of the queen's, for its beauty and extent unrivalled in all the East, I would that I could set before you, so that you might form some conception of its greatness and variety. The palace stands at the northern extremity of a vast plain, just where the wild and mountainous region ends, and the more level and cultivated begins. To the North stretches a savage country, little inhabited, and filled with the wild animals which make the forests of Asia so terrible. This is the queen's hunting-ground. It was here that, with Odenathus, she pursued the wild boar, the tiger, the panther, with a daring and a skill that astonished the boldest huntsmen. It was in these forests, that the wretch Mæonius, insolently throwing his javelin at the game, just as he saw his uncle was about to strike, incurred that just rebuke, which, however, his revengeful nature never forgave, and was appeased only with the blood of the noble Palmyrene. Zenobia is never more herself than when, mounted upon her fleet Arabian, and aroused to all her

power by the presence of a gallant company of the boldest spirits of Palmyra, she hunts the tiger or the panther. The southern view, and which my apartments overlook, presents a wide expanse of level ground, or gently undulating, offering a various prospect of cultivated fields, unbroken lawns, dense groves, of standing or flowing waters, of light bridges spanning them, of pavilions, arbors, statues, standing out in full view, or just visible through the rich foliage or brilliant flowering plants of these sunny regions. The scene is closed by the low, waving outline of the country, through which we passed on the morning of our ride from Palmyra, over which there is spread a thin veil of purple haze, adding a new charm to whatever objects are dimly discerned through it. At one point only can we, when this vapor is by any cause diminished, catch a glimpse of the loftier buildings of the distant city. But the palace itself, though it be the work of man, and not of gods, is not less beautiful than all these aspects of nature. It is wholly built after the light and almost fantastic forms of the Persian architecture, which seem more suited to a residence of this kind than the heavier fashions of the Greek or Roman taste. Hadrian's villa is alone to be compared with it for vastness and magnificence, and that, compared with this, seems a huge prison, so gay and pleasing are the thoughts and sensations which this dream-like combination of arch upon arch — of pinnacle, dome, and tower — all enriched with the most minute and costly work — inspires the mind. Nothing has pleased me more than at times, when the sultry heats of the day forbid alike study and recreation, to choose for myself some remote and shaded spot, and lying along upon the flowery turf, soothed by the drowsy hum of the summer insects, gaze upon this gorgeous pile of oriental grandeur, and lazily drink in the draughts of a beauty (as I believe) no where else to be enjoyed. When at such hours Julia or Fausta is my companion, I need not say in how great degree the pleasure is heightened, nor what hues of a more rosy tint wrap all the objects of the scene. Fountains here, as every where in the Eastern world, are frequent, and of such size as to exert a sensible influence upon the heated atmosphere. Huge columns of the coldest water, drawn from the recesses of the mountains, are thrown into the air, and then falling and foaming over rocks rudely piled, to resemble some natural cascade, disappear, and are led by subterranean conduits to distant and lower parts of the ground. These fountains take many and fantastic forms. In the centre of the principal court of the palace, it is an enormous elephant of stone, who disgorges from his uplifted trunk a vast but graceful shower, sometimes charged with the most exquisite perfumes, and which are diffused by the air through every part of the palace. Around this fountain, reclining upon seats constructed to allow the most easy attitudes, or else in some of the apartments immediately opening upon it, it is our custom to pass the evening hours, either conversing with each other, or listening to some tale which he who thinks he can entertain the company is at liberty to relate, or gathering at once instruction and delight, as Longinus, either from his memory or a volume, imparts to us the choicest parts of the literature of Athens or of Rome. So have I heard the Œdipus Tyrannus, and the Promethus, as I never have heard them before. At such times, it is beautiful to see the group of listeners gathering nearer and nearer, as the philosopher reads or

recites, and catching every word and accent of that divine tongue, as it falls from his lips. Zenobia, alone, of all who listen, ever presumes to interrupt the reader with either question or comment. To her voice, Longinus instantly becomes a willing listener; and well may he: for never does she speak, at such moments, without adding a new charm to whatever theme she touches. Her mind, surprisingly clear, and deeply imbued with the best spirit of ancient learning, and poetically cast, becomes of right our teacher; and commands always the profound respect, if not always the assent, of the accomplished Greek. Not unfrequently, on such casual remark of the queen, the reading is thereupon suspended, and discussion between her and the philosopher, or conversation upon topics suggested, in which we all take part, ensues. But, however this may be, all moves on in a spirit the most liberal, frank, and free. No restraint is upon us but that which reverence for superior learning, or goodness, or beauty, imposes. I must add, that on these occasions the great Zabdas is always seen to compose himself to his slumbers, from which he occasionally starts, uttering loud shouts, as if at the head of his troops. Our bursts of laughter wake him not, but by the strange power of sleep seem to be heard by him as if they were responsive cries of the enemy, and often cause him to send forth louder shouts than ever, 'Down with the Egyptian dogs!' 'Let the Nile choak with their carcasses!' — The queen for —' and then his voice dies away in inarticulate sounds.

But I should weary you, indeed, were I to go on to tell you of half the beauties and delights of this chosen spot, and cause you, perhaps, to be discontented with that quiet, modest house, upon the banks of the Tiber. I leave you, therefore, to fill up with your own colors the outline which I have now set before you, as I best could, and pass to other things.

Every day has seen its peculiar games and entertainments. Sometimes the queen's slaves, trained to their respective feats, have wrestled, or fought, or run, for our amusement. At other times, we ourselves have been the performers. Upon the race-course, fleet Arabians have contended for the prize, or those who have esteemed themselves skilful, have tried for the mastery in two or four horse chariots. Elephants have been put to their strength, and dromedaries to their speed. But our chief pleasure has been derived from trials of skill and of strength with the lance and the arrow, and from the chase.

It was in using the lance, that Antiochus — a kinsman of the queen, whom I believe I have not before mentioned, although I have many times met him — chiefly signalized himself. This person, half Syrian and half Roman, possessing the bad qualities of both, and the good ones of neither, was made one of this party, rather, I suppose, because he could not be left out, than because he was wanted. He has few friends in Palmyra, but among wild and dissolute spirits like himself. He is famed for no quality either great or good. Violent passions and intemperate lusts are what he is chiefly noted for. But, except that pride and arrogance are writ upon the lines of his countenance, you would hardly guess that his light-tinted skin and beardless cheeks, and soft blue eyes, belonged to one of so dark and foul a soul. His frame and his strength are those of a giant; yet is he wholly destitute of grace. His limbs seem sometimes as if they were scarcely a part of

him, such difficulty does he discover in marshalling them aright. Consciousness of this embarrasses him, and sends him for refuge to his pride, which darts looks of anger and bitter revenge upon all who offend or make light of him. His ambition is, and his hope, to succeed Zenobia. You may think this strange, considering the family of the queen. But as for the sons of Zenobia, he calculates much, so it is reported, upon their weakness both of mind and body, as rendering them distasteful to the Palmyrenes, even if they should live; and as for Julia and her sisters, he has so high conceptions of his own superior merit, that he doubts not in case of the queen's demise, that the people would by acclamation select him, in preference to them, as her successor; or in the last emergency, that it would be but to marry Julia, in order to secure the throne beyond any peradventure. These are the schemes which many do not scruple to impute to him. Whether credited or not, by Zenobia, I cannot tell. But were they, I believe she would but smile at the poor lack-brain who entertains them. Intrenched as she is in the impregnable fortress of her people's heart, she might well despise the intrigues of a bolder and worthier spirit than Antiochus. For him she can spare neither words nor thoughts.

It was Fausta, who, a few days ago, as we rose from the tables, proposed that we should try our strength and skill in throwing the lance. 'I promised you, Lucius,' said she, 'that when here, you should be permitted to judge of my abilities in that art. Are all ready for the sport?'

All sprang from their seats, like persons weary of one occupation, and grateful for the proffer of another.

Zenobia led the way to the grounds, not far from the palace, appropriated to games of this kind, and to the various athletic sports. Not all the company entered the lists, but many seated themselves, or stood around, spectators of the strife. Slaves now appeared, bearing the lances, and preparing the ground for our exercise. The feat to be performed seemed to me not difficult so much as impossible. It was to throw the lance with such unerring aim, and such force, as to pass through an aperture in a shield of four-fold ox-hide, of a size but slightly larger than the beam of the lance, so as not so much as to graze the sides of the perforated place. The distance, too, of the point from which the lance was to be thrown, from the shield, was such as to require great strength of arm to overcome it.

The young Cæsars advanced first to the trial. 'Now,' whispered Fausta, 'behold the vigor of the royal arm. Were such alone our defence, well might Palmyra tremble.'

Herennicanus, daintily handling and brandishing his lance, in the manner prescribed at the schools, where skill in all warlike arts is taught, and having drawn all eyes upon him, at length let it fly, when, notwithstanding so much preparatory flourish, it fell short of the staff upon which the shield was reared.

'Just from the tables,' said the prince, as he withdrew, angry at his so conspicuous failure; 'and how can one reach what he can scarcely see?'

'Our arm has not yet recovered from its late injury,' said Timolaus, as he selected his weapon; 'yet will we venture a throw.' His lance reached the mast, but dropped feebly at its foot. Vabalathus, saying

nothing, and putting all his strength in requisition, drove his weapon into the staff, where it stood quivering a moment, and fell to the ground.

Carias, Seleucus, Otho, Gabrayas, noblemen of Palmyra, now successively tried their fortune, and all showed themselves well trained to the use of the weapon, by each fixing his lance in the body of the shield, and in the near neighborhood of the central hole.

Zabdas now suddenly springing from his seat, which he had taken among those who apparently declined to join in the sport, seized a lance from the hands of the slave who bore them, and hurling it with the force of a tempest, the weapon, hissing along the air, struck the butt near the centre; but the wood of which it was made, unused to such violence, shivered and crumbled under the blow. Without a word, and without an emotion, so far as the face was its index, the Egyptian returned to his seat. It seemed as if he had done the whole in his sleep. It is actual war alone that can rouse the energies of Zabdas.

Zenobia, who had stood leaning upon her lance, next advanced to the trial. Knowing her admirable skill at all manly exercises, I looked with certainty to see her surpass those who had already essayed their powers. Nor was I disappointed. With a wonderful grace she quickly threw herself into the appointed position, and with but a moment's preparation, and as if it cost her but a slight effort, sent her lance, with unerring aim and incredible swiftness, through the hole in the centre of the shield. Yet was not the feat a perfect one. For, in passing through the aperture, the weapon not having been driven with quite sufficient force, did not preserve its level, so that the end grazed the shield, and the lance then consequently taking an oblique direction, plunged downward, and buried its head in the turf.

'Now, Fausta,' said the queen, 'must you finish what I have but begun. Let us now see your weapon sweep on till its force shall be evenly spent.'

'When Zenobia fails,' said Fausta, 'there must be some evil influence abroad that shall cripple the powers of others yet more. However, let me try; for I have promised to prove to our Roman friend that the women of Palmyra know the use of arms not less than the men.'

So saying, she chose her lance, and with little ceremony, and almost before our eyes could trace her movements, the weapon had flown, and passing through, as it seemed, the very centre of the perforated space, swept on till its force died away in the distance, and it fell gracefully to the ground.

A burst of applause rose from the surrounding groups.

'I knew,' said Zenobia, 'that I could trust the fame of the women of Palmyra to you. At the harp, the needle, or the lance, our Fausta has no equal; unless,' turning herself round, 'in my own Julia. Now we will see what your arm can do.'

Standing near the lances, I selected one eminent for its smoothness and polish, and placed it in her hand.

With a form of so much less apparent vigor than either Zenobia or Fausta, so truly Syrian in a certain soft laguor that spread itself over her, whether at rest or in motion, it was amazing to see with what easy strength she held and balanced the heavy weapon. Every movement showed that there lay concealed within her ample power for this and every manly exercise, should she please to put it forth.

'At the schools,' said the princess, 'Fausta and I went on ever with equal steps. Her advantage lies in being at all times mistress of her power. My arm is often treacherous, through failure of the heart.'

It was not difficult to see the truth of what she said, in her varying color, and the slightly agitated lance.

But addressing herself to the sport, and with but one instant's pause, the lance flew toward the shield, and entering the opening, but not with a perfect direction, it passed not through, but hung there by the head.

'Princess,' said Zabdas, springing from his repose with more than wonted energy, 'that lance was chosen, as I saw, by a Roman. Try once more with one that I shall choose, and see what the issue will be.'

'Truly,' said Julia, 'I am ready to seize any plea under which to redeem my fame. But first give me yourself a lesson, will you not?'

The Egyptian was not deaf to the invitation, and once more essaying the feat, and with his whole soul bent to the work, the lance, quicker than sight, darted from his hand, and following in the wake of Fausta's, lighted farther than her's — being driven with more force — upon the lawn.

'The princess now, with more of confidence in her air, again balanced and threw the lance which Zabdas had chosen — this time with success; for, passing through the shield, it fell side by side with Fausta's.

'Fortune still unites us,' said Julia; 'if for a time she leaves me a little in the rear, yet she soon repents of the wrong, and brings me up.' Saying which, she placed herself at Fausta's side.

'But come, our worthy cousin,' said the queen, now turning and addressing Antiochus, who stood with folded arms, dully surveying the scene, 'will you not try a lance?'

''T is hardly worth our while,' said he, 'for the gods seem to have delivered all the honor and power of the East into the hands of women.'

'Yet it may not be past redemption,' said Julia, 'and who more likely than Hercules to achieve so great a work? Pray begin.'

That mass of a man, hardly knowing whether the princess were jesting or in earnest — for to the usual cloud that rested upon his intellect, there was now added the stupidity arising from free indulgence at the tables — slowly moved toward the lances, and selecting the longest and heaviest, took his station at the proper place. Raising then his arm, which was like a weaver's beam, and throwing his enormous body into attitudes which showed that no child's play was going on, he let drive the lance, which, shooting with more force than exactness of aim, struck upon the outer rim of the shield, and then glancing laterally was near spearing a poor slave, whose pleasure it was, with others, to stand in the neighborhood of the butt, to pick up and return the weapons thrown, or withdraw them from the shield, where they might have fastened themselves.

Involuntary laughter broke forth upon this unwonted performance of the lance; upon which it was easy to see, by the mounting color of Antiochus, that his passions were inflamed. Especially — did we afterward suppose — was he enraged at the exclamation of one of the slaves near the shield, who was heard to say to one of his fellows: 'Now is the

reign of women at an end.' Seizing, however, on the instant, another lance, he was known to exclaim, by a few who stood near him, but who did not take the meaning of his words: 'With a better mark, there may be a better aim.' Then resuming his position, he made at first, by a long and steady aim, as if he were going, with certainty now, to hit the shield; but, changing suddenly the direction of his lance, he launched it with fatal aim, and a giant's force, at the slave who had uttered those words. It went through him, as he had been but a sheet of papyrus, and then sung along the plain. The poor wretch gave one convulsive leap into the air, and dropped dead.

'Zenobia!' exclaimed Julia.

'Great queen!' said Fausta.

'Shameful!' — 'dastardly!' — 'savage!' — broke from one and another of the company.

'That's the mark I never miss,' coolly observed Antiochus; and at the same time regaled his nose from a box of perfume.

''T is his own chattel,' said the queen; 'he may do with it as he lists. He has trenched upon no law of the realm, but only upon those of breeding and humanity. Our presence, and that of this company, might, we think, have claimed a more gentle observance.'

'Dogs!' fiercely shouted Antiochus — who, as the queen said these words, her eyes fastened indignantly upon him, had slunk sulkily to his seat — 'dogs, said he, aiming suddenly to brave the matter, 'off with yonder carrion! — it offends the queen.'

'Would our cousin,' said Zenobia, 'win the hearts of Palmyra, this surely is a mistaken way. Come, let us to the palace. This spot is tainted. But that it may be sweetened, as far as may be, slaves!' she cried, 'bring to the gates the chariot, and other remaining chattels of Antiochus!'

Antiochus, at these words, pale with the apprehensions of a cowardly spirit, rose and strode toward the palace, from which, in a few moments, he was on his way to the city.

'You may judge me needlessly harsh, Piso,' said the queen, to me, as we now sauntered toward the palace, 'but truly the condition of the slave is such, that seeing the laws protect him not, we must do something to enlist in his behalf the spirit of humanity. The breach of courtesy, however, was itself not to be forgiven.'

'It was a merciful fate that of the slave,' said I, 'compared with what our Roman slaves suffer. To be lashed to death, or crucified, or burned, or flayed alive, or torn by dogs, or thrown as food for fishes, is something worse than this quick exit of the slave of Antiochus. You of these softer climes are in your natures milder than we, and are more moved by scenes like this. What would you think, queen, to see not one, but scores or hundreds of these miserable beings, upon bare suspicion of attempts against their master's life, condemned, by their absolute irresponsible possessors, to death in all its most revolting forms? Nay, even our Roman women, of highest rank, and gentlest nurture, stand by while their slaves are scourged, or themselves apply the lash. If under this torture they die, it is thought of but as the death of vermin. War has made with us this sort of property of so cheap possession, that to destroy it is often a necessary measure of economy. By a Roman,

nothing is less regarded than life. And in truth, I see not how it can be otherwise.'

'But surely,' said Julia, 'you do not mean to defend this condition of life. It is not like the sentiments I have heard you express.'

'I defend it only thus,' I replied: 'so long as we have wars — and when will they cease? — there must be captives; and what can these be but slaves? To return them to their own country, were to war to no purpose. To colonize them, were to strip war of its horrors. To make them freemen of our own soil, were to fill the land with foes and traitors. Then if there must be slaves, there must be masters and owners. And the absolute master of other human beings, responsible to no one, can be no other than a tyrant. If he has, as he must have, the power to punish at will, he will exercise it, and that cruelly. If he has the power to kill, as he must have, then will he kill and kill cruelly, when his nature prompts. And this his nature will prompt, or if not his nature absolutely, yet his educated nature. Our children grow up within the sight and sound of all the horrors and sufferings of this state of things. They use their slaves — with which, almost in infancy, they are provided — according to their pleasure — as dogs, as horses; they lash, they scourge them, long before they have the strength to kill. What wonder if the boy, who, when a boy, used a slave as his beast of burden, or his footstool, when he grows to be a man, should use him as a mark to be shot at? The youth of Antiochus was reared in Rome. I presume to say that his earliest play-things were slaves, and the children of slaves. I am not surprised at his act. And such acts are too common in Rome, for this to disturb me much. The education of Antiochus was continued and completed, I may venture also to say, at the circus. I think the result very natural. It cannot be very different, where slavery and the sports of the amphitheatre exist.'

'I perceive your meaning,' said Julia: 'Antiochus you affirm to be the natural product of the customs and institutions which now prevail. It is certainly so, and must continue so, until some new element shall be introduced into society, that shall ultimately reform its practices, by first exalting the sentiments and the character of the individual. Such an element do I detect ——'

'In christianity,' said Fausta: 'this is your panacea. May it prove all you desire; yet methinks it gives small promise, seeing it has already been at work nearly three hundred years, and has accomplished no more.'

'A close observer,' replied Julia, 'sees much of the effect of christianity beside that which appears upon the surface. If I err not greatly, a few years more will reveal what this religion has been doing these nearly three centuries. Revolutions which are acted out in a day have often been years or centuries in preparation. An eye that *will* see, *may* see the final issue, a long time foreshadowed in the tendencies and character of a preceding age.'

The princess uttered this with earnestness. I have reflected upon it. And if you, my Curtius, will look around upon the state of the empire, you will find many things to startle you. But of this another time.

Assembled in the evening in the court of the elephant, we were made to forget whatever had proved disagreeable during the day, while we listened to the 'Frogs,' read by Julia and Longinus.

The following day was appointed for the chase, and early in the morning I was waked by the braying of trumpets, and the baying of dogs. I found the queen already mounted, and equipped for the sport, surrounded by Zabdas, Longinus, and a few of the nobles of Palmyra. We were soon joined by Julia and Fausta. In order to insure our sport, a tiger, made fierce by being for some days deprived of food, had the preceding evening been let loose from the royal collection into the neighboring forests. These forests, abounding in game, commence immediately, as it were, in the rear of the palace. They present a boundless continuity of crag, mountain, and wooded plain, offering every variety of ground to those who seek the pleasures of the chase. The sun had not been long above the horizon, when we sallied forth from the palace gates, and from the smooth and shaven fields of the royal demesne, plunged at once into the * * * * * * * * * * * *

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It was a moment of inexpressible horror. At the same instant, our eyes caught the form of the famished tiger, just in the act to spring from the crag upon the unconscious queen. But before we had time to alarm Zenobia — which would indeed have been useless — a shaft from an unerring arm arrested the monster mid-air, whose body then tumbled heavily at the feet of Zenobia's Arab. The horse, rearing with affright, had nearly dashed the queen against the opposite rocks, but keeping her seat, she soon, by her powerful arm and complete horsemanship, reduced him to his obedience, though trembling like a child through every part of his body. A thrust from my hunting spear quickly despatched the dying beast. We now gathered around the queen, * * * * *

Multa desunt.

Hardly were we arrived — returning from the chase — at the lawn in front of the palace, when a cloud of dust was observed to rise in the direction of the road to Palmyra, as if caused by a body of horse in rapid movement. 'What may this mean?' said Zenobia: 'orders were strict, that our brief retirement should not be disturbed. This indicates an errand of some urgency.'

'Some embassy from abroad, perhaps,' said Julia, 'that cannot brook delay. It may be from your great brother at Rome.'

While we, in a sportive humor, indulged in various conjectures, an official of the palace announced the approach of a Roman herald, 'who craved permission to address the Queen of Palmyra.' He was ordered to advance.

In a few moments, upon a horse covered with dust and foam, appeared the Roman herald. Without one moment's hesitancy, he saw in Zenobia the queen, and taking off his helmet, and bending to his saddle-bow, he said, 'that Caius Petronius, and Cornelius Varro, ambassadors of Aurelian, were in waiting at the outer gates of the palace, and asked a brief audience of the Queen of Palmyra, upon affairs of deepest interest, both to Zenobia and the emperor.'

'It is not our custom,' said Zenobia in reply, 'when seeking repose, as now, from the cares of state, to allow aught to break it. But we will not be selfish nor churlish. Bid the servants of your emperor draw near, and we will hear them.'

I was not unwilling that the messengers of Aurelian should see

Zenobia just as she was now. Sitting upon her noble Arabian, and leaning upon her hunting spear, her countenance glowing with a higher beauty than ever before, as it seemed to me — her head surmounted with a Parthian hunting-cap, from which drooped a single ostrich feather, springing from a diamond worth a nation's rental, her costume also Parthian, and revealing in the most perfect manner the just proportions of her form — I thought I had never seen even her, when she so filled and satisfied the eye and the mind — and, for that moment, I was almost a traitor to Aurelian. Had Julia filled her seat, I should have been quite so. As it was, I could worship her who sat her steed with no less grace, upon the left of the queen, without being guilty of that crime. On Zenobia's right were Longinus and Zabdas, Gracchus, and the other noblemen of Palmyra. I and Fausta were near Julia. In this manner, just as we had come in from the chase, did we await the ambassadors of Aurelian.

Followed by their train, and announced by trumpets, they soon wheeled into the lawn, and advanced toward the queen. 'Caius Petronius and Cornelius Varro,' said Zenobia, first addressing the ambassadors, and moving toward them a few paces, 'we bid you heartily welcome to Palmyra. If we receive you thus without form, you must take the blame partly to yourselves, who have sought us with such haste. We put by the customary observances, that we may cause you no delay. These whom you see, are all friends or councillors. Speak your errand without restraint.'

'We come,' replied Petronius, 'as you may surmise, great queen, upon no pleasing errand. Yet we cannot but persuade ourselves, that the Queen of Palmyra will listen to the proposals of Aurelian, and preserve the good understanding which has lasted so long between the West and the East. There have been brought already to your ears, if I have been rightly informed, rumors of dissatisfaction on the part of our emperor, with the affairs of the East, and of plans of an eastern expedition. It is my business now to say, that these rumors have been well founded. I am farther to say, that the object at which Aurelian has aimed, in the preparations he has made, is not Persia, but Palmyra.'

'He does us too much honor,' said Zenobia, her color rising, and her eye kindling; 'and what, may I ask, are specifically his demands, and the price of peace?'

'For a long series of years,' replied the ambassador, 'the wealth of Egypt, and the East, as you are aware, flowed into the Roman treasury. That stream has been diverted to Palmyra. Egypt, and Syria, and Bythunia, and Mesopotamia, were dependants upon Rome, and Roman provinces. It is needless to say what they now are. The Queen of Palmyra was once but the Queen of Palmyra; she is now Queen of Egypt and of the East — Augusta of the Roman empire — her sons styled and arrayed as Cæsars. By whatever consent of former emperors these honors have been won or permitted, it is not, we are required to say, with the consent of Aurelian. By whatever services in behalf of Rome, they may, in the judgment of some, be thought to be deserved, in the judgment of Aurelian, the reward exceeds greatly the value of the service rendered. But while he would not be deemed insensible to those services, and while he honors the greatness and the genius of Zenobia, he would, he conceives, be unfaithful to the interests of those

who have raised him to his high office, if he did not require that in the East, as in the West, the Roman empire should again be restored to the limits which bounded it in the reigns of the virtuous Antonines. This he holds essential to his own honor, and the glory of the Roman world.'

'You have delivered yourself, Caius Petronius,' replied the queen, in a calm and firm voice, 'as it became a Roman to do, with plainness, and as I must believe, without reserve. So far I honor you. Now hear me, and as you hear, so report to him who sent you. Tell Aurelian that what I am, I have made myself; that the empire which hails me queen, has been moulded into what it is by Odenathus and Zenobia; it is no gift, but an inheritance — a conquest and a possession; it is held, not by favor, but by right of power, and that when he will give away possessions or provinces which he claims as his or Rome's, for the asking, I will give away Egypt and the Mediterranean coast. Tell him that as I have lived a queen, so, the gods helping, I will die a queen, — that the last moment of my reign and my life shall be the same. If he is ambitious, let him be told that I am ambitious, too — ambitious of an unsullied fame, and of my people's love. Tell him I do not speak of gratitude on the part of Rome, but that posterity will say, that the power which stood between Rome and Persia, and saved the empire in the East, which avenged the death of Valerian, and twice pursued the king of kings as far as the gates of Ctesiphon, deserved some fairer acknowledgment than the message you now bring, at the hands of a Roman emperor.'

'Let the queen,' quickly rejoined Petronius, but evidently moved by what he had heard, 'let the queen fully take me. Aurelian purposes not to invade the fair region where I now am, and where my eyes are rejoiced by this goodly show of city, plain and country. He hails you Queen of Palmyra! He does but ask again those appendages of your greatness, which have been torn from Rome, and were once the members of her body.'

'Your emperor is gracious indeed!' replied the queen, smiling; 'if he may hew off my limbs, he will spare the trunk! — and what were the trunk without the limbs?'

'And is this,' said Petronius, his voice significant of inward grief, 'that which I must carry back to Rome? Is there no hope of a better adjustment?'

'Will not the queen of Palmyra delay for a few days her final answer?' added Varro: 'I see, happily, in her train, a noble Roman, from whom, as well as from us, she may obtain all needed knowledge of both the character and purposes of Aurelian. We are at liberty to wait her pleasure, or we will return, and her own messengers may bear her answer to Aurelian.'

'You have our thanks, Romans, for your courtesy, and we accept your offer; although in what I have said, I think I have spoken the sense of my people.'

'You have, indeed, great queen,' interrupted Zabdas, with energy. 'Yet, I owe it to my trusty councillor, the great Longinus,' continued the queen, 'and who now thinks not with me, to look farther into the reasons — which, because they are his, must be strong ones — by which he supports an opposite judgment.'

'Those reasons have now,' said the Greek, 'lost much or all of their force' — Zabdas smiled triumphantly — 'yet still I would advocate delay.'

'Let it be so, then,' said the queen; 'and in the meanwhile, let the ambassadors of Aurelian not refuse the hospitalities of the eastern queen. Our palace is yours, while it shall please you to remain.'

'For the night and the morning, queen, we accept your offers; then, as strangers in this region, we would return to the city, to see better than we have yet done the objects which it presents. It seemed to us, on a hasty glance, surrounded by its luxuriant plains, like the habitation of gods. We would dwell there a space.'

'It shall be as you will. Let me now conduct you to the palace.'

So saying, and putting spurs to her horse, Zenobia led the way to the palace, followed by a long train of Romans and Palmyrenes. The generous hospitality of the tables — while seated at which the night insensibly wore away — closed the day.

STANZAS.

'Vanity of vanities! all is vanity!'

In vain! in vain! — those blighting words,
How sadly on the heart they fall!
Like croaking of ill-boding birds,
Turning its sweet delights to gall.
One voice rings ever in the ear,
One thought is dwelling in the brain;
From youth to eld, from year to year,
That all our toilsome life is vain.

Oh, love hath many a graceful flower,
And hate has many an evil eye,
And hope full many a promised dower,
And fear has many a death to die.
Joy hath his night of revel — care
Its season of distrust and pain,
Sorrow her wreath, of verdure bare,
And these — are they not all in vain!

All that philosophy hath taught,
All that the mind aspires to know,
That heaven-led genius ever caught,
Of beautiful above, below —
All that the earth-bound soul would seek
Of worldly spoil and worldly gain,
That fiction paints, or truth can speak —
In vain! — how are they all in vain!

As he who nightly searched the skies
For the lost Pleiad, turned away,
With fainting heart and aching eyes,
Unblest, unlighted by its ray —
So man through life is doomed to crave
Some good he never can attain,
His destined goal — an unsought grave,
His epitaph — 'Life, life is vain!'

New-York, July 25, 1836.

J. H. B.

LITERARY NOTICES.

ELKSWATAWA: OR THE PROPHET OF THE WEST. A Tale of the Frontier. IN two volumes. pp. 500. HARPER AND BROTHERS.

THIS is an historical novel, written, as we are given to understand, by a young gentleman of Virginia, already known by a previous work delineating western scenes and manners, which obtained much success. In the volumes before us, the author has given a full account of the lives and policy of the celebrated Tecumseh, and his brother Elkswatawa, or, as he has been more commonly called, the Prophet, beginning with the period which succeeded the general pacification of the western tribes, after the victory of General Wayne, at Presque Isle, in 1794, and ending with the battle of the Thames, and the death of Tecumseh, in 1813. This epoch offers a mine of incidents of an interesting character, whether we contemplate the political or the domestic changes which were constantly taking place, as the aborigines slowly and reluctantly retreated from their long-cherished hunting grounds, and loved abodes, and the tide of emigration rushed in and overspread the land, filling the loneliness of the wilderness far and wide with the trophies of art, and the comforts of civilized life. The spirit of collision, which the opposing interests of the two races would naturally engender, is fully and impartially described in the opening chapter of the work, and its effects, as shown in the well-known attempt of the brothers, Elkswatawa and Tecumseh, to unite all their countrymen, of whatever tribe, in one common plan of resistance to the encroachments of the whites, are forcibly and justly depicted. The details of this enterprise are purely historical, and as such, need not here be repeated. Suffice it to say, that the author professes to have followed the authentic records of the times, and seems to have examined the histories of that period with much care. The specimens of Indian eloquence introduced, as uttered by Tecumseh and his brother, are striking, and give an idea of the powers of these extraordinary men. The dispositions of the two brothers, Elkswatawa and Tecumseh, are well contrasted — the one exhibiting all the sterner and repulsive, and the other the nobler and attractive, traits of the Indian character. The battle of the Thames, which terminated the career of Tecumseh, is more vividly described than we recollect to have seen it in any contemporary history.

To the historical portion of the work, the author has added a fictitious narrative, by which the whole is more closely bound together, and the interest in the main personages better sustained. The heroine, as for form's sake we must call her, emigrates with her family from Virginia, and while descending the Ohio in a flat-boat, is made prisoner by a party of Indians, who murder the rest of the family. This deed is witnessed by two hunters, from the river bank — one of them, Rolfe, a lover of the lady, who had himself some time before left Virginia to settle in the West, and the other, who bears the sonorous appellation of Earthquake, a veritable back-woodsman, of the Nimrod Wildfire genus, whose odd sayings and eccentricities contribute not a little to the interest of the story. Of course, the hunters endeavour to rescue the unfortunate maiden, and their various wanderings and unsuccessful attempts to affect her liberation, form the principal thread of the narrative. These are finally crowned with success,

owing to the devoted heroism of an Indian, Oloompa, whose life had been saved by the hunters, and who returns the obligation by restoring the heroine to her lover. In the course of their endeavors to find the abducted girl, the hunters are brought in contact with the Prophet, whose professions of good will and peace to them are well set off by his private declarations to his brother, and furnish a clear insight into his dark and tortuous policy. The work has one singular feature, which consists in the introduction of individuals, such as Colonel Johnson and General Harrison, now living, and occupying a prominent situation before the public. But such has been the caution with which the author has trod upon the dangerous ground of bringing forward living characters, that the most fastidious reader cannot be offended with the infraction of the well known canon of criticism, which directs that the dead alone shall be admitted into works of fiction. The western hunter, Earthquake, will prove a favorite character with the public, and is, we more than suspect, the beloved of the author. Possessing many of the finest feelings and warmest sympathies of the heart, he is perpetually conversant with scenes of bloodshed and carnage; and though the mere narration of the troubles of his friend will bring tears into his eyes, he thinks it proper to kill 'Ingens,' upon all occasions, whether in peace or war. The character of Rolfe has not much individuality, but is a sample of thousands of young men who have gone, and are now going, to try their fortunes in the West.

As to the style of the book, we must say that it strikes us as crude and irregular. The periods do not flow so smoothly as they might, neither is the language always felicitous. Still, in consideration of the *matériel* of the work, we are disposed to overlook these defects. A second edition will probably give the author an opportunity of making such corrections and amendments as his judgment may dictate. Meanwhile we commend the work, for many merits, to favorable acceptance.

THIRTY YEARS AGO: OR THE MEMOIRS OF A WATER-DRINKER. In two volumes, 12mo. New-York: BANCROFT AND HOLLEY.

MR. DUNLAP has heretofore given several volumes to the public, all of which have been received with very general favor; and the work whose title is given above evinces, that although the author is declining into the vale of years, his natural force is still unabated, and that his mind has a sufficient strength of soil to bear repeated crops. To the 'old 'uns,' who remember, thirty years ago, the prominent characters here introduced, the scenes and events recorded in the volumes will be peculiarly acceptable; while those who are now 'on hand' will derive from them entertainment, as well as salutary inculcation. Our author has a pleasing faculty of bringing agreeable correlatives to his main purpose, and a happy tact in arranging them naturally; and although it must be confessed he sometimes amplificates overmuch, and suffers the spirit which attends him in most places to desert him in others, yet he seldom falls into mere tameness, and never degenerates into *twattle*, as too many do who attempt the agreeably-miscellaneous style, of which he is a recognised master. Mr. Dunlap's manner of composition seems unpremeditated; he avoids studied descriptions and useless ornaments; and in this way he wins more attention than half the writers of the petrifying school, who are for ever on stilts, or at the least, in very high-heeled shoes.

We make a brief extract, embodying several condensed passages in the life of George Federick Cooke. We had pencilled for insertion, but have not room for, the graphic chapter descriptive of the death-bed scene of the great tragedian—a most striking comment upon the life led by this gifted and infatuated man. Mr. Dunlap

corrects an important error of Kean's late biographer: it was not the bones of Cooke's great toe that Kean carried to England with him, and reverenced so highly, and would have others worship: 'It was the bones of that *fore-finger* with which George Federick enforced the words of his author in a manner never to be forgotten by those who saw him on the stage:'

"Cooke had been married to a Miss Daniels, and divorced from her legally, and was at the height of his celebrity, when it was the ill fate of a Miss Lamb to be thrown into his society. He, in common with General Williams, and Richard the Third, had a wheedling tongue: and the young lady was flattered by the attentions of the man whom the people 'delighted to honor.' She was told that his habits had long been of the worst kind, but, 'as all is mortal in nature, so is all nature, in love, mortal in folly.' She considered all these tales as 'weak inventions of the enemy;' and, like many other young ladies, preferred her own inclinations to the advice of her friends.

"'Miss Lamb,' as the London witlings of 1808 said, 'was basted by the Cooke:' she like many young people of both sexes, formed erroneous ideas of the stage, and those who tread it. She had seen and admired Cooke at Covent Garden, before she had met him in private company. She had witnessed the enthusiastic admiration of others. To be the admired of the admired, turned the head of the young and artless girl. In vain she was fore-warned: his fame, and his bewitching manners, when sober, (as he could continue long to be, for any subordinate purpose, though not to preserve health, reputation, and well-being,) surmounted all opposition: the lady became Mrs. Cooke.

"But long before this sacrifice of the Lamb, say in the year 1790 or '91, for nobody ever knew the exact date, a similar sacrifice had been made at the same altar. Indeed, we have reason to believe that George Federick was as little scrupulous in forming matrimonial engagements, as he was in entering into theatrical ones, and broke them as easily. This early engagement was with the lady whom we know as Mrs. Johnson. Cooke was then the hero of Manchester, Liverpool, Bath, and Bristol; and even then was noted for long-continued, and oft-repeated seasons of intemperance. However, the lady thought love would cure all faults, and she married him. Of this marriage I can find no record; certain it is, he married twice in England, and once in America afterward.

"With some little outbreakings, now and then, we may suppose that months passed almost happily. George was fond of reading, and really loved his wife — for a time. It was impossible that any creature, possessing human feelings, could do otherwise. Attractive in personal appearance, though no beauty — with all the good habits rendered permanent by a tender domestic education — with love and admiration of her husband, approaching to idolatry — in short, with every qualification to render a retired matrimonial life happy — how could a man, endowed by nature with good sense and good feeling, fail to love such a being?

"But habit — that devil, or that angel, as it is good or evil — the habit which in this unhappy man had weakened the best feelings of our nature, and proved the worst of devils, resumed that sway, which the desire to gain a fine young girl, and the novelty of a happy marriage, had interrupted. The bottle, and the riot, and the madness of intoxication, increased by the waning of love, and perfected by former associations, prevailed over every consideration which ought to guide a rational creature.

"The sufferings of the wife were beyond the power of pen to portray. Long she pined in solitude, for she only saw her husband when he required a nurse or a servant. No reproach, by word or look, escaped her. Her tears were unseen; her smiles and tenderness unappreciated. She became a mother, and saw that her child had no father. From bad to worse — from insensibility to brutality — down — down, sunk the victim of vice; and lower and lower in misery, the victim's victim.

"The friends of the lady interfered; but the pride of the conscious criminal was roused, and defiance to them, and reproach to his wife, was the consequence.

"Let us draw a veil over the scenes which could induce such a woman as Mrs. Johnson to adopt the resolution of flying, with her child, from their native country, to seek a refuge from the husband and the father. To mitigate her own sufferings, might have proved a sufficient motive for assuming another name, and crossing the seas; but she had *another:* to remove her boy from such a parent, and hide from him the knowledge of a being, whose example might cause ruin, and whose conduct must cause shame.

"She was assisted by sympathizing friends; and the measures taken for her flight were so judiciously planned, and carefully executed, that she was placed in safety, with the means of present support, on the shores of the new world.

"Cooke never knew where she had gone, or how she had been enabled to accomplish a retreat which left no traces behind. The event awakened him to remorse. His pride too, was hurt. But every voice that cried *shame!* was drowned by the voice of intemperance. In time, the wife and child appeared to be forgotten, as though they had never been. But although he married again, and again, *they* visited his dreams; and

in those moments when images of the past come unbidden; the moments of feverish and unquiet sleep; moments appropriated to themselves by the intemperate; in those moments when the present is shrouded in clouds and darkness, then would a flash from awakening conscience illumine the figures of his wife and child. She, holding the boy up, as if to invite the father's hand, and suddenly snatching the infant away when within his grasp. Sometimes in bodily torture, his own groans would sound as those of his dying wife; and he would see her and her boy sinking amidst waves. But to the world he appeared as if he had never had wife or child; and of his early marriage the world never knew. Much-dreaded solitude could not be avoided. Then came the pangs of wakeful conscience, or the visions of troubled sleep, with physical suffering and mental anguish, intolerable.

"Such was George Federick Cooke in England, and in the sick chamber of his long-lost wife in New-York."

With the above general commentaries and brief extract, we commend this agreeable performance to our readers — not without a regret that our space is insufficient to permit us to follow the author, at greater length, in his irregular but animated excursions into the realms of romance in real life.

NARRATIVE OF THE ARCTIC LAND EXPEDITION to the mouth of the Great Fish River, and along the shores of the Arctic Ocean, in the years 1833, 1834, and 1835. By CAPTAIN BACK, R. N., commander of the expedition. In one volume. pp. 456. Philadelphia: E. L. CAREY AND A. HART.

THE nature of the interesting expedition, of which the volume under notice contains a full and complete history, is familiar to our readers. The hair-breadth 'scapes and moving accidents encountered by the author, his officers and crew, in the 'thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice' which they explored, furnish a fund of exciting adventure; while the importance of the discoveries made, and information gained, imparts to the whole an added value. There is abundant matter for edification in the successive events of the expedition; and the animated tone, and hearty, homespun style of the narrative, give to the sketches an air of entire truth; although, in reality, some of the exploits recorded are so surprising, that the reader might well be pardoned for supposing, that at times the work fluctuated between fact and romance. An obvious fault against taste, common to most works of this description, is here less apparent; we mean a certain extra minuteness of detail, which, instead of furnishing plain pictures, darkens that which less art and more nature would have left sufficiently clear.

The adventures contained in the annexed paragraphs afford a fair sample of the perils of the expedition:

"JULY 25th. — The weather was raw and cold, though the wind was southerly, and the thermometer 48°. The banks on either side were low, but curiously paved with round stones, probably forced in by ledges of grounded ice. The next reach turned to the northward, and became so wide that it might well have been called a lake. Such expansions always occasioned us some perplexity, from the uncertainty and difficulty there was in tracing the run of the current. In this instance, however, it was less inconstant than usual, and for a few miles continued nearly in the same course; when, after gradually contracting, it was broken by a mile of heavy and dangerous rapids. The boat was lightened, and every care taken to avoid accidents; but so overwhelming was the rush and whirl of the water, that she, and consequently those in her, were twice in the most imminent danger of perishing by being plunged into one of the gulfs formed in the rocks and hollows of the rapid. It was in one of those singular and dangerous spots, which partake of the triple character of a fall, rapid, and eddy in the short space of a few yards, that the crew owed their safety solely to an unintentional disobedience of the steersman's directions. The power of the water so far exceeded whatever had been witnessed in any of the other rivers of the country, that the same precautions successfully used elsewhere were weak and unavailing here. The steersman was endeavoring to clear a fall and some sunken rocks on the left, but the man to whom he spoke misunderstood him, and did exactly the reverse; and now, seeing the danger, the

steersman swept round the boat's stern: instantly it was caught by an eddy to the right, which, snapping an oar, twirled her irresistibly broad side on; so that for a moment it seemed uncertain whether the boat and all in her were to be hurled into the hollow of the fall, or dashed stern foremost on the sunken rocks. Something perhaps wiser than chance ordained it otherwise; for how it happened, no account can be given, but so it was that her head swung in shore towards the beach, and thereby gave Sinclair and others an opportunity of springing into the water, and thus, by their united strength, rescuing her from her perilous situation. Now had the man to whom the first order was given, understood and acted upon it, no human power could have saved the crew from being buried in the frightful abyss. Nor yet could any blame be justly attached to the steersman: he had never been so situated before; and even in this imminent peril, his coolness and self-possession never forsook him. At the awful moment of suspense, when one of the crew with less nerve than his companions began to cry aloud to Heaven for aid, M'Kay, in a still louder voice, exclaimed, 'Is this a time for praying? Pull your starboard oar.' 'Heaven helps those who help themselves,' seems to have been the creed of the stout-hearted highlander.

On the eastern side we noticed some marks, as well as the remains of an Esquimaux encampment; but nothing which denoted when they had been there. Having made another cache of pemmican, at the foot of Escape Rapid, in order to lighten the boat as much as possible, we pursued our course; but had not got more than two miles farther, when a thick fog and pelting rain obscured the view, and obliged us to land for shelter. As soon as it cleared, which was not before the evening, we renewed the attempt; and were urged by a strong current considerably to the eastward, the river now taking that direction through a range of cliffy sand-hills, in which, on some occasions of more than common obstruction, its eddies had scooped out extensive basins. The current, always swift, now rushed on still faster, and soon became a line of heavy rapids, which more than once made me tremble for our poor boat; for in many parts, not being able to land, we were compelled to pull hard to keep her under command, and thus flew past rocks and other dangers with a velocity that seemed to forbode some desperate termination: happily, however, we escaped: though only to begin another series. Along the banks of these last lay several dead deer, which had doubtless been drowned in attempting to swim to the opposite side."

The volume is well printed, but upon dingy and somewhat coarse paper, and is illustrated by a good map of the route adopted, and discoveries made.

LAFITTE: THE PIRATE OF THE GULF. By the author of 'The South-West.' In two volumes, 12mo. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

THE marked talent which characterized 'The South-west, by a Yankee,' particularly the graphic descriptive portions of that work, caused us to look with some anxiety for the volumes under notice. Considering that the present is the first attempt of the author, in this class of composition, we are not disappointed in the effort. It has many merits, and some serious faults. In the first place, it is not a novel, proper. There is no regular tendency of incident to a single point; the events are not made to conduce to a general end. Scenes are introduced that do not, in our judgment, seem necessary to the progress or interest of the story — and the whole is rather a collection of sketches — many of them replete with exciting adventure, and drawn with skill — than a regularly-conceived fiction. The characters of the principal personages, especially of Lafitte, the heroine, and her lover, are well sustained — and the scenes of warfare, both on land and sea, are spirited and interesting. We must be permitted to object to the style, which is somewhat too labored and florid, even for this popular species of composition. The following announcement of a mere lapse in the story, will furnish an example of the objection to which we allude: 'About one-fifth of the brief term of years to which divine wisdom has limited the life of man, we have suffered to roll unrecorded down the tide of time,' etc. Our author's similes and comparisons are not always the most felicitous. He tells us of waves overlaid with golden *mail*, and of rocky *avalanches* rising one above another, and gives us many like similitudes. But we would not dwell upon these defects; they are the

natural result of a first attempt, and need only be pointed out, we are sure, to be avoided in future. As we have already presented copious passages from these volumes, and are limited in present space, we must content ourselves with this general reference to them, and close by commending them to our readers, as well calculated to reward perusal.

LITERARY REMAINS OF THE LATE WILLIAM HAZLITT. With a Notice of his Life, by his Son: and Thoughts on his Genius and Writings, by E. L. BULWER, Esq., M. P., and MR. SERGEANT TALFOURD, M. P. In one volume, pp. 315. New-York: SAUNDERS AND OTLEY.

IT is our purpose, at some future period, to allude more at large to this volume than our limits and leisure will now permit. Many of the fine essays in this work we remember to have seen heretofore; and the pleasure with which we once perused them, returns upon us with not the less force, now that we are enabled to devour them in a collected form. The just discrimination, the consistency and coherence of argument, that distinguish the author, are forcibly displayed in the 'Definition of Wit,' the dissertation on 'Locke's Essay on the Human Understanding,' 'the Feeling of Immortality in Youth,' and in 'The Conduct of Life.' Of the lighter Essays, 'The Fight,' 'The Want of Money,' and 'My first Acquaintance with Poets,' are admirable specimens. From an essay on the opera, we take the subjoined paragraph, and confess ourselves Goths enough to agree with the writer in every word he utters:

"The opera is the most artificial of all things. It is not only art, but ostentatious, unambiguous, exclusive art. It does not subsist as an imitation of nature, but in contempt of it; and instead of seconding, its object is to pervert and sophisticate all our natural impressions of things. When the opera first made its appearance in this country, there were strong prejudices entertained against it, and it was ridiculed as a species of the *mock-heroic*. The prejudices have worn out with time, and the ridicule has ceased; but the grounds for both remain the same in the nature of the thing itself. At the theatre, we see and hear what has been said, thought, and done by various people elsewhere: at the opera, we see and hear what was never said, thought, or done any where but at the opera. Not only is all communication with nature cut off, but every appeal to the imagination is sheathed and softened in the melting medium of siren sounds. The ear is cloyed and glutted with warbled ecstasies or agonies; while every avenue to terror or pity is carefully stopped up and guarded by song and recitative. Music is not made the vehicle of poetry, but poetry of music; the very meaning of the words is lost or refined away in the effeminacy of a foreign language. A grand serious opera is a tragedy wrapped up in soothing airs, to suit the tender feelings of the nurslings of fortune — where tortured victims swoon on beds of roses, and the pangs of despair sink in tremulous accents into downy repose. Just so much of human misery is given us to lull those who are exempted from it into a deeper sense of their own security: just enough of the picture of human life is shown to relieve their languor, without disturbing their indifference; — not to excite their sympathy, but 'with some sweet oblivious antidote,' to pamper their sleek and sordid apathy. In a word, the whole business of the opera is to stifle emotion in its birth, and to intercept every feeling in its progress to the heart. Every impression that, left to itself, might sink deep into the mind, and wake it to real sympathy, is overtaken and baffled by means of some other impression, plays round the surface of the imagination, trembles into airy sound, or expires in an empty pageant. In the grand carnival of the senses, the pulse of life is suspended, the link which binds us to humanity is broken; the soul is fretted by the sense of excessive softness into a feverish hectic dream; truth becomes a fable; good and evil matters of perfect indifference, except as they can be made subservient to our selfish gratification; and there is hardly a vice for which the mind on coming out of the opera is not prepared, no virtue of which it is capable."

The comparison between an opera-singer and untutored performers in nature, which precedes the above passage, seems to us beautiful exceedingly:

"The thrush that awakes at daybreak with its song, does not sing because it is paid to sing, or to please others, or to be admired or criticized. It sings because it is happy:

it pours the thrilling sounds from its throat, to relieve the overflowings of its own heart — the liquid notes come from and go to the heart, dropping balm into it, as the gushing spring revives the traveler's parched and fainting lips. That stream of joy comes pure and fresh to the longing sense, free from art and affectation; the same that rises over vernal groves, mingled with the breath of morning, and the perfumes of the wild hyacinth; it waits for no audience, it wants no rehearsing, and still

'Hymns its good God, and carols sweet of love.'

This is the great difference between nature and art, that the one *is* what the other *seems*, and gives all the pleasure it expresses, because it feels it itself."

We would hint a little advice to the publishers of this volume. So good a work is worthy of clean white paper and fair type — but it has neither. Our best book-purveyors have found their account in a due attention to the externals of their publications. A word to the wise should be 'suffegance.'

MADRID IN 1835. Sketches of the Metropolis of Spain and its Inhabitants, and of Society and Manners in the Peninsula. By a Resident Officer. Two volumes in one. pp. 237. New-York: SAUNDERS AND OTLEY.

THIS is a very agreeable work, full and clear in its details of the thousand objects and incidents, of interest or curiosity, witnessed by the author-traveler. The descriptions are involuntary and picturesque, and show the writer to possess an observant eye, and the rare but important faculty of recording his impressions in such wise as to impart to his readers the idea that they are in reality journeying with him. Hence there is a striking *vraisemblance* in his narratives, and a brightness and spirit in his pictures, which render them at times quite delightful. We would instance, as corroborative of these encomiums, the description of the approach to, and general view of, Madrid — the scenes in the Puerta del Sol and the Prado — the monasteries, convents, monks, bull-fights, etc. Nor should we forget to mention two or three charming stories which, amid the accumulation and detail of particulars, our author has managed to collect and present, without interrupting or interfering with his sketches of travel, as such. The writer understands the true 'art bablative' in composition, yet his slight, extempore, and natural digressions, show that he can use it without abusing it. A few passages from the description of Madrid — a city concerning which, as we obtain reason from this volume to believe, most people in the new world entertain very mistaken conceptions — must furnish forth all of extract that we are enabled to present:

"The streets of Madrid have not the least point of resemblance with those of any other European capital — just as little as the great majority of the people walking about them bear to the inhabitants of Paris, London, or Vienna. The *Calle Alcala* is, no doubt, a very fine street, possessing a splendid public monument; the custom house and many private houses are of an elevated order of architecture; this does not prevent its being the street of Madrid which presents most anomalies. There, as every body knows, there are no areas to the houses as in London; the lower part being entirely destined to lumber rooms, or wine vaults, or general receptacles for any thing and every thing. Nobody dreams of living under ground: as they say themselves, *that* will come in due time, and long before they could wish. The ground floors having windows toward the street, are secured, like those of a prison, with thick iron bars pretty closely set together, an appearance that gives no very favorable idea of the watchfulness of the police or the honesty of the citizens. This precaution, which elsewhere would scare every body from taking such a well defended citadel, produces no such effect among the natives. They are quite as much sought after as any other story, and, indeed, preferred by many, on account of their coolness in summer. They possess, also, the advantage of giving fair play to the man of imagination and quaint fancies. For, when such quarters are inhabited by pretty girls, who are always at their windows, looking through

the bars like chickens out of a hen-coop, a poetic character might well transport himself to those barbarous periods when beauty was restrained by bars and bolts, requiring and imploring the aid of chivalry to the rescue. Such 'Peris,' be they ever so soft, and languishing, and beautiful, have often to do with fathers or mothers who do not understand nonsense, or husbands as jealous as tigers; in fact, are looked after with a solicitude which they could altogether dispense with. As for myself, they always put me in mind, poor things! of Yorick's starling — 'I can't get out,' said the poor bird. The well fringed, speaking eyes of those dear *Ninas*, look *at* you, and *through* you, as you are passing, envying your powers of locomotion, and sighing all the while as plain as eyes black, or blue, or gray, and all with prodigious long eyelashes, can sigh — 'We can't get out! we can't get out! Caballero! we can't get out — although dying to do so!' I don't know how it is, but I take so much to heart every thing relating to the sex of the above description, and not past five-and-twenty, that I have more than once formed the project of never going to ramble about the streets without a good file in my pocket, so as to let myself in, or them out, just as fate and circumstances should ordain it."

The domestic animals appear to occupy a prominent position in the Spanish community. Witness the following, taken from a description of the *Calle de Montera*, the 'Rue Vivienne' of Madrid:

"It is by no means uncommon for a lady, driving a hard bargain in a mercer's shop, refulgent with rich brocades, lovely silks, and delicate ribbons, to be interrupted and startled by a sound peck at her little foot from a sauntering turkey-cock just 'dropped in' from the stable, and posada of the *Gallega* opposite, which has mistaken the small rosette upon her shoe for something good, or observing what is going on with the musical note and upcast inquisitive eye peculiar to this savory bird. I leave to an abler pen than mine, the description of the 'rows' constantly occurring between the numerous dogs, with and without masters, that are in the habit of giving each other a general rendezvous opposite the church of San Luis, after gleaning the refuse of the neighboring market-place of 'El Carmen.' As they are very numerous, and of all casts and conditions, it is natural there should exist a considerable divergency of opinions among them on most subjects. This produces, at first, something between a growl and a whimper, improves into a display of fiëry eyes and rows of very sharp white teeth; and, at last, things proceed to such lengths, that no decent dog can put up with it. Hence a general *melée* and running fight, the flagway being always selected by the old hands as affording most chance of a slip to an unwary adversary. When the pursuit becomes hot, and they are hard pushed, they bolt into the shops, on the old sailor principle of 'any port in a storm,' and there 'fight it out,' shamefully regardless of the fright and screams of the ladies, the swearing of the shop-boys, and the cudgels of the beggars, fixtures at the door, who hope to pocket a few extra cuartos by so seasonable a display of vigor on — *costillas agenas* — (other people's ribs.")

"I say nothing of the 'Galeras,' (long, narrow carts,) arriving from the country or departing, or loading before the gateways of the posadas; it is a *rus in urbe* with a vengeance. Their matted awnings, mud-clodded wheels, and clumsy drags, wild-looking mules and drivers, the misanthropic dog posted between the wheels, and the iron pot lashed on behind, contrast strangely with the smart equipages of the fashionable, and tell loudly of bad roads, and plains, and uninhabited regions, requiring both food and kitchen to travel with, as in the caravan of Bussora, or that destined to transport the faithful to the shrine of the prophet."

The work is well printed, in large pages, upon a bold, clear type, and is embellished by two superb mezzo-tints, representing the 'Convent of the Salesas Viejas,' and an 'Evening View of the Prado.'

EDITORS' TABLE.

PARK THEATRE. — During the past season, opera has been the chief attraction, and most popular exhibition, at the Park. Miss PHILLIPS, ABBOTT, WALLACK, DOWTON, and a host of minor spirits, both in the legitimate as well as the illegitimate drama, have for a time been kept in the back ground, by the prominent influence of 'sweet sounds.' And yet we dare not ascribe that decline which seems to have taken place in the dramatic taste of the public to their increased appreciation of music alone. It would be well for us if such were indeed the true cause of the indifference which has been shown toward the forsaken drama. Nor has this falling off been caused by the absence of those essentials which enter into the composition of the intellectual repasts which it is the true object of the stage to furnish. We have in Miss Phillips an actress unsurpassed upon the English stage — one whose delineations of character are no less distinguished for their natural truth than their high classical perfection — a painter, in whose pictures nature and art are so exquisitely blended, that the most critical eye seeks in vain for that disproportion which would mark the prominence of the one, or the weakly-defined appearance of the other. Yet Miss Phillips must be content with the approbation of the few, and the indifference of the many. Dowton in comedy, too, may play to empty benches; Dowton, the graceful painter of still life — the chaste delineator of times past — whose subdued yet highly-finished portraits carry us back into the very presence of the Sir Anthonys, the Sir Peters, the Sir Robert Brambles, and the long list of gentlemanly old baronets, and their worthy associates among the commoners, whose staunch English prejudices sit as gracefully as the virtues which embalm them — Dowton, the most finished comedian of his day, has played the full term of an engagement among us to comparatively bare walls. What is the cause of this indifference? What do the public want? Novelty — excitement — dash — show — spectacle — parade! Like a spoiled school-boy, who, instead of studying his primer, smacks his lips over a stolen repast of sugar-plums and bons-bons, and afterward refuses the wholesome dinner that is placed before him — so this good public, having vitiated their healthy appetite by extravagant spectacle, melo-dramatic absurdities, and other grossly physical exhibitions, can no longer enjoy the strong intellectual food which nature and truth were wont to spread before them. Spectacle is the order of the day. Improbable circumstances, dressed up in big, windy words, or unmeaning pantomime — glaring scenery, pompous processions, discordant music, roaring lions that will outroar a tempest, and men and women who can outroar them — these, with novelty for the scene-shifter — these are the aliment for which the public appetite is set, and upon which they must and will gormandize, until they and the objects of their admiration sicken with mutual disgust:

——— 'See from afar,
The hero seated in fantastic car!
Wedded to *novelty* — his only arms
Are wooden swords, wands, talismans, and charms;
On one side H—— n sits, great Folly's gleaner,
And on the other his fair friend, M—— a:

Behind, for liberty athirst in vain,
Sense, helpless captive, drags the galling chain;
Six rude misshapen beasts the chariot draw,
Whom reason loathes, and nature never saw —
Monsters with tails of ice, and heads of fire,
Gorgons, hydras, and chimeras dire.'

But why not? Why should not folly have her day? Give us the cap and bells! Stand aside, Common Sense, you old driveller! Here goes:

—

Unaccustomed as we are to public writing, as well as public speaking, we do not consider ourselves competent to enter the ranks with the erudite manufacturers of modern melo-dramas: yet earnestly desirous that the trade of folly's fulminators should flourish, we here, in our illustrious corner of this magazine of immortality, do freely, and without charge, make known the following original hints, for the speedy manufacture of a successful melo-dramatic spectacle, to be 'got up' as soon after its manufacture as possible, 'with new scenery, dresses and decorations.'

The subject which we have chosen, is one that is associated with our earliest recollections — interwoven with our reminiscences of cradles, swaddling-clothes, pap, and paregoric, and one, therefore, which must come home to men's bosoms with peculiar emphasis and effect:

'Jack and Jill went up the hill
To fetch a pail of water;
Jack fell down and broke his crown,
And Jill came tumbling after.'

There, ye play-wrights — ye dealers in the small wares of Fancy — *there's* a subject for you! — plan, plot, and characters — subject, story, development, and catastrophe — all in a breath. A hero and heroine, whose early loves — whose ambitious impulses — whose gradual progress 'up the hill' — is worthy the pen of Shakspeare, Knowles, or the illustrious poets, male and female, who vegetate under the approving smiles of the critics of Rotten-row. Ladies and gentlemen! — you will please to consider the publication of the foregoing programme an especial act of liberality on our part, for the benefit of the public generally, but for your emolument particularly. Your own good taste, now so generally appreciated, will of course obviate the necessity of any very particular hints from us, in regard to the filling up of this ingenious plot, or in any way relating to the appurtenances of its representation. But feeling that natural regard for our mental offspring which a parent feels for his first-born, you will not perhaps object to a very few remarks, explanatory of our wishes relating to this anxious subject of our future care.

In the first place, then, ladies and gentlemen, you will please to allow the curtain to rise to slow music — discovering *Jack* and *Jill* seated within a picturesque arbor, supposed to be situated somewhere within the territorial jurisdiction of the Great Mogul. There should be seen birds of every variety of plumage; in the foreground a peacock, with a *real* tail, and a black swan; flowers of every hue should brighten and variegate the scene, from the immaculate bloom of the towering magnolia, to the humble hue of a daffy-down-dilly. Gentle music — its time to be regulated by the movements of the peacock's tail. You will please, ladies and gentlemen, to consider *Jill* the daughter of the mighty Prince of Kamschatka, and by her father's will affianced to the only son of the Emperor of China. *Jack*, of course, is a humble peasant, with no other merit than the love he bears the gentle *Jill*. You will see the propriety of placing this amiable creature under the protection of some kind and powerful spirit, whose only care it is to effect the desired nuptials between the humble swain and the mighty princess: say, for instance, you designate her protector the 'Lady of the Fountain.' The son of the Emperor of China must be, by all the rules of nature and effect, a most unprincipled wretch, whose aggravated crimes entitle him to no other bride than the bow-string. These little matters, of course, are all talked over in the arbor, or gently insinuated by the inferior characters, through the course of the first act.

You will please to arrange matters so that the curtain shall rise upon the *second act*, discovering the Falls of Niagara, which you will suppose the summer residence of the 'Lady of the Fountain.' Here's a chance for your scene-painter. Hither *Jack* and *Jill*, having stolen away from the ice, and snow, and black clouds, of Kamschatka, have come to ruralize, thaw out, and brood over the hard fate which they feel awaits them. Sitting upon Table-Rock, in the cool calm of evening, despairing of all things save their unchangeable attachment, they are surprised by the appearance of the 'Lady of the Fountain,' (done up, of course, with spangles, oyster-shells, and green hair,) who quiet their fears, by announcing herself their guardian-spirit, and assuring the disconsolate Jack, that if he has the courage to obtain a single pail full of water from the fountain, (her abode,) situated on the top of Mount Parnassus, he will possess a talisman by which he can destroy forever *Ching-Chang*, his rival, and the son of the Emperor of China. Here, you will perceive, is business enough for the second act. But now for the third. Here must be a condensation of effect — a consolidation of events and catastrophes — that shall astonish while it delights your already grateful audience. Ladies and gentlemen, permit us to sharpen our pen before we commence the third act.

Act third opens and discovers the fountain on the top of Mount Parnassus, guarded by the Nine Muses, and other ferocious and malignant spirits, fast asleep on the sides of the mountain! Time — evening: moon-light — soft music, interrupted by an occasional nightingale; fire-flies and shooting-stars diversify the scene. Jack and Jill appear, with an empty pail between them, ascending the hill; they pass the sleeping sentinels — are welcomed by the Spirit of the Fountain — fill their pail with the Castalian dew drops, and turn to descend the hill, high in heart, and joyous in the confidence of a victory almost won. Now mark the contrast — observe the beautiful effect which may now be produced. Your audience are on the tiptoe of expectation; an agreeable disappointment flutters about their hearts, in beholding the acquisition of the pail of water accomplished without a struggle. You will remember that they walked up the hill to the soft strains of faëry music, talking of their hopes, and confident of success. Again, I say, mark the contrast. No sooner do they turn to *descend* the hill, than black clouds arise — the heavens are suddenly overcast — wind! — rain! — thunder and lightning! — ghosts! — fire kings! — spirits of the air, earth, and sea! — hobgoblins! and the great Glumfungus, (the infernal magician, protector, and familiar of the son of the Emperor of China,) all in horrid confusion, fill up the scene with their awful peculiarities. *Jack* fights like an ancient hero — *Jill* ditto — but it wo'nt do: *Glumfungus* throws a powder-cracker — *Jack* 'falls down and breaks his crown!' — (Catastrophe, No. 1.,) 'and *Jill* comes tumbling after!' (Catastrophe, No. 2.) — A beautiful example of female devotion! *Jack* rises; terrible combat between him and his rival!! — overcomes *Glumfungus*, by ejecting some of the water into his eyes, and this scene closes.

Scene last. Grand procession of the King of Kamschatka, in honor of the wedding of his daughter with the mighty Jack (now surnamed) the 'Giant Killer' — the acknowledged son, 'born in lawful wedlock,' of the 'Lady of the Fountain' — the beauteous Cascatella! Ladies and gentlemen, this being your last and greatest scene, pray give direction to the scene-painter and property-man to make it effective. Allow me to close my remarks, by gently insinuating the propriety of some arrangement like the following: Let the scene represent 'the Water-Lady's cave — a most magnificent abode!' Pearl, coral, and other gems of the sea, hanging 'like blackberries' from the roof — sundry beautiful specimens of the oyster family observed, making love in the fore-ground; sharks, whales, and hyppotamuses shooting marbles in the distance; two or three hundred feet of the posterior extremity of the American sea-serpent coiled around the interior of the apartment, acting as a *corps-de-garde*, while his head and shoulders are on exploring duty in the distance.

Among the worthies who compose the procession, do not, by any means, forget the following:

THE PRIME MINISTER OF ENGLAND!

IN HIS ROBES OF STATE, ARM IN ARM WITH

THE EMPEROR OF MOROCCO!

ONE HUNDRED MANDARINES!

EACH BEARING A MIGHTY TEA-POT!!

GRANDEES OF SPAIN!

LORDS OF THE CELESTIAL EMPIRE,

GENERAL SANTA ANA AND NAPOLEON BONAPARTE!!

BORNE UPON A PALANQUIN!!

BY THE

DUKE OF WELLINGTON AND MARSHAL NEY!!

GRAND DUKE OF AUSTRIA!!

BEARING THE TURBAN OF THE GRAND SULTAN!!!

MARCO BOZZARIS,

Dressed as a Field Marshal!!

SWISS PEASANTS IN HIGHLAND COSTUME!

GENERAL JACKSON!!!!

In an Earl's robe, bearing the identical sword with which the Duke of Marlborough Fought at Blenheim!! His train borne by

JULIUS CÆSAR AND ALEXANDER THE GREAT!!

His Royal Highness the

DUKE OF GLOUCESTER!

DRESSED IN A SUPERB SUIT OF SABLES, AS

HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK!!!

All of which, ladies and gentlemen, is most respectfully submitted, by your ardent admirer,

C.

Editors' Drawer. — Again does our drawer demand a 'searching operation,' and the scores of friends, who have waited so long and patiently in the ante-chamber, claim audience with our readers. 'One at a time, gentlemen — one at a time.' Do not get ruffled. Where do we not see the struggle for precedence!

The author of 'Landscape Gardening' is first in order. His words are words of wisdom, and we hope his counsels will be heeded. Every tasteful American, who sojourns for never so brief a space in England, returns with enthusiastic admiration of the perfection to which this delightful art is carried in that country, and full of regret that more attention is not paid to it in our own:

LANDSCAPE GARDENING.

Among the liberal sciences which have sprung up beneath the patronage of the nobility in Great Britain, that of *Landscape Gardening* holds a prominent place. In such an atmosphere of art, and of literary refinement, it was impossible that genius should forever remain content with the lifeless representation of nature, or not perceive that those principles, whose guidance was sought in arranging the attitudes of the human figure,

or in disposing the constituent part of the pictured landscape, would prëeminently hold true in the living beauty of natural scenery. Of course, those leading principles in landscape gardening, also, as a practical science, are the same. It could not remain long unperceived, that its influence would become materially cöoperative with that of a national literature, and be regarded as a conspicuous evidence of great national refinement. It accordingly became the object of their standard authors, and of those who interested themselves in matters of taste, to invite to this art the attention of their countrymen: and at the same time to endeavor to correct the errors of that vitiated taste, which was too prevalent in their day. The principles and theory of landscape gardening, as we have before mentioned, are essentially the same as those of the other fine arts, and have been established from a searching and discriminating observation of Nature, in all her different forms and variations of beauty; thus has it received that true purpose and bent which must insure its continuance and prosperity. To lay out a park or garden in lines or figures of mathematical proportion, to cut the foliage of the tree into forms grotesque or unnatural, is as foreign to, and unconnected with, the science, as it is in direct violation of every known principle of taste. On the contrary, it is its object to catch and multiply whatever is delightful in Nature, and in not deviating from what is natural, to give that appearance to the cultivated landscape which may perchance be seen in the wildest and most uncultivated scenes. It strives not exclusively to affect with the mild and the poetic, but aims also at whatever may be solemn or even sublime, to the contemplation. Such being its designs, and such its principles, we may say it is impossible that it should ever be forgotten, or want the encouragement of a nation which boasts the early refinement of its people. Until painting, sculpture, and architecture shall cease to be numbered among those studies which enlist the feelings and the interests of human ambition, so long must the cultivation and the *study* of nature be viewed as holding an important control over the movements of mental enterprise. It will direct those movements to the advantage of the liberal arts.

Where nature was barren or rude, the hand of English taste has spread a thousand waving beauties over the scene. The rill that flows beneath dark rocks, and in the melancholy shade of the forest, turns from its course, winds through verdant meadows, swells into the artificial lake, or 'slumbers upon the plain.' Where late the forest closed all view, may now be caught the blue haze of a distant mountain, the glimmer of a rivulet, a white sail, or perchance some ivy-grown tower. Time may improve, but scarce possesses the power to obliterate, entirely, the fascinations of artificial scenery. The tree may grow to its giant size and crumble away — the winding road may again become turfed with green, and its meanderings be lost — but still there is something left that is melancholy and pleasing. As in a picture rendered faint by age and neglect, we can still perceive the touches of the hand that pencilled it with softness and with ease: so amid the desolation and the mouldering wreck of artificial scenery, the scrutinizing eye can still discern that elegance which must have stamped its features in the year of its perfection.

The proper disposition of the parts of the artificial landscape, in accordance with those principles to which we have referred, requires a deep and frequent study of nature. The landscape gardener, with the critical eye of an enthusiast, watches her in every change. When the chill of autumn has burnished anew the foliage of his forest trees, he has so disposed them as to preserve even then the gradation and the harmony of color.

Thus as we go farther and farther into an examination of this intellectual science, we find new objects of interest at every step. One leads still to another, until we are surprised at the 'curious pleasures of an art which we may have regarded as merely of trivial interest. It remains yet to be seen, whether, in our own country, where the kindred fine arts are gaining strength with the encouragements of wealth, this will be utterly neglected. We are unwilling to suppose that a people who have sent forth a West, a Leslie, a Newton, a Trumbull, and a Cole, to do honor to their country in the eyes of British taste, will neglect, eventually, to accord to this new object of interest and study, that attention to which it is most assuredly entitled. G. H.

'The Hopes of Life' is objectionable, from its character of unmixed gloom. Why should we lament, because the world is not all flowers and sunshine? — or mourn, as those without hope, over the changes of years? Our too sombre correspondent should remember the beautiful sentiment of one to whose ever-prevailing and rational philosophy we commend him:

> 'Time steals away the rose, 't is true,
> But then the thorns are blunted, too.'

The following, (from the same hand, if we mistake not the chirography,) is more to our taste:

ETERNITY.

Cōeval with the Deity, who always was —
Cōeval with Jehovah, who shall always be —
Immeasurable as space, and boundless as
The Universe — our world is unto *Thee*
No source of change; for still thou rollest on,
As unaffected by its destiny,
As is the rolling of the mighty sea
By some frail skiff upon its bosom borne,
With rudder lost, sails rent, and spars and masts all gone.

'Look how the world's poor people are amazed
At apparitions, signs, and prodigies!'

So sings the swan of Avon, somewhere in one of his poems. There is enough of superstitious influences, even in our day; and occurrences in this enlightened country, within a very few years, not to say months, have left us little to boast, over the 'superstitious, idle-headed eld.' The subjoined brief collegiate exercise, from an unpractised pen, will possess interest to many minds:

SUPERSTITIOUS TENDENCIES.

'Opinionum commentadelet dies, naturæ judicia confirmat.'

Nothing more strongly attests the weakness of the human intellect, than diversified forms of mythology, and prevailing systems of superstition, among beings created by the same divinity, and looking with the same eye upon the stupendous manifestations of His power. They have, however, left their features on every age and nation. They have imparted coloring to character, and given direction to conduct. They have controlled the current of human action, and governed the tide of human destiny. While monuments of material grandeur proclaim their power in the darker places of the earth, the light of reason has not yet revealed all their odiousness in the more enlightened lands of wisdom and learning.

We should search in vain for the origin of superstition in any age or in any country. Although it first assumed a systematic form in Egypt, it was because the human mind there made its first advancement in intellectual cultivation, and was first capable of embodying its absurdities into a written language; we find it existing, however, in the earliest periods of every nation. So that we must seek its origin in the first dawnings of mind — in the natural feelings of the human heart. It doubtless arises from that glorious aspiration after an intelligent first cause, which is among the earliest breathings of the soul — from that instinctive belief in the immortal principal within us, which proclaims our triumph over the grave, and the correspondent beautiful conception, that disembodied spirits hover around us, and, with the sacred guardianship of angels, watch over our destinies. The imagination of an ignorant age has modified these sublime conceptions into the various forms of popular superstition. Ignorance is always dangerous. The relations of nature can be understood, only by rigid and careful investigation. By neglecting to trace effects to their true causes, and by considering only the relation of proximity of time, men have been led to the most startling errors, and glaring absurdities. Such has always been the case in barbarous and uncivilized nations.

Imagination, lending its assistance to ignorance, forms the wildest and sometimes the most fantastical associations. The white vestment of the ghost, contrasted with the darkness of midnight, has struck terror even to the soul of the brave, and the chirping of the cricket has changed the plans of the statesman.

Of the dangerous tendency of ill-regulated imagination, its influence over enlightened minds affords striking illustration. It has even been regarded as the most incontrolable of the faculties, and hence required the most philosophical discipline. When subjected to the dominion of the judgment, its influence is salutary; but when allowed to usurp the throne of reason, how disastrous the results!

There is also, especially in the infancy of society, when all the phenomena of nature are new to the observer, a period of peculiar sensibility of character. The imagination, dazzled by novelty, associates every change with the operation of invisible agency. The solitude of the forest and the darkness of the grove teem with swarming diversities.

Departed benefactors, whose virtues have been revered, and whose goodness venerated, appear to be recognised as the invisible protectors of mankind. Hence the gorgeous fiction of Grecian mythology, a superstition which two thousand years ago lost its authority over the useful occupations of man, but which still preserves a real power over their elegant amusements. Its temples still survive, in mouldering magnificence, though their deities have long since departed. The coral grove still springs up in the depths of the ocean, though the sea-nymph no longer sports in its branches.

We should to no purpose attempt an enumeration of the modification which superstition receives from variations in national character. The far hunting grounds of the Indian, and the luxurious paradise of the Persian, are as dissimilar as might be supposed, from the difference in their modes of life. The indolent Hindoo finds his highest hopes in annihilation; while the war-like Goth believes that in the other world, in the halls of Odin, he shall sing the song of triumph over his slaughtered enemies.

The effects of superstition, however, under whatever form it may exist, are always the same — degrading to intellect — debasing to morals. A voice from the remotest antiquity echoes this truth, in deep reverberations. The dark ages of papal superstition — the black conspiracies of the prince and the priest — the ignorance and degradation of an enslaved people — these will forever speak a language of fearful import. The smoke of the widow's funeral pile still darkens the sky of Hindostan, and the waters of the Ganges ever and anon close over a new victim to a cruel delusion. From the burning sands of Africa comes a boding wail, and the spicy gales from the land of myrrh are the messengers of sad tidings.

Turn we from the darker colorings of the picture. The effects of superstition are visible in the literature and science of a nation. The dim light of tradition, and the deceitful glare of fable, reveal not the true colors of things. The treacherous tongue of fiction, and the deceptive song of poetry, possess a dangerous power of fascination — often favoring the deception which reason would condemn, and embellishing error, instead of ennobling truth.

It is the tendency of superstition to conceal and distort nature, by fixing upon its casual instead of its constant relations. Thus in the movements of the heavenly bodies, the wandering astrologer beheld only the finger of Fate, tracing the destinies of men: hence to him, the celestial host of midnight performed their ceaseless revolutions with reference solely to the fortunes of an individual. Science has long struggled with innumerable obstacles; but when reason has pointed out her true and only legitimate province, her advancement has been triumphant and glorious.

Generally, the effects of superstition are, to give the supremacy to passion, to contract the intellect, and corrupt the heart — to engender prejudice, produce illiberality of mind, and exhibit erroneous conceptions of the character of God.

But light breaks in upon the gloom. Christianity has brought life and immortality to our view. Where its reign is established, superstition is abolished, reason ennobled, imagination purified, and man exists in the noble image of his Maker: while the unseen world, contemplated in the pages of revelation, is radiant with ineffable glory. N. K.

The spirit which pervades the following lines would recommend them to favor, even were they without other attraction:

NATURE.

'Methinks it should have been impossible,
Not to love all things in a world so filled;
Where the breeze warbles, and the mute, still air
Is Music slumbering on her instrument!' Coleridge.

Yes! who could this lovely earth e'er tread,
And look below — on high — around —
From the boundless skies above him spread,
To the humblest flower that decks the ground —

And feel not his bosom thrill with love,
As, robed in beauty, he surveyed it —
With love for it, and for Him above,
Whose bounteous hand arrayed it?

O yes! 't is a beauteous earth we tread!
The wood — the plain — the hill and dale —
The flowers of every hue that shed
Their varied sweetness on the gale —

The deep, low wail of the Autumn blast,
That seems to mourn its own sad deed —
The stream's sweet voice, as murmuring past,
Its waters on their glad way speed —

These, these are the charms that thou canst claim
Bright earth! — to thee, they all belong:
Thine, thine is the flower, the wind, the stream,
Thine, thine their beauty and their song!

Then who through a world '*so filled*' could move,
Nor feel the beauties that pervade it?
Nor join in the grateful song of love
It ever pours to Him who made it?

ELIA.

We deem it proper to state, that should there be a rejoinder to the following, it must form the closing paper upon the subject, so far as this Magazine is concerned. A farther continuation would assume the form of a polemical controversy, which we little affect. Moreover, it would doubtless lead to metaphysical, hair-splitting differences, which tend still less to edification. Metaphysics—judging from some specimens with which we have recently been favored — can hardly conduce to strengthen the intellect, how great soever may be the claims of its advocates in this respect. The strength thus gained, as some one has well said, is like that obtained by the ancient archers, who gave vigor to their sinews by shooting their arrows into the air. In this age of utility, such intellectual gymnastics are not needed.

TO DR. BEASLEY.

SIR: Avoiding as much as possible a multitude of words, I will endeavor briefly to reply to so much of your note as I have seen, being that published in a late number of the Knickerbocker.

I am ready to concede the point, that testimony may, in some cases, amount to certainty, provided the word *certainty* admits of degrees or qualification. This you seem to admit, and even to explain in the latter part of your communication. That it may be made so strong as to amount to positive certainty, you endeavor to illustrate by the anecdote of the bundle of faggots. The force of the illustration appears to me to be just this, and no more: as a number of sticks are stronger than one stick, so is the testimony of a number of witnesses stronger than that of one witness. That it is so, no one can dispute; but the question then recurs, can testimony be so accumulated as to out-weigh invariable experience? Mr. Hume thinks not, because the ignorance, prejudices, passions, and falsehood of mankind render testimony variable and uncertain in its character.

The father evidently tricked his children, and changed the nature of the proposition, by taking a latitude in the performance, which latitude he did not propose to his children. This is allowable enough, when used as a playful wit, but in serious matters, a play upon words of double meaning, or phrases of doubtful import, or mental reservation, or deception of any kind, becomes falsehood. I would not say, with Dr. Johnson, that a punster is as bad as a pick-pocket, but I would as readily enter into trade with one as into an argument with the other.

The instances you bring (that Cicero lived, etc.,) to prove the certainty of testimony, do not appear to me to militate at all against Mr. Hume's argument, because these facts are not opposed by experience; on the contrary, experience is in favor of the credibility of the facts.

A few witnesses have convinced the reading public of the existence of the city of Timbuctoo; stronger testimony has satisfied many, (and myself among the number,) of the existence of the sea-serpent on our eastern shores; but what testimony would be sufficient to convince them that a river flowed up hill, or that a ponderous body gravitated horizontally?

If miracles, as you seem to suggest, were a result of the laws of nature, which laws were obscure, or unknown, the events in question cease to be *miracles*, but are natural and necessary consequences: if so, the argument of Mr. Hume is not directed against them. But miracles are not only rare and extraordinary events, but are 'violations of the established laws of nature.'

If the revival of the dead arose from natural causes, then the dead might, and may rise, at any other time, whether there be the like occasion or not. And if the flood was a natural consequence, and not a miracle, then it would have occurred, and overwhelmed mankind, whether 'every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually,' or not. These events, therefore, claim to be miracles, in the fullest sense of the word.

If courts of law make up their decisions upon testimony directly at variance with the known laws of nature, fully established by invariable experience, then they decide against justice. I recollect, at this moment, two cases of such testimony in our country, which are in point. The payment of rent was resisted, in this city, on the plea that the house was untenable, by reason of being haunted. It was testified on the stand, as I was informed, that it was impossible to make lights burn with their usual lustre, in that house; that, from the moment the candles or lamps were lighted, they burned with a diminished blue flame; and that frequently the inmates of the house were suddenly seized by an unseen hand, and twirled around several times. What effect this testimony had upon the jury, I do not recollect, but with the audience it produced much mirth.

The other instance is that given at the trial of the Salem witches, where it was testified that witness was 'strangely carried about by demons, wherein they hurried him along through the air;' that one afflicted young woman was, by her invisible tormentors, 'pulled up to the top ceiling, and held there before a numerous company of spectators, who found it as much as they could do to pull her down again;' and much other stuff, of a similar character. In this instance, the jury were weak or wicked enough to decide in favor of the testimony, though that testimony was in direct contravention of the known laws of nature; and the consequences were fatal and wretched in the extreme, and disgraceful to thinking and reasoning beings.

It appears to me, therefore, from every view of the subject, that this argument of Mr. Hume remains unshaken; and that in addition to Campbell, Watson, Paley, Dwight, Smith and others, who, as you observe, have written a multitude of unavailing volumes against it, as many more would avail as little to disturb its simplicity and force.

Very respectfully,

JUNIUS JR.

SOUTH-SEA EXPLORING EXPEDITION. — Our American readers will learn, with pleasure, we are sure, that this expedition is to be fitted out at once, by order of the President of the United States. The appropriation made by Congress for each department is in all respects ample for the prosecution of the enterprise in such a manner as to reflect honor and dignity upon the country. The fine frigate Macedonian is now being put in complete order for the expedition, which, together with two brigs of the larger class, as tenders, and a capacious store-ship, will form the naval force. The Macedonian will be commanded by CAPT. THOMAS A. C. JONES, a gentleman of whom we hear the best report, both as a man and as an officer. J. N. REYNOLDS, ESQ., whose 'Voyage of the Potomac' has made so favorably known to his countrymen — will be the Corresponding Secretary to the expedition. A better selection, in our judgment, could not have been made. His entire ability to do honor to the station is undoubted, and we rejoice that this important office has fallen into such competent hands. The readers of this Magazine will be enabled to partake largely of the romance and adventure of the expedition, as we are promised such occasional sketches as may with propriety be given, and which cannot fail to prove both novel and interesting, in an eminent degree.

THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA. — The reputation of Columbus, as the discoverer of the new world, is in great danger. The 'Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries,' at Copenhagan, Denmark, assert in a recent antiquarian document, that it is established beyond a doubt, that America was discovered by the Scandinavians, who made voyages hither, at a period long antecedent to the era of Christopher Colon — and that it was a knowledge of these facts — obtained during a visit paid by the Great Discoverer to Iceland, in 1477 — which prompted his memorable expedition. Who is sure of permanent fame, in this prying age? Flamstead's biographer has but lately stripped many leaves from the laurel that graced the brow of Newton, and now comes us up a company of antiques, to prove that the great Genoese was 'not what he is cracked up to be.' However, we have little faith in the researches of these learned Northmen. It was an antiquary of Sweden, if we remember aright, who ascribed an ancient temple in that country to one of Noah's sons, but was willing, after cross-examination, to concede, that it probably belonged to the *youngest* boy of that first navigator!

LITERARY RECORD.

MR. SIMMS' NEW ROMANCE. — The author of 'The Yemasee,' etc., has in press a novel, entitled 'Mellichampe, a Legend of the Santee.' It is a partial continuation of 'The Partisan,' although comprising an independent story, with the addition of new characters, in conjunction with several of the old. The scene is mainly laid on the banks of the Santee River, the great theatre of Marion's operations. The story is chiefly domestic, yet mingled with many incidents of a general and public nature. Tarleton appears again upon the stage, and Barsfield, a fierce and bloody tory, well known at the period selected, is a conspicuous character. More use is made of the negro in this than in the other works of the author — with how much success, the volumes will abundantly show. A chief peculiarity of the story is the vindictive pursuit of his enemy by a well-known character of 'The Partisan.' The hero is a head-strong, fiery youth, and the heroine a whole-souled, devoted, and gentle creation. A few glimpses are also afforded of Major Singleton, in the progress of some spirited adventures.

'INKLINGS OF ADVENTURE.' — Messrs. SAUNDERS and OTLEY have published, under the above title, a work in two volumes, containing the following papers, which were given to the world originally in an English magazine, and subsequently re-published in the 'Mirror' of this city: Pedlar Karl; Niagara — Lake Ontario — The St. Lawrence; The Cherokee's Threat; F. Smith; Edith Linsey — I. Frost and Flirtation; II. Love and Speculation; III. A Digression; IV. Scenery and a Scene; Scenes of Fear: I. The Disturbed Vigil; II. The Mad Senior; III. The Lunatic's Skate; Incidents on the Hudson. The Gipsey of Sardis: Tom Fane and I; Larks in Vacation; A Log in the Archipelago; The Revenge of Signor Basil; Love and Diplomacy; The Mad House of Palermo; Minute Philosophies. There is a lightness and ease, and a certain charm of ideal coloring, about these sketches, which have made them generally popular, both at home and abroad.

EASTBURN'S LECTURES ON PHILIPPIANS. — Messrs. CARVILLS, and SWORDS, STANFORD AND COMPANY, have published, in a handsome volume of two hundred and fifty pages, eighteen Lectures, explanatory and practical, on the Epistle of Paul to the Philippians. By MANTON EASTBURN, D. D., Rector of the Church of the Ascension, in this city. They are intended for Sunday evening reading, in families; and being well and briefly written, devoted to the practical illustration of the Scriptures, and untinged by sectarianism, are calculated to do good.

BARBER'S ELOCUTIONIST. — Mr. A. H. MALTBY, of New-Haven, has published, in a handsome volume of some four hundred pages, a second edition of a work thus entitled, which consists of declamations, and readings in prose and poetry, for the use of colleges and schools. A new edition is substantial praise of the good taste and judgment manifested in the selection and arrangement of the volume.

SURGERY. — A work entitled 'Surgery Illustrated,' by A. SIDNEY DOANE, A. M., M. D., of this city, just issued by the HARPERS, will be found a most valuable aid to the medical practitioners and students of the United States. It is laboriously and carefully translated and compiled from the works of Cutler, Hind, Velpean, and Blasius, and is illustrated by fifty-two plates.

'THE OLD WORLD AND THE NEW,' by the Rev. ORVILLE DEWEY, but recently published by the BROTHERS HARPER, has met with the success which this Magazine predicted it could not fail to command. A second edition has already been called for by the public.

THE KNICKERBOCKER.

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ACQUISITION OF THE GREEK LANGUAGE.

THE Greek language has been justly described as 'the shrine of the genius of the old world.' From our boyhood we are taught to revere it as the dialect of poets, and orators, and heroes now canonized in fame. We think of Greece with wonder — with awe — as the land of classic story and song. It is hallowed in our associations by a strange mystery; it is the dwelling-place of a noble by-gone race — a mausoleum consecrated by their ashes — a land where 'flowers now blossom from the dust of kings.'

However we may account for it, it is certain that the Grecian mind was formed in a mould of surpassing beauty. The fact needs no illustration. That poetic spirit which gave a voice to every object in nature — which animated every existence with a soul — which held converse with spirits, not only in the grove and by the fountain, but among the terrors of the tempest — that high perception of sublimity, which found its element not alone in the nobler operations of external nature, but also in the high virtues and energies of the human soul — that delicate sense of the beautiful which imparted a grace to every thought — these have ever been the admiration of mankind.

It would be foreign to our present purpose (which has a practical aim) to discuss the merits of Grecian literature, or analyze its characteristics. We would, however, advert in this connection to what we deem a prevailing error; we mean that of regarding the literature of ancient Greece as having arisen at once in its perfection — as having been born in maturity — as having burst with full orb from chaotic darkness. Reason frowns on such a supposition, and history does not countenance it. To believe that the genius of Homer sprang into existence, like the goddess of Wisdom, full-armed; that in the darkness of a barbarous and unlettered age, the birth of poetry was proclaimed in the Iliad; that its harmonies first woke the slumber of the mind, and that in all its polish, and beauty, and labored numbers, it surprised the world, is to believe against nature, and, if chronology be any thing, against revelation. Without dwelling, however, upon general topics, we proceed to consider the two points which we have particularly in view at the present time, viz: *the objects to be gained* by the study of the Greek language at the present day, and *the best method of acquiring* this language.

The doubts and objections which have been raised respecting the study of the dead languages, have resulted from an entire misapprehension of the object of such study. This object is not the acquisition of knowledge, as such, but the cultivation of the mind. We wish that

this truth might be sounded again and again, wherever loose views of the subject of education are gaining influence. The grand aim of all education, which is not strictly professional, is to cultivate the *powers* of the mind, and not to furnish it with the *materials* of its operation. The primary object in the study of the Greek language, is the elevation of the mind itself — the refining of its taste — the quickening of its perception of beauty — the discipline of its powers of thought. These results are secured in a variety of ways. The study of the *language* itself furnishes an important discipline. The mind is brought to the investigation of a noble and highly cultivated tongue; to perceive and appreciate a great and symmetrical structure; to feel the nicest discriminations; to trace the subtle changes of signification, and form the bodily ear to the music of a language 'which made euphony its primary law.'

But we are disposed to regard these and other advantages as subordinate, and to view, as the main object, the perusal of Grecian literature. We have alluded to the riches which are treasured up in the monuments of Grecian mind, and we have no time to descant upon their value. Eulogy has been exhausted upon them, but they can be duly appreciated only in possession. We have now in view the *effect* which such a perusal is to have upon the mind itself; and we say comprehensively — it will cultivate a *sense of beauty*. This is enough: it is no light and dreamy refinement; it is one of the glories of the human mind — one of the foundations of greatness, and one of the securities of virtue.

We are not of those who can lavish upon the ancient classics unqualified praise. Mind has made achievements in our time, to which, in that age of its history, it was entirely unequal. In taste, in that power of imagination 'which moulds the objects of nature, and makes them all speak the language of man,' and in the high perception of harmonies in language, we may safely accord to the ancient Greeks the praise of being unsurpassed. But in the higher range of thought and sentiment, and in the *poetry of mind*, (if we may use such an expression for that which is nameless,) they were children. The world is certainly advancing: the genius of Homer was wonderful in its time, but it could not anticipate the whole progress of the human mind. The 'tale of Troy divine,' and the story of 'the man of many wanderings,' are immortal poems; but our own Milton and Shakspeare, as they lived far on in the world's advancement, could not but do more. Homer had no power to compose the speeches of the fallen angels, or the soliloquies of Hamlet and his king.

We repeat it, then, the Greek classics should be read mainly to cultivate the sense of beauty. And how is this end to be gained? We answer — by an *easy* and *rapid* perusal. It is not until the painful labor of the school-boy is over — until the irksomeness of the college lesson has ceased to afflict — until the sense of difficulty and fatigue is no longer associated with every thought of a page of Greek — that the reading of it can become a pleasure. While the page is dark to the eye, and the question of roots and conjugations, rules and exceptions, perplexes the mind, the student cannot view the study as any thing else than a toil and a drudgery. But let this necessary introduction be past — let the language become so familiar that its

words shall convey their meaning directly to the mind, without the thought of their being foreign — let the student begin to read page after page with something of the ease and clearness of a vernacular tongue — and the fruit of his labors will appear. Let him repeat a book of the Iliad, until all thought of Lexicon, Commentary, obsolete roots, 'hard places,' etc., is excluded — until all associations of *pain* are gone — and then is he prepared to enjoy the poem itself.

We believe we are far from encouraging any radical notions on the subject of education; but we must believe that our views of the real end which we should aim at in the study of the ancient classics are yet somewhat *monkish*. We derived the whole system from the monastery, and we have not shaken from it the dust and damps of the cell. The study of the Greek *language*, in itself, we have already allowed to be productive of important benefits; but we are not to aim at making all our educated men philologists. We are to instruct them in the general system, and teach them to use it. But to make the minute details of mere grammatical lore — such as a Buttman or a Porson have made the business of their lives — an essential part of a general education, is entirely disproportionate; it is to drive the pupil into the utmost ramifications of one department, and leave even the grand elements of a thousand others unknown. Philology is a science and a profession; the perusal of the Iliad is a means of general cultivation.

We do not forget that a language must be well understood, before the spirit of its literature can be appreciated. But the distinctive force of words, the signification of their various forms, and the full meaning of idiomatic expressions, are to be learned first from the general structure of the language, and then from careful and oft-repeated use. We learn but little of any existence from mere description, and of language (we might almost say) least of all. We have not begun, therefore, to derive the principal benefits from the reading of the Greek, until considerable portions of the best authors are so familiar as to be read with rapidity and pleasure.

To what extent it is *possible* to appreciate beauties hidden under the veil of a foreign, and perhaps a dead language, would form an interesting subject of inquiry. We cannot now enter upon it: suffice it to say, that it will always be impossible to decide precisely where the language of metaphor begins. In the following language of Othello, which we quote for want of time to find an instance more appropriate, how difficult would it be for a foreigner to feel the *exact measure* of the metaphoric use:

> 'Had it pleased Heaven
> To try me with affliction; had he rained
> All kinds of sores and shames on my bare head:
> Steeped me in poverty to the very lips;
> Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes;
> I should have found in some part of my soul
> A drop of patience.'

But we hasten to consider the second of the topics above mentioned, namely — the best mode of acquiring the ancient Greek. To examine this point, is the leading object of the present inquiry. In reply to the question, 'How is the ancient Greek to be so acquired as to be read with ease and pleasure as a familiar tongue?' We answer — *by the*

acquisition of the MODERN GREEK. To this position, which may surprise some, and meet the opposition of many, we beg leave to call attention:

The Greek has long been termed a *dead language*. If it be so, then the English of Henry the Eighth is a dead language also. But we would not insist upon a word; let it be pronounced dead — its descendant lives, bearing the features of the sire; so long as we find modern Greek what it *is*, we shall not be injured, even if it be declared to be no Greek. So far from regarding these as separate languages, we consider the modern tongue as presenting a wonderful instance of the preservation of a language through the shocks of revolution and national downfall. It is astonishing to observe the resemblance between the language in which the wild mountain songs of Grecian patriotism are now chanted, and that in which Homer tuned his lyre three thousand years ago. The Englishman reads the 'Faëry Queen' with pleasure, and the Greek of our day the Iliad. We need not dwell upon this resemblance, either for proof or illustration; so far as the written form of the language is concerned, it is matter, not of conjecture but of fact. The question of *pronunciation* furnishes room for *opinion*. But we are almost willing to rest this point upon a single inquiry: can any good reason be assigned for supposing that the pronunciation has changed more than the language itself? If not, we certainly are contented to learn that pronunciation from those whom nature has taught, rather than from the inventions of Erasmus. This topic, although not essential to our present subject, is full of interest. If among the voices of living men we may hear those very accents which once formed the magic of the lyre, roused the heroism of the battle-field, and commanded 'the applause of listening senates,' we may well be enthusiastic. Without entering, however, upon the discussion of this fruitful theme, we refer the reader to Mr. Pickering's able exhibition of it, and to a comparison of the corresponding words in the Latin, and even in the English.

Whether the present pronunciation is that of ancient Greek or not, it is a *real* pronunciation, and this alone gives it interest and value. The intelligent scholar can never feel any satisfaction in reading Greek under a fictitious pronunciation. To us it is painful and mortifying. But give us a *living* one — taught by Nature, and heard in the mother tongue of the fellow being from whom we are to learn it — and there is a satisfaction in the reality of our standard which fully repays the difficulty of its acquisition. We venture to say that the mere adoption of the modern *pronunciation*, if well taught, would throw a charm over the study of the Greek in our schools, of which we do not now dream.

But — what is more than all — the language of modern Greece may be learned as a *spoken* tongue. This is the great secret of the whole — a secret gradually working its way to the light, although clouded and repressed by the power of inveterate prejudice — that language, the child of Nature, is to be learned in the way which she has pointed out. Our notions on this point will undoubtedly be anticipated even on this suggestion, and denounced as *Hamiltonian* and empirical. For ourselves, we learned what we know of Greek, in the old way; but we believe that the time is not distant when the *man* will undertake to vie with the *infant* in the rapid acquisition of language, and try the

order of Nature, instead of the order of *Logic*. The day, we believe, is nearly over, when the pupil must be sent to his grammar to learn a language as a philosopher, to march up through the grades of an artificial system before he *begins* to venture upon the reserved means of practice and familiar use; in short, to learn all the characteristics of the object, before he is allowed to have a sight of the object itself. We shall find that the nearer we can approach in our method of learning any language to that in which we learned our mother tongue, the more speedy, as well as sure, will be our success. Whatever theory may dictate, the fact is, that the human mind is so formed as to acquire language in this way, and in this only, with success; the logical mode may seem most expeditious; but in the end it is not so. Modern languages are beginning to be studied more and more in this way; the living native teacher is employed, and the pupil is to acquire the language by hearing, speaking, and writing it. The philosophy of a language is beginning to be studied *after* the language itself. But this method has not yet found favor, to any considerable extent, in the acquisition of Latin and Greek. From the want of the living teacher, we are obliged to make an approximation to the natural method, but even this has rarely been attempted. When it shall be discovered how rapid may be the advance of the learner, even in the ancient languages, who is compelled to use them in writing and speaking, even with a very slight knowledge of general laws; how such a pupil will outstrip the grammatical *construer*, and become at home in the language, while the latter is yet unfamiliarized and mechanical; the opposite course of instruction will be classed among the absurdities of those old philosophers, who, in philosophic conclave, enacted laws for Nature, and expected her to obey them.

The application of these remarks to the subject in hand will be obvious. In acquiring the modern Greek, we may employ the living teacher — we may practice conversation and writing to any extent — we may refer continually to *use* the *norma loquendi;* in a word, we may make it a familiar tongue, almost like our own. When this is done, (and it is not a fearful task, compared with the labor of working out the process reversed,) with what preparation do we approach the ancient Greek! The student is now prepared to understand the philosophy of the language; he can notice and classify the changes which have been wrought, and the very study of these changes is interesting. He reverts to the Attic writers and even to the Iliad, as the reader of English literature reverts to Spenser and Chaucer. We believe we do not exaggerate when we say, that the modern Greek peruses the Iliad with less difficulty than we do the poetry of Chaucer. And who is ready to allow that the Frenchman or the German can compete with the Englishman in interpreting the language of that poet, or that the foreigner can arrive at the understanding of it himself, in any way so surely as to learn first the English of the present day?

There is a charm to most men in a living and spoken language, which does not belong to the ancient. The study of the modern language is becoming more and more fashionable and popular. Native teachers are becoming more abundant, and, above all, we are taught in the way which (call it lazy or superficial, if we will,) is the only way in which languages will long be learned. So pleasing is this way to the learner,

and so unsuccessful is its opposite, even when years have been consumed, in securing any thing like a comfortable and gratifying readiness, that unless it can be applied to the Latin and Greek, these languages will cease to be read, except under the compulsion of the master, and the field of their literature will be in effect forsaken.

Greece is attracting to itself more and more the attention of civilized nations. Its language will become an object of interest, and the knowledge of it a means of usefulness. As it rises to importance and influence, its literature will become valuable, and those who study the modern Greek, will have at once an avenue to this interesting field, and a key to the treasures of antiquity. The emigration of native Greeks will, ere long, furnish teachers; and their presence, as it will afford unlimited means of improvement, will give a powerful stimulus to the prosecution of their language. When our fellow citizens shall converse in the modern Greek as readily and as frequently as they now do in French, may we not expect the writers of ancient Greece to be *read* as well as praised, and to assist in forming the taste of our age?

If this be visionary, we have only to say that the reading of the classics in this noble language, to such an extent as to form the taste of our educated men, will be unknown. Our enterprising community will never engage with the Germans in the cloistered study of monkish lore, or repay those who may do it. We have no motive to do so. In those countries where the avenues to distinction and wealth are closed against the common aspirant, men will torture almost any study for fame. But here it is not so; and the pursuit which does not meet the wants and disposition of the age, will be abandoned.

We might allude to the power which the cultivation of the modern Greek would undoubtedly give in the critical interpretation of the ancient writers. It cannot be that the long labors, even of a Heyne or Wolf, will rival in all respects the quick perception of a native in his own tongue. We should certainly expect an ordinary reader to be a safer interpreter of Spenser, than the acutest Frenchman who should comment upon it in his closet, with his English Dictionary and Grammar.

The modern Greek, as spoken by the natives, is a mellifluous tongue. But how would an old Athenian wonder to hear our scholars utter the language of Euripides or Demosthenes! He probably would not recognise the language as his own. The charms of a musical and authorized pronunciation would add so much to our interest in the Greek, that we cannot but feel that the adoption of the present pronunciation of that language would amply reward the additional labor of acquiring it. Aside from our desire to converse in French, who would feel content to read the French literature in an English pronunciation?

But although we believe that the ancient Greek is to be learned through the medium of the modern, if it is to be extensively understood, and that this will yet be seen to be the speediest and surest, and even the only truly successful course, the time has not arrived in which it is to be generally adopted. We would therefore conclude our remarks upon this subject, by suggesting a few thoughts respecting such improvements in the teaching of the ancient Greek, as may admit of immediate application. As we have already intimated, a considerable

change has taken place within a few years in some of our schools, in the mode of teaching the ancient languages. Books have been prepared upon the principle of *use*; and the pupil has been introduced to the language itself, as well as to the grammarian. Correct views upon this subject are evidently forcing their way to the public attention and to the school-room. For a very pleasant exhibition of such views, we would refer the reader to a little volume entitled 'Classical Education of Boys,' published in Boston.

Perhaps no exercise is more valuable in the study of a language, particularly in the commencement of such study, than that of applying to visible objects the corresponding words of the language. Let the learner of Greek make it his practice to recall the Greek name of every thing which he sees; the furniture of his room — the objects seen from his window — the most trifling things which his eye meets; let him add epithets to these, and then join a verb. Let this practice be continued until he can readily recall short phrases relating to such objects, and ask questions concerning them. How obvious is it, that such an exercise will strongly engage the interest, even of the mature mind? Now this is no *new* plan. We adopted it when we sat on our mother's knee, and we found it unfailing in the acquisition of the English tongue. During the first three years of infancy — the weakest portion of our existence — without any purpose, or determined application, we all acquire a knowledge of language which is vastly more valuable than that which the gray-headed philologist has acquired from his books, in the long study of manhood. We mean more valuable, so far as mere acquaintance with language is concerned; we mean, that almost any Greek scholar might well exchange his knowledge of Greek for *such* a knowledge of it as he possessed of his mother tongue, at the age of three years. May we not, then, imitate the teachings of nature? or has the infant capacities for learning in this way, which are unknown afterward? If the latter be true to some extent, it is far from being true altogether.

Another very important means of introducing the pupil to a familiarity with a language, is the committing to memory portions of interesting books. This has been practised, and with great success. The pupil should repeat extracts from the Greek writers, as he repeated his nursery stories in childhood. Large portions of Homer, and of the pastoral, lyric, and even dramatic poets, should be committed to memory, and the bolder passages of Demosthenes declaimed upon the stage. We might dwell on the writing of exercises, etc., but we forbear. We have doubtless already said enough to expose ourselves to the charge of '*quackery*.'

There is a deep and beautiful philosophy in language, which forms one of the highest and most interesting studies of manhood. The language itself must first be learned, and this study nature has allotted to childhood. The study of its classifications and general laws is reserved for maturity. We certainly need not fear to follow the instructions and example of nature. The mind is not the product of human artifice, nor are its laws subject to human regulation. We must discipline and exercise its powers, in conformity with the nature and condition of our being.

Much as we have boasted of the triumph of the Baconian philo-

sophy, that triumph is not complete; it must yet sweep away the vestiges of those errors which preceded it — errors which still linger among us; it must yet gain more and more the implicit confidence of mankind, and while it abjures the society of the radical innovator, establish the empire of truth.

TO THE BREEZE:

AFTER A PROTRACTED CALM AT SEA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE YEMASSEE,' 'GUY RIVERS,' ETC.

I.

Thou hast been slow to bless us, gentle breeze;
Where hast thou been a lingerer, welcome friend?
Where, when the midnight gather'd to her brow
Her pale and crescent minister, wert thou?
On what far, sullen, solitary seas,
Piping the mariner's requiem, didst thou tend
The home-returning barque —
Curling the white foam o'er her lifted prow,
White, when the rolling waves around her all were dark?

II.

Gently, and with a breath
Of spicy odor from Sabæan vales,
Where subtle life defies and conquers death,
Fill'dst thou her yellow sails!
On, like some pleasant bird,
With glittering plumage and light-loving eye,
While the long pennant lay aloft unstirr'd,
And sails hung droopingly,
Camest thou with tidings of the land to cheer
The thirsting mariner.

III.

How, when the ocean slept,
Making no sign —
And her dumb waters, of all speech bereft,
Lay 'neath the sun-girt line —
Her drapery of storm-clouds lifted high
In some far, foreign sky,
While a faint moaning o'er her bosom crept,
As the deep breathings of Eternity,
Above the grave of the unburied Time,
Claiming its clime —
How did the weary tar,
His form reclined along the burning deck,
Stretch his dim eye afar,
To hail the finger, and delusive speck,
Thy bending shadow, from some rocky steep
With reckless pinion, and majestic sweep,
Far darting o'er the deep!

IV.

Born in the solemn night,
When the deep skies were bright,
With all their thousand watchers on the sight —
Thine was the music through the firmament
By the fond Nature sent,
To hail the blessed birth,
To guide to lowly earth,
The glorious glance, the holy wing of Light!

v.

Music to us no less,
Thou com'st in our distress —
To cheer our pathway. It is clear, through thee,
O'er the broad wastes of sea.
How soothing to the heart that glides alone,
Unwatched and unremember'd, on the wave,
Perchance his grave!
Should he there perish, to thy deeper moan
What lip shall add one tone!

vi.

I bless thee, gentle breeze!
Sweet minister to many a fond desire,
Thou bear'st me to my sire,
Thou, and these rolling seas!
What — oh, thou God of this great element!
Are we, that it is sent,
Obedient to our strong and fervent hope?
But that its pinion on our path is bent,
We had been doomed, beyond desire to grope,
Where plummet's cast is vain, and human art,
Lacking all chart.

W. G. S.

THE SIEGE OF ANTIOCH.

A TALE (IN TWO PARTS) OF THE FIRST CRUSADE

PART II.—CHAPTER I.

THE EMBASSY—THE SALLY.

THE Pavilion of Kerboga was erected in the plain which stretched away from the bank of the Orontes, opposite to that near which Antioch stood, but somewhat to the eastward of that city, where the river makes a bend toward the mountains, forming a circular space of some extent. Eastern wealth and magnificence seemed to have been lavished without restraint upon this singular structure. It was laid out like a town, in streets and squares, and was sufficiently large to contain two thousand men. The centre, which was appropriated exclusively to the Emir and his wives, was adorned with minarets and towers, glittering with burnished gold. The exterior covering was of fine crimson cloth, richly embroidered with threads of gold. Its shape was a perfect square, presenting on each side a spacious entrance, standing forth in a semicircular form, and surmounted with a broad canopy, supported on gilded shafts of cane. The entrance on that side which looked toward the mountains was finished in somewhat more elaborate style. Instead of a rounded canopy over the door, a broad awning of green silk extended the whole breadth of the building, its edge bedecked with a deep fringe of gold, and supported at equal intervals by delicate silver rods, between which hung large tassels of pearls and emeralds, strung upon threads of gold. Within and beneath this were curtains of the same colored silk, which were intended to supply the place of doors, when stretched before the broad-arched opening which formed the entrance to the vestibule, but were now partially withdrawn

to admit the summer breeze. The interior was composed entirely of silk, but instead of green, its color was generally pale blue, except the openings which led to the different apartments which were closed with a delicate veil of pink or yellow. This principal apartment was that which may be called the room of state. It was circular, and the ceiling or roof running up to a great height, somewhat resembling in shape the interior of a bell, terminated in a point supported by a gilded pole, carved so as to resemble a tree, the leaves and fruit of which were composed of colored gold and precious stones. The female apartments communicated with this circular hall by doors ranged around at regular intervals, and canopied with rich silk. Opposite to the grand entrance rose the Emir's throne, formed of ivory, inlaid with gems, and shaded by a lofty canopy, similar to the side entrances, but richer in texture, and of more elaborate ornament. The floors were strewed with carpets and divans, of the most costly materials, and the most rich and beautiful patterns. The whole structure seemed rather the embodied vision of some fairy tale, than the war tent of a powerful leader.

Surrounded by statue-like guards, who were clad in sumptuous and gorgeous livery, and reclining upon a richly embroidered carpet beneath the awning of the front entrance, sat Kerboga — a slave on either side fanning him with the delicate plumes of the ostrich. He was delivering to the subordinate commanders their various duties and stations for the day, when a herald, bearing a white flag, conducted by a troop of Persian soldiers, appeared before him.

'An embassy from the Christians in Antioch demands an audience of the Emir of Mosul,' said the herald, bending before Kerboga.

'Let them approach!'

The herald departed, and in a few minutes returned, followed by a small band of the emaciated warriors of the cross, at the head of whom, in the grave but not unbecoming habit of a monk, marched a man of diminutive stature, somewhat advanced in age, whose white beard swept his breast almost to the girdle. His ample forehead was deeply furrowed, and his brows somewhat contracted. The general expression of his features might have been pronounced contemplative and even heavy, were it not for a restless brilliancy in his large, deep blue eyes, which spoke of great enthusiasm, and no inconsiderable degree of genius.

'Might I inquire,' asked Kerboga, as he approached, 'to whom the Christian leaders have delegated the office of ambassador? Methinks some noble warrior were a fitter messenger to the Emir of Mosul, than a shaven monk.'

'Men call me Peter the Hermit,' was the old man's reply, 'and surely he by whose influence the Christian warriors have been excited to their holy enterprise, were no unfit messenger to bear their commands, even to a monarch.'

'Nay,' replied the Emir, 'the most unfit that could well have been selected — at least to me — is the pestilent disturber, by whose inflamed harangues the peaceful nobles of Europe have been stirred up to wage an unjust war, and to disturb the repose of Palestine.'

'Lord Emir,' rejoined the Hermit, 'I shall not pause to bandy words with thee. I come not a suppliant to thy knees to ask any favor or indulgence, either for myself or my fellow warriors. We need none at

thy hands — and it matters little from whose mouth — warrior or priest — thou learnest the object of my mission. Cavil not against the messenger, but thank the Christians that they have deigned, by whatever means, mercifully to warn thee that God has signified his gracious intention to deliver us from our evil state, and to fight on our side. They, therefore, advise thee to depart from these walls, ere the vengeance of the Almighty blight thee, like the host of Sennacherib of old: trust not to the proud and glittering array by which thou art surrounded. He in whom we trust is able to make the weak strong, and the strong weak. Be warned, then, ere it be too late, nor allow thy unweening confidence to become thy destruction.'

'Sir Monk,' replied Kerboga, who had listened with manifest impatience to the Hermit's message, 'thank thy sacred habit that the Emir beats thee not back with rods to thy gates. Bear this message to those who sent thee: If Godfrey and his followers, weary of the famine and the siege, wish to give their fleshless limbs to the eagle and the vulture, Kerboga will prepare an hundred archers as their executioners; let them come on whenever it likes them.'

The Hermit replied not, but returned to the city.

Every thing was now ready for the sally, which was fixed for the following morning. Their preparations, however, had not been so secretly conducted, but that the Turks, who still held the citadel, had become fully aware of their intentions; and a black flag, waving at daylight on the following morning from the highest peak of the acropolis, warned Kerboga that the attack was about to take place.

So completely, however, did the Emir despise his enemy, that he took little notice of the warning; and merely giving directions to send two thousand men to prevent the Christians from passing the bridge, sat down to a game of chess with Solyman, his partner in command, who had sought his pavilion to consult with him on the arrangement of their troops.

Miserable, indeed, was the spectacle which the once proud and gallant army of the Christians now presented, as it defiled through the gates of Antioch to attack the forces of the East, and Kerboga might well be pardoned for considering such an enemy almost beneath his notice. Scarcely two hundred horses had survived the famine, and the larger proportion of the knights and nobles marched forth on foot. Enthusiasm, however, in a great degree, made up the deficiency of physical power, and forth they came, confident of victory, the priests, bearing consecrated banners and crosses, mingling with the warlike array, and singing hymns of joy and triumph.

On they came — Adhemar, the warlike Bishop of Puy, clad in complete armor, bearing the sacred lance, which had that morning been consecrated with the most imposing ceremonies in the church of St. Peter, and Bohemond and Tancred bringing up the rear. Long pent up within the mournful walls of Antioch, the fresh dew and gentle breezes of that bright summer morning invigorated their wasted limbs and cheered their spirits; and their courage and confidence increased as they advanced.

'How goes the battle?' asked Kerboga, with a contemptuous smile, as he rose from his game to meet a breathless messenger who had just

entered the pavilion, and touched with his forehead the carpet on which the Emir had been reclining.

'The guards who defended the bridge,' replied the messenger, 'are flying precipitately toward the camp, and the Christian army is holding its way unopposed to the hills.'

The Emir stamped with rage. 'Aslan, we have committed a great, a fatal error. They should have been attacked ere they could have defiled from the gates.'

Throwing himself upon his war horse, he now put himself at the head of his followers, and tried, by many skilful manœuvres, to regain the advantage he had lost, by surrounding the enemy, ere they could reach the broken ground where his cavalry would be unable to act with advantage. Foiled in this attempt, he drew up his troops in front of the camp, and awaited the enemy's approach; while Solyman, causing the dry grass and weeds to be set on fire, led an immense body of cavalry, under cover of the smoke, to attack the rear of the army commanded by the Prince of Tarentum. Meanwhile the van of the Christian host had forced back the Moslem centre to the camp, and Godfrey and Adhemar were congratulating themselves with the victory which seemed almost within their grasp, when news was brought them that the rear was surrounded by superior numbers, and was cut off from the rest of the army. Turning back, therefore, from their attack on the centre, Godfrey and the other leaders flew to the rescue of Bohemond, who had already been joined by his noble kinsman, Tancred, and by their united forces, the troops of Aslan were defeated. Scarcely, however, had they turned to support Bohemond, ere Kerboga, contracting his line, fell upon the rear of Godfrey's columns, and the bands of Solyman, rallying at the same moment, in a short time the whole Christian host was surrounded. In vain the Bishop of Puy pressed forward with the sacred lance — in vain Bohemond and his chivalrous cousin Tancred, hand to hand, and lance to lance, mowed down the infidels wherever they turned; in every charge the Christian warriors were beaten back by numbers, and the battle now seemed well nigh hopeless.

At this critical juncture, a cry was raised along the ranks of the Crusaders, 'The Saint's are fighting on our side!' and lifting their eyes to the rising ground above them, a body of horsemen, clothed in white, was seen sweeping down the slope and falling upon the rear of the Moslem army. Then high above all the din of the battle rose in thunder the spirit-stirring shout, 'God wills it! God wills it!' The enthusiasm of the Christians became frenzy. The Saracens were slaughtered and repulsed in every direction, and soon the sickening intelligence spread through their hosts, that the Christians had forced their camp. The battle was no longer doubtful. The infidels fled on every side, notwithstanding all the exertions of Kerboga to rally his panic-stricken troops. Nearly seventy thousand of the Moslem army found a grave on that bloody field, and among the almost incalculable riches which rewarded the victors of that well-contested battle, the splendid pavilion of Kerboga fell into the hands of Bohemond. The Crusaders returned in triumph to the city, and plenty once more gladdened the famished army.

CHAPTER II.

THE STRANGER—THE DISAPPOINTMENT.

THE sun, which had risen so auspiciously on that eventful morning, was verging toward the west, when Bohemond and Tancred sought the gates of Antioch, on their return from the victorious field. They were accompanied by Phirouz and by a young warrior of graceful form and fair countenance, over whose brightly burnished corslet floated a scarf of snowy whiteness; a white plume also danced above his helmet.

'We have been mercifully protected,' said the latter, as they passed beneath the heavy archway of the gate, in reply to some previous remark of Phirouz, 'and I bless heaven that in searching for her I have found a brother also.'

'Nay,' replied Phirouz, 'it is I who have the greatest reason to be grateful: in finding Agatha, I have at the same time found her holy religion; and I shall now enjoy the happiness of restoring to her the brother whom she has long lamented as dead, and in him, the saviour from defeat and slaughter of the whole Christian host.'

'Such honor I can scarcely claim,' replied Bartoldo, for he it was; 'nevertheless, I doubt not but that my arrival with an hundred lances, at that critical moment, may have accelerated the victory. Short triumph, however, would have been mine at that happy event, had not thy sword, dear Phirouz, striken down the infidel whose lance was at my throat.'

Thus conversing, they reached the abode of Walter de Bras. That warrior was standing at the door, and eagerly inquired of Phirouz, the moment he arrived within call, if he had seen or heard any thing of Agatha.

'Nothing,' replied Phirouz, in evident alarm; 'but what hath chanced, Walter, that thou makest such inquiry?

'Shortly after we left the city this morning,' he replied, 'my wife, accompanied by several other matrons, went forth to seek for food beyond the walls. On their return, Agatha could no where be found: she hath caused inquiry to be made through the city; but no tidings of the maiden have yet reached us.'

It were vain to attempt to portray the agony and consternation which these words produced both on the lover and the brother. They had returned from the victorious field, enjoying in anticipation the delighted welcome they should receive from one so dear to both; and at the moment when they supposed they were about to quaff the rich draught of happiness, the cup was dashed rudely from their lips. The pressing entreaties of Walter that they would enter and take some refreshment after the labors of the day, fell unheeded on their ears, and the two young friends departed, to learn, if possible, some tidings of Agatha.

Bartoldo had been left for dead upon the field of Dorylæum. Being severely wounded, he had fainted from loss of blood. He first awoke to consciousness in a rude booth which some women of the camp had erected, and there his wounds had been dressed; but being unable to march with the rest of the troops, when Bohemond quitted the valley, the females kindly left a store of provisions for his use, supposing that in a few days he would have recovered sufficient strength to

follow the army. Agatha had heard of his death in the early part of the contest; and although she searched the field diligently for his dead body, during the few days that the army remained there, she had not thought of inquiring at the distant shed where he reposed, which indeed, from its situation, scarcely appeared to be connected with the camp. After his recovery, he fell in with a small band of Christians, who had escaped from Antioch in the early part of the siege. Their numbers gradually increased to about a hundred, and having chosen Bartoldo for their leader, he had conducted them toward Antioch, in the double hope of being enabled to give some aid to the famishing Christians besieged there, and of discovering his sister. It was the sudden arrival of his little company, which had so effectually raised the desponding spirits of the Crusaders in the late battle, and had turned the scale of victory in their favor, when it seemed to require little less than a miracle to release them from their perilous situation.

CHAPTER III.

THE PRISONER.

Above the western gate of Antioch rose two spacious towers. In one of these, furnished with all the luxuries of the day, sat a maiden, pale and dejected. Leaning her cheek upon her left hand, she gazed abstractedly from the lofty casement, while with the other hand she turned over mechanically the leaves of an illuminated missal which lay on the table beside her. The sound of an armed foot ascending the stone staircase, aroused her from her reverie. She started — her cheek for a moment became flushed — then a deadly paleness overspread her features — but firm and high resolve sat in her eye and on her lip; and ere the door of the apartment opened, her look had assumed a tolerable degree of composure, and her eyes, resting upon the pages of the volume she held, rose not, as a warrior of tall and commanding presence stood before her. He was in the prime of life, and might have been considered handsome, had not a low contracted forehead, and a small, restless eye bespoken meanness, avarice and cunning. He paused a moment, gazing on the maiden, who appeared as though utterly unconscious of his presence; then approaching the table by which she sat, he said:

'Still cold and unkind, fair one? I had hoped, after the dazzling offers which I yesternight made to thee, to find thee more complying, and to have met a warmer reception?'

The maiden replied not.

'Nay, proud maiden,' he continued, 'an thou be so sullen, and so blind to thine own interest, Raimond can woo in another key. Knowst thou that Phirouz is suspected of keeping up a communication with the enemy during the late siege, and that a word from my lips can raise him to the gibbet?'

For any thing but this, Agatha was prepared. She knew that Phirouz was guiltless of any treasonable intercourse with the camp of Kerboga; but she felt at the same time that there was sufficient ground on which his enemies might build an accusation, since for her sake he

had purchased food from the infidel during the famine. She saw at once all the horror of her situation, and stood for some time the very image of indecision and despair.

'Thy silence proves thee conscious of thy lover's treason,' at length continued Raimond.

'It is false!' replied Agatha, all the decision and spirit of her character recalled by the words: 'Phirouz is no traitor; nor dare thou, Count of Toulouse, accuse him of such charge. A sincere convert to our holy religion, he joined our ranks from a sense of duty, and the same sense of duty would keephim true to the cause which he has espoused. On what foundation rests the injurious accusation?'

'Kerboga's camp followers,' replied the chief, 'were seen beneath his tower. They supplied him with food during the famine, and he was heard, by the guards, conversing with them in the Moslem tongue. Methinks, maiden, thy lover stands in peril.'

'I confide in the justice of Heaven, and in the innocence of Phirouz,' replied she, after a pause. 'Let the guilty tremble — Agatha has no fears, either for herself or her betrothed. Accuse him, my lord, if such be thy pleasure; thou wilt gain nought but hatred from her who glories in his pure affection. She spurns at thy vain threats, and she despises *him* — noble though he be called — who could stoop to such meanness, and hope to accomplish his base purposes, by working upon the fears of a defenceless and orphaned maiden! But thou hast mistaken thy captive, my lord. This massive gate tower is yet too feeble a prison for a free spirit, and thou hast mercifully left with me the means by which I may escape.' She placed her hand, as she spoke, upon a poniard whose hilt gleamed with gems, which, with several other weapons, hung beside the casement. 'Agatha will fail not to use it, Sir Count, if need be — for although but a poor follower of the Christian camp, she has been preserved from its pollutions, and has learnt so to prize her honor and her fair fame, that she will die, rather than allow a stain to fall upon either.'

Raimond was disconcerted and abashed. He had indeed formed a wrong estimate of the character of his captive. On the morning of the sally, he had been left with his followers to guard the city; and on passing through the streets to take possession of the citadel, which had surrendered on beholding the forces of Kerboga flying before the Christian arms — he had met Agatha, and being struck with her great beauty, had secretly given directions to two of his attendants to cause her to be conveyed to the tower where she was still confined. Little suspecting the depth and nobleness of sentiment which were hidden in that fair and gentle form — for a life spent in camps had made him but ill acquainted with the brighter points of the female character — he had sought her on the previous evening, and endeavored, by appeals to her vanity and her ambition, to induce her to yield to his desires. Foiled in this attempt, he now hoped, by awakening her fears for the safety of her lover, to prevail upon her to purchase the life of Phirouz at the price of her own dishonor. This last resort, as we have seen, had also failed him; and he now stood uncertain what course to adopt; admiration of her noble nature inducing him to release her — his blind passions urging him to seek new measures for the accomplishment

of his object. Rousing himself at length from his reverie, he said hastily:

'This pride becomes not thy station, maiden, and it shall not avail thee. Raimond of Toulouse is not wont to let the quarry escape his hands which he has hunted down. Weigh well the alternative which I have offered thee, ere we meet again.' So saying, he abruptly withdrew.

The excitement, which had nerved her for the interview, had passed, and Agatha now sat before the table, her face buried in her hands; and tears, flowing fast and unrestrained, gave relief to her overcharged heart. Again she heard the bolts of her prison withdrawn, and half rose from her seat in alarm, lest her persecutor should again appear; but perceiving that it was Indelgurth, the dwarfish page of Raimond, bearing food, for which, although her failing strength required it, she felt little appetite, she again sank down to her former position.

Indelgurth, by birth a German, though not far beyond the age of boyhood, bore all the traces of mature years. His height was scarcely more than four feet; but his head might have been considered large upon the shoulders of a full grown man. His features were large, and, except his eye, which was occasionally lighted up with quickness and intelligence, wore a somewhat heavy and obtuse expression. For Agatha, during the two days that she had been an inmate of the tower, he had evinced a strong degree of interest; and the utter hopelessness of grief, which now weighed her down, strongly affected the not unbenevolent heart of the page, and, placing on the table the dishes which he bore, he said, with all the tenderness of which his harsh, creaking voice was capable:

'You are afflicted, lady; is there any way in which the poor Indelgurth may be enabled to alleviate your sorrows?'

The maiden raised her head, and looked at him for a moment, as if she doubted the truth of what she heard; but perceiving on the countenance of the page an expression which was in complete accordance with his words, she replied:

'Alas! kind page, thou little knowst how deeply Agatha needs a friend: art thou *indeed* willing to assist her?'

'Lady,' replied the page, 'Raimond claims my services, but he cannot command my affection. The poor dwarf is the butt at which, during the banquet, he aims the shafts of his wit — and, in secret, the arrows of his spleen. Thou art nearly the only one who has ever treated the despised Indelgurth with kindness.'

'Knowst thou Phirouz, the Armenian?'

'I should remember him, lady, for he found me during the famine lying in the street faint with hunger, and he gave me food, and spake kindly to me: and Indelgurth never forgets a kind word — for he hears but few.'

'How shall I reward thee, if thou wilt bear a message to him?'

'Call me thine own kind page, and I will brave the anger of Raimond — ay, or even the tortures of the famine, to do thy bidding.'

Agatha, amid all her sorrows, could scarce refrain from a smile, as the dwarf spoke, but replied, with becoming gravity, 'My own kind page, thou wilt be to me a most generous friend and benefactor, if thou wilt immediately seek out Phirouz. Give him this chain,' she conti-

nued, taking from her neck that which Bohemond had given her, 'he will instantly recognise it, and tell him that she who sends it is a prisoner in the tower of Raimond of Toulouse.'

'I will do thine errand, fair lady,' said the page, and immediately withdrew.

CHAPTER IV.

THE TRIAL.

We left Phirouz and Bartoldo setting forth on their search for Agatha. Almost all the principal streets in the city had been examined in vain by the two friends, but no tidings of the lost one could be obtained; and at length, yielding to the calls of hunger and weariness, they unwillingly retired for the night, promising to meet at daylight on the following morning in the porch of the church of St. Peter, thence to proceed again in their now almost hopeless inquiry.

The morning came — they met — they went forth; but night again fell, and they still had received no intelligence — no clue to guide them to their beloved Agatha.

Phirouz, almost driven to madness by this continued disappointment, raved and called down curses on the head of him, whosoever he might be, who had deprived him of his promised bride. Nor was Bartoldo less loud in his denunciations against the betrayer of his sister.

The dawn of the following morning saw them again setting forth upon their melancholy search, but they had not prosecuted their inquiries through many of the smaller streets, ere they were met by two soldiers of Raimond's guard, one of whom, placing his hand upon the arm of Phirouz, bade him follow to the court of the council, then sitting, to answer to a charge of treason.

Phirouz, already soured by his disappointment, was roused almost to frenzy by the unjust accusation, as well as by the interruption to his search which the trial would occasion, and refused to obey the summons; the soldiers, however, insisted that their orders were peremptory, and that they must resort to force, unless he chose to obey the mandate of their chief. Phirouz drew his sword, and would have slain the intruders, had he not been held back by Bartoldo; and at length, convinced by his arguments that obedience was his wiser course, he followed in sullen silence to the council.

As he passed up the long staircase, leading to the hall in which the council sat, between his two guards, Indelgurth sprang from the crowd, and making his way toward Phirouz, stood behind him and plucked his scarf. Phirouz turned and stooped to listen, and the dwarf, unseen by the guards, hastily whispered his message, and slipped the gold chain into the hands of the Armenian, who felt that nothing now remained for him but to await as calmly as possible the result of the trial.

The hall, which the chiefs of the crusade used for the discharge of the public business of the city and the army, was a spacious and not inelegant apartment. Its high arched roof was supported by clustered columns, of graceful proportions and of delicate finish. The light was received through long, narrow slits in the wall, somewhat resembling

loop-holes, save that they were finished at the top with lancet-shaped arches, highly ornamented. The floor of the upper end, for about one fourth of the whole length, was raised nearly a foot above the rest, and at the further extremity of this elevated floor, or *dais*, was erected a sort of throne, or chair of state, shaded by a gorgeous canopy. This was occupied by Godfrey as president of the council. The other leaders were ranged on either hand, on seats of less elaborate workmanship.

Phirouz was led by his guards to the verge of the raised platform, and stood silently, though impatiently, awaiting the commencement of the proceedings.

'Thou art accused,' said Godfrey at length, 'by the noble Raimond of Toulouse, of having held treasonable intercourse with the camp of the enemy, during the siege of the city.'

'My lord, I am innocent of such crime, unless perchance the Count of Toulouse charges me with delivering Antioch to the army of the Christians. If he mean *that* siege, and *that* intercourse with the enemy, I plead guilty. I am unconscious of any ground for a similar charge, on any other occasion.'

'We are not insensible,' replied Godfrey, 'of that good service, nor of thy gallant bearing in the late contest with Kerboga; and much do I grieve that the noble Raimond should have found cause to prefer a charge against one whose character has ever stood high in the army for every noble quality; and I trust that thine innocence may be made fully apparent. Raimond, Count of Toulouse, bring forward the evidence on which thy charge rests.'

Hugo and Peter, two soldiers, whose station during the siege had been in the tower of Phirouz, came forward, and deposed that they had on several occasions heard Phirouz conversing, from the loop-holes of his tower, with Moslems, under the wall, in the language of the East; and that they had brought provisions to him during the famine.

'My Lord of Toulouse,' asked Godfrey, 'hast thou any other witnesses to bring forward?'

'I have none other,' he replied, 'nor doth it appear to me that any farther evidence can be required. The fact of treasonable intercourse with the Moslem camp is made evident; and it appears, also, that the prisoner has received bribes from the enemy, in the shape of provisions — at the time, the most valuable that could have been offered.'

'Canst thou disprove the charge?' asked Godfrey, turning toward Phirouz.

The prisoner called forth one of the soldiers who had given evidence against him. 'Hugo,' he said, 'know you aught of the Moslem tongue?'

'I cannot converse in it.'

'How knowst thou then that I held *treasonable* intercourse with Kerboga's camp followers?'

'I said not so — I said I had heard thee conversing with them in the Moslem tongue.'

'Were they warriors or women who brought provisions to the tower?'

'There were none but women.'

'Received they any thing in exchange for what they brought?'

'Thou didst repay them gold for their provisions, methought well nigh weight for weight.'

'Did I attempt to conceal these transactions? Were the soldiers ordered from the walls while the women were present?'

'No.'

Peter was then examined, by Phirouz, in the same manner as his companion had been. His answers were nearly the same as those of Hugo.

'This wears not the aspect of treachery, my Lord of Toulouse,' said Godfrey; 'nevertheless it were well if some witness could be brought forward who could inform us of the conversation which took place between Phirouz and the camp followers of Kerboga — whether it were really treasonable or not. Is there none such who may appear, either for or against the prisoner?'

'There is!' said a harsh voice from the crowd, at the lower end of the hall; but none could see the person who had thus answered, until, after a short pause, the diminutive figure of Indelgurth was observed elbowing his way through the dense multitude; and in a few moments he stood before the council. Raimond was surprised, but not displeased at beholding his page approach, for he doubted not his testimony would be any thing but favorable toward the prisoner.

'What evidence hast thou to give?' asked Godfrey.

The dwarf appeared not to notice the question, but turning toward his master, said: 'Didst thou send me to the tower of Phirouz during the siege?'

'Yea, imp, I did,' replied Raimond, smiling.

'Most noble Godfrey,' continued the dwarf, 'two years a prisoner in the camp of Solyman, the language of the infidel became familiar to mine ear. I was in the tower of Phirouz whilst he was purchasing provisions from the female camp followers of Kerboga. No question was asked, no word spoken, such as a spy may ask, or a traitor speak. The food was drawn up into the tower — the gold was returned in the same basket, and the women departed, apparently well pleased with their traffic.'

'What think you, my lords,' asked Godfrey, 'is the prisoner guilty, or not?'

Raimond spoke not; but from every other lip in the council was returned the answer 'Not guilty!'

'And now, my lord,' said Phirouz, 'it is my turn to become the accuser. Prince of Tarentum,' he added, turning to Bohemond, 'Know you this chain?'

'I do,' replied Bohemond.

'She to whom you gave it, my lord, with the words 'a mark of admiration for the virtues which thou hast exhibited in the midst of licentiousness,' is now detained a prisoner in the tower of Raimond. I call upon you, most noble Godfrey, and ye other brave leaders of the holy enterprise in which we are engaged, to employ your authority to release that innocent maiden from the power of him who would sacrifice her fair fame to his licentious passions, and would heap obloquy, and reproach, and despair, upon the head of her lover and her brother — that brother who, two days since, came so providentially to our aid, when the Saracens pressed sore upon our shattered columns.'

'Count of Toulouse,' said Bohemond, rising, 'the maiden is under

my protection, and my knighthood's honor is pledged to befriend her whenever she may need assistance at my hands. As governor and lord of this city, I command thee, therefore, to cause Agatha instantly to be released, and I ask my brothers in arms to interpose their authority, to insure the fulfilment of the order.'

'We will see the command enforced,' was the unanimous reply to the appeal of Bohemond.

'Nay,' replied Raimond, endeavoring to conceal his rage and disappointment, 'if the maiden be an object of such deep solicitude to the individuals of this grave assembly, Raimond must perforce yield obedience to their wishes. Come hither, abortion!' he added, addressing Indelgurth, 'carry this signet ring to Bertram, and tell him it is Raimond's will that the prisoner be allowed to depart — and,' he continued, in a whisper, 'remember this is the last service thou ever performest for Raimond; let me never again set eyes upon thy hideous form!'

The dwarf withdrew, well pleased with his commission, and far from unhappy at his dismissal. Phirouz accompanied him, but finding that Indelgurth was unable to equal his own impetuous strides, he raised him in his arms — a mode of conveyance which the dwarf at any other time would have stoutly resisted — and in a few minutes was ascending the staircase which led to the prison of Agatha.

CHAPTER V.

THE CONCLUSION.

The maiden had augured but little from the message to Phirouz, for she scarcely hoped, even if the dwarf should succeed in finding him, that her lover could command assistance sufficient to snatch her from the hands of so powerful a noble as Raimond; and she was now sitting in the tower, almost without hope, and in momentary apprehension lest her persecutor should again appear, when a quick step upon the staircase met her ear. It was not the 'iron tread' of the athletic Raimond, nor the unequal footstep of Indelgurth, and no other approached her tower. Could it be Phirouz? Her heart leaped at the thought. She had but short time for speculation — the bolts withdrew — the door opened — and in the arms of her lover all her sorrows were forgotten.

'And now,' said Phirouz, after the first transport of joy at the almost unhoped-for recovery of his betrothed had in some measure subsided, 'fly from this hateful spot. At the house of Walter de Bras, I doubt me not, thou wilt meet with one whom thou scarce expectest to see.'

'Lady,' said the dwarf, throwing himself on his knees before her, 'thou hast already been kind to the poor Indelgurth; suffer him to go with thee.'

'Rise, my kind page,' said Agatha; 'in joy for my release, I had almost selfishly forgotten that it was by thy means that I have procured it. Would that I could reward thee for thy faithful service!'

'Thou canst, lady,' he replied; 'one word will secure to thee the devotion of my whole future life. I did but speak the truth at the trial of Phirouz, and Raimond hath dismissed me from his service: I rejoice at it, for perchance I may now indeed become thine own little page.'

'Thou shalt, my brave youth,' said Phirouz: 'Agatha, thou little knowst what a benefit he hath this day conferred on us, by giving a fearless testimony in my favor at the trial which has been held respecting my supposed intercourse with the camp of Kerboga.'

Agatha gave him her hand, and the dwarf kissed it with an expression of deep feeling and devotion. 'Come with us,' she said, as they moved toward the door; 'it becomes not indeed the humble Agatha to have a page at her bidding, but as a benefactor and a friend, thou mayest surely accompany us.'

As they passed along to the house of Walter de Bras, Phirouz with much address gradually unfolded to Agatha the joyful intelligence of her brother's safety, and his noble service in the late battle. They were soon at the dwelling of the knight, and the long-parted brother and sister — parted, as she had supposed, by death — were once more united. It is impossible to paint the happiness of that réunion, for every circumstance seemed to conspire to render it perfect; and the marriage of Phirouz and Agatha, which took place a few days afterward, graced by the unexpected presence of that once deeply lamented brother, had no cloud to dim its joy — no vacant seat at its feast, to bid memory sigh amid the festivity around.

My tale is well nigh told. Of the military events which followed, it is scarcely necessary to speak. Suffice it to say, that after a few months the Crusaders found themselves in possession of Jerusalem — the goal of all their hopes — the object for which that mighty armament had left the quiet homes of Europe. Bohemond soon after, leading his forces to repel an invasion of the Moslem, was defeated and taken prisoner, and remained two years in painful captivity. At the end of that period, the incessant exertions of his faithful follower and friend, Phirouz, procured his ransom; and, after residing some time in his principality of Antioch, he returned to Europe, accompanied by Phirouz, Agatha, Bartoldo, and Indelgurth. The latter found his parents, from whom he had been stolen by a lawless band of pilgrims as they passed through Germany to the Holy Land several years before. Phirouz and Agatha lived happily and long in seclusion and retirement, which they enjoyed with greater relish from the turmoil and suffering of their earlier years, unaffected and undisturbed by the mighty changes which were passing in the outer world. Their nearest neighbor was their brother Bartoldo, whose renown as a warrior had procured for him the hand of Laurentia, the daughter of a noble of inferior rank in Rome. Bohemond's great fame had preceded him, and he was received with the highest honors at every court which he visited, on his return to Europe. By the sovereign of France he was greeted with particular affection, and on his departure from that court, he was accompanied by the Princess Constantia, whose hand he had received in marriage shortly after his arrival. Cecilia, the younger sister of that princess, was bestowed upon the noble Tancred, and accompanied him to Antioch, the possession of which he held as viceroy of his cousin Bohemond.

J. H. C.

STANZAS

ACCOMPANYING A BRIDAL-WREATH OF FLOWERS TO A FRIEND.

While I these blushing flowers enwreath,
To bloom upon my Anna's brow,
Let me into their petals breathe
The thoughts that hover o'er me now;
They ask for blessings on that vow
Which she so shortly shall proclaim —
They ask that memory still allow
The force of early friendship's claim.

They ask that health, and love, and joy,
Shall wing with pure delight each hour;
That earth keep back the base alloy
With which 't is wont to tinge the dower
Of all who enter Hymen's bower:
That, like the leaves in which they're folded,
(For they are wrapped in each sweet flower,)
Her whole life's happiness be moulded.

But since we ofttimes ask in vain,
And fairest hopes are sometimes blighted:
Though love has power to soften pain,
Still his best vow is only plighted
With flame at human altar lighted:
Let us look up to that high power
Who in our good is aye delighted,
For succor in each trying hour.

Millvale, (N. Y.,) June 20, 1836. c.

THE ESCAPE: A TALE OF THE SEA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'JACK MARLINSPIKE'S YARN.'

'List ye landsmen all to me!'

The morning broke hazily upon the Atlantic, with a fresh breeze from the eastward, attended by frequent squalls of light rain. The sea had assumed that dead lead-color which always attests the absence of the sun; and a dark curtain of clouds, that were slowly heaving up to windward, threatened an interval of heavier weather before the close of the day. About an hundred miles from that part of the coast of South America situated between the Brazil shoals and Cape Frio, a large and beautiful ship was dashing along under a press of canvass. She had the wind abeam, and every thing that the weather would allow was packed on alow and aloft. On her quarter-deck a group, consisting of the passengers and officers of the ship, had collected to observe a strange sail, which, since daylight, had been discovered two or three points forward of the beam.

'Give me the glass,' said a stout, good-looking middle-aged man, whose countenance betrayed, or more properly indicated, a fondness for glasses, and whose authoritative tone at once christened him skipper. Taking the proffered instrument, he adjusted it at the proper focus, and commenced studying the stranger, whose hull, by the aid of the telescope, was but just visible, as she rose upon the crests of the waves.

'He's edging away for us,' muttered Captain Bangem; just got a pull of his weather braces; devilish suspicious-looking craft, too.'

'A guineaman, from the coast, perhaps,' said Skysail.

'The fellow thinks it's getting too black to windward for all his duck,' resumed the captain; 'he's reefing his foretopsail, and we must follow suit.'

'Passing the glass to a sailor at his elbow, he took up the trumpet, and looking at the mouth-piece for a moment, applied it to his lips, and gave the order to take in the studding-sails, royals, and flying-jib. When this movement had been executed, Bangem again thundered forth:

'Mant he top-gallant clew-lines — clear away the sheets — clew up — man the topsail reef-tackles and buntlines — clear away the bowlines; round in the braces — settle away the halliards — clew down, haul out the reef-tackles, and up the buntlines — trice up the booms — lay out, and take in the second reef!'

The ever-ready seamen sprang upon the yards, and extending themselves along either extremity, caught up and secured to the spar the canvass contained between the first and second reef-bands. When all three of the top-sails had been reefed, the yards were again mast-headed and trimmed, the top-gallant-sails sheeted home, and the Niagara once more freshened her speed through the water.

In the meantime, the stranger was fast coming down, and so rapidly had he overhauled the Niagara, that those on board of the latter were able to distinguish her build and rig with the naked eye. She was a long, low clipper-schooner, with spars that seemed much too taut and square for the little hull out of which they rose. Captain Bangem had been watching her for some moments with the utmost interest, when, turning to Skysail, he ordered him to hoist the ensign. 'Now,' said he, 'we 'll see what bunting the fellow wears. Ah, there it goes! — the stars and stripes.' A rolling billow of smoke rose from the bows of the schooner, and the report of a gun thundered along the breeze.

'Man the weather main-braces — clear away the bowlines — put the helm down — ease off the jib-sheet!' shouted Bangem; and in another moment the Niagara was lying to, with the main-topsail to the mast. The skipper again resumed the spy-glass; but scarcely had he raised it to his eye, when, relinquishing it to another, he seized the trumpet, and in a voice that betrayed unusual excitement, he sang out, 'Haul aft the jib-sheet! — hard up, hard up!'

'Hard up!' answered the man at the wheel, and the obedient ship fell rapidly off before the wind.

'Lay aft to the braces!' said Bangem; 'meet her now, boy.'

'She 's got the lee helm,' was the immediate reply. 'Steady as you go — steady so.'

'Steady so, Sir,' responded the steersman.

The sullen report of a gun told how the stranger had received this manuœvre; and when the smoke rolled off to leeward, the American ensign was no longer at his peak. Before the Niagara had been kept away, she was running along with the wind abeam; the stranger was on her weather-bow, and heading so as to near her at each moment, and eventually cut her off; but now the former had assumed the same position with regard to the wind as the latter, and both vessels were running with the breeze sharp on the quarter. There were but few ques-

tions asked on board of the Niagara: the unlooked-for deviation from her proper course, and the subsequent manœuvres of the schooner, at once told the real or suspected character of the vessel in chase; and the passengers gathered about the taffrail, regarding with a fearful silence the little object of their fears, that came down clambering and cutting the waves, like some hungry monster of the deep after its retreating pray.

'Gentlemen,' said Bangem, 'it would be superfluous for me to tell you the character of that vessel; you all know it, and you also know what mercy to expect, if we fall into their hands. A stern chase is a long chase, and as the Niagara sails better with the wind well aft, I have given her her fastest point: we are now heading for the coast of South America, and must keep out of his clutches as long as we can. If Providence does not send us deliverance in the mean time, why, it is even better to perish on the reefs, than die by the knives of yon butchers.'

Another gun from the pirate boomed over the water, but the shot fell harmless astern of the Niagara. 'Ay, blaze away, you vagabond!' muttered an old veteran, who was assisting in running out of a stern-port the only gun on board; 'every shot you heave, is four fathoms off your log.'

'If it were eight hours later, we might be able to give her the slip during the night,' said Bangem; 'but if we continue to move along at this rate, we shall be high and dry on the coast of Brazil before the sun goes down.'

Still the schooner kept overhauling the ship, but his advantage was not now as perceptible as before: every thing held out the prospect of a long chase; but so intently was the stranger bent on gaining her, that he sent aloft and set his light top-gallant-sail, although the wind was blowing a perfect gale, and shortly afterward men were seen on his topsail-yard, turning out the reefs. As soon as Bangem perceived this, he gave the order to turn both reefs out of the topsails, and get the starboard fore-topmast-studding-sail ready for setting. In a few moments, an additional quantity of canvass was spread along the booms of the Niagara, and the gallant vessel rushed like some wild leviathan through the rolling sea, dashing aside its angry waters, and leaving broad streaks of boiling foam behind.

'Give him a round shot, Skysail,' said Bangem; 'we must try and cripple him, or it 's all day with us.'

'Ay, ay, Sir,' muttered the tar, as he squinted along the sight, and elevated the gun for a long shot: the match was applied, and away sped the iron.'

'Well done, old 'un!' shouted Skysail, as the splinters flew from the bulwarks of the pirate.

'Try it again, my hearty!' continued Bangem: 'give him a stand of grape along with it, this time.'

The schooner yawed and fired, but again its shot fell harmless alongside of the chase.

'There go his stu'n'sail booms,' said the mate, as two delicate spars glided out, as if by magic, from either extremity of his topsail-yard, while in another moment a sheet of light canvass arose and was extended on either side of his bellying topsail. The pursuer had gained considerably on the pursued during the last half hour; and Bangem, who stood watching her progress with the eye of an eagle, now got

down from the horse-block, and gave the order to set the starboard lower and all the top-gallant-stu'n'sails. The seamen exchanged glances in amazement, but it was only for a moment; and the next beheld them spread in different parts of the rigging, making preparation to heap an additional pile of canvass upon the spars of the trembling ship. 'Haul taut, rig out, and hoist away!'—but scarcely had the halliards been belayed, when snap! went the booms of the top-gallant and yard of the lower studding-sail. 'Lower away—haul down!' shouted Bangem; 'make those sails up afresh, point the spare booms, and get them ready for setting again.'

The two vessels continued to fly rapidly toward the coast of Brazil, and the pirate still continued to gain on the chase, although he yawed and fired at an interval of every half hour. Had the Niagara hauled her wind on either tack, she would have soon become the prey of the schooner, as she sailed faster with the wind abeam. Bangem accordingly thought it much better to keep nearly before the breeze, as the pursuer would then have to deviate from his course to bring his guns to bear, and consequently deaden at intervals his advance, as an escape was now almost hopeless. The cutlasses and fire-arms were got up on the quarter-deck, and every preparation made by the passengers and crew of the vessel for a desperate defence. There were in all about twenty fighting men on board of the ship, and judging by the masses that blackened the schooner's deck, she must have had five times that number.

For two hours longer the chase was kept up, and at the expiration of that time, the pirate was within about three quarters of a mile. Bangem had drawn his men up, and exhorted them to stand by him like Americans in the approaching conflict, when he was interrupted by a heavy crash, and the mizzen-top-mast, top-gallant-mast, and all, went by the board.

'Axes and knives here!' shouted he, at the top of his voice: 'cut, men, cut!—stir yourselves, my livelies!—the villain is coming down like a race-horse.'

Instantly the lanyards and stays were severed, or carried away, the braces and bow-lines unrove, and the wreck floating far astern; but the speed of the Niagara was by this accident considerably lessened, and the schooner, perceiving her advantage, put down her helm, and threw a raking broadside among the rigging and spars of the unfortunate vessel. At this moment the cry of 'Breakers!' was heard from the forecastle, and an exclamation of horror burst from every lip—but one. There was death on every hand, and the forms that peopled the decks of the Niagara stood as mute as statues, enveloped in the silent stupor of despair.

'Where away?' asked Bangem; and the cool self-possession of that voice seemed to mock the dangers by which they were surrounded.

'Right ahead!' replied the look-out, 'and on both bows.'

'True,' mused the commander, bending his eye in the given direction; 'you may hear them roar above the howling of the wind and waves, even at this distance.'

'Shall I bring her by the wind, Sir?' asked the steersman.

'No!' was the stern and determined reply, and another volley of iron crashed among the spars of the Niagara. So eagerly had the pirate

pursued the chase, that the danger ahead remained to him undiscovered. The day was unusually dark and cloudy, and the smoke, rolling to leeward, perhaps screened the reef from his view. However, he saw it not, and now came rushing down upon the crippled ship, confident in his superiority.

'Ease the helm down!' said Bangem, keeping his eye steadily upon the pursuer; 'and now, men, do your duty!' The Niagara yawed, and the flying-jib-boom of the schooner burst through her bulwarks about the mizzen-chains.

'Lash him there, my lads!' shouted Bangem, in a voice that was heard above every thing beside; 'lash him there!—and if we perish, the blood-hounds shall keep us company. Hard up again!'

The obedient craft once more fell off before the wind, and rushed onward toward the breakers, that roared and foamed not more than a half mile in advance, dragging in her wake the light-built schooner, like some giant spirit of death, urging an ignobler being to the shades of darkness. A howl of frenzy, that broke from the deck of the corsair, told that they had for the first time become acquainted with the peril that awaited them; and twenty dark forms sprang out upon her bowsprit, armed with axes and knives, to free themselves from the hold of the ship.

'Now, my lads, give it to the blood-hounds!' shouted Bangem.

A volley was the reply, and every soul without the schooner's cutwater perished: as many more sprang to take their places, but again the fire from the Niagara's quarter-deck swept them away, like chaff before the wind of Heaven. In the meantime, both vessels were rushing madly toward the reef; they were not a hundred yards from the breakers, and both parties ceased hostilities, to gaze upon the foaming waters and iron rocks that in another moment threatened to dash them into eternity. Hope had left every bosom; the pirates no longer endeavored to separate themselves from the Niagara, but stood pale and trembling, waiting with horror to pay the last dark forfeit of their lives. Both vessels were now within the influence of the reef; the long, heavy rollers, in conjunction with the wind, were driving them rapidly upon the rocks, when the schooner's bowsprit, shrouds, bobstays, and all gave way; the liberated vessel swung round and struck, while the Niagara forged by the ledge, unscathed! The next billow dashed the pirate higher upon the reef, where she was hid from view by the roaring and foaming seas that broke over her devoted hull. The crash of her falling spars was then heard, and the shrieks and wails of the drowning wretches rose, for one moment, above the thunder of the surf; but it was only for a moment, and they were lost forever. When the Niagara passed the cluster of rocks upon which the schooner went to pieces, she was hurled along in the very centre of the principal reef, where the eddies and currents rendered her totally unmanageable. She no longer obeyed her helm, but drifted along a disabled thing, at the sport of the wind and waves, the sea roaring the while like thunder around her, and the spray breaking in dense masses over her.

There were ten minutes of appalling anxiety, during which every one expected to feel her strike against the rocks; yet for ten minutes more she continued to drift through them in safety. The centre and

principal ledge was passed, and she began to fall off before the wind. A beam of hope lighted up the countenance of Bangem. He sprang upon the bulwarks, and cast one quick, searching glance at the sea around him.

'Starboard a little!' cried he.

'Starboard a little,' answered the man at the wheel.

'Steady so, meet her.'

'Meet her it is, Sir,' was the reply.

For five minutes more she flew through the intricacies of the reef, without deviation.

'Port! port! — give her the port helm, quick!' shouted Bangem.

'She 's got it all, Sir!' was the response; and the gallant ship glided by the last rock that threatened her destruction, and passed safely into the still water between the reef and the main. R. B.

R. Burns

THE BREEZE IN THE DESERT.

THERE came a soft, low sound,
A gentle breathing, like a distant lute;
And a light air a moment sighed around,
And then again was mute.

'T was laden with the breath
Of Araby's light groves and sunny flowers;
It bore the scent of many a jasmine wreath,
And of fair summer bowers.

And o'er the desert vast
Went the light murmurs of the cooling wind,
And fanned the burning sands; and as it passed,
Left hope and health behind!

And to the lonely band
Of wearied travelers who wandered there,
What tidings of another, fresher land,
Bore that sweet air!

Oh! on its lightsome wing
Came the loved memory of many a spot —
The bright green pasture, and the bubbling spring,
And the flower-mantled cot!

Tales of their pleasant home,
And those most dear, were whispered by the breeze;
And in its gentle murmurs seemed to come
Greetings of love and these.

They felt the sweet wind blow,
And every breast was bared to take its part,
As if they wished its blessed truth to go
Into the very heart!

And even so, when we
Are wandering through life's barren wilderness,
When not a spot of verdure we can see,
Or aught our way to bless;

Come promises of love
And mercy, to our fainting spirits given,
Reminding us of brighter worlds above —
Breathing of hope and Heaven! M. A. B.

FAMILIAR SKETCHES OF LIFE IN FLORIDA.

BY 'ORION.'

TRAVELLING alone one day through the pine barrens, near the centre of the upper part of the peninsula, I was suddenly surprised by the sight of a house. When I inform the reader that I have journeyed twenty hours out of the twenty-four, without seeing any signs of the handy-work of man, save a wolf-trap, made like a small log-house, the word 'surprised' will not seem inappropriate. Wondering, then, at the sight of a dwelling, I asked a half-grown negro boy where I was, and how I was to find the right trail, since I had found all alike equally 'blazed?'—'Blazed,' means marked, by cutting off a flat chip from the bark of pine or other trees, at intervals, so as to leave a plain spot, about as high as a man's head from the ground. These 'blazings' are the guide-boards and mile-stones of the wild woods. In answer to my question, the negro boy informed me, that 'the marked trees showed that the trail led somewhere.' An incident like this will afford an idea of the nature of the country, so far as the convenience of the traveler is concerned. By the boy's reply, it might be inferred that one is in danger of getting *no where*— and that is half true — no where where one might wish to be. The marks, then, are a great convenience. You are sure, in following them into the thickest swamp, or stream, that you have a fair chance of emerging again, which is no small consolation to a traveler. One day, disregarding this hint, I thought to be 'wise above what was written,' and went down the banks of a stream to find a crossing-place that might suit me better than the old track, which possibly had been used since the commencement of the Chinese records of eclipses; but like all innovators, I brought reproach upon myself, even from my horse, who was very unwilling to try any new projects. By dint of spurring, however, he took the leap — for the bank was perpendicular there — and the stream being very narrow, he stood still and looked at me, as much as to say: 'You would try a new plan, and here we are, swamped; for how am I to climb the steep bank opposite?' I turned my eye instinctively for a rail or two to help him out, for his head and my body only were visible above water; but there was nothing like a rail or a rope within twenty miles. I had no idea the water was so deep, and it really seemed a desperate case; but as I never had been stopped, I concluded, with young Rapid, that it was best to 'keep moving,' and so I drove a pair of cruel spurs full into his flanks, on both sides at once. He sprang as if he had been shot, and clambered up the side of the creek, as if he depended more on nails in his toes, than his hoofs, and thus he broke down the bank sufficiently to enable him to rise, and out we came, dripping. But when out, it was no easy task to make head-way; the palmettos were so crossed, that it required all the animal's strength to force himself through. So much for leaving the good old way.

To do justice, however, to new paths: I knew of a more complete plunge having been taken by one who was a guide to General Jackson when he was in that territory. The trail, in his case, led through a pond which he had forded in times of yore; but, as he said, the bottoms

have a 'mighty chance of quick-sand, and sometimes they have holes, where it was good crossing in times past.' But allow me to relate his mishap in the order I heard it. 'Mr. W——,' said I, 'how is it that you arrived at the end of your stage at the time you did? You must have 'camped out' every night, or made some very short or very long days' journeys?

'Oh no,' said he, 'I stopped only a few hours yesterday, to dry my clothes and papers.'

'Why, there has been no rain within a day or two: how came your clothes and papers wet?'

'The channel had shifted.'

'What channel?'

'Oh, I came on the southernmost trail.'

'Well, did you lose your way?'

'No, I knew the way; but the bottom was uncertain, and so I dismounted, and tied my clothes and papers on my head, and led my horse, as I thought he might stumble, and plunge me head-foremost, before I could know it. But I stepped off a bar myself, and went down over my head, and this compelled me to stop and build a fire; luckily, my tinder-box was water-tight.'

This seemed to be such a matter of course to a traveler like him, that unless I had thus cross-questioned him, he would probably never have said a word of the accident; and yet he had never been disgusted with the life of an Indian. He had married a Seminole woman, and had a large family of children. He was a man of strong mental powers, and his life seems to prove the truth of Shakspeare's observation, that 'Nothing's either good or bad, but thinking makes it so.' Thinking Florida too small for him, he has removed to Red River.

Among the *désagrémens* of land travelling in the territory, is the necessity you are sometimes under of walking long distances, through sand and mud alternately, when your horse gives out, as most horses are apt to do in summer. Another is, the poor fare one meets with in some of the log houses. What is very good to some, is very lean living to others. I cannot eat corn bread, as it is usually made, and there was no wheat or rye to be seen in the interior. I did not like to seem superior to friends, who were all extremely hospitable, or I should have drawn upon my knapsack for all my sustenance. In truth, I have found it the greatest trial I have met with, to refuse to eat and drink. A huge land-turtle, called a 'gopher,' once well nigh killed me — not by biting me, but by my biting him. I was near a log-house, and the owner — one of the most noble-hearted men I ever saw — invited me, with a blush, to go in and dine with him. I could not refuse without saying, apparently, 'No, you have nothing good enough for me to eat;' for it was the dining hour, and I should have been obliged to go some distance to reach my own camp. I therefore went in. I might have done well enough, but for a young man who was in company with me at the time. He could not, or would not, restrain the exercise of his risible propensity at what he saw. This was neither more nor less than the said great land-turtle, occupying the centre of the table — a piece of rustic furniture, made so high that the little ones could reach nothing on it until they had the good sense not to break 'china, glass, and earthenware' — a sample of each of the varieties of

which — excepting perhaps china — might be seen, but no great profusion of either. The chairs and benches were of every height, suitable for children of all ages; and while they brought the knees of one of the company up to an even elevation with the table, they brought down a short man's chin to the same level; on the whole, it must be confessed we made a rather ludicrous family group. My companion would laugh, in spite of all my grave looks, and it was to cover his ill manners, that I well nigh killed myself by eating, like an alderman, of the turtle, and half-cooked Indian bread.

The mode of living in the woods alone, as the scattering pioneers of the forest do, is calculated to cure any man — who sees, and for a while partakes in it — of all repinings as to the conveniences of life. I was out one night in a boat, with a white man and negro, when a north-easter came on, making it very chilly, after a hot day. Not having been ashore at this place before, although it has a name in the maps of the country, I thought we might at least find lodgings secure from the cold rain and wind; so, on shore we went, about eleven o'clock. A path from the water showed the way to a house. All was dark; but I knocked without hesitation, and demanded admittance, according to the custom of this hospitable country. There was no reply for some time. I gave a louder summons; when at length a female voice called out, in an agony of terror, 'Who 's there!' I told her the state of the case, in a kind tone, and that there was no necessity to be alarmed. But the only reply I could obtain was, 'For God's sake, go away!' 'Well, I will go,' I replied, 'but where shall I go to? Is there any other house about here?' 'Yes,' she answered; 'there is Tom's, the negro's.' Taking pity on her terror — for she was 'a lone woman' at the time, her brother being away — we went to look for Tom's house, and at length found a hut, surrounded by a ditch to carry off the water, and inside we discovered a negro, of about forty-five, with one blanket, and some fence-posts for a bed, and these were laid before the fire, which had burned down. The fire-place and chimney were of wood; the sides of the hut of round pine poles, between which a crow might fly, almost without touching; but the roof was tight, and the back part of the hut had a floor of split clap-boards. This, with the deserted nymph's, was the only house in the *town*, and these had just been built. On the floor of this hut the white man and myself laid down to sleep, and in the morning, without dreaming, I could truly say, 'Oh! I have passed a miserable night.' The negro I had with me preferred to pluck some palmetto leaves, to cover him from the rain, and build a fire on the leeward side of a large log. Thus, by lying between the fire and the log, he contrived to sleep very comfortably. We might have done much better on board of the boat, but the sun had warped the part which had been decked over, so that the rain came through.

In the morning we could not go away without partaking of the hospitality of our timid hostess. We had rye coffee and hominy for breakfast. My companion looked with significant eyes at a large musket in the corner, as much as to say, 'Had we attempted to rob this house, we should have got the contents of that gun.' Replying to his wit, in his own way, I cautioned him not to attempt to impress a chaste salute on her fair cheek at parting, or she would soon prove his gallant essay a *blunder-buss*. But he was a modest bachelor, as well as myself, and

so we took our leave, 'much obliged' for our kind entertainment. Our negro cook, however, had to call immediately on our well-stored provision-box, and never did the difference in my feelings convince me of the difference between the various modes of living adopted by man. Although not solicitous about 'what I shall eat, or what I shall drink, or wherewithal I shall be clothed,' when there is a good cook in the kitchen, a good market, a dry house, and comfortable clothing at command, yet when all these are absent, the contrast tries one's piety severely.

On another occasion, I stopped at a house where I found the father almost delirious with a high bilious fever; the mother as yellow as gold, and afflicted with a raging tooth-ache; while at the same time a wailing infant, puny and sickly, hung at her breast — a daughter of about thirteen, shaking with the ague, and reduced to a skeleton — and a son near four years of age, in spasms, with eyes fixed, and hands clenched, and moaning piteously. His extremities were cold; and his mother was obliged to hush her infant as well as she could, while she stitched a shroud for her husband's pride, and hope, and joy. Here was misery! There was no physician within thirty-five miles, and the fee for a visit was from thirty to fifty dollars. We did what common humanity dictated, and by good fortune, a smattering in medicine, and the strength of their constitutions, they were all raised up again. But even at this time the cloven foot of Mammon came, and increased their miseries. All their cattle, and their only horse, were taken, by order of a certain land-speculator, for debt, and they were left helpless and destitute of the means of cultivating the ground, even when health permitted. He was a noble-hearted man who was thus afflicted, and his gratitude was boundless for the small services we were enabled to render. One individual gave him his horse, and a friend, now sleeping in the sands of Florida, whose name should descend to posterity in company with the philanthropists and philosophers of the age, took all the pains possible, although ill himself, to send medicines and advice; but it appeared impossible to procure a regular physician. The delicacy of none can be hurt by mentioning his name. It was Col. John L. Lewis, the scholar, the man of science, the gentleman, and philanthropist. He died on the banks of the St. Johns River, discouraged by the vices and follies of men, and only asking to be attended by an unsophisticated Indian youth. I could not, however, obtain the consent of the chief to allow any to go, although he wrote to me frequently on the subject, and I did all I could to persuade them. The boys would have gone willingly, but more than their consent was wanting. The chiefs did not wish to have their minds vitiated by the teaching of any white man with whom they were unacquainted. Whatever I had to say to them in favor of the arts, sciences, or literature, they heard with interest and pleasure, and often amused me very much.

Wishing, on one occasion, to give them an idea of writing, I took a piece of chalk and wrote in large Roman characters the name of one of their chiefs, and then spelled it to them, so that they could perceive the signs of sounds in the letters, and how to combine them. They took all the interest that intelligent minds might be supposed to feel in the subject, and did not show the least mark of stupidity — which some

think is evinced in their steady refusal to admit school-masters among them. I showed them maps, also, and made them acquainted with simple facts in astronomy, all of which subjects excited their interest greatly. I then asked if any were willing to go with me in a '*pickla chokoo*' — a large vessel — to my home over the sea; a number expressed themselves anxious to go immediately. Their wonder at the facts I related, was very amusing. Having taken care to speak the truth to them always, when I looked serious, they never doubted my word; but in jest, and laughingly, I would say any thing that might make sport. Their English language was very poor on such occasions, and they showed themselves real disciples of Mrs. Opie, who, I believe, makes out a false curl to be a practical falsehood. For instance, I showed them a print of two views of a Parisian fashion, which happened to be among my books, and told them they were my two wives, smiling, however, at the time. They took the print and went to inquire of a young man with me, if I were married, and he told them no. They then came back to me, and in the most polite manner imaginable, touching me on the shoulder two or three times, with a very patronizing air, and in a kind of half-whispering voice, said, 'Lie too much, lie too much;' '*Ole waak*,' (very bad.) At another time, I had the same reply for showing them some very bright pewter bullets, and telling them I shot money-bullets. They showed me knives, with pewter around the handles, and scratched them, to convince me they knew the difference between silver and pewter, and they replied in the same manner. But I took good care not to deceive them, seriously, at any time, or leave them in error on any point.

The horror one of them exhibited in his countenance, when I explained to him the meaning of an English oath — for this is the first English they learn, as being the white man's mark of authority — was excessive. In half English and half Indian he cursed his soul to eternity, if he would not do something or other. 'Charley,' said I, taking his hand, 'do you know what is meant, when you speak as you did just now?' He said no. I told him it was begging the Great Spirit to take him after he died, and cast him into a burning pond, to lie there forever and ever. I observed his countenance exhibited every mark of terror and horror, and he continued to utter exclamation after exclamation, as though he felt the full force of a terrible thought. It was good for him, for if the words have meaning, they are bad; and if not, they are still bad, and very inelegant, even in a wild man. They show the first mark of civilization. Of themselves, they have no such oaths. It 'takes a white man' to 'deal damnation round the land,' from his camp, his deck, or his 'tabernacle.'

But speaking of the Indian's idea of writing: I intended to show what a strange notion they at first had on the subject. After writing their chief's name, they counted the letters in it, and then asked me to write their names, which were counted in like manner, and as the chief seemed to have a pretty long name, they were proud in proportion to the number of letters each could boast of. Some letters, or one in particular, they never could enunciate. R they called L. At this I would sometimes laugh. To be even with me, they then gave the war-whoop, and asked me to sound that. The argument was cogent and irresistible! Their numbers, in rotation, are divided decimally, and the terms by

which they express any number of tens are formed as ours are, but with the Arabic figures they are unacquainted, and their numbers are set down simply by simple marks for units; I meaning one, and IIII four, and so on until ten is arrived at, and this is expressed by X. They then set down X-es in like manner, until they make a hundred and more, and they can thus keep accounts of some thousands. One rogue of a petty chief, wishing to appear great to his people, and not knowing how to calculate a rather difficult little problem in the rule of three, a white acquaintance was secretly asked what it would amount to. He was told — and to work he went, and filled a piece of bark with marks, seeming the while to be deeply engaged in a profound problem. After a little, out he came with the answer. It was pronounced correct, to the great gratification of his clan, who said very plainly, by their actions and looks, to the white man who told the chief: 'It is of no use for your race to try to cheat ours, for you see we have men who can calculate, as well as you.'

In general, the chiefs are truly faithful and affectionate to their followers, and careful that they do not fall into trouble. I have seen Co-e-ha-jo, in particular, with his heart almost bursting, as he viewed the poor remnant of his tribe. He seemed to regard them as children, and they felt for him as if he were their affectionate father. They were sent out at a particular time to bring in all stragglers, by order of the Indian agent; they felt this as an indignity, and were with difficulty restrained from committing serious violence upon any white men they imagined accessary. This they thought to be the case with a young man who was with me; and one loaded his rifle to shoot him. But Co-e-ha-jo, overhearing what was going on, went to the Indian and wrested his rifle out of his hand, and told the person who had excited their anger, to make himself invisible as soon as possible. He followed the advice with no small or mincing steps, and without saying a word to me, although I did not remark the meaning of the debate, or particularly notice any thing but his abrupt departure. I had no idea of danger, excepting from their random shots, as they were firing at various marks. I believe my faith often saved me. To the bad ones who wandered between the whites and reds, I showed how I could shoot a rifle with the best of them; and when they attempted to work upon my fears, I only defied them. But there were very few indeed from whom any thing evil was to be apprehended. I was asked one day, by a borderman, what I would do were I to be attacked by him. I told him perhaps I would give him a rifle, perhaps buck-shot. 'Suppose I give you my knife — what then?' said he. 'Why,' said I, 'I should just spring aside, and then give you my pistol.' He thus found it would have been just as likely for him to be hurt as myself; and to convince him fully, I raised my rifle, and shot off the head of a small bird that happened to alight some thirty or forty yards from the place where we were holding our friendly chat. He then looked as black as a negro, while another more honorable fellow near by, observed, 'Very good powder!' (for it threw the ball up a little above the body of the bird,) 'very good rifle! very good shot!' He had no evil thoughts, and was not too jealous to praise.

In firing at a mark with them, it was very amusing to see the interest they took, although they were very cool, and generally skilful; but

their rifles were as old as I ever saw, and not as good as those now made. The chiefs had good pieces, and shot with great precision; but the common men had not generally much to boast over me, and when they happened to beat me, they would clasp one arm around my waist, and march up from the mark, shouting with unaffected delight, saying, I must make them a capital present for being beaten, although I had made no wager with them. But it requires no great excuse for an Indian to demand a present of you. They appear to lack delicacy on this point. Whether they give as freely as they desire to receive, I know not; but they appeared to be very hospitable, in offering food and honey to their friends when they met.

The abhorrence of the Indian in regard to labor, does not seem to arise so much from indolence as pride. One was employed on the place where I resided for some time, and he earned enough to buy a handsome rifle, which, when he had secured, he could not but show, with a degree of pride, to his friends. But one of them replied he had obtained it by 'becoming a negro to a white man.' This was too much; he thought a moment, and then deliberately shot down his enemy, and turned and fled. But the mark of Cain was then on him. He doubled and turned in the swamp, and for a time escaped. He travelled night and day to a white man's house, with the owner of which he exchanged his rifle for a shot-gun, and bought buck-shot, as being a more certain defence for one against several opponents. But no man was ever more miserable than this guilty murderer. He knew the law, and that he must certainly die, if ever he returned to his tribe. In every rustling leaf he looked for his executioner; and truly he died a thousand deaths in fearing one. He became nervous, and his eyes glaring and restless: he left the territory, and wandered north among white men; but no rest could he find. After being thus an exile for a year or two, he came back, delivered himself up, and was executed. So it always happens. No bribe can expiate blood. They may take the money; but the murderer dies notwithstanding, and it is folly for any man to remain in the territory, after having, by any accident, been the cause of an Indian's death. I knew a Spaniard, who, by an unlucky blow, cut an artery in an Indian's forehead. He at once saddled his horse, and waited to see if he would bleed to death. The Indian, finding the bandages would not stop the blood from flowing, tore them off in a rage, and glared upon his enemy, as much as to say, 'I will die, and *you* also shall die.' But after an astonishing flow of blood, he lay down, and by some means or other it stopped: he recovered, and the Spaniard remains secure until now — if not lately killed, which is altogether likely — for many blows have they patiently received from the hands of white men, without uttering a a word, or exhibiting a mark of pain. It is wonderful how, with their high, proud natures, they have borne the indignities that have been heaped on them so long. But they have not forgotten any thing. They are fighting the battles now, which they told me several years ago they intended to fight. They said they would 'have a little bit of a fight with the white men some time,' and I only wonder they have forborne so long.

Wishing one day to see new regions, I took a Seminole Indian — who loved 'the flesh pots of Egypt,' and lingered around me for several months — and with a negro, who had been brought up or 'raised' by

the Indians, and in a fine gig-boat, started up the St. John's river, on an exploring expedition. There were Rolls Town, and Volucia, and other notable places and roads on the map, leading hither and thither. I desired to see the glories of their great places — Rolls Town, especially — but more particularly a mill-site, which I learned was situated above, with abundance of valuable yellow pine timber about it — for even 'Orson' looks to windward for squalls, sometimes, and would fain keep Plutus in a good humor with him.

Rolls Town I reached: not a soul was there! I knew before, however, that the glories of the place had departed. The bright eyes of the dwellers were laid low; where they had been, they were not, and of their mansions, not a wreck remained behind! How very affecting! No arm of any knight of chivalry had afforded them protection; they were not knights themselves, but all, without exception, were women, sent to this far elysium by the British government in days of yore, of course for their good behavior. But these angels had all departed for another, and as we hope, happier sphere. It was a strange notion that, in the British, to think of founding a colony of women alone. Certainly they could not have wished them to die, or they might have issued a law making it death to talk, or adopted some other method of killing them, without the trouble of sending them three thousand miles from home, to live and die alone. The town stood upon a bluff, some eight or ten feet high, when it did stand, whereas the banks of the river generally are almost level with the water's edge, and lined with 'bonnets,' as they are called there; and they are so numerous at the mouth of every creek, that it is troublesome to row a boat through them. While doing so, you may see them here and there shaking as if struck — as in fact they are — by various kinds of fish startled from their hiding places, and running against their stems, as they grow in the water, to the depth of three or four feet, and rest their broad leaves on the surface, covering it with green. They love also to grow in the ponds made by the sinking of the uplands. I have seen acres and acres of them in Alachua. Among them are plenty of alligators; and to load and fire into their eyes, is the best amusement of the voyage. They make a most astonishing stroke with their tails, when you hit them fairly, as a good rifleman does not often fail to do, especially when he finds them sleeping high and dry out of water. Then just in the soft skin, back of the arm — for their fore-legs are just like black arms — you may drive the ball through the heart. With this amusement, and an occasional shot at a duck, we continued to ascend the river with some velocity, for our boat was very light and sharp. Toward night, however, our Seminole — who had the reputation of having killed a negro near where we then were, a year or two before, and thrown him overboard, for having insulted him — began to be very much fatigued, and at every stroke of the oar, would keep time with its motions, by singing, 'He'p poor me!' — 'he'p poor me!' Having done nothing myself all day, and knowing that in dealing with an Indian there is a time to unbend, as well as a time to enforce, your authority, I took his oar, and installed him in the stern as captain. Never was a man more happy at a trifle. Before that, however, if he heard a noise which he thought betokened the approach of a canoe, he would throw on his calico robe, and assume a dignified sweep with his oar; but when no other eyes

but our own were within sight, he 'gave way' with all his force. Now he did not happen to meet any of his tribe, but all fear of that was gone; and beside, he was at rest, and captain, and his countenance bespoke unalloyed pleasure. With a little indulgence like this, even the most unruly may be managed with safety. I slept on the ground at night within a few feet of him, and far away from any settlement, only taking care to place my rifle and hatchet under my head, and watching to see that he went to sleep quietly, for I knew he wanted a rifle, and mine was one to be coveted by any Indian.

On reaching our place of destination, we drove the boat into the creek, and the number of fish we frightened up the stream before us, was a sight which would have made any sportsman's heart leap for joy. What kinds of fish they were, I do not know, so as to describe them ichthyologically. They looked as if they might average about a pound weight each, and were called trout by the negro — but I never ate any thing from the St. John's river, like the fish we term trout at the North. Notwithstanding, there are various kinds of excellent fish there, except during the latter part of the summer, when they all taste like old decayed logs and mud. The water of the river becomes so warm, that I wonder how they live at all. In fact, I have seen thousands of dead cat-fish floating down the river, killed, I have no doubt, by the heat of the water, or gasses generated in the mud; for on drawing up an anchor in the river, in the latter part of summer, gasses arise, the same as in our slips. I have often found the water painfully hot to my feet, near the shore, where it was not deep.

The Indians have a curious way of catching fish. They shoot them with a bow and arrow. In this manner I have known an Indian boy I kept with me several months, go out and shoot in half an hour as many as he could carry on a string in his hand. They also take some white hair, from a buck's tail, and tie them with a few red threads over a large hook, and while one softly paddles the canoe, another, with this rude fly, takes his stand with a very stout pole, and a line about four or five feet long, in the bow, and thus they take abundance of the above-mentioned miscalled trout.

The Spaniards and other whites have another mode, which I have never seen adopted at the North, although there is no place in the world where it is more suitable than at Rockaway, at low tide. They have a circular net, of ten or twelve feet diameter, which they throw with much art, so that it spreads wide open as it flies, and having leads all around the periphery, all the fish that are under it are enclosed, and then the cord, which is retained in the hand, is drawn, which purses all the leads together — for the main cord is attached to a number of smaller lines, which run through a ring in the centre of the net. The fish then hang in a bag; and sometimes a half a bushel are caught at a single throw. The night is the proper time to practice this sport. In Florida, millions of mullet and other fish are thus secured. But the best fish of all, is that which is called the 'red fish' by the Indians, and bass by the whites. It has much the appearance of our streaked bass, but it has three or four black spots, as large as a finger nail, on its tail, and it is red where the bass is white. Otherwise, it is precisely like a northern bass, and is a most delicious fish. It shows, when open, rolls of the sweetest and most delicate white fat that I

ever tasted. In angling, they make the finest sport of almost any fish, for they take hold of the bait boldly, and run with long sweeps, without those stubborn little jerks made by the black fish. Sometimes you have your match to bring them in, for they grow to the same size as our largest bass, and indeed they *are* a species of bass. The bait used is crabs. Cat-fish are very numerous, and grow uncommonly large, but I never ate any. They were not thought better than alligator flesh by our cook. In fact, the flesh of the alligator is often eaten, and is like a semi-transparent fish, and the fat is as white as milk. One would not expect to find such beautiful flesh under their bony coats of mail.

Speaking of alligators, reminds me of a difficulty in which a native, perhaps not very sober at the time, got himself entangled withal, near where we stopped one night to sleep, just below Lake George. He saw an alligator asleep on the bank of the river, and his evil spirit tempted him to try to catch him alive; so he paddled up very softly, and slipped a noose over the rough, jagged tail of Satan's representative, the other end being fast to the staple in the bow of his canoe. He had no sooner performed this exploit than he backed up, and by a jerk, gave the old gentleman a hint that he was there, and that they might as well be moving. Although the alligator sleeps rather soundly, he does not require many rollings or halloas to awaken him, after his eyes are once open, so as to see danger, but he makes the best of his way back to deep water, tumbling and blundering forward any how, if he can only set his claws in the muddy bottom of the river. So with our game. The 'cracker' soon discovered that he had caught a Tartar; and when he found the rate at which he was going, he began heartily to wish that he was loose again; for the alligator towed him — any where but where he wished to go — like mad. And worse than all, he had no knife with him to cut the fellow loose, and the rope was knotted hard, and so tightly drawn through the staple, that he could not untie it. Thus he was dragged out into the lake, and back again under the overhanging branches of the trees, which scraped and scratched him as badly as an Indian boy just bled by his mother — who, be it understood, fastens two or more sharp fish-teeth through a piece of wood, like a carpenter's scribe, and thus scores her sick child, when he wants bleeding — not a very mild method by the way; but our hero had a sample of it, for go he must, under scraggy live-oak limbs, as well as any others he might encounter. He was towed thus all day, until he was sober, and his tormentor came to the conclusion that it was not best to tire himself to death. Indeed, there is hardly an animal or reptile more tenacious of life than the very one that was thus taking the poor 'cracker' a-sailing. He did not know what to do — but at last he did that, which, if thought of earlier, would have rid him of all trouble from excess of spirit. He broke his bottle; and then began to saw the rope off with the sharp edges of the glass. At length he got loose, and paddled home, *minus* his rope and bottle, and *plus* a good long tow, and a few spare scratches. I was very anxious, myself, to have one of these horses tow me, but I should not have given him his own way in that manner, but would have had a ring in his nose, and reins; for I do not see why an alligator, or shark, or porpoise, should not be set to work as well as a horse or mule. I got a rope in the mouth of one fellow of about fourteen feet

length, one day, but he broke the line, and escaped. I also sat large traps, like rat-traps, which have a door to fall when the vermin are in, but they would not go in! If they had, I should have had a good story to tell, and many a good ride. It would be better than steam for a small boat, and they might be fed and kept as well as a horse; and as to the reasonableness of the thing, it is better to drive alligators or sharks, than to be driven by them, (humanly speaking,) as ninety-nine hundredths of mankind at present are by their fellow beings.

But let us go up our mill-stream, of which we are in search. Gentle reader, we were on as much of a wild-goose-chase as ever the first explorers of the country were, when they went to look for the spring which was to give them everlasting life. But we were confidently told of a spring which gushed forth volumes of water, sufficient for any purpose; and it was none of my fault that it was not to be found; for after driving the boat up the stream as far as she would float, we tied her to a tree, and took the side of the stream; but the under-brush was so thick, we were obliged to take the stream again, and wade up it. Here it was very bad travelling, for my shoes would not stay well on, and when I took them off to carry them, all sorts of sharp snags ran into my feet. Beside, in some places the stream had no secure bottom, but shook like a jelly, and I did not like to venture; but as my Indian did not seem to care, I sent him ahead. In this manner we waded, until I became sick of the sport, since no novelty arose, and the banks continued flat; but we pushed forward, notwithstanding, until at last we reached a red-brown, *livery* mass of mud, into which the Seminole sank almost to his arm-pits; and as he was going down, he stretched up his arms over his head, and laughed out-right, as if it were the pleasantest thing in the world. Now there is hardly a man in existence who has not his superstitious or foolish notions; and I believe there is no way by which one can quit this world, more disagreeable, than that of sinking down, and being smothered in soft mud. To drown in clear water, with your eyes wide open, is not so bad that it might not be worse; but to be smothered in the mud! — I have had a superstitious horror of *that*, ever since I wandered in the swamps in childhood, and knew not but I should sink down to the centre of the earth. I told the Indian to paddle himself out of the mire, for I should go no farther: he did so, and we returned — and glad enough was I to get once more into the stern of the boat.

After passing Lake George, there is nothing to be seen, more than below, and with the exception of two or three points, there is nothing worth mentioning. It is a low, sunken country, half under water, and during the summer, especially, too sickly for a frog to live in.

It was just above Lake George, at Volucia, as I am informed, that John Hicks, the friendly chief of the Seminoles, was shot, for showing his determination to move west of the Mississippi. He brought up his cattle to sell to a trader stationed there, and was forced to disperse them again; but again he brought them up, when Oseola, and several more, levelled their rifles, and shot him down. The civil native I took with me to row the boat, informed me, that at that time they had determined not to remove, without having a 'little bit of fight first.' This fellow used to say of himself, 'Me very good Indian — me Seminoly Indian' — but he was 'nothing great,' after all. I used to try to learn

his religious sentiments, as we travelled about together, but I could not discover that he had any. All he cared for, was to be well fed; and when he left me, after a few months, I could lay hold of a handful of fat on his body, and his cheeks were twice as large as when he came.

The quantity an Indian can eat, or the little he can subsist on, is a matter of wonder. I will not relate an exploit of my Seminole in this respect, for I fear my word might be doubted. When they travel, a string of dried venison, or bear's flesh, like a row of monstrous beads, is hung about their necks; this does not seem to diminish fast; but when they stop, and have enough, they make the most ample amends — and such back-loads of cat-fish as a few of them will devour, is enough to make the greatest gormandizer that ever existed raise his hands and eyes to Heaven with astonishment. And the strange hashes they make! If they happen to be about when you kill a steer, it is not a little amusing to see what they cut up to put in the boiling pot. Not having any market to go to, we were obliged, every now and then, to have a beast killed, although generally we had more venison and wild turkeys than we could eat; but when such was not the case, and we killed a steer, the Indains who happened to be near our camp would borrow a large cooking-pot of the cook, and then make a *ragout* calculated to have as good an effect upon our appetite as the hashed cat in Gil Blas had upon the Spanish travelers. We thought the pot would never answer to cook in again. As to their spices, they season their food with the various kinds of herbs which nurses make teas of for the sick. They are as fond of honey and sugar as the whites are, and their common expression, when they would intimate that a friend is pleased, when rendered in English, is literally, 'That *sweets* him.'

But of all the strange things to be met with, in that flat country, which murders all romance, there is not a more stirring sight than that of driving a herd of the prairie cattle over the river. The account should be written in German, for there are no words in the English language to give an impression of the bellowing, and neighing, and shouting, and beating, and bawling, and tramping, and dust, and confusion, and goring, and spurring — the pell-mell, drowning and saving! There is nothing like it in the civilized world. In the first place, you must frighten the cattle half to death, before they will take to the water, where the river is more than a mile over; and to force them in, all the noises that Indians, and negroes, and Spaniards, and 'crackers' can make, on nags spurred to their utmost, must be made, ere the cattle are started in a drove over the barrens. On they go, with blue, staring, fiery eyes, and snorting, distended nostrils — bellowing with terror, and around and about — now here, and anon far over the whortleberry plain, they scour as if they thought death, hell, and destruction were in their rear. The Indian on his small horse's back, throws wide out his legs and arms, and draws them in again, and his one spur with a shank three inches long, and cruel rowel, gores his 'tackey's' flank, and over fallen pine logs he leaps; and when he happens to meet with a hole in which a tree once stood, over his horse's head he tumbles, but up he gets again, and on he goes, harder than ever. In this manner, every man does his best, and wo betide the animal that cannot run as fast as a horse with a man on his back! Whack! — whack! — whack! — he takes it, all along his loins; and with a bellow he dashes forward, frightening

those ahead ten times more, until at last their heads are turned toward the river, and their tormentors — having an eye on some poles, or fallen trees, upon the shore, which the cattle cannot pass — rush down upon them, and head over heels they are forced into the water — some under, and some over others; and up they will come, with eyes staring from strangulation, snorting the water from their nostrils; some dying, and some dead — while the great body swim round and round in a thousand circles, and in making two miles, as they do at 'Palatka,' which is the Indian for cow-ford, they swim at least five; but they do not go peaceably, even when in the water; for canoes, dogs, and Indians are after them — some swimming and some paddling — and whenever the beasts turn their noses to go back to the shore whence they started, most cruel blows are given them by the Spaniards in the boats, with their paddles, while the Indians and negroes who swim, dash water in their eyes, and dogs snap at their lips, and thus they keep on, until every rogue who has any thing to do in the business, is almost fatigued to death, and several head of cattle are drowned. This is the primitive mode of ferrying cattle over rivers; and those who have seen it practised, will appreciate the advantage of good ferry-boats. In fact, there is nothing like a wild country to make us feel the advantages of civilization, and to be contented under almost any circumstances, so far as the conveniences of life are concerned.

LINES

ON ASHLEY RIVER, NEAR CHARLESTON, (S. C.)

I.

How oft along thy banks, fair stream,
I've watched the fading light of day;
And lingered till day's latest beam
Had fled before the night away.

II.

How oft in days of 'auld lang syne,'
I've plied the oar upon thy breast;
And cheerful heaved the sinking line,
With health and spirits ever blest.

III.

How oft when evening's shades came on,
And moonlight kissed thy silver sheet,
I've sat in thoughtfulness alone,
And marked the ripples at my feet.

IV.

Those hours are gone! — thy banks I roam
No more, nor heave the dipping line;
Afar removed from thee and home,
No pleasure such as this is mine.

V.

Yet oft, as here in gloomy mood,
I sit and view day's fading beam:
O'er the loved past will memory brood,
And point me back to Ashley's stream.

Princeton, (N. J.,) July, 1836. J. H. D.

ORNITHICHNOLOGY DEFENDED.

BY PROF. EDWARD HITCHCOCK.

I WAS taught by my parents to receive with reverence and thankfulness, and in silence, the rebukes and corrections of my superiors. And perhaps I ought thus to listen to the remarks of a correspondent of the *Knickerbocker* for June, concerning my ornithichnology, my bad Greek, and sundry other misdemeanors. I have come to the conclusion, however — perhaps the result of 'early disadvantages' — that the principles of casuistry will allow me to say a few things in arrest of public judgment. For in the first place, my conscience pleads not guilty to most of this writer's charges: and in the second place, until he dares to give his name to the public, I cannot tell how much deference I ought to pay to his judgment or intentions.

The ancients thought that man fortunate, who had either faithful friends, or severe enemies. It seems, then, on this principle, that I am doubly blessed; for if profession can prove friendship, none can be stronger than my reprover's for me. He not only professes 'respect and reverence,' but declares me to be the 'man whom he delights to praise.' Yet, if it indicates hostility to misrepresent one's opinions, and to distort and magnify one's mistakes, then, as I shall soon abundantly show, the conclusion can hardly be avoided, that he acts the part of an enemy.

It would certainly be very gratifying to vanity and pride to believe this writer correct in all the favorable things he has said of me. Much as I have been injured, 'through excess of moderation,' among the critics, I had never before dreamed that my 'name was enrolled high in the catalogue of naturalists, and incorporated into the literature of the age;' nor that my 'productions were quoted as decisive authority.' But it neutralizes the effect of these encomiums, to recollect that the same principles of judgment must be applied to the favorable as to the unfavorable side of the picture; so that if I am able to show that I am not guilty of more than one in ten of the errors which he imputes to me, so I may not take the credit of more than one in ten of the excellencies with which he invests me.

There is one point — my 'early disadvantages,' being 'deprived of the advantages of a liberal education' — on which the reviewer seems to dwell with peculiar force. But he cannot feel it more deeply than myself. I should call it rather the disadvantages of the *whole* of my education. And none but he who has felt it, can tell what an incubus it fastens upon the soul. Yet, though such deficiencies may be a reason why a man should never make any public literary effort, he has no right to make them a shield for his blunders: nor do I thank the reviewer for offering this apology in my behalf. I may also be permitted to doubt, whether he has pointed out any errors that can fairly be imputed to this cause. Suppose I should be able to show, that in attempting to point out my errors, he has made greater mistakes than he, charges upon me: would he or the public, think it fair for me to retort upon him, by charging his blunders to his 'liberal education,' and to maintain, that had he been obliged to rely upon himself

more than upon teachers, he never would have fallen into such mistakes?

Let us now see how far the reviewer has succeeded in the objects he had in view. His great and leading aim, as he announces it, is to give me 'a timely monition that the eye of the critic is upon me, and will expose the errors and fallacies of his favorite,' in order that I may 'give more heed to my composition, and weigh more accurately my conclusions in science.' In doing this, he supposes he has accomplished several subordinate objects. The first was to demolish my whole system of ornithichnology, and to convert my bird-tracks into 'septaria and stria.' This he had a perfect right to do, if he could; and, indeed, in my memoir on that subject, I stated that 'the presumption derived from geological analogies is decidedly opposed to the facts and inferences which I have presented: and hence I expect that geologists, as they ought, will receive these statements and conclusions, not without hesitation and strong suspicions that I may have been deceived: 'but I shall be happy to be corrected whenever I am erroneous, even in my fundamental conclusions.'*

Let us try the strength of the reviewer's objections to my views.

The first is, 'the immense depth of rock in which they occur.' Here he has made a quotation from my memoir, which, insulated from what precedes and follows, conveys the idea that these impressions have actually been dug out from such a depth: whereas they have not been found in any place more than ten feet below the actual surface. It is only a theoretical inference that strata several hundred feet thick once covered these spots. But admit this to be true: and what shadow of an objection does it present against my conclusions? For since all the rock was formed by mechanical deposition, there was a time when the deepest layer constituted the surface; and the water over it might have been shallow enough to allow the long-legged grallæ to impress its bottom.

The second objection is, that the 'cavity of the track is filled with a silicious concretion.' Here again my memoir is quoted as if this were always the case; whereas it is there stated to be true only in a few cases. But what if it were always thus? The reviewer, who professes to be familiar with the sand-stone of the valley of Connecticut river, must know that some portions of that rock are harder than others, and that this is often the case with those masses that occupy former cavities in it. And why the depression made by an animal's foot might not sometimes be thus filled, so as to be somewhat more firmly concreted than the rock in general, I am wholly unable to conceive.

The third objection is, that 'the impression extends up as well as down, often passing obliquely through the rock.' This fact is exactly what we might expect, as I have endeavored to show in my memoir, if these impressions were made by birds on mud; and until some argument is adduced, beside the mere *ipse dixit* of this writer, to disprove my reasoning, I have a right to consider it sound.

The hairy or bristly appendage that seems to have belonged to some of the animals which made these impressions, proves, either that they were not grallæ, or that the grallæ of the sand-stone days differed in

* Journal of Science, vol. 29. pp. 338 and 340.

this respect from those that now inhabit the globe; but it does not prove that the impressions are not the tracks of birds.

The reviewer has given an entirely erroneous view of the plates accompanying my memoir, for which, it seems to me, he can offer no apology, since my statements are very explicit. I gave one plate which exhibits a comparative view of all the varieties of these foot-marks, not drawn from any one set of specimens, but presenting the results of all my observations on the subject. And this writer represents this to be the case with *all* the plates; so that nothing can be learnt from them, since they are the work of imagination. But the two other plates I have particularly described as drawn from specimens, most of which are now in my possession. To give drawings on the same principle as the comparative view, is very common among geologists; as any one may see by looking into Cuvier's *Ossemens Fossiles*, where he will often find '*restitué*' written under complete skeletons, only a few bones of which were ever discovered.

Still more inexcusable is the reviewer's statement that my *ornithichnites giganteus* had only two toes; for I have not only explicitly stated that it has three, but have given a plate of the natural size, in which the three toes, almost as large as a man's arm, are exhibited. One would hardly believe that he had read my article at all, but had undertaken to criticize it from hearsay.

The finishing stroke for the demolition of the *ornithichnites*, is supposed by the reviewer to be given, by a new theory to explain them. He supposes them to be 'septaria and striæ, often mistaken for impressions presenting the most fantastic figures and shapes, of which the *ornithichnites* of the professor probably compose one family, the gigantic gorgonia of eighteen feet by ten of his *Geolog. Rep. Mass.*, (p. 237,) another, etc.' To reason against such an absurd opinion as this, would be lost labor, for it only requires a single glance at the bird-tracks, and the 'septaria and stria,' to be satisfied, that hardly any two things can be more unlike. I have seen multitudes of what I suppose the reviewer means by 'septaria and stria,' and I declare that they are entirely different from the *ornithichnites;* and I have little doubt but if he will take the trouble just to look at my specimens of the latter in the cabinet of Amherst College, or even at the casts, of some of them, which he will find in the Lyceum of Natural History in New-York, or in the Yale College cabinet, or in the rooms of the Boston Natural History Society, the view would annihilate this hypothesis, even in his own mind. These casts, I confess, do but very poor justice to the originals; but if he will come to this place, (*incog.* if he chooses,) I shall take pleasure in showing him a broad table, fifteen feet long, entirely covered with them. And here let me ask, did not candor require that he should have got sight of at least one fair specimen, before publishing to the world an array of arguments and mis-statements, which will operate to my prejudice abroad, but which — *every one of them* — will be seen to be of no weight, the moment an individual inspects the specimens. I travelled more than five hundred miles, and spent nearly all my leisure time for more than six months, in the examination of these specimens; and although I was ultimately obliged to write my memoir on the subject in so short a time that I could not give all the attention that was desirable to literary niceties, yet the principal state-

ments and conclusions in that paper were made with great care, and a scrupulous regard to accuracy. Therein, I invited geologists to inspect my specimens, in order to test the correctness of my conclusions. Yet this reviewer does not think it necessary to wait till he can judge by ocular inspection; but expects, with a dash of his pen, to demolish the fabric which cost me long and severe labor to build. Let him who reads, and especially him who has seen an *ornithichnite*, judge whether he has succeeded.

And this is not all. He means, in the same sweep, to annihilate my gigantic gorgonia of eighteen feet by *four* — not *ten*, as he incorrectly states. Here again, I can only say, *come and see.* Whether I am right or not, in referring this fossile to *gorgonia*, of one thing every one who examines the specimens will be satisfied — viz: that it can neither be referred to 'septaria' nor 'stria.'

The next step of the reviewer carries him to the very climax of absurdity on this subject. He says that the 'silicious (they are calcareous) concretions,' in the tertiary clay beds of the Connecticut valley, present 'appearances precisely similar in character to those described' by me. Truly, he must have a very accurate idea of my *ornithichnites*, or *gorgonia*, if he supposes them precisely similar to the clay stones of that valley. For if I were to search through the kingdom of nature for an object of comparison, the last one I should select would be these 'concretions.'

The reviewer will do me the credit to believe, that I find it full as great a load as I wish to bear, to be obliged to shoulder my own errors, and defend my own opinions. He will not think it strange, if I complain, when charged with those of other people, as he has done, when he represents it as one of my 'extravagancies' that I believe Mount Tom and Mount Holyoke were once united, and that the pass between them has been *excavated* by the waters of the Connecticut, or by the currents of a primitive lake. And to prove this to be my opinion, he has referred to the topographical part of the first edition of my Geological Report, where I merely alluded to this opinion, without going into a discussion of its merits. Whereas, had he turned to the scientific part of the same work, he would have found (p. 140, second edition,) that I have devoted several paragraphs to a *refutation* of this opinion: and I could call several hundred young gentlemen, graduates of Amherst College, and now scattered throughout the land, to prove, that for the last ten years, I have been in the habit of devoting the greater part of a lecture to the same object. Why, then, am I charged with defending this opinion? Just because the reviewer has undertaken to criticize my writings, without having carefully read them.

Such are my geological peccancies: and I assure the reviewer that they are mere peccadillos, compared with what he might have found in my writings on geology, had he carefully read them: or had he, to save time, inquired of me, I should have cheerfully furnished him with much more glaring examples of my 'extravagancies,' want of 'accuracy,' and 'early disadvantages.' So that if my writings are likely to be condemned by the tribunal of the public, in consequence of this effort of the reviewer, *à fortiori*, they would fall under the ban of the literary world, were a more thorough adversary to assail them, or should I become my own accuser. If, however, my *ornithichnites* should take wing, as the reviewer supposes, I am quite sure they will

be accompanied by his 'septaria,' and 'stria,' and 'silicious concretions,' to that place described by Milton:

> 'All these upwhirl'd aloft,
> Flew o'er the backside of the world, far off,
> Into a limbo large and wide; since called
> The paradise of fools; to few unknown
> Long after. * * *
> All the unaccomplish'd works of nature's hands,
> Abortive, monstrous, or unkindly mix'd,
> Dissolv'd on earth, fleet hither; and in vain,
> Till final dissolution, wander here:
> Not in the neighboring moon, as some have dream'd.'

Now for my blunders in Greek. The fatal sentence that makes the reviewer 'tremble for our reputation and our language,' is the following: 'I include all the varieties of tracks under the term *ornithichnites*, (ορνις and τιχνος) signifying *stony bird tracks*.' Here he declares that my 'precipitancy and unpardonable haste' have betrayed me into 'no less than *four* egregious blunders.' Let us examine them *seriatim*.

'The first is the use of the *medial s* at the end of *ornis*, instead of the *final*.' Here, alas! either I or the printer must plead guilty: and as the manuscript is lost, I cannot charge it upon him; and so I must sustain this dreadful load of literary guilt. Ashes of Plato, Isocrates, and Demosthenes! I know that you, like the reviewer, tremble and groan in your lowly beds, at so great an outrage upon your beloved language! Had it been a common writer who had thus indecently made the tail of a *sigma* to frisk in its neighbor's face, it might have been tolerable: but it was one whose 'productions are quoted as decisive authority,' and therefore this usurper must maintain henceforth its terminal position. Justly, then, must I be doomed, for the time to come, to have my imagination haunted with that terminal caudal *sigma*, and to hear the classic world groaning under the incurable wound. But I am not without consolation, if it be consolation in misery to have a companion. For in the first line of the paragraph in which the reviewer points out my error, he has committed the same. If he attempts to escape, by saying that he used the *final sigma* only to show my mistake, then I inquire, why he did not do the same in the next line, where he points out the next blunder in τιχνος?

This terminal *sigma* in τιχνος, constitutes my second egregious blunder. 'The third is, the use of τιχνος for ιχνος, there being no such word in the Greek language as τιχνος.' The charge here is, if I understand it, that I have coined a new Greek word. And if it be indeed true, that my 'decisive authority' has done this, what immense labor will it impose upon the lexicographers! — for what with the new word, and what with the caudal sigma, they can never be satisfied, until new editions of their works are published. But seriously: what if, following the example of the reviewer, I should quote from his article, where the Hebrew letter *vau* is written *van*, and gravely inform the reader that no such letter exists in the Hebrew alphabet?—leaving it to be inferred that he had coined a new one; or refer to his *pachydaetyli* for *pachydactyli*, as proof that he had formed a new Greek word? Would not every candid man see that these are press errors, for which probably the printer was more in fault than the author. And would not the noble-minded be apt to apply to the critic, who should thus bring

forward every *lapsus pennae* or *lapsus typographi*, as an 'egregious blunder,' the cutting words of Horace, *parvum parva decent?* I cannot tell, because my manuscript is destroyed, whether *tau* was prefixed to ιχνος by the printer or my myself. But however low I may stand in the public estimation, I have no fears, when they look at the word *ornithichnites*, that they will believe I intended to use τιχνος instead of ιχνος in its composition.

The fourth egregious blunder consists in 'supposing he had made out the signification of '*stony*' from ιχνος, which means simply a trace or track.' But according to the reviewer's third objection, I made use of τιχνος instead of ιχνος; and after coining a new word, whose etymology could not be traced, had not a man, whose 'authority is decisive,' a right to give it the signification of *stony*, or any other meaning which he chose? However, I can assure him that I never dreamed of deriving the signification of *stony* from either of these words. I supposed the termination *ite*, so common in oryctology and mineralogy, to be derived from λιθος; and that every naturalist understood this, so that it was unnecessary to allude to it in my description. I am not certain that I am correct in this assumption: but if I mistook in this matter, it was owing neither to 'precipitancy,' nor 'unpardonable haste:' for I weighed the matter as thoroughly as I could, with the means of information within my reach. It would probably have been better for me to have given a literal translation of *ornithichnites*, or *bird-track stone;* or had I written it *ornithichnolite*, which I should now prefer, it would have removed all obscurity.

An enlightened public must now judge how far the reviewer's castigation is deserved. By that public my imperfect productions have ever been received with far more favor than I had a right to expect, and I ought to be thankful. I have always known that my essays were peculiarly exposed to criticism; for in general, it has been my lot to write upon subjects about which there exists a great variety of opinions among intelligent men. And beside, Providence has so ordered the events of my life, that I have never had any able and sympathizing class-mates, and but few intimate acquaintances among scientific men, who would be ready at a hint to forestall public opinion by a flattering review, or an able defence. Again, I am free to acknowledge that I have generally been so situated, from causes beyond my control, and which are of a nature too personal and private to detail in the public ear, that the alternative has been before me, either to send forth my productions with many deficiencies, or never to publish them at all. I have decided to print them, on the ground that they contained statements which would be of service to the public, even though accompanied with many imperfections. Notwithstanding the benevolent intentions of the reviewer, to make me more careful in future, by endeavoring to give me an earnest of what awaits me from the critic's lash, if I am not more humble and cautious, I fear there will not be much change for the better, should I trouble the public with any farther productions. For in the first place, the peculiar private causes of imperfection, alluded to above, will probably never be removed. Secondly, a venerable clergyman once told me that it was of no use to contradict a man who had passed his fortieth year, and I have reached that period. And thirdly, in correcting me, I think I have shown that the reviewer has not set so perfect an example of

accuracy and humility, that it will be apt to influence me strongly. However, when the public shall distinctly inform me that there is not enough of a redeeming quality in my writings to render my errors tolerable, I shall hope to be willing quietly to terminate my literary labors. For, if I may be permitted to quote a sentiment from the Greek,

'Θάνοιμ', ἄν εἴ με πάντες συχονται θανεῖν.'

FALL OF THE ALAMO.

'A gallant army formed their last array
Upon that spot, in silence and deep gloom,
And at their conquerors' feet
Laid their war-weapons down.
Sullen and stern, disarmed but not dishonored;
Brave men, but brave in vain, they yielded there.'

'FIELD OF THE GROUNDED ARMS.'

Upon a softly-swelling plain,
Where everlasting verdure smiles,
Whence gushing fountains seek the main,
In sportive mood, through devious wilds,
There stands a lone and ancient town,
Not far those gushing founts below;
I deem that now is not unknown —
The town of San Antonio.

Bright are her skies — few darkling clouds
Fling their unwelcome shadows there;
Her waters, which no vapor shrouds,
With murmuring music fill the air.
Fair scene of peace! — too often broke
By rude foray and war's alarms;
'By gleam of gun and sabre-stroke' —
By clashing hosts and conquering arms;
What time the savage of the North
Poured down his fury on the plain,
And civil Hate led legions forth
To war for Mexico or Spain.

'Twas morn: scarce visible, the gray
Of early dawn announced the day:
But yet no herald flush proclaimed
The light that would his gleam have shamed;
The stars shone out, nor seem more bright,
When lighting up the depths of night;
And, save the soft melodious flow,
Where San Antonio's waters go,
Prevailed the silence of the dead,
Like Sleep and Night together wed;
So soft, so still, tired Nature's breath,
In slumber hushed, seemed still in death;
While, spent with toil, and sunk in sleep,
No more the guards their vigils keep,
But, dreamless of the menaced blow,
Unguarded left the Alamo.

'Twas then a cloud of awful volume
Was gathering blackness o'er the passes,
The foe, dark column after column,
Was pouring in his vengeful masses.

Tried veterans they, in part — in part
A herd, without or hand or heart:
Such beings they, for whom — nor few —
To emptied prisons thanks were due;
A squallid crowd, in couples chained,
Felons with crimes unnumbered stained.
From Yucatan to Santa Fé,
Each province swelled the grim array:
Puebla's olive lineage here,
The Zacatecas mountaineer,
Brown herdsmen drawn from Potosi,
Talisco's thralls to slavery —
Saltillo's brood, blown into flame,
By hatred of the Texian name —
Campeachy's lowlanders, and ranks
From Rio Grandé's farther banks —
In mingled mass are marshalled now,
To 'make the stiff-necked rebels bow.'
From pure Castile to black Japan,
All shades of skin the eye might scan:
The sable Ethiop and the brown,
The copper-colored Indian's frown,
Mulatto and Mestizoe's hue,
With olive, marked the mottled crew.

A summons to surrender, scoffed
By taunting banner flung aloft,
And death-defying peal,
Long ere the fatal fray, had taught
The tyrant that the foe he sought
Could scorn a despot's steel.
Nine days in vain the furious foe
Had thundered on the Alamo,
From his beleaguering train;
In vain carbines their fire outpour,
The iron-throated cannons' roar
Assails the walls in vain.

The gallant band within, oppressed
By toil and watching, still confessed
A lingering hope of wearing out
The often baffled rabble rout:
Nor false this hope, perchance e'en then,
Had not a wretch, for paltry gain,
(Thank heaven! upon a Mexican,
Y'Barro, rests the hated stain,)
Divulged their weakness to the foe,
New-nerving thus another blow:
For Santa Anna — his array
By such a handful held at bay —
Ashamed, enraged, that in his face
So long were flung such foul disgrace,
And desperate grown, resolved again
To urge upon the walls his men,
All reckless how their blood might flow,
If blood would buy the Alamo.

Then force assumed another form:
Protracted siege was turned to storm,
Upon this fatal day.
Yet, as a loathing, trembling craven,
The herd-like mass was onward driven,
To dare the fearful fray.
In front, three columns dense and dark
Of shuddering escaladers, mark
The force apart for storming set;
While, rearward, ranks of horsemen stand,

Charged escopets, and sword in hand,
To drive them o'er the parapet.

In silence now the order passes,
In silence mount the storming masses,
They darken all the wall;
Now sounds the charge — a deafening shout —
And pealing volleys, ringing out,
The stoutest might appal.
Instant the wearied garrison
Roused, snatched their arms, and rushing on,
Dealt fast and thick their deadly blows
Upon their back-recoiling foes.
A hundred fell beneath the shock,
And hundreds to the glacis flock,
With trembling limbs and wistful eye,
Eager the backward path to fly.

But all in vain: below them see
Long lines of threatening cavalry.
'Twas death to fly — nor more was fight;
So desperation, forced from fright,
Of genuine courage taking place,
(As hinds will rush in danger's face,)
Impelled them on, like wild herds driven
Before the angry storms of heaven.

A struggle, short but sharp, ensued —
The field, with dead and dying strewed,
Told how that field was won;
How, maddened at their desperate strait,
They blindly rushed upon their fate:
Their fate — in slaughtered heaps to lie,
And yet achieve a victory;
For though in clustering swarms destroyed,
A fresher swarm supplied the void;
Till sank the 'champions of the right,'
Exhausted by the toil of fight;
Not vanquished, but resigning breath,
When sated with the work of death.

Sad, sad the fate of heroes born
With courage, such as might adorn
The Paladins of old!
Men felt the fury of that strife,
Whose fame, matured by longer life,
Could never have grown cold.
And young hearts, too, without a prayer,
Or mother's love, or sister's care,
To ease the dying breath:
Frames once so delicately nursed,
Ghastly and torn, by wretches cursed,
With scoffs and jeers, in death!

If, Travis, ever courage shone
With lustre worthy laurel'd crown,
'Twas in thy gallant mien:
Let funeral strain and lyric lay
Preserve his memory from decay,
With poësy's loftiest pæan.
The stern intrepid Bowie, who
Danger a thing familiar knew,
With feeble limbs and fevered frame,
Not even then forgot his fame;
For many a prostrate foeman felt
The shot his wasting vigor dealt.

Nor of the heroes of that day,
Forget the dauntless D'Espalier;
Nor Mitcheson, the soul of truth,
Cropped in the bright flower of his youth;
Nor Brown, nor Blair, of honest heart,
Who knew no guile, and scorned all art.

But — if none else — remember *him*,
(The soul of feeling as of whim,)
Whose heart and hand were free as air,
For all who wished that heart to share —
Whose spirit, independence-fraught,
Despised pretence, and left unsought
All cunning arts, and mean disguise,
All refuges of lackered lies.

Stranger! should in some distant day,
By chance your wandering footsteps stray
To where those heroes fought and fell,
And some old garrulous crone should tell
The story of a nation's birth,
Of human ashes mixed with earth —
The bodies of the bold and free,
Who bled and died for liberty —
Remember, that the name which first
Warms on her lips, the fondest nurst,
The kindliest cherished in her breast —
Of all the martyrs loved the best —
Will be a name which few *now* hear,
Without a saddened thought, or tear;
Of one whose crowning acts, through time,
Have made simplicity* sublime;
Whose single mind and honest arts
'Crockett' endears to all true hearts!

Such was the strife, and such were they
Who perished in this fatal fray.
If, in that strife, 't were given to see
The glory of Thermopylæ,
That glory seemed like sun-set's light,
Athwart a troubled ocean's night,
While hollow murmurs o'er the deep,
And clouds of growing blackness sweep;
Feeling his fondest hopes expire
On San Antonio's funeral fire,
Young Texian Freedom, wrapt in gloom,
Seemed hastening to a bloody tomb.

False fears! — the gloom was that of morn,
The darkest just before the dawn.
For from the ashes of the dead
Arose an armed dragon's head,
With glance of fate, and sting of death,
To all who felt his blasting breath.
Like the old guardian of the fleece,
Save that no gold could buy his peace,
It stood as watchful, stern, and true,
Where'er the flag of freedom flew;
But, when it saw that banner wave
In triumph o'er Oppression's grave,
It closed its eyes, exulting cried,
'The martyrs are avenged!' — and died.

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* David's quaint 'Go ahead!' is now classical.

THE PORTICO.

In commencing that series of essays, which we propose to comprise within a work denominated 'The Portico,' it may gratify the curiosity of our readers to be informed of the circumstances which gave rise to this appellation, as well as of the character and pretensions of the writers from whose productions they are to anticipate the entertainment — of whatever nature it may prove — which shall be furnished to them. Having spent nearly half a century in the pursuits of study, as far as an attendance upon occasional duties of my profession would allow, while on a tour through Europe, I fell into a casual conversation with an English gentleman, in London, by the name of Bacon, who, I found, was inspired with an enthusiasm for science and literature similar to my own, and who, having been left by his father in the possession of a large estate, had been enabled from his earliest youth to devote himself exclusively to the acquisition of knowledge. This gentleman, as Dr. Johnson remarked of Mr. Burke, was a man in whose presence it was impossible to remain, even for a moment, without being impressed with a favorable opinion of his character and pretensions, from the exquisite finish and just proportions of his figure, the intellectual expression of his countenance, and the elegance of his address. Having discovered, from a more intimate acquaintance with him, that his intellectual and moral qualities fully realized all the expectations which had been excited by his personal appearance, and that his mind was enriched with all the treasures of learning, his taste improved by a familiarity with the finest models of writing, as well as his heart formed for the residence of every virtue, I could not fail to imbibe an ardent attachment to his person, and desire a continuance of that intercourse which had thus happily commenced between us. With this last view, I proposed that he should become the companion of my intended journey through the Continent, which proposal being readily accepted, we travelled together through France, Germany, Switzerland, and Italy, making ourselves acquainted with all their monuments of art, their sciences, their political institutions and laws, and their prevalent habits and manners. During this review, I was struck and delighted, with the profoundness of his reflections, his nice perceptions of excellence in painting, statuary and fine writing, the extent to which he had pushed his inquiries into the different branches of knowledge, and his familiarity with all the greatest productions of genius, both in ancient and modern times. Before our return to Paris, on my way to America, our prepossessions had ripened into so confirmed a friendship, that the idea of a separation from him was one of the most painful which could be presented to my imagination, and my ingenuity was excited into most strenuous exertion to prevent, if possible, so disagreeable a result. While my mind was occupied with the projection of schemes for this purpose — that kind of schemes which assume, at first, the appearance of day-dreams that flit through a fervid fancy, and immediately disappear — a fortunate contingency brought us into the society of a French gentleman by the name of Rochefoucault, a collateral descendant of the celebrated author, who, like ourselves, although a politician by profession, and deeply interested in the triumph of the liberal party in Paris, had seized every opportunity of imbuing his understanding with elegant letters. We now formed a trio of students, whose supreme object of pursuit was the

promotion of knowledge, and I determined to broach to them a plan which had been with me the subject of many a moment of contemplation, but which I had hitherto regarded as one of those castles in the air, of which my mind was always fertile, and which, after regaling my fancy for a season, had perished like 'the baseless fabric of a vision, and left not a wreck behind.' This was no less than, with the property which we all possessed, that was very large, and after enlisting other adventurers in our enterprise, to pass into the United States, the land of perfect freedom in thought and action, and establish a villa, which should be modelled according to our own conceptions, and after the example of the greatest man among the Romans, denominated Tusculum. While the emigrants whom we brought from Europe, added to the native citizens whom we should collect upon our arrival, should be engaged in the usual occupations of industry, our plan was, that the leading members of this little community should so organize the association, as that the amplest provision should be made for the advancement of science, and the cultivation of literature and the arts. No sooner was my scheme unfolded, than it met with the hearty concurrence of my friends and companions, and joined by other literati and intelligent men, as well as a competent number of artizans and husbandmen, disposed to seek their fortunes in the new world, we were readily transferred across the Atlantic. After taking a survey of every position in the country, the most favorable for our purpose, we at length determined to fix upon the beautiful village of Elizabeth-town, in New-Jersey, as a site which, from its vicinity to New-York, our great emporium of commerce, unites all the advantages of the city and country, of retirement, and of polished intercourse with men. After erecting comfortable dwellings for all the citizens, neat but unostentatious habitations for ourselves, we have reared, also, a large public edifice, in which we have arranged a library, comprising all the greatest works of genius, constructed rooms for our specimens of statuary and painting, and our philosophical apparatus, as well as a hall in which our little senate meets to discuss matters of science, and read the productions of its members. To this building we have annexed a portico, in imitation of the academy at Athens, as a place of resort for our literati, in which they regale themselves from the fatigues of study during the refreshing coolness of morning and evening, engaged in literary converse, canvassing the merits of the authors which they peruse, and indulging their reflections upon men and things.

These are the writers, together with others whose names and pretensions will be revealed in due time, who, with their wives and families, some of whom have no slight claims both in prose and poetry, will issue from the Portico that series of essays, which shall be supremely devoted to the cultivation of science and letters, to improvements in the arts, the promotion of virtue, morals, and religion, the rectification of public errors, and the polish and refinement of our manners. Our purpose, to which we shall be vigilantly attentive, is to investigate and confirm the truth, and banish false and mischievous opinions; to discountenance vice, and give encouragement to piety and virtue; to carry defeat and utter discomfiture into the ranks of skepticism and impiety; to awake an unquenchable attachment to our present constitutions and laws; to humanize the feelings, and refine the taste of the community;

and, in a word, to acquit ourselves as good citizens of this noble republic, anxious for its safety and perpetuity, and striving to advance it in every pursuit which can confer true honor upon a nation, promote its substantial welfare, and insure its real aggrandizement and felicity. We solicit no more respect for our opinions, or submission to our authority, than are due to the intrinsic evidence which is shed around them, and the arguments by which they are sustained. Inasmuch as it has formed the strenuous labors of our lives to arrive at a comprehension of the profound lessons of philosophy, and just conceptions of men and things, we trust, when we attempt to communicate our views to others, they will be received with candor, estimated with impartiality, and obtain that credit and currency among our readers to which they may be fairly entitled by any merits they may claim. The public mind, in this country, stands in great need of a new and more efficient impulse to be given to it, in the direction of science, literature and the arts. While our citizens discover unusual activity and energy, and have attained astonishing success in every other pursuit, the interests of learning and the elegant arts alone have been allowed to languish, and are comparatively underrated and despised. It is time that we should be awakened from a torpor so fatal to the best interests and highest glory of the nation, and begin to lay the foundations of her future scientific reputation, and progressive advancement in polite learning. To accomplish this desirable purpose, the members of the Tusculan Senate, aided by many who have just literary pretensions in their little community, will devote all the debates and decisions of their council, and the best performances of their genius, under the full assurance, that every enterprise of this nature, however humble it may be, and imperfectly executed, must contribute, in some slight degree, to the improvement of the public mind, and the promotion of the real prosperity and highest aggrandizement of the state.

The following was the first paper presented to our Senate, read and approved by them, and its publication ordered in 'The Portico.'

THE PORTICO.

NUMBER ONE.

"Græcia capta ferum victorem cepit, et artes
Intulet agresti Latio." HORACE.

THE Roman writer, in the passage which forms our motto, bestows upon the Greeks the highest honor to which a nation can attain, and in comparison with which, all the splendor of conquest, the renown of martial exploits, and the pomp and magnificence of triumphs, upon any just computation of human greatness, fade and disappear. In the history of the world, it has, by frequent repetition, become an object of mere vulgar ambition to overrun by force of arms a neighboring state, to display superiority in military skill and prowess, to discomfit its forces, and reduce it to subjection. But it will ever remain an effort of genuine glory and elevated emulation, to gain preeminence in science, literature, and the arts; to enlighten the nations with the researches and discoveries of philosophy, and to polish, refine, and humanize their habits and manners, by awaken-

ing among them a taste for liberal and elegant pursuits. These are triumphs of the understanding, that confer upon a people truly desirable distinction, and erect to their glory imperishable monuments. Upon an impartial review of the history of man, and when all those events have passed away, which once interested and agitated the world, who would place in competition the renown obtained by the Romans in their sanguinary career of conquests, with the peaceful victories of Greece, and with the honors reflected on her by the wisdom of her sages, the celebrity of her schools, and the profound lessons of philosophy which she has transmitted as a rich inheritance to all succeeding ages? It is not so much by her military superiority, and the successful progress of her armies in the subjugation of surrounding states, that Rome herself is presented to our view as an object of enviable distinction, as in the successful competition into which she finally entered with her captive, in the cultivation of science, and the productions of her genius.

By these calm and philosophic reflections upon the past history of our race, mankind should be awakened to a just discernment of the sources of real greatness, and the foundations of permanent reputation. In reference to all these objects of national desire, since the settlement of this western world, and the establishment of the North American Republic, a new volume is unfolded in the history of man, and a new field of moral and political experiment explored, from which the profoundest lessons of wisdom are to be reaped by us and our posterity. Had England succeeded in reducing to subjection her revolting colonies, the effort might have enhanced the lustre of her military fame, but it would have purchased for her less genuine glory, and beneficial predominance, than that which she is at this moment acquiring, from the influence which she exerts to the advantage of both nations, in transmitting to us, under suitable modifications, her political maxims, her laws, her religion, her sciences and arts, the productions of her genius, and the incomputable advantages of her commercial, literary, and social intercourse. The reduction of this country to submission, would indeed have retained in her possession one of the most powerful of her national arms; but what would these advantages have proved, to herself and the world, when compared with those which both are now deriving from the growth and prosperity of a free and noble state in this western hemisphere, with which she sustains amicable relations, and cultivates commercial intercourse? Had we remained in a state of dependence and vassalage to her, our citizens might have been summoned from their peaceful occupations to swell the numbers in her fleets and armies, and our resources exhausted to replenish her coffers with supplies; but the limbs of our nation would have been perpetually cramped by arbitrary decrees of her cabinet, our free action impaired by encroachments from the monarchy, and our trade shackled, and population limited, by unwholesome restrictions upon our commerce and manufacturies. Has it not, then, been preferable, both to England and the world, as well as so greatly to ourselves, that a mighty republic should have been thus early constituted in the new world, which, availing itself of all the lights it can derive from the mother country, shall extend over so large a portion of the globe the discoveries of science, and improvements in the arts, the principles of free and equal government, the finest pro-

ductions in prose and poetry, and the habits and manners of civilized society; while, at the same time, it casts into the treasury of knowledge its own inventions, discoveries, and improvements? No event which ever transpired in the course of human affairs, save the promulgation of christianity, and the reformation by Luther, was ever more auspicious to our race, under all its aspects, than the separation of the United States from the British empire, at the period of our revolutionary war. This is the view which will be taken of the subject by the enlightened statesman, as well as the philosopher and philanthropist, through all future ages. Never was a finer field of philosophical speculation, and political experiment, presented to the inspection of mankind, or a theatre upon which all that is transacting could be more deeply interesting to the sincere lover of his race, than is at this time exhibited in these United States. Those writers and travelers, who have passed through our country in a humor of censure and bitterness, and viewing every object and event through the jaundiced vision of prejudice and antipathy, have seemed to delight in propagating the tales of scandal and villification, have paid as poor a compliment to their own philosophical discernment and liberality of thinking, as to the character and pretensions of the people whom they were so solicitous to traduce. How different would be the decision which would be pronounced upon our claims by such illustrious men as Locke, Montesquieu, and Cicero, could they arise from the dead, and contemplate a nation modelling its constitutions and laws upon those principles, and displaying that simplicity in its manners, of which they could only dream in speculation, without anticipating the happiness of beholding them really exemplified in practice!

The United States, at this moment, in spite of all that can be alleged by its calumniators and villifiers, presents to the eye of the spectator a spectacle unseen before in the history of our race, and a theatre of moral and political action more interesting to the philosopher and philanthropist, than was ever previously exhibited upon the earth. The states and republics of ancient and modern times, great and signalized as they were, sink into diminution, when brought in competition with that magnificent fabric of well-defined and accurately-balanced constitutional law which is found in our country; that equal distribution of rights and privileges; that lenity but efficiency in government; that perfect defence and protection extended to citizens of all classes and conditions; that entire equality which is maintained among all the members of the body politic, and that harmonious action of the whole complicated system, which so controls and regulates its parts as to constrain the greatest citizen to yield submission to its power, while the meanest is not insensible of its care. In what part of the world before, was ever so mild and paternal a government found competent to the preservation of peace, order, and subordination, over so vast an extent of country? When was a single central power, without any exertion of violence or tyranny, found able to hold, in just balance, twenty-six, in some respects, sovereign states, and, like the sun in the planetary system, sustaining them in their orbits, without interfering with their movements, or allowing them to deviate from their appointed tracks? What nation before, extending over various latitudes, and distinguished in different climates by discordant institutions, habits, and manners, was ever so firmly united by the bonds of common

interest, and attachment to their common union, and discovered itself ready to sacrifice every prejudice, passion, and partial consideration to the general welfare? Where shall we find the state, which, although composed of a mixed assemblage from all nations, has enjoyed such unbounded liberty without licentiousness; so much tolerance in religious opinion; so much zeal in their several creeds, without bigotry or persecution; and which, amidst all its contests, dangers, and disasters, has evinced such unshaken fortitude, forbearance, and moderation, and with unexampled intelligence and patriotism, has at last yielded to the suggestions of wisdom, and the dictates of prudence and sound policy? Surely never was a community placed by the providence of Heaven, under circumstances so favorable to the enjoyment of free institutions and wholesome laws; and never did a people more signally avail itself of the beneficence of Providence to the promotion of its interest and glory! May that same benignity of Heaven which has extended these blessings to the present generation, transmit them with abundant increase, and the largest accumulations, to our remotest posterity! Mr. Addison, in one of the numbers of his Spectator, congratulates himself and Englishmen of his day, that they lived in such a country, and at such a period of the world; and well might he indulge a patriotic pride upon that topic, inasmuch as he flourished in the age of Newton, Locke, Clarke, and all those illustrious men, who, together with himself, formed the brightest constellation that ever shed illumination through a community. In like manner we may declare in sincerity, and we hope without presumption or undue exultation, that had we been allowed to select the period in which we would prefer to spend our life upon earth, we could not have fixed upon an era, from the formation of Adam to the present moment, more favorable than our own age and country to a rational enjoyment, and the highest cultivation of our faculties, more auspicious to the future welfare of our race, more redundant with present circumstances of complacency and satisfaction, and more cheered by auspices of desirable results in future. What can be more gratifying to the liberal and patriotic mind, than the opening prospects of our own country, and the whole civilized world at this period! The nations of Europe are undergoing a great moral renovation; the many are awaking to a just comprehension of their rights; and liberal principles are dissolving before them the maxims of tyranny, the institutions of oppression, and the powers of bigotry and persecution. In our own country, our rights and liberties are secured by the impregnable strong-holds of constitutional law and municipal regulations; man walks abroad in his native dignity and majesty, lord of the soil upon which he treads. The germs of genius are allowed to shoot forth in wildest luxuriance, unchecked by artificial distinctions, and unrepressed by odious restraints. The elements of useful knowledge are universally diffused; the sciences, elegant letters, and the arts, are freely cultivated, and the human mind, released from the shackles of prejudice and error in which it has been bound for ages, is allowed to expand all its faculties, and pursue its inquiries into the dominions of truth and nature, unawed by that despotism which hitherto made it afraid, and unrestrained by that fiat of bigotry and intolerance which proclaimed, 'Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther, and here shall thy proud steps be stayed.' Did the world, then, ever before open a scene of such rational enjoyment to mankind, ex-

tend to them a harvest of so rich blessings in possession, or enliven them with the prospect of so good things to come? The mind of the genuine lover of his race is invigorated and enlarged, by the contemplation of that scene now exhibited to view, and enlivened through all its faculties, by the opening prospects both of the old and new world.

MARIGOLD.

LIFE.

'So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan that moves to the pale realms of shade,
Where each shall take his station in the silent halls of death,
Thou go, not like the quarry slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.' THANATOPSIS.

'T is pleasant, as a gentle boy, in the sunny morning hours,
To chase that thief, the bee, about, that steals from garden-flowers;
To peep into the robin's nest, pondering o'er all I heard
Of those dead babes, lost in the wood, and covered by the bird,
Or gaze upon my mother's face, when her magic tale is told
Of wise Aladdin's lamp, that poured a stream of pearls and gold,
Or kneel by my low bed, at eve, and with clasped hands, to pray
That God would guard my pillow well until the dawning day.

'T is pleasant, as the reckless youth, on the gallant courser borne,
To scour the glen, with merry men, to the huntsman's winding horn,
Or with my graceful dog to tread the forest's tangled wood,
And in the haunts of forest birds, with stealthy step intrude;
To mingle in the mazy dance, amid the festal throng,
Where one with satin-slippered foot, so lightly moves along,
Or in her bower, with roses wreathed, to watch the moonbeams throw
Their soft romantic light upon her changing cheek and brow.

'T is pleasant, as the man, world-taught, with high, determined heart,
To tread life's busy, crowded stage, and act th' allotted part;
When fretted with its noisy scenes, delighted turn to home,
And feel there is a spirit there, will gladden when I come;
To pore with wasted midnight lamp, o'er page of olden time,
O'er mighty Milton's 'raptured verse, or Spenser's wizard rhyme,
Or, fancy-wrapt, in wildest dream, ask the wan stars to tell
If in those far unfathomed spheres, the chainless soul shall dwell.

'T is pleasant, as the aged sire, by the children-circled hearth,
To sit, and hear the simplest words to their gay hearts make mirth,
To have them climb my feeble knee, and with a gentle care
Enring their tiny fingers with my silvery locks of hair;
And on the quiet Sabbath-day, the minster's path to take,
To offer up that touching prayer, the old alone can make:
'Father, this world is beautiful — thy hand hath formed it so —
But I am very weary now, and shall be glad to go.'

Elizabeth-town, (N. J.,) 1836. H. L. B.

PASSAGES

FROM THE DIARY OF A LATE CONNECTICUT SCHOOL-MASTER.

NUMBER ONE.

'If thou knewest my modesty and simplicity, thou wouldst easily pardon and forgive what is amiss that shall follow. But I will presume of thy good favor and gracious acceptance, gentle reader. Out of an assured hope and confidence thereof, I will begin.' BURTON.

'BOSTON!' said I — 'it is impossible: I had not thought of such a thing. I do not deny it is a fine city; 't would be delightful; a people so literary, and polished, and withal so hospitable! The heart,' continued I, 'would expand there in a week more than in an age in many other places of a more genial climate. Under such gentle influences, how would its affections shoot forth, and our humanity as well as our 'divinity' stir within us! But it is all in vain, Edward,' said I, recovering from my warmth; 'I cannot go: a school-teacher's purse is lanker than his person. What a world, Ned, this is! It has ever been so; its greatest benefactors receive the least of its favors. Here are twenty rich men, upon whose sons I have spent a year of toil and care. I have planned by night, and labored by day, until the sources of life are well nigh exhausted — and this, not in decorating their persons — not in gratifying their pride, and pampering their appetites — but in adorning their minds — in nourishing their genius — in creating a thirst for knowledge; in fine, in making them men — such men as shall transmit with honor the names of their fathers to after ages. And for this service to the sons, what did I get from the sires? the pittance of a few dollars, which came like pulling so many teeth. Faithless teachers, I grant, are well enough rewarded; but did not Mrs. Blank, at the close of last quarter, say her son never learnt till he came to me? And did not 'Squire James tell me, the other day, I had been the making of his son, for which he was very thankful? *Thankful!* And here a little while ago, because his horse did not quite suit him, he exchanged him for another, at only the difference of two hundred and fifty dollars! Yes,' said I, 'their sons may be horses and asses too — they shall have no more of my teaching!'

'True,' said I, coming back to the subject, 'it does not cost as much to travel as when my grandfather, to save expense, used to make us his annual visit of forty miles, on his white-faced old mare, with his oats behind him; but then neither can one travel in the same way. When a man might tie his own horse, and take care of his own cloak and trunk, he carried both a heavier pocket and a lighter heart. But now, if one is to be a gentleman, he must pay others for these services, while he feels more anxiety than if he performed them himself. And then so many modern offices of kindness, all contrived to get your money; this negro bowing up to you with the politeness of a Frenchman, to take your hat and cane; another brushing you when you are not dusty; and a third, under pretence of holding your stirrup or reins, standing in the way, as you mount your horse, or enter your carriage.

'Beside, I must be newly accoutred. Here in the country, where I have few acquaintances, and fewer friends, and where I can steal to my school by a private path — in such a place,' said I, looking at my

thread-bare coat, 'I can dress with less care; and if my wash-woman, who now for three years has sent in her small bill regularly on quarter-day, does know of the scantiness of my stock of small clothes, and to what *shifts* I am driven to make them last round the year, why it is nothing new to her, and she knows my means. But I cannot do thus in Boston. I have a character to acquire there. And not only should I be ashamed to visit so refined a city without new linen, but if the fashion is in vogue there which prevails here, I should fail of all notice or respect, without a pair of high-healed boots. *Ah me miserum!* I thank you, Edward, for the proposal; but I cannot do it.'

Edward, my son — for this diary is intended for my children, should I ever have any, which I greatly hope, and doubt not there will be sons among them, to the eldest of which I leave this manuscript in special trust — Edward was your father's best friend. He checked his wayward moods, he calmed his stormy hours; and when, Laura ——, I have been chilled by thy coldness, and pierced by the rejection of my proffered love — as, alas! is still the case — then has the warmth of his friendship, and the balm of his kindness, restored me to somewhat of the cheerfulness of life.

My friend's purse was as overflowing as his heart. 'I know,' said he, 'Harry, your slender means; 'but then you cannot always stay here; your cheek is growing too pale and too hollow. This trip is just what you need; and as I want some one to laugh, to sing, to talk with me, the performance of these offices shall be all it shall cost you.'

I could never yet find it in my heart to reject a favor. In the first place, there is something repulsive in it. Your friend wishes to make proof of his affection, as well as gratify his own feelings, and is met on the very threshhold of his benevolence with a cold negative. And then, it requires a nicety, which a character as awkward as I am is wholly unable to hit. It will not do to say every thing, when you refuse a kindness: your terms must be choice — your 'words fitly spoken.' But if you accept it, it is the easiest thing in the world to make a hearty declaration of thanks, and all is done. They may say what they please, but for my own part, I should much rather *accept* even a fortune, than *refuse* a glass of soda. Beside, look at it in its general bearings — and this is the true test. If I refuse a favor, my neighbor may — and should all the world do the same, what would become of the friendly interchange of society? — of those kindly offices which so pervade with sunshine and warmth the bosoms of men? Would there not come a frost over the budding affections — the winding tendrils of the heart — as they steal forth to meet or to clasp some loved object? 'Beshrew me,' said I, 'if I am ever accessory to bringing such a wintry coldness over a single human breast!'

Hoc habeo obfirmatum: 't is determined; I will bear thee company. Shouldst thou be sick, I will attend thee; or melancholy, I will cheer thee. I will beguile thee of the tediousness of the way, and sweeten to thee thus much of the journey of life.

How many sober reflections does one unavoidably fall into, in pre-

paring for a short tour of only two or three weeks! If he be rich, he finds that all his wealth cannot secure him from petty vexations without, nor from restlessness within. He meant to have started on Monday; but through the negligence of his partner, a certain business transaction, which must be attended to before he goes, cannot be closed till Tuesday. His new coat does no justice to his form, and has been sent in too late to admit of a remedy. Shall he go, too, by land or water? — by public or by private conveyance? — shall he take this or that elegance or convenience? — are questions which trouble him the more that they are of little importance. And show him, much more than matters of graver moment, 'that all is vanity.'

'And if he be poor,' said I, bringing together my slender wardrobe, 'he is silently yet effectually reminded of his humble condition, and that he, at least, has not enough of the goods of this world to seduce him with any sort of reason from those of another. These,' added I, filling up the interstices of my trunk with two or three pairs of venerable-looking stockings, 'these were made with my mother's own hands — at least the foot of them — for I see the extremities of their foundations have been embossed with external work of a posterior date. 'T is after the fashion of the old castles of England, whose ruins have been repaired in successive ages, by half a dozen different kinds of workmanship.'

Little didst thou think, my mother, when I went forth from thee, some seven years agone, into this rough and jostling world, that I should become so great a man; that I should have charge of a select school in this flourishing village, in a direct line between those seats of science and of wealth, New-Haven and New-York; that I should be ranked almost if not quite next to the minister; and should teach young gentlemen and ladies Virgil and astronomy! To thy virtues I owe it, who wouldst never allow me to be idle, and who, to create within me habits of industry, madest me the while to sew and knit, which even now saves me many a penny in my lowly fortunes.

Lowly fortunes! Heavens and earth! — the greatest men in the world have been poor; 't is sometimes the lot of true talent and genius. Yes, I thank thee, thou Giver of life to me, that thou didst not also give me wealth, to tempt me from the path of greatness — that thou hast not left me without those incentives to action, which the rich never feel.

And yet, if one, after having acquired proper habits, and manliness of character, could meet with a comely fortune, it could not do him much harm. But, dear Laura, though thou art well endowed, yet not from such considerations, as thou knowest, and I have often sworn to thee, have I fastened my heart on thee. No, inexorable girl! it is for thine own sweet self — thy rare and surpassing excellence. Could I but carry with me as I go, the assurance of thy affectionate regard, 't would sweeten every sight and every sound. So thou wilt not let me 'visit thee at thy father's this summer or autumn!' Should I forget thee, amid the novel charms of Boston, 't were right. Why should I continue warm, when she is so cold? One might as well look for an icicle to melt at the north-west corner of my school-house, in the middle of January, as for her to thaw. And yet, 'dark-eyed one!' can I forget

the love I have borne thee, for these more than three years? Perish the thought!

The first dark eye that charm'd us,
Is last to lose its light;
The glance that first disarm'd us,
Is strongest in its might;

The voice that first enchanted,
Is sweetest in its tone;
The kiss we first implanted,
Has fragrance all its own.

'T is like to be fragrant, when I kiss her. And this coat which I got, nothing doubting to visit her in it this glorious fall, will be utterly spoiled by my jaunt. If I put it here in the top of my trunk, its skirts are all wrinkled, and its collar crushed; and if I wear it on the road, its glory is equally tarnished. A plague take it! I could conjugate '*amo*' as easily again as 'fix' this coat. My friends are right. I have given myself too much to books.

THE AMERICAN SOLDIER'S SONG.

Here 's an arm for thee, my country!
'Twill far and sternly dare,
When the cloudy battle gathers dark,
And the war shouts rend the air.

Here 's a heart for thee, my country!
Free be its red blood spilt:
A coward! — 't is the man who yields,
While one warm pulse is felt!

Here 's a soul for thee, my country!
A firm, determined soul —
Press on to glory or the grave,
Press to the hero's goal!

My beautiful green country!
A glorious realm is thine,
With the oceans for thy mighty bounds —
Our eagles sweep their brine.

Land of our patriot fathers!
Land of the 'mighty free!'
Here 's a long hurrah for Washington,
And his home of liberty!

Lift the noble flag above us!
Let the stormy war-drums roll;
Those stars are high as the warrior's hopes —
That music speaks his soul.

Arm for the stirring conflict!
Let the serried spears flash high:
Arm! for the God of battle leads
Our hosts to victory!

E. L. M.

EDUCATION:

The great activity which is displayed in all the movements of the American people, is calculated to produce the grandest results, and whatever direction it pursues, must exercise a powerful influence upon their condition and destiny. Objects of popular affection are fondly cherished, and their accomplishment is prosecuted with the most ardent assiduity, and undeviating constancy. Education has always been held by them in the highest estimation, and the time, it is to be hoped, is not far distant, when it will be pursued with similar ardor and results, displayed in those magnificent improvements which shed so much honor upon the genius, patriotism, and enterprise of the country.

Popular feeling, when once thoroughly embarked in the prosecution of it, will exhibit a loftiness of tone, and a splendor of success, unequalled in other parts of the earth. Every effort should be made to hasten the arrival of the time, when the institutions for the diffusion of knowledge shall occupy their appropriate ascendancy in the minds and affections of the people. Before this can occur, education must be more generally and closely adapted to their wants and condition.

The literary world has been agitated by a controversy whether the collegiate system in vogue is correct — as if there were any branch of learning which, in its appropriate sphere, does not deserve cultivation, or as if the same course of instruction should be arbitrarily applied to all classes of society. An inflexible standard is assumed, and men are required to conform to it, however uncongenial to their condition. Thousands who cannot reach it, are thus neglected, and the great mass of the people are, from their necessary avocations and mode of life, deprived of the benefits derived from the acquisition of the elements of practical knowledge, which would be eagerly acquired if properly taught, and would furnish the most desirable aid in the various pursuits by which a subsistence is obtained.

Little of the intelligence that pervades the country is acquired in schools. Men pick up their information in travelling, from newspapers, and by political controversies. How grand would be the result, if to these opportunities, and the incessant stimulus of an active and vigorous state of society, could be added early and general instruction in the arts and sciences!

The standard of intelligence varies in different communities. A comparison between our own and other countries is sufficient to teach us the practicability of elevating the intelligence and the morals of a whole nation, so as to quicken the movements of life, increase the industry, and promote the happiness of society.

A contracted system of education possesses numerous evils. It is apt to create a class of superficial scholars, who, by their vanity and arrogance, bring learning into disrepute. It encourages a most erroneous impression among parents, that the expense of education is thrown away, unless their children embark in one of the learned professions, thereby creating a sort of monopoly of knowledge, and depriving a large part of society of the advantages to be derived from it. We want a higher grade of education for mechanics, merchants, and farmers, to whom knowledge should be considered as essential as to the members of the learned professions. It is a lamentable fact, that a large portion,

even of our men of wealth, are without the cultivation essential to the proper enjoyment of their property. Numerous examples abound of the neglect of education by the very persons whose opportunities are the most extensive, and from whom the country has the right to expect the highest grade of excellence. It is to be hoped that the time will speedily arrive when education will be conducted on a more extensive scale, and that the higher branches of it will be viewed by the people with the same regard that is bestowed on primary schools.

Every new institution increases the number of scholars, by extending the facilities of education, and opening a closer and more extensive intercourse with the community: as the points of contact with the people are increased, a love of knowledge is more widely diffused, and the impulses to exertion acquire additional energy. Education, instead of being confined to the few, dispenses its blessings over a larger surface, and takes a firmer hold on the habits and feelings of society.

The system of collegiate education which now prevails, is mainly adapted to the improvement of youth destined for professional avocations, or for such as possess the wealth which exempts them from other than literary labors. The diffusion of knowledge on a more extensive scale, and in a greater variety of forms, would promote the safety and prosperity of the country, and widen the sphere of individual usefulness and enjoyment. There is scarcely a medium between what is considered as a complete course of education, and the scanty provision so parsimoniously made for primary instruction. Yet it is apparent that one system cannot be suitable to all classes of society.

In acquiring the learning useful to professional men, mechanics, agriculturalists, and merchants, are apt to neglect the knowledge connected with the pursuits by which their subsistence must be obtained. Mercantile schools, in our large cities, would be productive of vast benefit. A race of men would spring up under their fostering care, who would do honor to the nation. A shop-keeper, a captain of a merchantman, a clerk, or a broker, would not be the worse for having devoted a portion of his boyhood to the acquisition of practical knowledge, illustrating or adorning his respective occupation. A foundation would thus be laid for subsequent improvement. Men embarked in commercial pursuits, whether on the ocean or on the land, would feel the invigorating influence of scientific attainments, within the compass of their occupations, which would refresh the fatigue of labor, and guide the course of industry.

The influence upon society, by the establishment of institutions peculiarly adapted to the improvement of agriculturalists, cannot be surpassed by any other scheme for its advancement. Agricultural schools, where the acquisition of science would be increased, and rendered more valuable by practical illustrations of its nature and uses, would be the means of fostering a race of hardy, industrious, and enlightened citizens, whose rural pursuits and extensive knowledge would render them the bulwarks of their country, and the successful patrons of virtue and intelligence.

There is no portion of the community which has more seriously suffered for the want of a good system of education, than the agricultural. With an occupation preëminently adapted to be the companion of science, enjoying the calm seclusion of rural life, exempt from the vexations and turmoil which beset men engaged in other avocations, the

farmer requires the invigorating power of mental exercise, and needs some congenial pursuit to expand and replenish his intellect. Corporeally employed, his mind has abundant leisure, and cannot fail to degenerate, and be injured by listlessness, and the want of healthful excitement. The beauties of creation which surround him are often not understood, because science has never developed their mysteries, nor taught him to enjoy their charms. The heavens, glowing with the brilliancy of other worlds, afford him neither delight nor instruction; the soil which he cultivates, abounds with intellectual treasures, hidden from him by the veil of ignorance, which early neglect has deprived him of the power of removing; the plants which so luxuriantly flourish around him, furnish a volume for study, full of pleasure and usefulness, but education has never taught him to comprehend the instruction they convey: the book of nature is, in fact, to him a dead letter, or but darkly understood, while he drags along an existence, unprofitable and pleasureless, when compared to the enjoyments he *might* possess, and the usefulness which would distinguish his career, if knowledge had early been his companion, and had shed its benign influence over his path.

An economical and well-organized system would extend to the laboring classes opportunities of acquiring education. Farms, appropriated to the purposes of instruction, would not only afford the means of a practical application of the principles of science, but would lessen the expense. Horticultural schools, in the neighborhood of large cities, would be invaluable acquisitions, not only by increasing the numbers and skill of those engaged in a most useful and delightful employment, but by the models of gardens, and the opportunities for experiments they would furnish. The whole community would speedily feel the benefit of them. Destitute children might be collected, and by a cheap course of education, placed in a condition of comparative independence. The instruction of a few months may give to the character of a youth a permanent impression, and fix his destiny for life. By giving variety to the character of schools, the wants of all can be supplied; and society thus confers on its offspring a parental blessing, and receives in return the support and gratification of filial excellence and affection.

Our larger institutions should receive the most efficient encouragement. The country cannot exist without them. Their numbers should be increased, and the sphere of their usefulness extended. An university, at the seat of government, was one of the earliest and most fondly-cherished projects of the founders of our political institutions. With a sagacity which false reasoning could not delude, and a patriotism which raised them above the influence of prejudice and selfishness, they properly appreciated the advantages of rendering the federal capital a seat of learning, and the centre of literary as well as of political intelligence. The benefits which would result from it, cannot be exaggerated. The peculiar condition of the seat of government increases its importance. In a commercial and manufacturing point of view, Washington must ever occupy an inferior station. Its locality, and the rivalry of other cities, will prevent it from becoming a place of extensive business, and its prosperity must be derived from the population attracted to it by its political and literary advantages. Literary society is of much greater importance than the splendor of wealth, or the bustle of business. A more extensive opportunity would be furnished

to the representatives of the people for the acquisition of knowledge, as well as for refined and intellectual recreation.

A seminary of learning must necessarily improve the condition of a community, encourage studies calculated to enlarge the mind and ennoble the feelings, and diffuse, within the sphere of its influence, a relish for useful knowledge, and antidotes to selfishness and mere sensual pleasures. All the officers of government would feel its power. With stimulants to exertion, arising from models of excellence at all times before them, the most subordinate stations would be filled by men of cultivated minds. The operations of government would thus be aided by the indirect influence of social intercourse and good examples.

Men are always affected by the condition of the society into which they daily come in contact. The social atmosphere they breathe, may be a pestilence to corrupt and destroy them, or a pure and bracing air, to infuse moral and intellectual vigor. A seat of government should be the resort of learned men. Nothing more powerfully assists in the accomplishment of this object, than the establishment of universities on the most extensive scale, which become centres of attraction, alluring some by the opportunities afforded of educating children; others by the means of pursuing literary research, the literary society it creates, and the reputation they confer on the places of their locality. As there is nothing exclusive in the plan of a national university, it is not liable to any objection arising from a diversity of tastes, or a partiality which may exist in the minds of some for other institutions.

The march of improvement is rapid. Each year adds to our resources. The movement in behalf of education has had a prosperous commencement. In a few years we shall be as amazed at its progress, as we now are at other productions of American genius and enterprise, the existence of which the human imagination, a quarter of a century ago, could not have conjectured.

SPRING: (AN EXTRACT.)

The sun is on the waters, and the air
Breathes with a stirring energy; the plants
Expand their leaves, and swell their buds, and blow,
Wooing the eye, and stealing on the soul
With perfume and with beauty: Life awakes;
Its wings are waving, and its fins at play,
Glancing from out the streamlets, and the voice
Of love and joy is warbled in the grove;
And children sport upon the springing turf,
With shouts of innocent glee, and youth is fired
With a diviner passion, and the eye
Speaks deeper meaning, and the cheek is filled
At every tender motion of the heart,
With purer flushings; for the boundless power,
That rules all living creatures, now has sway:
In man refined to holiness, a flame
That purifies the heart it feeds upon:
And yet the searching spirit will not blend
With this rejoicing, these attractive charms
Of the glad season; but at wisdom's shrine,
Will draw pure draughts from her unfathomed well,
And nurse the never-dying lamp, that burns
Brighter and brighter on, as ages roll.

J. G. Percival

THE VISION OF DEATH.

The moon was high in the autumn sky,
The stars waned cold and dim,
Where hoarsely the mighty Oregon
Peals his eternal hymn;
And the prairie-grass bent its seedy heads
Far over the river's brim.

An impulse I might not defy,
Constrained my footsteps there,
When through the gloom a red eye burned
With fixed and steady glare;
And a huge, misshapen form of mist
Loomed in the midnight air.

Then out it spake: 'My name is Death!'
Thick grew my blood, and chill —
A sense of fear weighed down my breath,
And held my pulses still;
While a voice from that unnatural shade
Compelled me to its will.

'Dig me a grave! a grave! a grave!'
The gloomy monster said,
'And make it deep, and long, and wide,
And bury me my dead.'
A corse without sheet or shroud, at my feet,
And rusted mattock, were laid.

With trembling hand the tool I spanned,
'Twas wet with blood, and cold,
And from its slimy handle hung
The gray and ropy mould;
And I sought to detach my stiffened grasp,
But could not loose my hold.

'Now cautiously turn up the sod,
God's image once it bore,
And time shall be when each small blade
To life He will restore,
And the separate particles shall take
The shape which first they wore.'

Deeply my spade the soft earth pierced,
It touched the festering dead;
Tier above tier the corpses lay,
As leaves in autumn shed;
The vulture circled, and flapped his wings,
And screamed, above my head.

O then I sought to rest my brow,
The spade I held, its prop:
'Toil on! toil on!' screeched the ugly fiend,
'My servants never stop!
Toil on! toil on! at the judgment day
Ye'll have a glorious crop!'

Now, wheresoe'er I turned my eyes,
'Twas horrible to see
How the grave made bare her secret work,
And disclosed her depths to me;
While the ground beneath me heaved and rolled
Like to the billowy sea.

The spectre skinned his yellow teeth —
'Ye like not this, I trow:

Six thousand years your fellow man
Has counted me his foe,
And ever when he cursed I laughed,
And drew my fatal bow.

'And generations all untold,
In this dark spot I've laid —
The forest ruler and the young
And tender Indian maid;
And moulders with their carcasses
Behemoth of the glade.

'Yet here they may no more remain,
I fain would have this room,
And they must seek another rest,
Of deeper, lonelier gloom:
Long ages since I marked this spot,
To be the white man's tomb.

'Already his coming steps I hear,
From the East's remotest line,
While over his advancing hosts
The forward banners shine:
And where he builds his cities and towns,
I ever must build mine.'

Anon a pale and silvery mist
Was girdled round the moon:
Slowly the dead unclosed their eyes,
On midnight's solemn noon.
'Ha!' muttered the mocking sprite, 'I fear
We have waked you up too soon!

Now marshal all the numerous host
In one concentred band,
And hurry them to the West,' said he,
'Where ocean meets the land:
They shall regard thy bidding voice,
And move at thy command.'

Then first I spake — the sullen corpse
Stood on the gloomy sod,
Like the dry bones the prophet raised,
When bidden by his God;
A mighty company, so vast,
Each on the other trod.

They stalked erect as if alive,
Yet not to life allied,
But like the pestilence that walks,
And wasteth at noontide,
Corruption animated, or
The grave personified.

The earth-worm drew his slimy trail
Across the bloodless cheek,
And the carrion bird in hot haste came
To gorge his thirsty beak;
But, scared by the living banquet, fled,
Another prey to seek.

While ever as on their way they moved,
No voice they gave, nor sound,
And before and behind, and about their sides,
Their greenish arms they bound;
As the beggar clasps his skinny hands
His tattered garments round.

On, on we went through the live-long night,
Death and his troop, and I;
We turned not aside for forest or stream,
Or mountain towering high,
But straight and swift as the hurricane sweeps
Athwart the stormy sky.

Once, once I stopped, where something gleamed,
With a bright and star-like ray,
And I stooped to take the diamond up
From the grass in which it lay;
'T was an eye that from its socket fell,
As some wretch toiled on his way.

At length our army reached the verge
Of the far western shore;
Death drave them into the sea, and said,
'Ye shall remove no more.'
The ocean hymned their solemn dirge,
And his waters swept them o'er.

The stars went out, the morning smiled
With rosy tints of light,
The bird began his early hymn,
And plumed his wings for flight:
And the vision of death was broken with
The breaking up of night.

New-York, 13th August, 1836. J. R. B.

LETTERS

OF LUCIUS M. PISO, FROM PALMYRA, TO HIS FRIEND MARCUS CURTIUS, AT ROME: NOW FIRST TRANSLATED AND PUBLISHED.

NUMBER SEVEN.

You will be glad to learn, my Curtius, that the time has now come, when I may with reason look for news from Isaac, or for his return. It was his agreement to write of his progress, so soon as he should arrive at Ecbatana. But since he would consume but a very few days in the accomplishment of his task, if, the gods helping, he should be able to accomplish it at all, I may see him, even before I hear from him, and, O day thrice happy, my brother perhaps with him! Yet am I not without solicitude, even though Calpurnius should return. For how shall I meet him? — as a Persian, or a Roman? — as a friend, or an enemy? As a brother, I can never cease to love him; as a public enemy of Rome, I may be obliged to condemn him.

You have indeed gratified me by what you have told me concerning the public works in which the emperor is now engaged. Would that the erection of temples and palaces might draw away his thoughts from the East. The new wall, of so much wider sweep, with which he is now enclosing the city, is well worthy the greatness of his genius. Yet do we, my Curtius, perceive in this rebuilding and strengthening of the walls of Rome, no indication of our country's decline? Were Rome vigorous and sound, as once, in her limbs, what were the need of this new defence about the heart? It is to me a confession of weakness, rather than any evidence of greatness and strength. Aurelian achieves

more for Rome by the strictness of his discipline, and his restoration of the ancient simplicity and severity among the troops, than he could by a triple wall about the metropolis. Rome will then already have fallen, when a Gothic army shall have penetrated so far as even to have seen her gates. The walls of Rome are her living and moving walls of flesh. Her old and crumbling ramparts of masonry, upon which we have so often climbed in sport, rolling down into the surrounding ditch huge masses, have ever been to me, when I have thought of them, pregnant signs of security and power.

The ambassadors, Petronius and Varro, early on the morning succeeding their interview with the queen, departed for the city. They were soon followed by Zenobia and her train of councillors and attendants. It had been before agreed that the princess, Fausta, and myself, should remain longer at the palace, for the purpose of visting, as had been proposed, the aged Christian hermit, whose retreat is among the fastnesses of the neighboring mountains. I would rather have accompanied the queen, seeing it was so certain that important interviews and discussions would take place, when they should be all returned once more to the city. I suppose this was expressed in my countenance, for the queen, as she took her seat in the chariot, turned and said to me: 'We shall soon see you again in the city. A few hours in the mountains will be all that Julia will require; and sure I am that the wisdom of St. Thomas will more than repay you for what you may lose in Palmyra. Our topics will relate but to worldly aggrandizement—yours to more permanent interests.'

How great a pity that the love of glory has so fastened upon the heart of this wonderful woman; else might she live, and reign, and die the object of a universal idolatry. But set as her heart is upon conquest and universal empire throughout the East, and of such marvellous power to subdue every intellect, even the strongest, to her will, I can see nothing before her but a short and brilliant career indeed, ending in ruin, absolute and complete. Zenobia has not, or will not allow it to be seen that she has, any proper conception of the power of Rome. She judges of Rome by the feeble Valerian; and the unskilful Heraclianus, and by their standard measures such men as Aurelian, and Probus, and Carus. She may indeed gain a single battle, for her genius is vast, and her troops well disciplined and brave. But the loss of a battle would be to her the loss of empire, while to Rome it would be but as the sting of a summer insect. Yet this she does not or will not see. To triumph over Aurelian, is, I believe, the vision that dazzles, deludes, and will ruin her.

No sooner had the queen and her train departed, than, mounting our horses, we took our way, Julia, Fausta, and myself, through winding valleys, and over rugged hills, toward the hermit's retreat. Reaching at length the base of what seemed an almost inaccessible crag, we found it necessary to leave our horses in the care of attendant slaves, and pursue the remainder of the way on foot. The hill which we now had to ascend, was thickly grown over with every variety of tree and bush, with here and there a mountain stream falling from rock to rock, and winding its way to the valley below. The sultry heat of the day compelled us frequently to pause, as we made our way up the side of the hill, seating ourselves, now beneath the dark shadows of a branching

cedar or the long-lived terebinth, and now on the mossy banks of a descending brook. The mingled beauty and wildness of the scene, together with such companions, soon drove the queen, Rome, and Palmyra, from my thoughts. I could not but wish that we might lose our way to the hermit's cave, that by such means our walk might be prolonged.

'Is it, I wonder,' said Fausta, 'the instruction of his religion which confines this Christian saint to these distant solitudes? What a singular faith it must be which should drive all who embrace it to the woods and rocks! What would become of our dear Palmyra, were it to be changed to a Christian city? The same event, I suppose, Julia, would change it to a desert.'

'I do not think christianity prescribes this mode of life,-though I do not know but it may permit it,' replied the Princess. 'But of this, St. Thomas will inform us. He may have chosen this retreat on account of his extreme age, which permits him no longer to engage in the affairs of an active life.'

'I trust for the sake of christianity it is so,' added Fausta; 'for I cannot conceive of a true religion inculcating, or even permitting inactivity. What would become of the world, if it could be proved that the gods required us to pass our days in retired contemplation?'

'Yet it cannot be denied,' said Julia, 'that the greatest benefactors of mankind have been those who have in solitude, and with patient labor, pursued truth till they have discovered it, and then revealed it to shed its light and heat upon the world.'

'For my part,' replied Fausta, 'I must think that they who have sowed and reaped have been equal benefactors. The essential truths are instinctive and universal. As for the philosophers, they have, with few exceptions, been occupied as much about mere frivolities as any Palmyrene lady at her toilet. Still, I do not deny that the contemplative race is a useful one in its way. What I say is, that a religion which enjoined a solitary life as a duty, would be a very mischievous religion. And what is more, any such precept, fairly proved upon it, would annihilate all its claims to a divine origin. For certainly, if it were made a religious duty for one man to turn an idle, contemplative hermit, it would be equally the duty of every other, and then the arts of life by which we subsist would be forsaken. Any of the prevalent superstitions, if we may not call them religions, were better than this.'

'I agree with you entirely,' said Julia; 'but my acquaintance with the Christian writings is not such as to enable me to say with confidence that they contain no such permission or injunction. Indeed, some of them I have not even read, and much I do not fully understand. But as I have seen and read enough to believe firmly that christianity is a divine religion, my reason teaches me that it contains no precept such as we speak of.'

'We had now, in the course of our walk, reached what we found to be a broad and level ledge, about half way to the summit of the hill. It was a spot remarkable for a sort of dark and solemn beauty. It was thickly set with huge branching trees, whose tops were woven into a roof, through which only here and there the rays of the fierce sun could find their way. The turf beneath, unincumbered with any smaller growth of tree or shrub, was sprinkled with flowers that love the shade.

The upper limit of this level space was bounded by precipitous rocks, up which, ascent seemed impossible, and the lower by similar ones, to descend which seemed equally difficult or impossible.

'If the abode of the Christian is hereabout,' we said, 'it seems well chosen both for its security and the exceeding beauty of the various objects which greet the eye.'

'Soon as we shall have passed yonder tumbling rivulet,' said Julia, 'it will come into view.'

Upon a rude bridge of fallen trunks of trees, we passed the stream as it crossed our path, and which then shooting over the edge of the precipice, was lost among the rocks and woods below. A cloud of light spray fell upon us as we stood upon the bridge, and imparted a most refreshing coolness.

'Where you see,' said Julia, 'that dark entrance, beneath yonder low-browed rock, is the dwelling of the aged Christian.'

We moved on with slow and silent steps, our spirits partaking of the stillness and solitariness of the place. We reached the front of the grotto, without disturbing the meditations of the venerable man. A part of the rock which formed his dwelling served him for a seat, and another part, projecting after the manner of a shelf, served him for a table, upon which lay spread open a large volume. Bending over the book, his lean and shrivelled finger pointing to the words, and aiding his now dim and feeble eye, he seemed wholly wrapped in the truths he was contemplating, and heeded not our presence. We stood still for a moment, unwilling to break a repose so peaceful and profound. At length, raising his eyes from the page, they caught the form and face of the princess, who stood nearest to him. A quick and benignant smile lighted up his features; and rising slowly to his full height, he bade her welcome, with sweet and tremulous tones, to his humble roof.

'It is kind in you,' said he, 'so soon again to ascend these rough solitudes, to visit a now unprofitable old man. And more kind still to bring others with you. Voices from the world ring a sweet music in my ear — sweeter than any sound of bird or stream. Enter, friends, if it please you, and be rested, after the toil of your ascent.'

'I bring you here, father,' said Julia, 'according to my sometime promise, my friend and companion, the daughter of Gracchus, and with her a noble Roman, of the house of Piso, lately come hither from the capital of the world.'

'They are very, very welcome,' replied the saint; 'your presence breaks most gratefully the monotony of my life.'

'We almost doubted,' said I, 'venerable father, whether it would please you to find beneath your roof those who receive not your belief, and what is much more, belong to a faith which has poured upon you and yours so full a flood of suffering and reproach. But your countenance assures us that we have erred.'

'You have, indeed,' replied the sage; 'as a Christian I see in you not pagans and unbelievers, not followers of Plato or Epicurus, not dwellers in Rome or Alexandria, but members of the great family of man, and as such I greet you, and already love you. The design of christianity is to unite and draw together, not divide and drive asunder. It teaches its disciples, indeed, to go out and convert the world, but if they cannot convert it, it still teaches them to love it. My days and my

strength have been spent in preaching Christ to Jews and heathen, and many of those who have heard have believed. But more have not. These are not my brethren in Christ, but they are my brethren in God, and I love them as his.'

'These are noble sentiments,' said Fausta. 'Religion has, in almost all its forms, condemned utterly all who have not received it in the form in which it has been proposed. Rome used to be mild and tolerant of every form which the religious sentiment assumed. But since the appearance of christianity, it has wholly changed its policy. I am afraid it formerly tolerated, only because it saw nothing to fear. Fearing christianity, it seeks to destroy it. That is scarcely generous of you, Lucius; nor very wise, either — for surely truth can neither be created nor suppressed by applications of force. Such is not the doctrine of christianity, if I understand you right.'

'Lady, most certainly not,' he replied. 'Christianity is offered to mankind, not forced upon them. And this supposes in them the power and the right to sit in judgment upon its truth. But were not all free judgment destroyed, and all worthy reception of it, therefore, if any penal consequences — greater or less, of one kind or another, present or future — followed upon its rejection? Rome has done wickedly, in her aim to suppress error and maintain truth by force. Is Rome a god to distinguish with certainty the one from the other? But alas! Rome is not alone to blame in this. Christians themselves are guilty of the same folly and crime. They interpret differently the sayings of Christ — as how should they not? — and the party which is stronger in numbers already begins to oppress, with hard usage and language, the weaker party, which presumes to entertain its own opinions. The Christians of Alexandria and Rome, fond of the ancient philosophy, and desirous to recommend the doctrines of Christ, by showing their near accordance with it, have, as many think, greatly adulterated the gospel, by mixing up with its truths the fantastic dreams of Plato. Others, among whom is our Paul of Antioch, deeming this injurious and erroneous, aim to restore the Christian doctrine to the simplicity that belongs to it in the original records, and which, for the most part, it still retains among the common people. But this is not willingly allowed. On the contrary, because Paul cannot see with their eyes, and judge with their judgment, he is to be driven from his bishopric. Thus do the Christians imitate in their treatment of each other their common enemy, the Roman. They seem already ashamed of the gentleness of Christ, who would have every mind left in its own freedom to believe as its own powers enable it to believe. Our good Zenobia, though no Christian, is yet in this respect the truest Christian. All within her realm, thought is free as the air that plays among these leaves.'

'But is it not,' said Fausta, 'a mark of imperfection in your religion, that it cannot control and bind to a perfect life its disciples? Methinks a divine religion should manifest its divinity in the superior goodness which it forms.'

'Is not that just?' I added.

'A divine religion,' he replied, 'may indeed be expected to show its heaven-derived power in creating a higher virtue than human systems. And this, I am sure, christianity does. I may safely challenge the world to show in human form the perfection which dwelt in Jesus, the

founder of this religion. Yet his character was formed by the power of his own doctrines. Among his followers, if there have been none so perfect as he, there have been multitudes who have approached him, and have exhibited a virtue which was once thought to belong only to philosophers. The world has been accustomed to celebrate, with almost divine honors, Socrates, and chiefly because of the greatness of mind displayed by him when condemned to drink the cup of poison. I can tell you of thousands among the Christians, among common and unlearned Christians, who have met death, in forms many times more horrible than that in which the Greek encountered it, with equal calmness and serenity. This they have been enabled to do simply through the divine force of a few great truths, which they have implicitly believed. Beside this, consider the many usages of the world, which, while others hold them innocent, the Christians condemn them, and abstain from them. It is not to be denied that they are the reformers of the age. They are busy, sometimes with an indiscreet and violent zeal, in new modelling both the opinions and practices of the world. But what then? Are they to be condemned if a single fault may be charged upon them? Must they be perfect, because their religion is divine? This might be so, if it were of the nature of religion to operate with an irresistible influence upon the mind, producing an involuntary and forced obedience. But in such an obedience, there would be nothing like what we mean by virtue, but something quite inferior in the comparison. A religion, for the reason that it is divine, will, with the more certainty, make its appeals to a free nature. It will explain the nature, and reveal the consequences of virtue and vice, but will leave the mind free to choose the one or the other. Christianity teaches, that in goodness, and faithfulness to the sense of duty, lies the chief good; in these there is a Heaven of reward, not only now and on earth, but throughout an existence truly immortal. Is it not most evident that with whatever authority this religion may propound its doctrines, men not being in a single power coerced will not, though they may receive them, yield to them an equal observance. Hence, even among Christians, there must be, perhaps ever, much imperfection.'

'Does not this appear to you, Fausta and Piso,' said Julia, as the old man paused, 'just and reasonable? Can it be an objection to this faith, that its disciples partake of the common weaknesses of humanity? Otherwise, religion would be a principle designed, not so much to improve and exalt our nature, as to alter it.'

'We allow it readily to be both just and reasonable.'

'But it seemed to us,' said Fausta, 'as we ascended the mountain, and were conversing, to be with certainty a proof of imperfection in your religion — pardon my freedom, we are come as learners, and they who would learn, must, without restraint, express their doubts — that it recommended or permitted a recluse and inactive life. Have your days, father, been passed in this deep solitude? and has your religion demanded it?'

'Your freedom pleases me,' replied the venerable man, 'and I wonder not at the question you propose. Not my religion, lady, but an enfeebled and decrepit frame chains me to this solitude. I have now outlasted a century, and my powers are wasted and gone. I can do little more than sit and ponder the truths of this life-giving book, and antici-

pate the renewed activity of that immortal being which it promises. The Christian converts, who dwell beneath those roofs which you see gleaming in the valley below, supply the few wants which I have. When their labor is done for the day, they sometimes come up, bringing with them baskets of fresh or dried fruits, which serve me, together with the few roots and berries which I myself can gather as I walk this level space, for my food. My thirst I quench at the brook which you have just passed. Upon this simple but wholesome nutriment, and breathing this dry mountain air, my days may yet be prolonged through many years. But I do not covet them — since nature makes me a prisoner. But I submit, because my faith teaches me to receive patiently whatever the Supreme Ruler appoints. It is not my religion that prescribes this manner of life — or permits it, but as the last refuge of an imbecillity like mine. Christianity denounces selfishness, in all its forms, and what form of selfishness more gross than to spend the best of one's days in solitary musing and prayer, all to secure one's own salvation? The founder of this religion led an active and laborious life. He did good not only to himself by prayer and meditation. He went about doing it to others — seeking out objects whom he might benefit and bless. His life was one of active benevolence; and the record of that life is the religious code of his followers. No condemnation could be more severe than that which the Prophet of Nazareth would pronounce upon such a life as mine now is, were it a chosen, voluntary one. But it never has been voluntary. Till age dried up the sources of my strength, I toiled night and day in all countries and climates, in the face of every danger, in the service of mankind. For it is by serving others, that the law of Christ is fulfilled. This disinterested labor for others constituted the greatness of Jesus Christ. This constitutes true greatness in his followers. I perceive that what I say falls upon your ear as a new and strange doctrine. But it is the doctrine of christianity. It utterly condemns, therefore, a life of solitary devotion. It is a mischievous influence which is now spreading outward from the example of that Paul who suffered so much under the persecution of the Emperor Decius, and who, flying to the solitudes of the Egyptian Thebais, has there in the vigor of his days buried himself in a cave of the earth, that he may serve God by forsaking man. His maxim seems to be, 'The farther from man, the nearer to God' — the reverse of the Christian maxim, 'The nearer man, the nearer God.' A disciple of Jesus has truly said: 'He who loves not his brother whom he hath seen, how shall he love God, whom he hath not seen?' This, it may be, Roman, is the first sentence you have ever heard from the Christian books.'

'I am obliged to confess that it is,' I replied, 'I have heretofore lived in an easy indifference toward all religions. The popular religion of my country I early learned to despise. I have perused the philosophers, and examined their systems, from Pythagoras to Seneca, and am now, what I have long been, a disciple of none but Pyrrho. My researches have taught me only how the more ingeniously to doubt. Wearied at length with a vain inquiry after truth that should satisfy and fill me, I suddenly abandoned the pursuit, with the resolve never to resume it. I was not even tempted to depart from this resolution on the appearance of christianity; for I confounded it with Judaism, and

for that, as a Roman, I entertained too profound a contempt to bestow upon it a single thought. I must acknowledge that the reports which I heard, and which I sometimes read, of the marvellous constancy and serenity of the Christians, under accumulated sufferings and wrongs, interested my feelings in their behalf; and the thought often arose, 'Must there not be truth to support such heroism?' But the world went on its way, and I with it, and the Christians were forgotten. To a Christian, on my voyage across the Mediterranean, I owe much, for my first knowledge of christianity. To the Princess Julia I owe a larger debt still. And now from your lips, long accustomed to declare its truths, I have heard what makes me truly desirous to hear the whole of that which, in the little glimpses I have been able to obtain, has afforded so real a satisfaction.'

'If you studied the Christian books,' said the recluse, 'you would be chiefly struck, perhaps, with the plainness and simplicity of the doctrines there unfolded. You would say that much which you found there, relating to the right conduct of life, you had already found scattered through the books of the Greek and Roman moralists. You would be startled by no strange or appalling truth. You would turn over their leaves in vain in search of such dark and puzzling ingenuities as try the wits of those who resort to the pages of Plato. A child can understand the essential truths of Christ. And the value of christianity consists not in this, that it puts forth a new, ingenious, and intricate system of philosophy, but that it adds to recognised and familiar truths divine authority. Some things are indeed new; and much is new, if that may be called so which, having been neglected as insignificant by other teachers, has by Christ been singled out and announced as primal and essential. But the peculiarity of christianity lies in this, that its voice, whether heard in republishing an old and familiar doctrine, or announcing a new one, is not the voice of man, but of God. It is a revelation. It is a word from the invisible, unapproachable Spirit of the universe. For this Socrates would have been willing to renounce all his wisdom. Is it not this which we need? We can theorize and conjecture without end, but cannot relieve ourselves of our doubts. They will assail every work of man. We wish to repose in a divine assurance. This we have in christianity. It is a message from God. It puts an end to all doubt and conjecture. Wise men of all ages have agreed in the belief of One God; but not being able to demonstrate his being and his unity, they have had no power to change the popular belief, which has ever tended to polytheism and idolatry. Christianity teaches this truth with the authority of God himself, and already has it become the faith of millions. Philosophers have long ago taught that the only safe and happy life is a virtuous life. Christianity repeats this great truth, and adds, that it is such a life alone that conducts to immortality. Philosophers have themselves believed in the doctrine of a future life, and have died hoping to live again; and it cannot be denied that mankind generally have entertained an obscure expectation of a renewed existence after death. The advantage of christianity consists in this, that it assures us of the reality of a future existence, on the word and authority of God himself. Jesus Christ taught, that all men come forth from death, wearing a new spiritual body, and thereafter never die; and to confirm his teaching, he himself being slain, rose from the

dead, and showed himself to his followers alive, and while they were yet looking upon him, ascended to some other and higher world. Surely, Roman, though christianity announced nothing more than these great truths, yet seeing it puts them forth in the name and with the authority of God, it is a vast accession to our knowledge.'

'Indeed it cannot be denied,' I answered. 'It would be a great happiness, too, to feel such an assurance, as he must who believes in your religion, of another life. Death would then lose every terror. We could approach the close of life, as calmly and cheerfully, sometimes as gladly, as we now do the close of a day of weary travel or toil. It would be but to lie down and rest, and sleep, and rise again refreshed, by the slumber for the labors and enjoyments of a life which should then be without termination, and yet unattended by fatigue or lassitude. I can think of no greater felicity than to be able to perceive the truth of such a religion as yours.'

'This religion of the Christians,' said Fausta, 'seems to be full of reasonable and desirable truth — if it all be truth. But how is this great point to be determined? How are we to know whether the founder of this religion was in truth a person holding communication with God? The mind will necessarily demand a large amount of evidence, before it can believe so extraordinary a thing. I greatly fear, Julia, lest I may never be a Christian. What is the evidence, father, with which you trust to convince the mind of an inquirer? It must possess potency, for all the world seems flocking to the standard of Christ.'

'I think, indeed,' replied the saint, 'that it possesses potency. I believe its power to be irresistible. But do you ask in sincerity, daughter of Graechus, what to do in order to believe in christianity?'

'I do, indeed,' answered Fausta. 'But know that my mind is one not easy of belief.'

'Christianity asks no forced or faint assent. It appeals to human reason, and it blames not the conscientious doubter or denier. When it requires you to examine, and constitutes you judge, it condemns no honest decision. The mind that approaches christianity must be free, and ought to be fearless. Hesitate not to reject that which evidence does not substantiate. But examine and weigh well the testimony. If then you would know whether christianity be true, it is first of all needful that you read and ponder the Christian books. These books prove themselves. The religion of Christ is *felt* to be true, as you read the writings in which it is recorded. Just as the works of nature prove to the contemplative mind the being of a God, so do the book of the Christians prove the truth of their religion. As you read them, as your mind embraces the teaching, and above all, the character of Christ, you involuntary exclaim: 'This must be true; the sun in the Heavens does not more clearly point to a divine author, than do the contents of these books.' You find them utterly unlike any other books — differing from them just in the same infinite and essential way that the works of God differ from the works of man.'

He paused, and we were for a few moments silent. At length Fausta said: 'This is all very new and strange, father! Why, Julia, have you never urged me to read these books?'

'The princess,' resumed the hermit, 'has done wisely to leave you

to the promptings of your own mind. The more every thing in religion is voluntary and free, the more worth attaches to it. Christ would not that any should be driven or urged to him; but that they should come. Nevertheless the way must be pointed out. I have now shown you one way. Let me tell you of another. The Christian books bear the names of the persons who profess to have written them, and who declare themselves to have lived and to have recorded events which happened in the province of Judea, in the reigns of Tiberius and Nero. Now it is by no means a difficult matter for a person, desirous to arrive at the truth, to institute such inquiries, as shall fully convince him that such persons lived then and there, and performed the actions ascribed to them. We are not so far removed from those times, but that by resorting to the places where the events of the Christian history took place, we can readily satisfy ourselves of their truth — if they be true — by inquiring of the descendants of those who were concerned in the very transactions recorded. This thousands and thousands have done, and they believe in the events — strange as they are — of the Christian history as implicitly as they do in the events of the Roman history, for the same period of time. Listen, my children, while I rehearse my own experiences as a believer in Christ.

'My father, a native of Syria, attained, as I have attained, to an extreme old age. At the age of five score years and ten, he died within the walls of this quiet dwelling of nature's own hewing, and there at the roots of that ancient cedar, his bones repose. Cyprian was for twenty years a contemporary of St. John the evangelist — of that John, who was one of the companions of Jesus, the founder of christianity, and who, ere he died, wrote a history of Jesus, and of his acts and doctrine. From the very lips of this holy man, did the youthful but truth-loving and truth-seeking Cyprian receive his knowledge of christianity. He sat and listened while the aged apostle — the past rising before him with the distinctness of a picture — told of Jesus; of the mild majesty of his presence; of the power and sweetness of his discourse; of the love he bore toward all that lived; of his countenance radiant with joy when, in using the miraculous power intrusted to show his descent from God, he at the same time gave health to the pining sick, and restored the dying and the dead to the arms of weeping friends. There was no point of the history which the apostle has recorded for the instruction of posterity, which Cyprian did not hear, with all its minuter circumstances, from his own mouth. Nay, and he was himself a witness of the exercise of that same power of God which was committed without measure to Jesus, on the part of the apostle. He stood by — his spirit wrapt and wonder-struck — while at the name of Jesus the lame walked, the blind recovered their sight, and the sick leaped from their couches. When this great apostle was fallen asleep, my father, by the counsel of St. John, and that his faith might yet farther be confirmed, travelled over all the scenes of the Christian history. He visited the towns and cities of Judea, where Jesus had done his marvellous works. He conversed with the children of those who had been subjects of the healing power of the Messiah. He was with those who themselves had mingled among the multitudes who encompassed him, when Lazarus was summoned from the grave, and who clung to the cross when Jesus was upon it dying, and witnessed

the sudden darkness, and felt the quaking of the earth. Finding, wherever he turned his steps in Judea, from Bethlehem to Nazareth, from the Jordan to Samaria, the whole land filled with those who, as either friends or enemies, had hung upon the steps of Jesus, and seen his miracles, what was he to doubt whether such a person as Jesus had ever lived? or had ever done those wonderful works? He doubted not; he believed, even as he would have done had he himself been present as a disciple. In addition to this, he saw at the places where they were kept, the evangelic histories, in the writing of those who drew them up; and at Rome, at Corinth, at Philippi, at Ephesus, he handled with his own hands the letters of Paul, which he wrote to the Christians of those places; and in those places and others, did he dwell and converse with multitudes who had seen and heard the great apostle, and had witnessed the wonders he had wrought. I, the child of Cyprian's old age, heard from him all that I have now recounted to you. I sat at his feet, as he had sat at the evangelist's, and from him I heard the various experiences of his long, laborious, and troubled life. Could I help but believe what I heard? — and so could I help but be a Christian? My father was a man — and all Syria knows him to have been such an one — of a passionate love of truth. At any moment would he have cheerfully suffered torture and death, sooner than have swerved from the strictest allegiance to its very letter. Nevertheless, he would not that I should trust to him alone, but as the apostle had sent him forth, so he sent me forth, to read the evidences of the truth of this religion in the living monuments of Judea. I, too, wandered a pilgrim over the hills and plains of Galilee. I sat in the synagogue at Nazareth. I dwelt in Capernaum. I mused by the shore of the Gallilean lake. I haunted the ruins of Jerusalem, and sought out the places where the Saviour of men had passed the last hours of his life. Night after night I wept and prayed upon the Mount of Olives. Wherever I went, and among whomsoever I mingled, I found witnesses eloquent and loud, and without number, to all the principal facts and events of our sacred history. Ten thousand traditions of the life and acts of Christ and his apostles, all agreeing substantially with the written records, were passing from mouth to mouth, and descending from sire to son. The whole land, in all its length and breadth, was but one vast monument to the truth of christianity. And for this purpose it was resorted to by the lovers of truth from all parts of the world. Did doubts arise in the mind of a dweller in Rome, or Carthage, or Britain, concerning the whole of the Christian story, he addressed letters to well known inhabitants of the Jewish cities, or he visited them in person, and by a few plain words from another, or by the evidence of his own eyes and ears, every doubt was scattered. When I had stored my mind with knowledge from these original sources, I then betook myself to some of the living oracles of Christian wisdom, with the fame of whose learning and piety the world was filled. From the great Clement of Rome, from Dyonysius at Alexandria, from Tertullian at Carthage, from that wonder of human genius, Origen, in his school at Cæsarea, I gathered together what more was needed to arm me for the Christian warfare; and I then went forth full of faith myself to plant its divine seeds in the hearts of whomsoever would receive them. In this good work my days have been spent. I have lived and taught

but to unfold to others the evidences which have made me a Christian. My children,' continued he, 'why should you not receive my words? Why should I desire to deceive you? I am an old man, trembling upon the borders of the grave. Can I have any wish to injure you? Is it conceivable that, standing thus already as it were, before the bar of God, I could pour false and idle tales into your ears? But if I have spoken truly, can you refuse to believe? But I must not urge. Use your freedom. Inquire for yourselves. Let the leisure and the wealth which are yours carry you to read with your own eyes that wide-spread volume which you will find among the mountains and valleys of the holy land. Princess, my strength is spent, or there is much more I could gladly add.'

'My friends,' said the princess, 'are, I am sure, grateful for what you have said, and they have heard.'

'Indeed we are,' said Fausta, 'and heartily do we thank you. One thing more would I ask. What think you of the prospects of the Christian faith? Are the common reports of its rapid ascendancy to be heeded? Is it making its way, as we are told, even into the palaces of kings? I know, indeed, what happens in Palmyra; but elsewhere, holy father?'

As Fausta spoke these words, the aged man seemed wrapped in thought. His venerable head sank upon his breast; his beard swept the ground. At length, slowly raising his head, and with eyes lifted upward, he said, in deep and solemn tones: 'It cannot, it cannot be difficult to read the future. It must be so. I see it as if it were already come. The throne which is red with blood, and he who sits thereon, wielding a sword dropping blood, sinks — sinks — and disappears; and One all white, and he who sits thereon, having upon his frontlet these words, 'Peace on earth and good will toward men,' rises and fills its place. And I hear a movement as if a multitude which no man can number, coming and worshipping around the throne. O God of the whole earth, arise! — visit it with thy salvation! Hasten the coming of the universal kingdom of thy Son, when all shall know thee; and love to God and love to man possess and fill every soul.'

As the venerable man uttered this prayer, Julia looked steadfastly upon him, and a beauty more than of earth seemed to dwell upon her countenance.

'Father,' said Fausta, 'we are not now fair judges of truth. Your discourse has wrought so upon us, that we need reflection before we can tell what we ought to believe.'

'That is just,' said the saint; 'to determine right, we must think rather than feel. And that your minds may the sooner return to the proper state, let me set before you of such as my dwelling will afford.'

Saying this, he moved from the seat which till now he had retained, and closing the volume he had been reading, laid it away with care, saying as he did so, 'This, children, is the Christian's book; not containing all those writings which we deem to be of authority in describing our faith, but such as are most needful. It is from reading this, and noting as you read the inward marks of honesty, and observing how easy it were, even now, by visiting Judea, to convict its authors of error and falsehood, had they been guilty of either, that your minds will be best able to judge of the truth and worth of christianity.'

'At another time, father,' said Fausta, 'it would give me great delight, and equally, too, I am sure, our friend from Rome, if you would read to us portions of that volume, that we may know somewhat of its contents from your lips, accompanied, too, by such comments as you might deem useful to learners. It is thus we have often heard the Greek and Roman writers from the mouth of Longinus.'

'Whenever,' he replied, 'you shall be willing to ascend these steep and rugged paths, in pursuit of truth, I in my turn will stand prepared to teach. To behold such listeners before me, brings back the life of former days.'

He then, with short and interrupted steps, busied himself in bringing forth his humble fare. Bread and fruits, and olives, formed our slight repast, together with ice-cold water, which Julia, seizing from his hand the hermit's pitcher, brought from a spring that gushed from a neighboring rock.

This being ended, and with it much various and agreeable conversation, in the course of which the Christian patriarch gave many striking anecdotes of his exposed and toilsome life, we rose, and bidding farewell, with promises to return again, betook ourselves to our horses, and mounting them, were soon at the gates of the palace.

I confess myself interested in the question of christianity. The old religions are time-worn, and in effect dead. To the common people, when believed, they are as often injurious as useful — to others, they are the objects of open, undisguised contempt. Yet religion, in some form, the human mind must have. We feel the want of it as we do of food and drink. But, as in the case of food and drink, it must be something that we shall percieve to nourish and strengthen, not to debilitate and poison. In my searches through antiquity, I have found no system which I could rest in as complete and satisfying. They all fail in many vital points. They are frequently childish in their requisitions, and their principles; their morality is faulty; their spirit narrow and exclusive; and more than all, they are without authority. The principles which are to guide, control, and exalt our nature, it seems to me, must proceed from the author of that nature. The claim of christianity to be a religion provided for man by the Creator of man, is the feature in it which draws me toward it. This claim I shall investigate and scan, with all the ability and learning I can bring to the work. But whatever I or you may think of it, or ultimately determine, every eye must see with what giant steps it is striding onward — temples, religions, superstitions, and powers crumbling and dissolving at its approach. Farewell.

TIME'S CHANGES.

Yes, we are changed! — there is not one
  Throughout the earth, from whom
Some lovely treasure hath not gone,
  Of beauty or of bloom:
And every year and every day
A something bright will pass away,
  Until we reach the tomb!
But *there* shall fade each earthly stain
And we shall all be pure again.

ODE:

WRITTEN AT THE GRAVE OF WASHINGTON, AT MOUNT VERNON.

And thou art here! — this is thy tomb,
This lone and nameless grave;
Unmarked, save by the wild flower's bloom
Or trailing cedar's wave:
Here naught that meets the eye can tell
Of him beneath, earth loved so well,
The good — the wise — the brave;
The simple turf heaped on that spot,
As well might o'er a peasant rot.

The trophied pile, the sculptured bust,
Let pomp and grandeur claim;
Enough! — there lies thy hallowed dust,
Its epitaph — thy name.
Unclouded by ambition's breath
Thy life was pass'd; and who, in death,
Would wish thee other fame?
Long years for freedom freely spent —
A nation's name thy monument.

No hero's tale, no conqueror's deeds,
'T was thine to leave behind;
The spell of power, rank's bigot creeds,
That serve so well to blind;
The proud dominion men seek here,
And all that vanity holds dear —
These could not chain thy mind:
Thou deem'dst it nobler far to save,
Than form to tyrant's hand a slave.

Until thou cam'st, the world had thought
All those had passed away,
Whose spirits and whose hearts were wrought,
Not as from vulgar clay;
Those master-souls, by heaven designed
To loose from bondman-chains their kind,
And free from despot's sway;
But thou, the rescuer of thy race,
Didst wipe away this foul disgrace.

Pure hearts have been — the boast and pride
Of other shores and years;
And men have fought, and patriots died,
Shedding their blood as tears:
Of these, all great and good, we greet,
For well-earned praise to give, 't is sweet,
And age to age endears;
But whose of all those born of earth,
Is one, as thou, so noble worth?

Thou didst not strive to write in gore
On earth's high place thy name,
Nor tread as myriads trod before
Through seas of blood to fame;
The monarch's sceptre, Pride's high joy,
Ambition's charm — man's choicest toy,
Could not thy breast inflame:
Contented with the one bright thought,
That thou hadst freedom's battle fought.

Unlike the renegado chief,*
Whose name stands now accurst;

* Cæsar.

A heedless rage, a moment's grief,
Destroyed what years had nurst;
He turned in one all evil hour,
A traitor, for unrighteous power —
This crime his last and worst:
All that to former years belong
Cannot atone that moment's wrong.

And he,* with garland laurel-wrought,
'The bravest of the brave,'
An hundred fields for France had fought,
Were these too mean to save?
High honor's pride, and valor's boast,
One human weakness — all was lost —
A felon's death and grave.
Oh! who could deem the high and great
Could sink to such dishonest state!

He† too — the meteor of the sky,
Arch king of crime and death —
For whom man seemed but born to die,
Or crouch a slave beneath;
Shall *his* be praises, such as light
Glory's pure heaven, to patriot's sight,
Who made of blood his wreath?
Fair earth laments e'en now his birth,
To very friends a scorn and mirth.

And these are they — emperor — king,
Whatever man calls great;
The lion's heart — the eagle's wing,
Meet emblems of their state:
Yet better far yon simple mound,
Its verdant turf with cedars crowned,
Than pageant of their fate;
Each blade upon that lowly bed,
A legend of the worthy dead.

This tomb! — let youth and age meet here,
The dark and hoary brow;
And weep as o'er a father's bier,
For a father lies below:
A parent to thy parents, he —
Shall not his corse then claim from thee,
Thy tear-drops' deepest flow?
Weep on, for heaven will ne'er again
Give us a chief without *one* stain.

Weep on! — yet no; it is not meet
That tears should here be shed;
This as his burial-place we greet,
Yet sleeps he with the dead?
Go ask the stripes and stars that wave,
Where sunlight glows, and billows rave,
Or hostile armies tread;
Go ask the eagle of our sky,
And she will scream back the reply.

Go where the young child lisping tells
That name, with earliest tone,
Go list to the glad birth-day bells,
Where'er our sun has shone:
Go ask whose blessings fill the air,
And patriot's thanks, and peasant's prayer,
From sea to mountain throne;
Ask! and the very winds reply,
That he is one who cannot die!

F. M. B.

* Marshal Ney. † Napoleon.

TALKING vs. CONVERSATION.

MAN has, by way of eminence or definition, been called a 'talking animal;' not, however, without jealous demurrers on the part of certain who answer to the *genus homo*, arising from the laudable fear lest this definition should be so broad as to admit to the honors of humanity those chatter-boxes the parrots, and even that respectable quadruped, — who it is well known once enjoyed the high prerogative of speech — his highness, the ass. But without attempting, at present, to set aside these aristocratic objections — the fate of which, however decided, has but a very remote relation to our particular subject — we proceed to state what perhaps ought to be considered as a sort of corollary to our first remark, and as such to be taken without debate, viz: that if men could not talk, neither could they converse; from which predicament — a very strange one, it will be admitted — several curious facts would inevitably arise, among which we may briefly mention, firstly, that there would be no such thing as *conversation*, in the modern, approved sense of that term, and secondly, that there would be no occasion for us to stain paper in its elucidation.

There is a slight difference between talking and conversing, which it may be worth our while to consider: for the subject is an excessively practical one — a characteristic, by the by, more creditable in the estimation of all true Benthamites, than almost any other in Heaven or on earth. Every one knows that a child may talk, without necessarily being able to converse: and certainly there are many 'children of a larger growth,' who, though unquestionably great, very great talkers, cannot, except by rather a bold figure of speech, not yet named by the rhetoricians, be called good conversationists. The ability to talk is no more identical with the ability to converse, than the mechanical power of making various marks with a pen, is equivalent to the noble art of chirography. The latter is much the rarer ability of the two, requiring a far deeper and more improved soil for its support. Conversation, used in the most authorized sense of the word, undoubtedly implies a slight effort of intellect, or at least some previous educational training of mind: mere talking implies neither — demands neither. It may exist in its utmost perfection, among the Troglodytes on the shores of the Red Sea, or among the Communipaw negroes, on the banks of the Hudson. The grand idea of conversation is the familiar *interchange* of words, thoughts, and feelings. But talking can be wholly an *ex parte* affair, and although implying more than one agent, may consist of little else than an active and cruel infliction on the one hand, and a passive and meek recipiency on the other. In a word, however, conversation may at times deserve the epithet of trifling, silly, etc.; still, even in its lowest estate, it must be considered as one of the distinctive, and perhaps one of the highest features of rational intercourse, distinguishing its participator alike from the unedu-*cable* brute and the uneducated man. When we remember the importance of conversation, as a particular mode of intellectual action and development, the amount of influence it exerts upon mankind, the happiness and misery, the good and the evil, of which it is at once the source and the channel, we cannot but conclude that, as a subject of inquiry, criticism and education, it is worthy of a much graver and more practical attention than it

is wont to receive. Lord Bacon has exhibited but one narrow phase of its broad aspect of utility, when he says, 'Reading makes a full, writing an exact, and conversation a ready man.' Its items of beneficial action on the general characteristics of humanity, are not to be summed up in a single sentence. It spreads its penetrative influence through every pore and cranny of society, and is in every community the favorite and most common form of intellectual activity and development. Conversation may be considered as peculiarly the *palæstra* of the mind, where every faculty of thought is plunged into a contest requiring its utmost alertness, sagacity, and vigor, in order to a successful and honorable acquittal of itself. Here are called into play all the keenest as well as the most graceful and amiable qualities of the human character. The mental exercise thus required, and which is absolutely necessary to the taking any thing more than a yes-and-no part in conversation, is of a highly improving kind. Its value, as a species of intellectual discipline, is increased by the fact, that it is a *sui generis* — found and enjoyed no where else, but in the social circle. What various and large contributions are here laid on the mind! In the first place, conversation is an admirable catholicon for a dull and phlegmatic temperament. It imparts a most dragon-like wakefulness to the sleepiest intellect. How it starts up the *attention*, that faculty, power, susceptibility, or state of mind — call it what you will — a virtue it is at all events — which lies at the basis of half of the civility, refinement, and knowledge, and its antipodal vice at the basis of half of the rudeness, and barbarism, and ignorance, in this slowly-improving world of ours. It would be difficult to name an intellectual power, that conversation does not invigorate, an intellectual grace that it cannot improve, or a moral excellence that it may not animate. That it is directly promotive of several commendable traits of character, such as patience in listening to, and candor and good feeling in appreciating, the remarks of others, caution in forming, and modesty in expressing, our opinions, must not be overlooked in the account.

Of course the advantages just specified are not predicable of conversation as it is sometimes conducted. There is nothing but may be either well or ill done — no blessing but what may be turned into a curse. The purest channels of human improvement are occasionally swollen with the turbid elements of evil. It would probably be no very great stretch for our reader's imagination to conceive of such a thing as a positively unprofitable, unedifying, and unimproving conversation, in which wit, and good sense, and even intelligence, were evidently 'uninvited guests,' and the stalest common-places, or flattest nonsense, were the received and popular substitutes; nor could it, in our opinion, be cited as proof of Plato's theory of reminiscence, if any one should happen to recollect some individual who, in this divine art, absolutely exhausted all the superlatives of bad that the language affords.

The truth is, that the number of those who possess a reputable conversational talent, is not so large as it might be, and ought to be. Such are rare birds, almost as scarce as black swans. The remark, however, is more strictly just, when applied to the younger members of society — those upon whom the 'purple-light of youth' still shines, and who are but on the threshhold of life's heaviest engagements. Older men, an important fraction of whose days has been passed in social and business

intercourse with their fellow men, are generally found to have acquired a considerable degree of colloquial ease and ability. Society, in this respect, as in almost every other, acts as an immense school, by the salutary discipline and necessary conditions of which many important elements of knowledge, and various moral and intellectual qualities, not imparted or impartable by the ordinary routine of education, are worked into the characters, or inculcated on the minds of men.

There has been some little difference of opinion among authors as to the degree of intellectual acumen requisite for excelling in conversation, and on the question whether mediocrity in this art be compatible with great affluence, either of genius or talent. The question is evidently one of mere fact, and not of abstract reasoning. Though it seems to us that the element of greatness will reveal itself in almost every word of its possessor; but this, however, without implying that he will necessarily *excel* in conversation, or even that he may not be quite inferior, in this respect, to other men of less intellectual endowment. It has been remarked of Dr. Johnson — with what truth we know not — that his conversational efforts displayed more of the vast resources and gigantic power of his mind, than his most elaborate written performances. At any rate, he was here *facile princeps*. That inimitable describer, Sir James Mackintosh, thus refers to this famous characteristic of Johnson: 'His conversation, which was one of the most powerful instruments of his extensive influence, was artificial, dogmatical, sententious, and poignant, adapted with the most admirable versatility to every subject as it arose, distinguished and by an almost unparalleled power of serious repartee.' Mackintosh trod not far behind the colloquial giant. His superiority, in this particular, to most other men, appears to have been very marked. His conversation has been characterized as 'lucid, precise, and brilliantly perspicuous.' It was sometimes too rich, and to use the delightful illustration of his friend, the Rev. Sydney Smith: 'Though his ideas were always clothed in beautiful language, the clothes were sometimes too long for the body, and common thoughts were dressed in better and larger apparel than they deserved.' The influence thus exerted by this great and good man, in the extensive circle in which he moved, was so elevating and purifying in its tendency, and so wide in its reach, as perhaps to compensate the world for its loss of those weightier literary productions, to which his lofty talents were certainly equal, and which more rigid seclusion, and a greater sacrifice of the charms of social intercourse, might have easily accomplished.

Good and even great writers are, perhaps, oftener to be met with than eloquent conversationists of the high stamp of Mackintosh. Hence, when they do appear, and do not choose to devote their talents and time, exclusively or principally, to the business of learned composition, there is less reason, or rather no reason at all, to regret their choice. Mankind may be benefitted in various ways; and as genius follows no particular track, so greatness is neither achieved nor exhibited by any prescriptive and unvarying process. It may be shown as well in the agreeable effusions of conversational improvisation, as in the productions of the pen, or the bursts of extemporaneous eloquence. Nor is genius thus evolved, wasted or lost, like water spilled on the ground, that cannot be gathered up. The *επεα πτεροεντα*, discharged from a richly-furnished and vigorous intellect, in the excitement of con-

versation, fly from mind to mind, and from generation to generation; and though losing in a little time the least traditionary vestige of their origin, and all possible identification with the forms of their first existence, they travel onward under the charm of a *perpetuum mobile*, the unpublished, invisible, anonymous benefactors of the human race. The influence which the illustrious men already mentioned, and many others whose coversational talents were of a high order, exerted in the private circle, by the brilliant corruscations of their wit, genius, and learning, is by no means a perishing one. It cannot die. Not subject to 'the opium of time, which temporally considereth all' books — i. e. most books — it is incorporated with living masses of mind, and acts, and will ever continue to act, with a refining and beneficent energy upon the moral and intellectual elements of the world.

But we proceed to mention other eminent individuals who excelled in the colloquial art. There was that paragon of learning, the justly-celebrated and excellent Dr. Parr, who stands among the first on the list. He resembled, not copied, his gigantic predecessor, Dr. Johnson, in the finished elegance, the promptitude and massive construction of his remarks, felicitousness of his illustrations and learned allusions, and in the poignancy and force of his sarcasm. 'His greatest powers,' says his accomplished biographer, 'even greater, often, than those exhibited in his labored compositions, were called forth by conversation.' Sir Humphrey Davy — himself a splendid instance in point — relates of Humbolt, that 'he was *too fluent*;' a very imaginable sort of supererogation, but not an entirely immaculate one, if carried to the point of gross infringement of the interlocutory rights of others. There is a '*copia verborum*,' which ought to be carefully eschewed by all who would not themselves be eschewed by society.

But to return. Gibbon's conversation is said to have been unconstrained, easy, and instructive, free from ostentation of manner, and all affectation of superior learning. Dr. Robertson was most attractive in 'the moments of social ease.' The 'splended variety' of his conversation was particularly striking to strangers who enjoyed his company, and was the 'chief circumstance on which they dwelt, in enumerating his talents.' Every one has heard of the conversations of Coleridge. They partook largely of all the idiosyncrasies of that extraordinary man, and were probably as highly charged with the metaphysical brilliancies of his genius, as any of his printed works. 'His conversation at all times required attention, and the demand on the intellect of the hearer was oftentimes very great; when he got into his 'huge circuit,' and large illustrations, most people had lost him, and naturally enough supposed that he had lost himself.' But the philosopher of Highgate was not always obscure. His illustrations were sometimes luminously clear and powerful; and there is a point, pith, and a clear-sighted *practicalness* in some of his recorded 'table-talk' — remarks which contrast strangely with the unearthly transcendentalism, that characterized the great mass both of his written and unwritten effusions. Familiar access to such a mind could not have been any ordinary treat. It was a luxurious banquet, at which, if the guest was at a loss to call the names, or imagine the meats of some mysterious dishes, he was nevertheless regaled with a plentiful supply of others more familiar to his palate, and could not but wonder at the affluence

of his entertainer, and feel gratified with the magnificence of his preparations. Coleridge, then, may be set down without any hesitation as having possessed high conversational powers, unsurpassed by few, or any, since Johnson's time. And here, perhaps, we should turn to the question before started: whether great men are always great in the art of expressing their thoughts in the easy collocution of social intercourse. *Omnes non possumus omnia*, is a maxim which may throw some light on its solution. The good-natured Goldsmith was particularly distinguished for the blundering awkwardness of his conversational efforts. Probably he suffered from such close juxtaposition with his colossal 'guide, philosopher, and friend.' It might at first sight be supposed that as man is an imitative animal, no one could enjoy an unreserved and long-continued intimacy with so great a master of colloquial eloquence, without acquiring some inkling of the art — quite an *ore rotundo* use of his own vernacular. The tendency of like to beget like, cannot be denied. But that tendency may be neutralized by counteracting causes. We can find no difficulty in conceiving of sensitive and timid minds, which, in the presence of abilities so transcendantly superior, forever shooting above and around them its broad streams of intellectual light, would be overawed and paralyzed, instead of spirited on to similar feats. Such might have been the case with Goldsmith. Johnson was indeed the luminary of the privileged circle in which he revolved, dispensing the rays of knowledge and intellect in every direction around him: but then those rays were sometimes so bright as to be dazzling, and so strong as to be overpowering.

The next great man on our list, coming under the same unfortunate category, is Dryden, the princely leader of early English poetry, and an eloquent prose writer. In conversation, however, if we may believe his own words, he was decidedly *minus*. They are as follow: 'My conversation is slow and dull, my humor saturnine and reserved. In short, I am none of those who endeavor to break jests in company, or make repartees.' Corneille, La Bruyere, Descartes — all 'names known to fame' — swell the catalogue. Of Corneille it was said, that 'he could not even speak correctly that language in which, as a writer, he had no equal.' Of that ancient captain of metaphysicians, Descartes, it is a famous remark, that he received his intellectual coin in solid bars, and not in current coin. Addison was naturally timid, and apt to be reserved in promiscuous company; but when once excited, his conversation is reported to have been very lively and entertaining, and agreeably spiced with the easy and natural humor of his unrivalled essays.

Without proceeding farther in the citation of either of those who have excelled, or those who have failed, in the article of conversation, we think we may venture to lay down the doctrine that this accomplishment is not by any means an innate one, given as a matter of course to every body, or necessarily accompanying the highest qualities of intellect. On the contrary, the presumption is, that like almost any other good thing in man, it requires the steady application of appropriate means, as the necessary condition of its development and growth.

Cicero, in his 'Offices,' has not thought it derogatory from the dignity of his subject, to offer several miscellaneous remarks and directions for the benefit of those who would cultivate a talent for conversation. His

observations are not unworthy of the attention of the most enlightened mind, and cannot but benefit those whose thoughts have seldom or never been directed to this subject, as a matter of reflection and forethought, and who may perhaps, at first, be disposed to view all advice on so simple and every-day an affair as conversation, as a positive superfluity, if not a downright absurdity. With such, the very respectable authority of the great Roman orator and philosopher may not be without its due influence.

After distinguishing between conversation, and public orations, debates, etc., and mentioning the peculiar occasions or scenes of each, he adds, that there are rhetorical precepts for the former, but none for the latter of these exercises — admitting at the same time that he is not sure that there can be any drawn up for the latter — that is, conversation. This doubt, however, is probably not levelled at the possibility or propriety of the thing itself, but only, in an inquiring tone, at the particular manner in which it should be accomplished. But he proceeds to remark: 'Were there persons desirous of receiving rules to enable them to excel in conversation, instructors would not be wanting:' and farther, that whatever precepts the rhetoricians give concerning words and sentences, are applicable also to that art. We will merely append here a nearly literal translation of two or three of his practical hints — we may call them canons — for conversation. That their obviousness should procure for them the go-by of some, would not be surprising. That, however, they find their application in those every-day scenes of human existence, where duty, if well performed, is most pleasing — if neglected, most disagreeable — where minute things frequently turn the scale of happiness or misery — is reason enough for securing for them a kind reception. 'We should take particular notice of the nature of the subject upon which we are about to converse, and studiously adapt our manner accordingly: a grave subject, demanding gravity — a jocose, liveliness of manner. Care should also be taken that our conversation does not indicate some defect in our own characters; a thing which is most of all likely to occur, when we show a disposition to speak harshly, contemptuously, or in detracting and ridiculing terms, of the absent. With due consideration for the persons present, we should observe up to what point the conversation is agreeable, and when it ceases to be so; (for we are not all pleased with the same things, either on every occasion, or in a similar way;) and as there was reason in beginning, so let there be moderation in ending it. It is another highly important duty, that we appear both sincerely to reverence, and warmly to respect, those with whom we are conversing.' Rules that show so much genuine regard for human nature, and human feelings, as these, would have done honor to any Christian author, and proclaim, more than labored arguments, the amiableness and worth of the mind from which they emanated.

How many egregious errors in society result from the neglect of these simple principles! — practical errors, by which the rights and feelings of others are invaded, the pleasures of refined intercourse lessened, and our own acquirements and abilities made to appear to disadvantage in the sight of those whose good opinion and respect it may be at once our interest and our ambition to secure. It might be easy to produce quite an extended classification of individuals, according

to the prominent imperfections of the conversational habits of each. We will attempt, however, to characterize but a few, and that but briefly. There is the pompous genus, that speak 'great swelling words,' and look, or strive to look, 'wondrous wise.' They commonly affect to be deep — yea, very deep. Having, perhaps, sonorous and grandiloquent voices, they are very careful to take the full benefit of *them*. Their thoughts, expressed in a deliberate and oracular manner, are ushered into existence with a parade and ceremony, that form quite a contrast with the intrinsic mediocrity of their character. But with many persons of defective visions, and a little extra credulity, the artifice succeeds, and begets in their minds a becoming degree of admiration and reverence for such favored sons of wisdom. Another class is, the dogmatic and positive. These expect all they say to be meekly received, and unhesitatingly believed. There are also the metaphysical, forever splitting hairs; the inquisitive, always asking questions, the hobbied, forever boring you with some favorite theory; the bunglers, who have a passion for floundering through half-finished sentences; the scandal, or news-monger, ever ready to undo his pack, and sell at wholesale and retail, in 'lots to suit purchasers;' the hesitating, who can never decide to say what they want to say; the vain and praise-seeking, who say and do every thing for effect. But we forbear. Faults are mentioned, only that they may be faults no more. W. H.

THE MEETING.

We 've met again! — this very place
Witnessed our parting tears;
'T was hallowed by our fond embrace,
In well remembered years.
Here the young wild birds sweetly sung,
And spring's first leaves were green;
Ours were the only clouds that hung
Upon that sunbright scene.

We 've met again! — but changed is all
That then was fresh and fair;
Fallen is the spring's rich coronal —
The trees stand scathed and bare.
And we ourselves are changed — for now,
When nature looks so drear,
My happy heart, thy smiling brow,
Are all the bright things here.

We 've met again! — but we know not
How quickly we may part;
How soon, even on this very spot,
The bitter tear may start.
But though from hence we may be driven,
Still we will not despair;
We 'll meet again, my love, in heaven,
And ne'er be parted there! s.

THE VICTIMS OF CONSUMPTION.

SKETCHED FROM REAL LIFE: BY THE AUTHOR OF 'AMERICAN SOCIETY.'

After reading an article on *Pulmonary Consumption*, in a late number of the Knickerbocker, my mind reverted to the many victims I had seen, during even a short pilgrimage along the pathway of life.

Strange and sad disease! How melancholy is it to mark thy slow yet sure advances — to know that thou wilt throw coil after coil around thy captive, until thou hast drawn her into the cold and clasping arms of Death — to see that she alone is unconscious of thy thraldom, and reaches forth her taper fingers to gather the flowers of love and hope, that others are placing in their bosoms, or twining around their brows. But these blossom not for her; the devotion of the lover — the tenderness of the husband — the soft caresses of infantile love — she must not dream of these — for the grave has claimed her as its own!

Poor Caroline B ——! Hers was a sad and an early fate. She passed away like the morning cloud, before the blush of life's dawn had faded from her heart. Timid and gentle as a fawn, she was one of those who seem as if they can only live in the atmosphere of affection. She withered and shrank from the least breath of unkindness; and so great was her sensitiveness, that it became necessary to remove her from the care of an instructress who followed a stern and rigid system of government, as the fear with which she inspired her became a disease, that was preying on her spirits and her health.

At this time, we were school-mates; and years passed ere I saw her again. But I heard her history from one who knew her well. She became a lovely woman — a creature of smiles and tears — of softness and sensibility. With strangers, she was timid and reserved, but when with those who loved her, she had all the caressing fondness, the sportiveness and simplicity, of a child. She could not have been happy without something to love; her heart was full of tenderness — full to overflowing. Seldom were mother and sisters loved as she loved hers; and when her young affections were sought by one who had given her his heart, she yielded them up, in all their fullness. She became devoted to him. The tendrils of her love twined so closely around him, that not only her happiness, but even her life, was dependent on his welfare and his existence.

He was worthy of her, and loved her as man seldom loves. He was yet in 'the dew of his youth,' with a heart full of virtuous impulses, and untainted principles — for he had not entered into the dissipations of the world. He was actively engaged in a business that secured a competence, which, with the simplicity of their tastes, would have been affluence to them. The time of their union drew near, and he furnished a home to which he was shortly to take his Caroline as his bride — the wife of his bosom. But sickness came over him — a malignant fever, so violent and dangerous, that his physician gave no hope of recovery. Where was his betrothed? His family had sent for her, at his request; but before she could reach the house, he was raving in a delirium, and knew her not. She hung over him in all the distraction of hope and fear; and who can imagine the wild agony that

rushed through her heart, when she saw that he was dying! It was seen in its effects. Her heart was broken.

After the death of her affianced husband, all interest in life and in living things, seemed lost to this stricken one. She withdrew to the solitude of her chamber, and saw no one but her mother, her sisters, and one female friend. In vain they tried to arouse her from the grief that had settled on her like an incubus. Hour after hour she sat with her clasped hands resting on her knees, and her eyes fixed on one spot, with a strange vacant expression, as if dead to every thing around her. The only circumstance that appeared to bring her to consciousness, was the marriage of the sister who had been her nurse and attendant since the affliction that had made such ravages on her frame. When the bride and groom elect came to bid Caroline farewell, as they were about to proceed to the church, where they were to be united, the broken-hearted girl folded her sister in her arms, and wept over her, as if the separation was more than she could bear. When her intended brother-in-law offered his hand, she said: 'No, George, I cannot take your hand — not yet — it seems so hard to take my Mary from me.' When the bridal party had gone, her friend tried to console her, but she 'refused to be comforted.' 'No!' said she, mournfully, 'it is always so; every thing that I love is taken from me!'

Shortly after her sister's marriage she was taken to the country, in the vain hope that the fresh air would revive her. The heat of June, in the crowded city, had been too much for her enfeebled state. All expectation of her recovery was gone, for the fatal symptoms of a confirmed and rapid consumption were upon her, and her friends knew that she must die. She alone was yet unconscious that this was to be her last summer upon earth — that the grave would soon be opened to receive its victim.

As soon as I heard that she was in the neighborhood, I visited her. We had not met since we were school-girls. Though nearly of the same age, yet the tranquil seclusion in which I had lived, had kept me in ignorance of the trials and the experience of life, while she had drank deeply of its poisoned chalice — and to her it was a fatal draught.

When I first saw her, she was leaning back in an arm chair, with her head resting against one of the porch-columns. Her cheek touched the fragrant blossoms of the white jessamine, that twined its light and feathery foliage around the fluted pillars, and mingling with the graceful woodbine, hung their united drapery above her head. I had often heard of the peculiar beauty with which consumption invests its victims; but here I saw it in all its fearful loveliness. The fragile form, almost bending beneath the summer breeze — the transparency and purity of her complexion, through which you could trace the delicate tinting of the blue veins — her beautifully-formed lips, to which fever had given the coral hue of health — and her eye! — oh how spiritual, how unlike earth was the brightness of her dark blue eye! As I looked on her high, fair forehead, over which the golden-brown hair was parted in rich waves — on her gentle smile, and the soft serenity of her countenance — I was reminded of the artist's conception of a 'beauty not of earth.' At times, she became quite animated, and we spake together of school-days, and of several occurrences that had then

excited our merriment, notwithstanding the rigor of our teacher, with whom laughter was a punishable crime. I never shall forget her smile, when she could be roused to cheerfulness. There was something so sweet, so peculiar, so radiant with the loveliness of her character, that it instantly won the heart. How painful was the reflection, that one so beautiful should pass away from the fair, green earth, to the cold, dark grave — from life and beauty, to corruption and decay?

As soon as the fatal disease became seated, the settled gloom that had hung over her since the death of her lover, suddenly passed away, and her natural buoyancy of spirits returned. Before this, she was never seen to smile; and though still subject to occasional depression, yet she was more cheerful than she had been since the fatal event. She now frequently spoke of her lost William, and loved to relate the circumstances connected with their acquaintance, though previous to this, his name was never heard to pass her lips. The world seemed again to become beautiful, and the love of life once more awakened in her bosom. 'Oh,' said she, 'if I could only get strength enough to rove through these woods and meadows, I know I should be well again!' This change was one of the strongest symptoms of the melancholy disease. Illusive consumption! Thou clothest thy victims with new beauty, as thou art about to crumble them into dust and ashes, and thou inspirest them with a love of the pleasant things of earth, just as thou art ready to snatch them from our sight forever.'

The last time I saw the dying girl, was the evening of her departure for the city. The revival produced by the change of air was but temporary. She was sinking rapidly, and it was thought better to remove her, while she yet had strength to bear the fatigue. It was a beautiful summer evening, when she was carried down stairs, and laid upon the sofa. The shutters were thrown open, and the full moon poured in a radiance of light, bringing the lovely invalid into bright relief, as she lay there, like some beautiful creation of fancy. As its pale beams rested on her brow, showing the classic outline of her features, she looked like sculptured marble. There was a fearful beauty in the sight! Her eyelids were closed; their long dark lashes lay pencilled on her cheek, and so death-like was the composure of her countenance, that her mother arose, with a cold shudder, and closed the window. The sight was too like a corpse for a mother to bear. She was taken to the city on that beautiful moonlight evening, and I never saw her more.

A few days after her return home, she was told that there was no hope of her restoration to health — that the hour of her death was at hand. She received the information with calm submission; and as the patriarch 'gathered up his feet into the bed,' ere he 'yielded up the ghost,' so did she gather up her thoughts, that she might be prepared for the great and awful change. She would lie for hours in deep meditation, and silent prayer; and when one of her gay acquaintances wished to relate to her the news of the day, she waved her hand, and gently said: 'My dear friend, I have now no interest in the things of earth; my concerns are with God, and eternity.' She 'fell asleep in Jesus,' as tranquilly as the wearied child sinks to repose on its mother's bosom: and the sweet smile of serenity that dwelt on the lips of her

beautiful corse, showed how gently death had done its work in severing her redeemed spirit from its earthly tenement.

It was in the early part of June, 18—, that I was crossing the Chesapeake Bay, on a visit to the eastern section of Maryland. The boat, as usual, stopped at the ancient city of A——, to land and receive passengers. While I was busily watching the changes of a passing cloud, as they were reflected on the still waters, my attention was roused by a silvery laugh from a young creature, and by the gay voices of her companions, as they were stepping from the shore to the deck of the steam-boat. Her mother and brother were to accompany her; but there were some female friends, and several gentlemen, who had come with her, to defer their leave-takings, until the warning bell had tolled for the last time. While she was leaning against the railing, and gaily talking with the group, another and another gallant youth came on board to pay his parting compliments, some with bouquets of rare flowers, others with a volume of poems, or the last new novel. For each, she had a sweet smile, and a pleasant or witty reply. Her attentions were equally divided, and with all she seemed a favorite. I soon discovered that this lovely girl, was the wit, the beauty, and the belle of A——; and seldom was such a distinction more justly merited.

She was just of that age when the child is merging into the woman; that interesting age, when the youthful heart is as yet unsullied by the world's teaching or the world's flatteries. She was a bright and beautiful creature. Her dark eye sparkled with animation, and the bloom of her cheek varied with the quiet or excitement of her feelings, from the delicate tint of the maiden-blush rose, to the richest hues of the Provence. Her dimpled mouth, with its pearly teeth, seemed made for smiles, and nothing could exceed the light-heartedness, the *music* of her joyous laugh. It was like the wild carol of a bird, and thrilled through me, making my very heart feel glad, as if I had met with some unexpected pleasure.

Her companions bade her farewell, and our heavy boat was again ploughing its way through the waters. The gentlemen stood on shore and waved their hats until we lost sight of them. She then sat down, and opened one or two of the volumes, but soon threw them aside, and took her brother's arm. Her attention was excited by some aquatic birds, whose active pursuit of their prey seemed to her more like amusement than employment. 'Look, brother,' I overheard her exclaim, 'at that sea-bird; one moment it darts toward the water, then it flies far up into the blue sky, and swiftly returning again, it rests upon the bosom of the waves, as if it loved the refreshing coolness. I wish I could be a sea-bird, for a little while, at least.'

'You are to much of one already, Kate,' said her brother, 'for the peace of the finny tribe you left gasping on the shore of our own fair river.'

'Brother,' said she, while the tears started in her beautiful eyes, 'you do not mean that I am a coquette, do you? Oh! if I thought that my levity had made me act like that cold, heartless thing, I would despise myself, and never be gay again.'

'No, my sister,' said the brother, fondly encircling her waist, 'you have too much soul about you, I believe, ever to be a coquette. I did not think you would take my jesting so seriously.'

When this little cloud passed by, the same sportiveness animated her fine countenance, and gave her step and her every action a buoyancy so light and graceful, that she seemed the embodied spirit of health and cheerfulness.

The steam-boat stopped opposite the place where they were to land; a little skiff shot out from the bank toward it, and in a few minutes the fair girl, with her mother and brother, were seated within it, and were passing rapidly to the shore. The light boat rose and fell with the heaving waters, and the dipping oars moved like the wings of a flying sea-bird. As it glided onward, her brother sportively rocked it from side to side, and her light laugh came ringing over the waves, as soft as the sound of distant bells. Oh! that silvery laugh! I can remember it yet!

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It was about the middle of May, that I paid my next annual visit to my sister. As the boat drew near A ——, I thought of the beautiful girl I had seen the year before, and wondered whether she was still a reigning belle, or had settled into the happy wife — the sober married woman. My thoughts continued to dwell upon her, until we stopped at the wharf. A couch was prepared on deck, and a carriage drew up, from which a sick person was carefully lifted by a family servant, and borne on deck in his arms. A middle-aged lady followed, whose thick veil prevented a view of her features. But as soon as she threw it aside, to bathe the temples of the exhausted invalid, I saw it was the mother of that lovely girl who had been the subject of my thoughts. I looked on the emaciated face of the sufferer, and mentally exclaimed: 'Can this be the beautiful Catherine F——? There is some resemblance, indeed — but no, it cannot be!

Upon my offering a fan to the lady, as she anxiously bent over the couch, she thanked me, and recollecting when we had met before, said:

'This is a great change in one short year.'

I felt so much shocked, that I could say nothing in reply. Yes! it was a change — a sad, sad change! To me it seemed but a few brief months since I had seen her entering the same boat with her buoyant step, her merry laugh, and attended by her gay companions. Where were they now? Her mother and the faithful servant were still at her side, but her brother was far away upon the broad blue sea, and her friends and admirers left her when the hour of sickness came. And she, too, was Consumption's victim! I knew it by the steady lustre of her eye, the hectic flush on her hollow cheek, the sharpened outline of feature, and, above all, by the peculiar transparency of her taper fingers, as they lay in dazzling whiteness across her rich dark hair. I wondered much what could have caused this gay young creature so soon to become a prey to the insatiate spoiler. I was subsequently told, that after a summer spent in gayety, she returned home with a slight cold, contracted when out upon one of their moonlight sails, or in one of the dances on the green, damp with the evening dews. It seemed to have nearly passed away, and nothing more was thought of it. But it returned again, upon the slightest exposure; and at last it showed that

it had been secretly undermining its way, for it revealed its fatal symptoms, the bright fevered spot — the gradual wasting of flesh — and the painful sinking away into utter feebleness.

We parted when the boat reached its place of destination; and a few weeks afterward, upon taking up the village paper, I saw the following obituary notice: 'Died in A——, Catherine F——, aged seventeen; the idolized sister of an absent brother — the only daughter of a widowed mother.'

I HAVE given but two of many, very many, sketches that memory records. How numerous are the cases of this disease, that must have occurred within the remembrance of every one! Consumption, like the horrid idol of the Hindoos, rolls over our land, and annually crushes beneath its wheels more than fifty thousand victims. The number startles us, and appears incredible. But let every one look back for a few years, and see whether he will not find, in his neighborhood, among his acquaintance, and it may be even in his own family, enough to bring conviction, not only that this is true, but enough, too, to make him feel that something should be done, and that speedily, to arrest the progress of this desolating scourge. G.

WOMAN

AT THE CROSS AND TOMB OF THE SAVIOUR.

'Last at his cross, and earliest at his grave.'

I.

SHE wept beneath his cross, when all beside
Forsook him — when a trembling seized the earth,
When terror shook the nations far and wide,
And from their graves the buried dead came forth.
She wept beneath his cross when fear was rife,
Like flowers that bowed, but broke not with the strife.

II.

She followed to his tomb, and saw him laid,
Even as mortal, in the darkening dust;
With streaming eyes his resting-place surveyed,
But never failed a moment in her trust
That he would burst his bonds again, and rise,
Amidst rejoicing angels, to the skies.

III.

She stood beside his grave, ere the first light
Of morning shone upon the dew-charged flowers;
The seal was gone, the guards were put to flight:
And Death, the tyrant that the earth devours,
O'ercome — her Saviour could his sting destroy —
And now she wept! — ay, wept again, for joy!

IV.

Oh, woman! ever thus forsake Him not,
And He shall not forsake thee — He shall be
Thy constant friend, whatever be thy lot,
And in thy parting hour the stay for thee:
Thy faith shall strengthen — from despair shall save,
And at thy rising, call thee from thy grave. M.

OLLAPODIANA.

NUMBER FIFTEEN.

Oh thou who lookest over this page of mine — who participatest in the 'portance of the travels' history of Ollapod — listen to me. Wouldst thou journey with comfort through the west of New-York, *avoid the canal-boats.* At first, when you embark, all seems fair; the eleemosynary negro, who vexes his clarionet, and governs its tuneful ventiges, to pay for his passage, seems a very Apollo to your ear; the appointments of the boat appear ample; a populous town slowly glides from your view, and you feel quite comfortable and contented. As yet, you have not gone below. 'Things above' attract your attention — some pretty point of landscape, or distant steeple, shining among the summer trees. Anon, the scenery becomes tame, and you descend. A feeling comes over you, as you draw your first breath in the cabin, which impels to the holding of your nose. The cabin is full; you have hit your head twice against the ceiling thereof, and tumbled sundry times against the seats at the side. Babies — vociferous babies — are playing with their mothers' noses, or squalling in appalling concert. If you stir, your foot treads heavily upon the bulbous toes of some recumbent passenger; if you essay to sleep, the gabble of those around you, or the noisy gurgle of a lock, arouses you to consciousness — and then, if you are of that large class of persons in whom the old Adam is not entirely crucified — then you *swear.* Have you any desire for literary entertainment? Approach the table. There shall you find sundry tracts — a copy of the Temperance Recorder — Goldsmith's Animated Nature, and Plutarch's Lives. By and by dinner approaches: and oh! how *awful* the suspense between the hours of preparation and realization! Slowly, and one by one, the dishes appear. At long intervals, or spaces of separation from each other — say five for the whole length of the boat — you behold tumblers arranged, with two forlorn radishes in each. The butter lies like gravy in the plate — the malodorous passengers of the masculine gender draw nigh to the scanty board — the captain comes near, to act *his* oft-repeated part, as President of the Day. Oh, gracious! — 't is a scene of enormous cry and scanty wool. It mendicants description.

I was walking on the deck after dinner ducking my head every moment at the cry of '*Bridge!*' — when the captain joined me, and began to relate the perils that he had encountered, during his experience on the 'deep waters' over which we were gliding. 'It is not for every one,' said he, 'to appreciate the perils of an official station like mine. That little lad who stands beside you, and who, though a stranger to you, seems to have a desire for your company — that urchin, could he stay with me ten years, would be a *sailor* like me, and could relate like me his hardships. Every year is fruitful of incident. Last year — it was in the fall — *this canawl* was visited with a gale — and *such* a gale! Do not discredit me, when I say, that, owing to the violence of it, nearly a dozen boats were compelled to hug the shore; and believe me, too,

when I tell you, that for twenty-five minutes this very boat rested upon a sand-bank, caused by the entrance of a creek. Judge of my feelings at that awful moment! I ordered on deck the cook, the steward, and the rest of the crew, together with such passengers as were not sound asleep, insensible of their danger, and with as much coolness as I could command, under the circumstances, I bade them prepare for the worst. Two venerable persons of the female sex — old women, as one wild young man, whom no danger could appal, denominated them — escaped safe to land. Dire terror ruled the hour. The winds blew; the awful ripples dashed against the prow, as if they were mad; and one distracted lady rushed about the deck, inquiring if I had seen her husband, Mr. Smilax Waterhouse. Answering her in the negative, I bent my way to what is vulgarly called the tail end of the boat. What a sight here met my eye! The two ladies, it is true, had escaped safe to land, but they were in a woful plight — one of them having lost her shoe in the water, and the other her night-cap. On horror's head horrors accumulated: and I was on the eve of sinking in despair, with no hopes of ever getting off the sand-bar, when deliverance came! A swell from the lock, a few rods above, lifted us from our fearful situation, and restored us to safety and comfort.'

But the grand charm and scene of a canal-packet is in the evening. If on your way from Schenectady to Utica, the sun goes down into the rosy west, just after you leave that beautiful gorge in the Mohawk mountains, where you see the towering pines on one side, rising precipitously near three hundred feet above you, and on the other, the gentle river, calmly gliding through the vale below — forming the only tolerable scene on the route. Well, you go below, and there you behold a hot and motley assemblage. A kind of stillness begins to reign around. It seems as if a protracted meeting were about to commence. Clergymen, capitalists, long-sided merchants, who have come from far, green-horns, taking their first experience of the wonders of the deep on the *canawl* — all these are huddled together in wild and inexplicable confusion. By and by the captain takes his seat, and the roll of berths is called. Then, what confusion! Layer upon layer of humanity is suddenly shelved for the night; and in the preparation, what a world of bustle is required! Boots are released from a hundred feet, and their owners deposit them wherever they can. There was one man — Ollapod beheld him — who pulled off the boots of another person, thinking the while — mistaken individual! — that he was disrobing his own shrunken legs of their leather integuments, so thick were the limbs and feet that steamed and moved round about. Another tourist — fat, oily, and round — who had bribed the steward for two chairs placed by the side of his berth, whereon to rest his abdomen, amused the assembly by calling out: 'Here, waiter! bring me another pillow! I have got the ear-ache, and have put the first one into my auricular organ!' Thus wore the hours away. Sleep, you cannot. Feeble moschetoes, residents in the boat, whose health suffers from the noisome airs they are nightly compelled to breathe, do their worst to annoy you; and then, Phoebus Apollo! how the sleepers snore!

There is every variety of this music, from the low wheeze of the asthmatic, to the stentorian grunt of the corpulent and profound. Nose after nose lifts up its tuneful oratory, until the place is vocal. Some communicative free-thinkers talk in their sleep, and altogether, they make a concerto and a diapason equal to that which Milton speaks of, when through the sonorous organ 'from many a row of pipes the sound-board breathes.' At last, morning dawns; you ascend into pure air, with hair unkempt, body and spirit unrefreshed, and show yourself to the people of some populous town into which you are entering, as you wash your face in canal water on deck, from a hand basin! It is a scene, I say again, take it for all in all, that throws description upon the parish, and makes you a pauper in words. '*Ohe jam satis!*'

You may meet with much edification on board one of these craft, in observing the working of what is called *human* nature. At dinner, a sour old bachelor, who had been once a supercargo to Smyrna, and then a merchant in a small way — one who had all the stiff formality of a half-cut gentleman, without the education or tact necessary for the composition of even such a personage — procured from a basket, which he was taking with him on his journey, a bottle of warm champaigne. A country friend, with whom he was accidentally travelling, was solicited to imbibe the vinous beverage with him. This friend was one of those *maldpropos* characters, who, with the best intentions, are always saying something wrong. On renewing his glass, he said: 'Well now, this 'ere tastes *like* something — this arn't like the sour cider we get in the country, is it, any how?'

'I hope you don't mean,' said the fidgetty host, 'that there is any thing wrong about it?'

'Oh, not by no means whatsomever. I reckon that it is good. Let me give you a toast. Success to *American manufactures!*'

'Sir,' responded the ci-devant supercargo, 'what do you mean? Why do you give *that* toast, of all others? I ask you candidly, *is* this wine like American manufacture?'

'God bless you, neighbor, I did n't mean nothing of that kind — and I say, let 's drop the subject. Were you ever in *Newark?*'

The face of the old fellow assumed the hue of scarlet. Fire stood in his eye. He sat down his glass, and looking daggers at his friend, observed:

'I don't know what your object is — but you are evidently trying to insult me. What has *Newark* to do with this champaigne? Do you suppose it is *made* there? Sir, your conduct is outrageous.'

The countryman sunk back against the boat-side, observing that he 'would n't never attempt to get up a variety in his conversation again.'

This reminds me of a scene told of Lockport. A clown there walked up leisurely to the stall of one of those small traders who furnish canal-tourists of limited means with 'wittles and drink,' and just as he was on the point of vending a large lot of sausages to a hungry-looking traveler, which were to last him until his arrival at

Buffalo, the vagabond, looking suspiciously at the article, and addressing the seller, said:

'Is them good sassenges?'

'Yes, they *are* good sausages, you ignorant ramus. You would like to keep me from selling 'em, if you could fix it that way, I do n't doubt.'

'No I would n't,' responded the loafer; I do n't know nothing 'special about them sassenges; they *may* be good sassenges; I do n't say they *a' nt* good sassenges; all I *do* say is, that wheresomever you see them kind o' sassenges, *you do n't see no dogs!*'

'I guess, on reflection,' said the traveler, 'that I won't negotiate for them articles. That man's last remark has gi'n me a dislike to 'em.'

Is it not pleasant to revisit the scenes of one's early days? So silently questioned Ollapod himself, as he journeyed toward the West, what time the sun was sinking in the occident, leaving his last rays on those dark forests of pines and cedars which begird the lake of Oneida, in the Onondago country. The 'exclusive extra' performed its locomotive office with wonderful rapidity and effect — the cattle attached thereunto having only the labor of drawing 'wife, self, and servant.'

Pleasant was it to rise at S ——, in the morning, and walk about, gazing at familiar scenes, unvisited for years. Nature, sweet nature! was still the same: and as I journeyed hurriedly round and round, looking upon the pigmy doings of man, compared with the scenery fashioned by the hand of God, the Spirit of the Past came by, and fanned me with her fairy wings. A thousand recollections filled my mind as I perambulated, until I chanted, in my trance of memory, a part of a beautiful poem, by a native bard, who of late has sadly degenerated in his verses:

> 'I stand upon my native hills again!
> Broad, round, and green, that in the southern sky,
> With garniture of waving grass and grain,
> Orchards, and beechen forests, basking lie.'

How many events come before the mind like the shadow of a dream! Such was my sojourn in 'the place where I was born.' It was short but sweet. I found my heart filled with teeming recollections: every thing was new to my eye; but I felt that my bosom was unchanged. I have — and I thank my God for the possession — feelings and sensibilities, untainted and *unworn*. In my spirit, I can still experience that *newness* of delight which is said to wear off easily by contact with the world. It is not so with me. A poem or a scene — the lapse of a beautiful river, or the sheen of a rich woodland or field — can yield for my mind the same fruitage of contentment which it felt and relished in other days. For the perpetual presence of this capacity, I am deeply and devoutly thankful. I would not exchange it for worlds.

'Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of' — and so forth. Every body knows the quotation. Charming were the hours we passed therein,

with beloved friends. If I ever felt a political predilection — which I *never* did — I could have wished, as we closed the embowered gate of our hospitable friend S——, and his assiduous household, that he had been elected Governor of the Empire State. Auburn *was* lovely; but saving the premises of the above-mentioned, and a very few of the same character, it has sadly changed from 'the olden time.' I say sadly, because I deem that the improvements in tenements and marts of stone, which the town has been garnished withal, are but continuations, as it were, of the State's Prison. However, the least said is the soonest mended. The *effect*, to the traveler, on entering the place, is certainly pleasing, and indicative of great improvement. A superb hotel y'clept the AMERICAN — I love the latter word — is there; and in the scenery round about, there is much to please, and much to see.

READER, have you ever journeyed in the Genessee country? If you have not, how much have you lost! I speak not to those who pass the wonderful works of God with unobservant eyes, but I talk to those who find sermons and good in every thing. To such, I would say, 'Surely you were charmed with the Skaneateles, and the regions round about Cayuga?' There the country is healthy to live in, and lovely to see. Passing the lake of Cayuga, you cannot well omit to notice the peculiar *greenness* of the waters. They seem to the eye as if the grassy banks which surround them had been *melted*, and transfused into liquid emerald. If you should ever visit Cayuga — I speak now to any one who has neglected the western tour hitherto — you will perceive the truth of this present writing.

IT is wonderful how all the western towns flourish which possess 'water privileges.' How extraordinary, for example, is the growth of Seneca Falls! Not long ago, it was a mere hamlet, beside a little stream; now it is almost a *city*; while its whilome more pompous neighbor, Waterloo, seems dwindling to decay, or at least not perfectly kindled with that fire of improvement which generally distinguishes the West.

'BEAUTIFUL exceedingly' is the terrestrial vestibule of the Genessee! As we journeyed westward from the blue distances in the region of Cayuga toward that pleasant region, I could not but seek to compare in my imagination the country we were nearing, to the country we had left. The first had been charming to our eyes — could the remainder exceed it? The far-off uplands, over which the winds from the southwest went freshened from the Cayuga — the green waters, that danced and eddied along the piers of the bridge — *could* they be transcended by any thing to come? In that predicament of the fancy, 'ignorance was bliss.' We could only say '*Nous verrons*,' and watch the flitting landscapes, or the plunge of the wheels of the 'extra,' as they sank, with a heavy gurgle, in the rugged road.

Capital, and most delectable to see, is the lake of Geneva, and that beautiful gem of a town which crowns its crystal wave, above a strip of emerald verdure, and gardens flowering in the sun of June! 'How sweet the day beams on those banks repose!' As we neared them, toward the going down of the sun, methought I was like the pilgrim of Bunyan, approaching the glorious regions of the land of *Beulah*, and that I could discern the spirits of the blessed 'walking in white' along its romantic terraces. It seemed 'a fairy city of the heart;' and for one short but delicious moment, I felt overcome with that enthusiasm engendered by the eye within the mind, and deserving that striking observation of Madame De Staël, 'the superfluity of the soul,' thinking the while of Percival's noble lines to the Seneca waters:

'On thy fair bosom, silver lake,
The wild swan spreads his snowy sail,
And round his breast the ripples break,
As down he bears before the gale.'

Who was that anonymous herald of mine, who recorded beneath my signature, as we proceeded toward the sunset, at every town where we paused to give breath to our cattle, the name of *Ollapod*, with many compliments in the Latin tongue? Whoever he was, I stretch forth to him the hand of fancy. Thou *Grand Inconnu!* — touch thy dextral digits in thought; consider thine own vehemently squeezed; and remain, if thou wilt, the kind Unknown — at once corporeal and yet spiritual; a creation insubstantial; an entity, yet intangible — '*umbra, civis, nihil!*'

No offence to the turnpike company whose duty it is to superintend the roads betwixt Geneva and Canandaigua; but candor compels to say, they are a set of negligent varlets, deserving the anathemas of 'all who travel by land or by water,' especially those who abandon the cheating extras, and adopt the *Telegraph*. What right have these individuals to keep the holes in the turnpike so deep, and yet so treacherous? One looks out with anxious eye to see what is 'going to come' in the way of thoroughfare — and lo! distance lends enchantment to the view. The gilded pool seems dry; the deceitful pudding of clay has a look of solidity — but anon! — *sqush!* — down drop the wheels in front — creack! rings the tried and doubtful axle — '*He'ep'!* — d — nation!' saith the driver; 'Oh!' says the timid lady within; 'Ha! ha! that was a screamer!' ejaculates the western speculator, filled to the brim with animal spirits! 'An oncommon deep 'ole!' says the English emigrant; 'I thank God! we are out!' says the politician; 'Uh, umph, whe-e-ze!' ejaculates the dozing and uncertain passenger, who has been travelling day and night for a week; and thus the time goes on, until the day is well nigh spent, and you see the farewell light of day playing over the sweet waters and Elysian bowers of *Canandaigua*.

Rich and bountiful Ontario! — called by politicians the 'infected dis-

trict,' by poets the garden of the state — the affluent parterre of every thing good for man, or nutritious for beast. The sheen of thy waters is yet in my eye; the breath of thy clover fields yet regaleth my nostrils; I seem, (here in this crowded home, with the liveried coaches rattling in my ear, and the city's voice booming about me,) I seem to be stealing flowers from the demesnes of some unknown Peri, or partaking the hospitality of friends and brethren. Beautiful country! — thou art the *rus in urbe* of my thought! In thy mansions I have been seated, with all those culinary appliances and varied wines which smack of the city, over hearths beneath which repose the bones of unnumbered Indians, with no circumstance to tell me of the country, save the hallowed stillness — the distant wheat fields waving to the breeze of summer — the rural spire crowning the distant hill, or the bleating of sheep, huddling together from the heat of the day, in the shade! Precious hours! They throng back upon my memory with influences of peace; with the hum of bees, the voice of waving branches, the tones of childhood, the prattle of running waters, and with the glow of the lake, which seemed to expand as the twilight drew near,

> That, smiling from the sweet south-west,
> The sunbeams might rejoice its breast.
>
> * * *
>
> One of those still and peaceful lakes,
> That in a shining cluster lie,
> On which the south wind scarcely breaks
> The image of the sky.

He who, having seen thee once, can easily forget thee, is fit for treason.

To THE unobservant eye, doubtless there is much in the Genessee region that may seem dull and tame. To the enthusiastic, the close-viewing, or the romantic, it is not so. The villages are thriving and neat — the country rich in every thing — and 'the rising generation,' the children, are lovely specimens of juvenile humanity. We saw them, in almost every meadow we passed, up to their knees in strawberry-vines and clover, gathering the blossoms of the one and the fruits of the other. Pleasant beyond description, too, are the white dwellings in the towns, embowered in the honey-locust tree, or lifting their pale chimneys behind the tall and melancholy poplars which whisper around.

A LUDICROUS incident occurred at Batavia. There is a creek in the neighborhood, which makes 'upward of considerable' noise, after nightfall. The English passenger, who reached the town before us, by leaving the stage and walking on foot, imagined it to be the Falls of Niagara, from which we were then between fifty and sixty miles. He went out and listened. 'My God!' said he, 'what oncommon roaring falls them is! They must *ey*-ther be verry 'igh, or else the winds is riz.' The mistake was not corrected, and the fellow retired to rest, with his stupid cranium firmly impressed with the belief that his long ears had caught the sound of the Great Cataract.

Traveler! — as thou wendest toward the West, if thou art within some fifteen miles of Batavia, and thinkest of pausing for the night, rescind the mental resolution, and post on to that town. There shalt thou experience a good bed, and delicious rest, with the murmur of the Tonnawanta breathing upon the night air thy quiet lullaby. Do this — to the end that, rising in the morning, thou go to Richville, and there to breakfast, which is an hospitable town, and hath an hotel whose superior is not to be found, whether thou go to the south-west or north-west, or indeed to any point of the compass. Comfortable and expeditious Blodget! The voluminousness of thy periphery indicateth the epicure; upon the pullets thou sacrificest, are the pin-feathers of youth; thy warm cakes are done deliciously brown; thy yellow butter, thy irreproachable eggs, thy unimpeachable coffee — my mnemonical palate remembers them all. *Murder Creek*, too, is in thy vicinity; and as it goes moaning onward under the rude bridge which spans it, the reflection of bright red mills upon its shore, as they give back the sunbeam, gives it murder's proper hue and 'damnéd spot.' The tradition is, that a poor crazy old man was killed here by the Indians, many years ago, in the early settlement of the country:

'May be be true, may be be no so —
We 'll grant it is, and let it go so.'

At any rate — (Blodget, I thank thee for the sentence,) — if Richville hath the memory of death, it hath likewise, and in full profusion, the means of life.

It is anti-agreeable to post over a road which looks like a *river*, and where the course your conveyance is to take is indicated by stakes implanted in the solid part of that 'undiscovered country' over which you are rolling as it were in a ship. Such was our experience through a part of the Genessee region. But I caught *one* view from the window of our coach, which I shall not soon forget. Along the distant uplands of the Genessee, there lay a long plain of mist, with irregular indentations, like the bays of a lake; above them rose a gorgeous array of clouds, and between both, a wide stretch of verdure. The mist looked like an ocean; the fragments that sailed by themselves, or hung in motionless masses in the air, appeared like towers and temples. The effect was indescribably magnificent.

Ten miles to the east of Buffalo, I looked out from our conveyance, filled with anxious expectation. For the most part, the day had been a day of wind and storm; but the tempest had passed over — the winds had gone back to their caves — and the sun looked forth from the west, with features of unutterable beauty. A vast curtain of clouds rolled up from the north and north-west, leaving the clarified sky so darkly and serenely blue, that it almost approached the purple. It was that part of the heavens which bent its unfathomable arch over the expanse of Erie and Niagara, on its resounding journey to the Ontario. Far as the eye could reach, on every hand, save the rising road toward the west, all the region round about was level as the floor of a city

saloon. But the radius embraced by the eye was small, from that very circumstance. The only evidence we had of our proximity to those great inland oceans, just mentioned, was traceable in the bending heads of those distant forest trees which were higher than the surrounding monarchs of the wild. These, with the orchard trees on both sides of the way, inclined to the east at an angle of three horizontal to one vertical foot. *There* were the symptoms of approach to Old Erie. There the constant winds from the west had howled their winter anthems, and wailed in praise of the strength and grandeur of Omnipotence. As I was saying, I looked forth from our vehicle; and becoming too much excited with expectation to remain within, a gentleman, who knew my impatience, counselled me to wait until we reached a slight eminence beyond, where he told me I should in all probability behold a sight worth seeing. This vague announcement sharpened my curiosity. At last, the trivial eminence was reached, and my friend bade me cast my glance to the north-west. I looked, and beheld, rising above the level distance, apparently thirty miles off, a spiral pillar of steamy mist, against the *perfect* sky, uplifting itself with slow and solemn movement, ending in a column of faint, and quivering, and beautiful crimson.

'What do you think that is?' said my friend.

Quite unable to answer the question, I confessed my ignorance in the phraseology of Polonius: 'By the mass, I cannot tell.'

'That,' he said, '*is the spray from the Niagara!*'

I felt my blood rush quicker, and tingle through my veins, at the mere mention of the name. I mounted on the outside with the driver, and surveyed every object near and far with the intense delight and quick sense of novelty which I have cherished from my youth.

'How high is the sun?' — I inquired of the postillion, after the seeming lapse of a few moments, as the great orb appeared rapidly nearing the horizon — 'and what is the distance from Buffalo?'

'The sun is two hours up yet, Sir, and I expect we are a mild and a half from the *city* — jest about' — answered Whip.

It was not without a laugh at his idea of calling Buffalo a city, that I buttoned the over-coat which the freshening wind from Erie, yet unseen, had rendered requisite, and abandoned myself to the intoxication of my expectant thoughts. Shortly, we began to ascend a rise of ground; higher sweeps of landscape rolled upward from afar; smokes, as from distant steam-boats, arose heavenward; bright domes appeared; and all at once — beautiful sight! — the '*city*,' with its spires, and squares, and streets, lay at my feet; a magnificent thoroughfare, *Old Main*, as the Buffalonians call it, stretched for miles before my eye; *palaces* were around me; the thick spars of innumerable ships streamed their colors on the breeze; water craft were hastening to the Canadas, lying greenly and beautiful across the bay; and beyond all, Lake Erie stretched its tremblingly blue expanse toward the West, with shadows of golden clouds trailing over its bosom, and ships melting afar off into nothingness, toward the chamber of the evening sun! Reader, Buffalo is a

wonder and a marvel. Approach it as I did, in summer, and on Sunday. To its various portals, as did the strangers to old Rome,

> ——— 'Cast round thine eye, and see
> What conflux issuing forth, or entering in;
> On embassies from regions far remote,
> In various habits, on the Appian road,
> Or on the Emilian.'

The whole of the Genessee country is but a tame, yet it is a beautiful, prelude to those splendid pictures in that magnificent scenery of the West, of which Buffalo forms the opening view.

'Tell me,' said I to my Jehu, 'what is the population of this '*city*,' which we are approaching?'

'It is nigh to twenty thousand, *friend!*' ejaculated the dispenser of *impulses* to the cattle before him, with an evident feeling of pleasure that he was showing wonders; 'and what's more, stranger, we shall soon be at the *Eagle*. Jest let me ask you, '*Square*, did you ever see any think like that 'are?'

I turned to the direction of his whip, to the south-west, where a bay of Erie bent into the woodlands, stretching for miles.

'What is that?' I inquired.

'Why, it's *Buffalo!* You see the streets of the outskirts, marked out in the edges of the woods, several miles off; you see the white buildings among the green trees, where the *stumps* is n't yet *grubbed* up; and where they *do* say, that sheep and deer is enclosed in the cellars of houses, built to nearly the second story — and yet they say — and I believe it — that there is n't a house in all Buffalo, *fur* and *nigh*, *out*-skirts and *in*-skirts, that has n't more tenants than can be disposed of.'

I continued to gaze in the direction he had pointed; and truly the sight was beyond the blazon of tongue or pen. It seemed to my eye as if more than half of the city of Buffalo had been but yesterday redeemed from the wilderness. A town of brick, large, stately, and imposing in itself, was encompassed on all sides by extending tenements of white, sufficient in number to form a dozen country villages; in the middle of the town were country seats, surrounded with parks, through which the deer bounded, as in those early days — not long ago — when the shores of Erie were forests, and the lake was crossed only by the adventurous canoe of the daring Indian; when if a young Pale Face came to tempt them, he was admonished by the Red Skins to forbear:

> Son of the stranger! wouldst thou take
> O'er yon blue hills thy lonely way,
> To reach the still and shining lake,
> Along whose banks the west winds play?
> Let no vain dreams thy heart beguile —
> Oh, seek not thou the Fountain Isle!
>
> Bright, bright, in many a rocky urn,
> The waters of our deserts lie
> Yet at their source, the lip shall burn,
> Parched with the fever's agony;
> From the blue mountains to the main,
> Our thousand floods may roll in vain.

Even there our hunters came of yore,
Back from their long and weary quest;
Had they not seen the untrodden shore,
And could they midst our wilds find rest?
The lightning of their glance was fled,
They dwelt among us as the dead!

They lay beside the glittering rills,
With visions in their darkened eye;
Their joy was not amidst the hills,
Where elk and deer before them fly;
Their spears upon the cedar hung,
Their javelins to the winds were flung.

They bent no more the forest bow,
They armed not with the warrior-band,
The moon waved o'er them, dim and slow—
They left us, for the Spirit Land!
Beneath our pines, yon green-sward heap
Shows where the restless found their sleep.

For the rest, wherein is narrated the visit of Ollapod to the Great Cataract, and to those divers points of interest which are to be found by the way, as the returning traveler journeys toward the Atlantic seaboard, is it not all recorded in the diary, of which the foregoing is but a little part? Of a verity, dear reader, Providence permitting, thou shalt hear again, anon, from 'the man of many wanderings.'

Ollapod.

DEVEREUX BEACH.

Rocked upon thy billowy motion,
Born upon thy sounding shore,
Dwelling 'mid thy music, Ocean!
I have learned the words, '*no more!*'

Echo brings her broken verse,
Harmonies of yore, of yore,
Memory's murmuring choristers
Crowd thy sounding, sounding shore!

Oh, the winged, winged words,
Oh, the busy thoughts that throng,
Like the merry tuned birds,
'Mid their atmosphere of song!

Deepest 'mid thy music, Ocean!
Swells the moan, '*no more, no more,*'
Sighing with each heaving motion,
On thy sounding, sounding shore!

Newburyport, (Mass.,) M.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE GIFT: A CHRISTMAS AND NEW-YEAR'S PRESENT, for 1837. Edited by Miss LESLIE. Philadelphia: E. L. CAREY AND A. HART.

WE have somewhat to say, by way of objection, in regard to this beautiful annual — not yet generally published — and we may as well commence a brief notice of the work with fault-finding. In the first place, then, we enter our protest, as we have once or twice done before, against the employment of embellishments in American annuals, which are drawn from old pictures, the products of foreign artists, copies of which have been for a long time on sale by all our print-venders. Why should not American publishers encourage native artists, when there are not a few able and willing to do honor to themselves and their art in this country? What good reason is there, that in otherwise creditable specimens of our annual literature, the public should have served up to them copies of such well-known pictures as 'Uncle Toby and the Widow,' 'Time and Tide wait for no Man,' 'Hawking,' etc.? There is none — there can be none; and we hope our countrymen, in bestowing their patronage upon that class of ornamental literature which we are considering, will be just to those who have nearest at heart the reputation of 'the land we live in.' To be eternally borrowing what we do not want, is worse than buying what we have no occasion for — a folly which Dr. Franklin has well exposed.

'The Sisters,' fronting the title-page, is very prettily designed, but it appears to us to lack both ease and animation. The title-page itself is modest and tasteful. Many of the subsequent engravings of 'The Gift' are worthy of high praise. 'The Village Mill' is one of the finest in the volume. There is great merit in the disposition of its parts, and withal a softness and an atmosphere about it, which render it truly a charming picture. 'Dorothea,' engraved by CHENEY, from a painting by MIDDLETON, is a clever performance. It possesses a pleasing repose, and has been finished with much care. Why is it, by the way, that the motto to the stanzas which accompany it, speaks of a *lad* washing his feet in the stream, while the print represents a lovely *girl* as engaged in the pedal ablution? 'The Love-Letter,' by CHENEY, from a drawing by SULLY, is worthy the reputation of both painter and engraver. It belongs, however, to a deeply-shadowed class, which we do not overmuch admire. 'The Fisherman' is a good picture — but it strikes us as defective in some respects. Witness, for example, the drawing of the lad's right leg, above the top of his hob-nailed shoe. 'The Fisherman's Landing' looks well at the first glance, but a more minute inspection shows it to be dim and indistinct — particularly the figures.

Time was, and that not a great while ago, when the yearly souvenir was considered, by most persons, as little more than an apt vehicle for circulating inflated fancies or bastard sentimentalities. The degradation of this species of literature arose from the mistaken idea, that inasmuch as annuals were mainly intended as presents for girls, and young ladies, the matter should be chiefly composed of love-stories, and 'pretty pieces of poetry' — so that at last it came to be seen, that almost every body was an indifferent good hand at annual-writing. This error was borrowed from the

early English specimens, which were poor enough. It must be confessed, however, that for a time many indigenous writers for these yearly offerings added dullness to the faults of their originals — a not unnatural result, in the case of copyists. But there has been a gradual and constant improvement in the American annuals; and we now find the greater part of their matériel highly creditable to native contributors, and all of it above a respectable mediocrity.

As we hope to be able to advert to 'The Gift' again hereafter, we shall, for the present, glance but cursorily at a portion of its contents. The first article, 'A Midsummer's Night Watch,' is a very clever sea-story, well described, without startling improbabilities — a too common fault of tales of the ocean; the wedding-scene, especially, is managed with fine dramatic effect. 'Jocassée,' a story 'of the old-time Cherokee,' is in the best vein of its author, Mr. Simms, and is marked by that quick perception of poetical adaptation which the writer has frequently evinced. 'The Burial of the Emigrant's Babe' — suggested by a paragraph in the *Commercial Advertiser*, the simple pathos of which impressed us forcibly on its first perusal — we annex. It requires no recommendation beyond that which it carries with it.

BURIAL OF THE EMIGRANT'S BABE.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

"Near the Catholic cemetery, about three miles from the city of New-York, I met one of the most singular and affecting funeral processions which it has ever been my fortune to witness. It was a lone mother, with her little boy by her side, and the coffin containing the body of her dead infant in her arms. She was a German, and could speak but few words of English. She presented a paper, which contained the regular order necessary for every interment in the public vault of the Roman Catholic cemetery. But had she been ever so skilled in our language, it was evident that she had that grief within which does not speak. Her eyes filled, and sobs choked her utterance, as she said, '*I lost meine baby — four week.*'" Col. William L. Stone.

I mused amid the place of graves,
When the brief autumn day,
With its hoarse minstrelsy of storms,
Sank to its rest away —
The long grass gave a rustling sound,
As to the mourner's tread —
And lo! a lonely woman came,
The bearer of her dead.

No stately hearse, or sable pall,
Or tall plumes waving high,
Impress'd the solemn pomp of wo
Upon the passer-by —
But Nature's grief, so oft unknown
Beside the proud man's bier,
Where long processions slowly move,
Spake forth, resistless, here.

No foot of neighbor or of friend,
In pitying love drew nigh,
Nor the sweet German dirge breath'd out
As 'neath her native sky,
To bless the clay that came to sleep
Within the hallow'd sod,
And emulate that triumph-strain
Which gives the soul to God.

Poor babe! that grieving breast from whence
Thy transient life-stream flow'd,
Doth press the coffin, as it goes
On to the last abode;
Those patient arms that shelter'd thee,
With many a tender prayer,
In sad reluctance yield thee back
To Earth, thy mother's care.

No priestly hand the immortal scroll
Of heavenly hope display'd,
As in the drear and darken'd vault
Her infant gem she laid;
And wildly mid the stranger shades
Of that sequester'd dell,
The lofty language of the Rhine,
In troubled cadence fell.

But grasping fast the mourner's skirts,
In wonder and in fear,
A boy, who thrice the spring had seen,
Stood all unnoticed near,
And wistful on his mother's face
Was fixed that fair child's eye,
While tear-drops o'er his glowing cheek
Gush'd forth, he knew not why:

For sympathy's o'erwhelming sob
Awoke his bosom's strife,
And wondering sorrow strongly stirr'd
The new-born fount of life —
Yea — still that trace of woe must gleam
From life's unwritten page,
Though Memory's casket he should search
With the dim eye of Age.

But with so strong and deep a power
That lonely funeral stole,
Among the pictured scenes that dwell
For ever in the soul,
That often when I wander near,
And sad winds murmur low,
Starting, I seem once more to hear
That wailing mother's wo.

'The Count and the Cousin' is a covert satire upon the apings of foreign follies and vices which are obtaining ground in our cities. The theme is a prolific one, and to our taste. Would that we possessed the power of Molière, to touch up this species of *Précieuses Ridicules!* Like the bad actor, who, when told that he limped, lisped, stuttered, and had 'an envious mountain on his back,' claimed popular histrionic models for all his defects, this class of imitators glory in their shame, and exult in the thought that they are the monkeys of a numerous band of fashionables in London, Paris, and on the continent. But we are losing sight of the story:

THE COUNT AND THE COUSIN.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

"'Who is that beautiful girl to whom you bowed so familiarly?' said Charles Winstanley to Horace Grenville, as they proceeded down the steps of the City Hotel.

"'That was Adelaide Walsingham, your cousin and mine, Charles,' said Horace; 'really you must have left your memory among the beauties of Paris, if you cannot recognise your nearest of kin.'

"'You forget, Horace, that when I last saw Adelaide, she was a lively little hoyden, scarce ten years old; the lapse of seven years makes a wondrous difference in a lady, whatever it may do with a gentleman.'

"'Nay, if you begin to discuss Time's changes, Charles, I must confess you cannot congratulate yourself upon having escaped a touch of his finger. Who, in that bronzed complexion and hirsute visage, could discover any traces of the smooth-cheeked boy whom I last saw on the deck of a French packet-ship, some seven years ago. But tell me, why did you not write that you were coming home?'

"'Because I did not know my own mind, Horace; I really was not quite certain about it until I had been a week at sea. The odd pronunciation of my German valet having caused my name to be placed on the list of passengers as Mr. Stanley, it occurred to me that the mistake would enable me to return *incognito*, and I thought I would humor the joke, if but to see how many of my old friends would recognise me. I arrived late last evening, and should now be a perfect stranger in my native city, had I not accidentally met you this morning; and even you, Horace, did not at first know me.'

"'Know you, Charles! who the deuce could even see you behind that immense growth of brush-wood upon your lip and cheek? Do you really mean to wear those enormous whiskers and moustaches?'

"'Certainly not longer than suits my present purposes, Horace. When I was in Germany I learned to wear moustaches for the same reason that I learned to smoke the meerschaum — because every body else did it. In Paris I reduced them a little, but did not entirely banish them, because there also I found them the fashion. A lively little French lady, a passenger in our ship, wagered a pair of Paris gloves that I would not wear them a week in America; I accepted the bet, and for one week you will see me 'bearded like the pard.''

"'Nay, if you like them,' said Horace, laughing, 'you need not seek an excuse for wearing them; they are quite the fashion, and ladies now estimate a man, not as they once did, by his altitude, but by the length of his whiskers.'

"'I have no desire to win ladies' favor by wearing an unshaven face,' answered Charles; 'but pray, Horace, tell me something more about our pretty cousin.'

"'She is as lovely in character, Charles, as she is in person, but she has one great fault; like the most of our fashionable belles, she has a mania for every thing foreign. Her manners, her dress, her servants, all come from abroad, and she has declared to me repeatedly her resolution never to marry an American.'

"'What is it that my fair countrywomen so much admire in their foreign lovers?' asked Charles.

"'Oh, they say there is a polish and elegance of manner belonging to foreigners which Americans never possess. Two of Adelaide's intimate friends have recently married scions of some antediluvian German family, and our lovely cousin is ambitious of forming an equally splendid alliance.'

"'If she were to marry a western farmer,' said Charles, with a smile, 'she would reign over a principality quite as large, and perhaps more flourishing, than usually belongs to these emigrant nobles.'

"'Adelaide is a noble-hearted girl,' replied Horace, 'and I wish she could be cured of her folly.'

"'If she is really a sensible girl, Horace, and that is her only fault, I think she might be cured.'

Horace shook his head.

"'Come and dine with me, Horace; be careful to tell no one of my arrival, and we'll discuss the matter over a bottle of fine old Madeira, if you are not too fashionable to drink it.'

* * * *

"The windows of Mr. Walsingham's house poured a flood of light through the crimson silk curtains upon the wet and dreary-looking street, while the music heard at intervals told to the gaping crowd collected about the door, that the rich were making merry. The decorated rooms were brilliant with an array of youth and beauty, but fairest among them all stood the mistress of the festival. Attired in a robe of white crape, with no other ornament than a pearl bandeau confining her dark tresses, she looked the personification of joy.

"'Cousin Horace,' she exclaimed, as she saw her favorite cousin enter the room, 'you have not been here these three days;' and then, in a lower tone, she added, 'Who was that splendid Don Whiskerando with whom I saw you walking yesterday?'

"Horace laid his finger on his lip as a tall figure emerged from the crowd at the entrance of the room: 'Miss Walsingham, allow me to present to you the most noble Count Pfeiffenhammer.'

"The blood mounted into Adelaide's cheek as the Count bowed low over the hand which he hastened to secure for the next quadrille. There was a mischievous sparkle in Horace's eye, and a deep and earnest devotedness in the stranger's manner, which made her feel a little uncomfortable, though she knew not why. A single glance sufficed to show her that the Count was attired in a magnificent court suit, with diamond buckles at the knee and a diamond band looping up the elegant *chapeau-bras* which encumbered his arm. After some minutes, she ventured to look more courageously at him. He was tall and exceedingly well-shaped; his eyes were very bright, but the chief attraction was a beautiful mouth, garnished with the most splendid moustache that ever graced an American ball-room. Adelaide was delighted. He danced elegantly; not with the stiff, awkward manner of an American, who always seems half ashamed of the undignified part he is playing, but with a buoyancy of step, and grace of motion, perfectly unrivalled. Adelaide was enchanted. He spoke English very well; a slight German accent alone betrayed his foreigh birth, and Adelaide did not like him the less for that. It is true she felt a little queer when she found herself whirling through the waltz in the arms of an entire stranger, and her brow flushed with something very like anger when she felt his bearded lip upon her hand, as he placed her in a seat, but this was only the freedom of foreign manners.

"The evening passed away like a dream, and Adelaide retired to her room with a burning cheek, and a frame exhausted by what she deemed pleasure. She was too much excited for sleep, and when she appeared at her father's breakfast-table, (a duty she never neglected,) it was with such a pale cheek and heavy eye that he was seriously alarmed.

"'These late hours will kill you, my child,' said he, as he kissed her forehead; 'I shall return at noon, and if I find you still so languid, I shall send for Dr. ——.'

"So saying, he stept into his carriage and drove to his counting-room, where, immersed in business, he quite forgot Adelaide's cheek, until the dinner hour summoned him from his dingy little office to his stately mansion. As he entered the door, he recollected Adelaide's exhausted look.

"'Poor child,' murmured he, 'I wonder how she is?'

"A low musical laugh struck on his ear as the servant threw open the drawing-room, and the sight of her radiant countenance, looking more brilliant than ever, as she sat between Cousin Horace and the Count, soon quieted his fears.

"Mr. Walsingham, in common with most Americans of the olden time, had a great prejudice against foreigners. 'If they are real lords,' he used to say, 'they do n't want my daughter, and if they are not real lords, my daughter don't want them.' His notions of the Teutonic character were founded upon the wonderful stories which his mother used to tell him about the Hessians, and vague ideas of ruffians and child-eaters were associated in his mind with every thing German. The coldness with which he saluted the noble Count, formed a striking contrast to the cordial warmth with which he grasped the hand of his nephew.

"'Glad to see you, Horace — could n't speak a word to you last night, you were so surrounded with pretty girls. By the way, boy,' drawing him aside, 'who is that hairy-faced fellow?'

"'That is Count Pfeiffenhammer, uncle.'

"'Count Pipehammer! well, the Germans have certainly an odd fancy in names. Pray, what is his business?'

"'Business!' said Horace, laughing; 'why, his chief business at present is to receive the revenues of his principality.'

"'Principality! — fudge! — a few barren acres with half a dozen mud hovels on it, I suppose. It won't do, Horace — it won't do! Adelaide deserves something better than a mouthful of moonshine. What the deuce did you bring him here for? I don't think I could treat him with common civility, if it were not for your sake.'

"'Then, for my sake, dear uncle, treat him civilly, and I give you my word you shall not repent your kindness.'

"Every day saw the Count paying his devoirs to the lovely Adelaide, and always framing some very winning excuse for his visit. A bouquet of rare exotics, or an exquisite print, a scarce book, or a beautiful specimen of foreign mechanism, were sure to be his apology. Could any girl of seventeen be insensible to such gallant wooing, especially when proffered by a rich young nobleman, who wore such splendid whiskers, and whose moustache and imperial were the envy of all the aspirants after ladies' smiles. Adelaide soon began to discover that, when the Count was present, time flew on eagles' wings; and when, after spending the morning in her company, he ventured to make one of the gay circle usually assembled in her drawing-room at evening, she was conscious of a degree of pleasure for which she was unwilling to account. His intimacy with her cousin Horace afforded him the opportunity of being her companion abroad as well as at home, and in the gay evening party, the morning promenade, or the afternoon ride, the handsome Count was ever her attendant.

"A feeling of gratified vanity probably aided the natural goodness of Adelaide's temper, and enabled her to endure, with exemplary equanimity, the railleries of her young friends; but she was not so tranquil when her father began seriously to remonstrate against this imprudent intimacy.

"'You have had all your whims gratified, Adelaide,' said he, 'now you must indulge one of mine. Adopt as many foreign fashions as you please, but remember that you never, with my consent, marry any other than an American. My fortune has been made by my own industry — my name was transmitted to me unsullied by my father, who earned his patent of nobility when he signed the declaration of independence, and no empty-titled foreigner shall ever reap the fruits of my toil, or teach my daughter to be ashamed of her republican father.'

"The earnestness of these admonitions from a parent who had never before spoken except in the words of unbounded tenderness, first led Adelaide to look into the depths of her own heart. She was almost terrified at her own researches, when she found that she had allowed the image of the Count to occupy its most hidden recesses. Bitterly did she repent her folly.'

"'I wish he were an American,' sighed she; 'and yet, if he were, he would not be half so pleasing. How devoted his manners are! — how much feeling there is in all he says and does!'

"Poor Adelaide! she was like the fascinated bird — she dreaded his power, yet she could not withdraw herself from its influence. She could not conceal from herself the fact that the manners of the Count too were greatly changed. From the courtly gallant, he had gradually become the impassioned lover. He treasured her every look and word, and she keenly felt that in exposing her own peace of mind she had also risked the loss of his.'

"This state of things could not long exist without an explanation. Six months had scarcely passed since Adelaide first beheld the noble stranger, and already her young cheek had lost its glow, and her step its buoyant lightness. She was sitting alone one morning, brooding over her melancholy forebodings, when the door opened, and the object of her thoughts entered. Seating himself beside her, he commenced a conversation full of those graceful nothings which women always love to hear, but Adelaide was in no mood for gayety. The Count intently watched the play of her eloquent features, and then, as if he divined the tumult of her feelings, suddenly changed the topic to one of deeper interest. He spoke of himself — of his various adventures — of his personal feelings — and, finally, of his approaching departure for Europe. Adelaide's cheek grew paler as he spoke, but she suppressed the cry which rose to her lips. The Count gazed earnestly upon her, then seizing her hand and clasping it closely between his own, he poured forth the most passionate expressions of affection. Half fainting with the excess of her emotions, Adelaide sat motionless as a statue, until aroused by the Count's entreaties for a reply. With bitter self-reproach she attempted to answer him. Falteringly but frankly, she stated her father's objections to her union with a foreigner, and blamed herself for having permitted an intimacy which could only end in suffering for both.'

"'Only tell me, Adelaide, that your father's prejudices are the sole obstacle,' said the Count passionately; 'say but that you could have loved me, and I shall be content.'

"Adelaide blushed and trembled.'

"'For the love of Heaven, answer me but by a look!'

"Timidly that downcast eye was raised to his, and he *was* answered.'

"'Adelaide,' he resumed, after a moment's pause, 'we may yet be happy. Could you love the humble citizen as well as the noble Count?'

"A slight pressure of the little hand which lay in his, and a flitting smile on the tremulous lip, was sufficient reply.'

"'Then hear me, Adelaide,' said her lover; 'I will return to my country — I will restore my honors to him who bestowed them, and then I may hope to merit ——'

"'My utter contempt!' cried Adelaide, vehemently. 'What, resign your country — forfeit the name of your fathers — desert your inheritance of duties! — No, Count Pfeiffenhammer! if a love of freedom led you to become a citizen of our happy land,

none would so gladly welcome you as Adelaide Walsingham: but never would I receive the sacrifice as a tribute to transitory passion.'

"'A transitory passion, Adelaide!'

"'Could I expect stability of feeling in him who can so easily abandon his native land, and forget the claims of his country? You have taught me a bitter lesson, Count. No American would have shown such weakness of character as I have witnessed in him whom I fondly believed to be all that his lips professed. Would we had never met,' added she, bursting into tears.

"'Adelaide,' said the Count, 'you love me — those precious tears assure me that you love me. Be mine, sweet one; your father will not be inexorable — he adores you.'

"'And therefore,' said she, 'you would have me make him wretched for life. Because he looks upon me with idolatry, you would have me desecrate the image he has worshipped. Count Pfeiffenhammer, we must part! You do not understand my nature — I have been deceived in you!'

"'You have! you have been deceived, my own sweet cousin!' cried the Count, as he covered her hand with passionate kisses. 'You have rejected Count Pfeiffenhammer; will you also refuse the hand of your mad-cap cousin, Charles Winstanley, whose little wife you were seven years ago?'

"Adelaide started from her seat in wild surprise. 'What means all this? — Charles Winstanley! — the Count?' The sudden revulsion of feeling overpowered her, and cousin Horace entered the room, just in time to see her sink fainting in Charles Winstanley's arms.

"Now the anger of the lady, when she recovered and learned the trick which had been practised upon her — the merriment of cousin Horace — the satisfaction of the father, and the final reconciliation of all differences — may they not be far better imagined than described?

"A few weeks after, a splendid party was again assembled in Mr. Walsingham's drawing-rooms; but Adelaide was no longer the life of the party. Attired in bridal array, and decked with the rich jewels which once sparkled on the person of the false Count, she sat in blushing beauty beside her cousin Charles, who, now that he had shaven off his moustache, and reduced his whiskers, looked like what he really was, a true American.

"'But why, Charles, did you woo me in such *outlandish* guise?' whispered she, smiling.

"'Because, you vowed to marry none but an *outlandish* wooer. Plain Charles Winstanley would never have been allowed the opportunity of winning the heart which Count Pfeiffenhammer so closely besieged.'

"'Ay, ay, Charles,' said the happy father, 'if American women would only value a man for the weight of his brains, rather than the lightness of his heels, and the strength of his principles, rather than the elegance of his manners, we should have less foreign foppery, and more of homely virtue in our country.'"

'The Nameless One, a Tale of Florence,' and a long 'Tale of Modern Greece,' although well written, occupy space which might, in our judgment, have been better filled with matter more various, and better suited to the taste of American readers.

'The March of Mind,' by Mrs. GILMAN — who manages with much ability a popular periodical in Charleston, called '*The Southern Rose*' — is a clever satire — so short and good, indeed, that we cannot resist the temptation to copy it:

THE MARCH OF MIND.

A FRAGMENT FROM FACT.

BY MRS. C. GILMAN.

"'WHAT excites you, brother dear?' said Fanny Morton, leaning over a youth who had thrown himself in an affected attitude along a sofa, while she twined his brown hair on her fingers; 'your nose is turned up like the tail of a griffin.'

"'Oh Fanny, what will become of me?' said the youth, with a sigh. 'How much preferable would savage life be to this incessant pretension from all quarters! My shoeblack prates to me about the chemical combinations of his varnish, and my barber is proposing a patent for a pair of self-cutting shears, which are to move over the head at a word of command. It was but yesterday I was coaxed by Aunt Judith to an infant-school examination, and made to listen an hour to the yelping of those overwrought kittens singing about Adam and Eve, Christopher Columbus, and twice two are four, all in the same tone at the top of their voices. I escaped, and went for relief to the Russels', who, a year ago, were sensible, ignorant girls, and hoped to hear some unadulterated feminine nonsense. Bell's pretty fingers were stained with varnish from her

oil painting of a wry-mouthed Madonna; Catharine insisted on my examining a musty *hortus-siccus*, entirely overlooking a sweet rose, which I gallantly offered her; and when I peeped over Mellicent's shoulder, hoping to find the book in her hand the last new novel, I found her examining the notes she had taken of a chemical lecture, while she began overwhelming me with Sir Humphrey Davy only knows what. I was starting off in despair, when that little imp, Harriet, who ought to be playing with her dolls, stopped me to see her shell-cabinet. I had just time to draw on my gloves, to prevent her thrusting into my hand one of her sea-monsters. I touched it with one of my finger tips, cried, 'Exquisite! beautiful!' and escaped, stimulated in my flight by the sight of a half-open drawer, where impaled bugs and beetles were kept for immortality, as a learned professor says. My sweet Fanny, study ignorance if you love me! Will those thrice-blessed times ever return when men shall lie down on the flowery lap of female simplicity, instead of being stretched on the Procrustean bed of—'

"'What is a Procrustean bed?' said Fanny, archly.

"'Hush, child! now you are too ignorant!' replied Frederick Morton. I flew from Harriet's bugs as if they had been tarantulas; and being in want of a vest was going to ——'s, but recollecting that he was an *intellectual* tailor, and not wishing to have my brains measured, I turned aside. It is not long since he went through the whole science of weights and pulleys in rectifying a pair of suspenders for me. Determining not to listen to another treatise, I went to the humble establishment of Mr. Smallshaw — a man as yet happily ignorant of any thing beside his goose.

"'Any vests of late fashion, Mr. Smallshaw?'

"'Oh, ay, certain, Sir,' and he brought me, in a quiet, tailor-like way, several patterns.

"As I was about making my bargain, he turned away from the cash as if it was quite a secondary consideration.

"'Sir,' said he, 'have you heard that the mechanics' sons are to meet at the Lyceum to speak pieces to-morrow?'

"'No, Sir,' I replied, 'with a sudden tremor.

"'Neddy!' roared he to a squint-eyed boy, who was just flaying the dust out of a pair of pantaloons, which were hanging on a line in the yard, and which gave a kick of retaliation at every stroke; 'Neddy, son, here is a gentleman who would like to hear you speak your piece!'

"Neddy came in with an odd mixture of embarrassment and conceit on his dusty face, wiping his nose on his coat sleeve. He scrambled up on the counter for his rostrum, stood with his feet pari-toed, his hands glued to his thighs, his thumbs protruded, and made a one-sided bow. Now, thought I, for 'My name is Norval,' or 'To be, or not to be,' and the genius of Shakspeare seemed to me to be frowning from behind the headless coats which hung around us; but in this desecration I was happily disappointed, for in a shrill key, Neddy commenced, from Miss Taylor's Juvenile Poems, with the following emphasis —

'*My* prayers I said,
I went to bed,
But soon I *fell* asleep,
And soon I woke,
My sleep was broke,
I *through* the curtains peep.

'*I* heard a noise,
Of men and boys,
And watchmen's *rattle* too.
And fire *they* cried,
And then cried I,
Oh *dear* what shall I do,' &c., &c., &c.

"All things have an end, and so had Neddy's piece; but just at its conclusion I heard another sharp voice at my elbow say,

"'I'm going to speak at the exhibition, too!'

"'The deuce you are,' thought I.

"'Oh certain, Sammy,' said Mr. Smallshaw,' 'say *your* piece to the gentleman. He is two years older than Neddy, sir, and is very remarkable, though I say it that shoud n't say it.'

"Before I could fabricate a reason for departing, Sammy was on the rostrum. Never were two beings more alike than he and his brother — the same oblique eyes of glassy blue, the same stiff yellow hair, the same *smutch* of dirt, as if by measure on the right cheek. *He* stood pari-toed; *his* hands stuck to his thighs; *his* two thumbs protruded; *his* voice pitched on the same high key; and he began —

'*My* prayers I said,
I went to bed,' &c., &c, &c.

"Before he had arrived at the lines which

'Brought him to
The middle of his song,'

the fear of a third urchin being produced to illustrate the awful consequences of playing at night

'With Tommy lighting straws,'

had compelled me to take French leave, and I effected my retreat in a most masterly

manner, while the tailor's gaze was immoveably fixed on the face of the young orator; in whom no doubt he foresaw a future Henry Clay, or a second Daniel Webster.

"'But if the two tailorlings *must* speak their speeches,' said Fanny, 'why was there no variety in them? Why must both speak the same?'

"'Because there was no variety in the boys,' replied Morton; 'their father, no doubt, is accustomed to regard them as two sleeves of the same coat.'

"'You are the most fastidious of mortals,' observed Fanny. 'What is it you would have? Here, when you at last find a mechanic who is neither mathematical, philosophical, scientifical, or any way intellectual, you are displeased with the absence of refinement and want of tact in himself and family, and out of patience at the natural pride of a father in the accomplishments of his hopeful offspring.'

"'Well, well,' replied Frederick, 'all extremes are bad. Why must people be always either too wise or too foolish? Why cannot every body adopt the *juste milieu?*'

"Why they cannot is a question we leave to be decided by our readers.

* * * * *

Miss Leslie displays her power as a sketcher — a rôle which she fills with grace — in the story of 'The Officers.' It contains plenty of incident, and no lack of individuality. 'The Mail Robber,' by W. E. Burton, Esq., is an exceedingly well-told story, and will, in more than one instance, remind the reader of Marryat. There is a 'Tale of the Revolution,' the merit of which should not be judged by the relative position it occupies in the volume which it honors.

We have said nothing of the poetry of 'The Gift,' and have barely space to designate 'The Quakeress,' 'The Mother's Dream,' and the 'Elegy written in a Western Church-Yard,' as superior to the 'common run' of annual rhymes. The latter, however, would seem much better than it really is, could the reader forget the solemn beauty of the great original from which its manner is copied.

Sheppard Lee. Written by himself. In two volumes, pp. 550. New-York: Harper and Brothers.

Of all the native productions of the season, commend us to Sheppard Lee. We must however initiate the reader into the proper manner of perusing the work, before adverting more particularly to its qualities. The various 'books' which it contains should be read at short intervals; the volumes should be closed at the termination of each metamorphose of the author, as the curtain falls upon the different scenes of a drama; in this wise, the reader may enjoy in parcels a delicious bundle of all sorts of clever intellectual wares. The writer wins at once upon our regard, by the choice requisites of truth and freshness, and a plain unvarnished delivery of what he has to say. The separate characters which he assumes are each a picture, drawn to the life, and some of them, without doubt, *from* life. He gives the reins to an exuberant fancy, but is not so profusely inventive as to distract attention or curiosity. His humor is capital, and always naturally displayed, and his satire bites shrewdly, without any appearance of ill nature or malignity, which too often accompany sarcasm.

We cannot better commence a few brief extracts, than with the annexed, which details the first essay of the author in politics:

"I spent a whole week in finding out who were the principal office-holders, candidates and busy bodies, both in the state and the general governments; and which were the principal parties; there being so many, that an honest man might easily make a mistake among them. Being satisfied on these points, I chose the strongest party, on the principle that the majority must always be right, and attended the first public meeting that was held, where I clapped my hands and applauded the speeches with so much spirit, that I was taken notice of and highly commended by several of the principal leaders. In truth, I pleased them so well, that they visited me at my house, and en-

couraged me to take a more prominent part in the business of politics; and this I did, for at the next meeting I got up and made a speech; but what it was about I know no more than the man in the moon, otherwise I would inform the reader. My only recollection of it is, that there was great slashing at the banks and aristocrats that ground the faces of the poor; for I was on what our opponents called the hurrah side, and these were the things we talked about. I received uncommon applause; and, in fact, there was such a shouting and clapping of hands, that I was obliged to put an end to my discourse sooner than I intended.

"But I found myself in great favor with the party, and being advised by the leaders, who considered I had a talent that way, to set about converting all I knew in the county who were not of our party, and they hinting that I should certainly, in case the county was gained (for our county happened to be a little doubtful at that time,) be appointed to the post-office in the village, I mounted my old horse Julius Cæsar, and set out with greater zeal than I had ever shown in my life before. I visited every body that I knew, and a great many that I did not know; and, wherever I went, I held arguments, and made speeches, with a degree of industry that surprised myself, for certainly I was never industrious before. It is certain, also, that there was never a laborer in the field of politics that better deserved his reward, — never a soldier of the party ranks that had won a better right to a share in the spoils of victory. I do not pretend to say, indeed, that I converted any body to our belief; for all seemed to have made up their minds beforehand; and I never yet knew or heard of a man that could be argued out of his politics, who had once made up his mind on the subject. I labored, however, and that with astonishing zeal; and as I paid my own expenses, and treated all thirsty souls that seemed approachable in that way to good liquor, I paid a good round sum, that I could ill spare, for the privilege of electioneering; and was therefore satisfied that my claim to office would hold good.

"And so it did, as was universally allowed by all the party; but the conviction of its justice was all I ever gained in reward of my exertions. The battle was fought and won, the party was triumphant, and I was just rejoicing in the successful termination of my hopes, when they were blasted by the sudden appointment of another to the very office which I considered my own. That other was one of the aforesaid leaders, who had been foremost in commending my zeal and talents, and in assuring me that the office should be mine.

"I was confounded, petrified, enraged; the duplicity and perfidy of my new friends filled me with indignation. It was evident they must all have joined in recommending my rival to the office; for he was a man of bad character, who must, without such recommendations, have missed his aim. All therefore had recommended him, and all had promised their suffrages to me! 'The scoundrels!' said I to myself. I perceived that I had fallen among thieves; it was clear that no party could be in the right, which was led by such unprincipled men; there was corruption at the heart of the whole body; the party consisted of rogues who were gaping after the loaves and fishes; their honesty was a song — their patriotism a farce. In a word, I found I had joined the wrong party, and I resolved to go over to the other, sincerely repenting the delusion that had made me so long the advocate of wrong and deception.

On throwing off his first existence, Lee becomes a rich brewer of Philadelphia: but although he has suddenly risen from poverty to affluence, he is not without his troubles. For example:

"I had managed, somehow or other, in the course of the night, to stump my toe, or wrench my foot; and, though the accident caused me but little inconvenience at the time, the member had begun gradually to feel uneasy; and now, as I sat at my table, it grew so painful that I was forced to draw off my boot. But this giving me little relief, and finding that my foot was swollen out of all shape and beauty, my brother Tim pronounced it a severe strain, and recommended that I should call in my family physician, Dr. Boneset, a very illustrious man, and fine fellow, who at that moment chanced to drive by in his coal-black gig, which looked, as physicians' gigs usually look, as if in mourning for a thousand departed patients.

"'What's the matter?' said the doctor.

"'Why, doctor,' said I, 'I have given my foot a confounded wrench; I scarce know how; but it is as big and as hot as a plum-pudding.'

"'Hum, ay! — very unlucky,' said the doctor: 'off with your stocking, and let me look at your tongue. Pulse quite feverish. Fine port!' he said drinking off a glass that Tim had poured him, and cocking his eye like one who means to be witty, 'fine port, sir; but one can't float in it for ever without paying port-charges. A very gentlemanly disease, at all events. It lies between port and porter.'

"'Port and porter! disease!' said I, slipping off my stocking as he directed, without well knowing what he meant. My foot was as red as a salamander, swelled beyond all expression, and, while I drew the stocking, it hurt me most horribly.

"'Zounds, doctor!' said I, 'can that be a wrench?'

"'No,' said the doctor, 'it's the wrencher — genuine *podagra*, 'pon honour.'

"'Podagra!' said I; 'Podagra!' said Tim; and 'Podagra!' said the others. 'What's that?'

"'Gout!' said the doctor.

"'Gout!' cried my friends; 'Gout!!' roared my brother Tim; and 'Gout!!!' yelled I, starting from the doctor as if from an imp of darkness who had just come to make claim to me. It was the unluckiest leap in the world; I kicked over a chair as I started, and the touch was as if I had clapped my foot into the jaws of a roaring lion. Crunch went every bone; crack went every sinew; and such a yell as I set up was never before heard in Chestnut-street.

"'You see, gentlemen — (I'll take another glass of that port, Mr. Doolittle) — you see what we must all come to! This is one of the small penalties one must pay for being a gentleman; when one dances, one must pay the piper. Now would my friend Higginson there give a whole year of his best brewing, that all the pale ale and purple port that have passed his lips had been nothing better than elder-wine and bonny-clabber. But never mind, my dear sir,' said the son of Æsculapius, with a coolness that shocked me; 'as long as it's only in your foot, it's a small matter.'

"'A small matter!' — I grinned at him; but the unfeeling wretch only repeated his words — 'A small matter!'

"I had never been sick before in my life. As John H. Higginson, my worst complaints had been only an occasional surfeit, or a moderate attack of booziness; and as Sheppard Lee, I had never known any disease except laziness, which, being chronic, I had grown so accustomed to that it never troubled me. But now, ah, *now!* my first step into the world of enjoyment was to be made on red-hot ploughshares and pokers; my first hour of a life of content was to be passed in grinning, and groaning, and — but it is hardly worth while to say it. The gout should be confined to religious people; for men of the world *will* swear, and that roundly.

"For six days — six mortal days — did I lay upon my back, enduring such horrible twitches and twinges in my foot, that I was more than once on the point of ordering the doctor to cut it off; and I do not know how far that conceit might have gone, had not the heartless fellow, who, I believe, was all the while making game of my torments, assured me that the only effect of the dismemberment would be to drive the enemy into the other foot, where it would play the same tricks over again. 'The gout,' said he, 'has as great an affection for the human body as a cat has for a house in which she has been well treated. When it once effects a lodgment, and feels itself comfortable —'

"'Comfortable!' said I, with a groan.

"'In good easy quarters —'

"'Don't talk to me of *easy* quarters,' said I; 'for if I were hacked into quarters, and that by the clumsiest butcher in the town, I could not be more uneasy in every quarter.'

"'I am talking,' said Dr. Boneset, 'not of you, but of the disease; and what I meant to say was, that when it once finds itself at home, in a good wholesome corporation of a man, there you may expect to find it a tenant for life.'

"'For life!' said I. 'I am the most wretched man in existence. Oh, Sheppard Lee! Sheppard Lee! what a fool were you to think yourself miserable! — Doctor, I shall go mad!'

"'Not while you have the gout,' said he; 'tis a sovereign protection against all that. But let us look at your foot.' And the awkward or malicious creature managed to drop a tortoise and gold snuff-box, of about a pound and a half weight, which he was always sporting, right upon the point of my great toe, while he was looking at it. Had it been a ton and a half instead of a pound and a half in weight, it could not have thrown me into greater torture; and the — the man! — he thought he had settled the matter by making me a handsome apology! He left me to endure my pangs, and to curse Squire Higginson's father, grandfather, great-grandfather, and, in general, all his forefathers, who had entailed such susceptible great toes upon the family. In a word, I was in such a horrible quandary, that I wished the devil would fly off with my new body, as he had done before with the old."

As a miser, with 'gold laid up in store,' he is called to witness the following death-bed scene, in which the actor is his own son. It is horribly graphic:

"I shall never forget the horror of that young man's dissolution. He lay, at times, the picture of terror, gazing upon the walls, along which, in his imagination, crept myriads of loathsome reptiles, which now some frightful monster, and now a fire-lipped demon, stealing out of the shadows and preparing to dart upon him as their prey. Now he would whine and weep, as if asking forgiveness for some act of wrong done to the being man is most constant to wrong — the loving, the feeble, the confiding; and anon, seized by a tempest of passion, the cause of which could only be imagined, he would start up, fight, foam at the mouth, and fall back in convulsions. Once he sat up in bed, and, looking like a corpse, began to sing a bacchanalian song; on another occasion,

after lying for many minutes in apparent stupefaction, he leaped out of bed before he could be prevented, and, uttering a yell that was heard in the street, endeavored to throw himself from the window.

"But the last raving act of all was the most horrid. He rose upon his knees with a strength that could not be resisted, caught up his pillow, thrust it down upon the bed with both hands, and there held it, with a grim countenance and a chuckling laugh. None understood the act but myself: no other could read the devilish thoughts then at work in his bosom. It was the scene enacted in the chamber of his parent — he was repeating the deed of murder — he was exulting, in imagination, over a successful parricide.

"In this thought he expired; for while still pressing upon the pillow with a giant's strength, he suddenly fell on his face, and when turned over was a corpse. He gave but a single gasp, and was no more.

"The horror of the spectacle drove me from the chamber, and I ran to my own to fall down and die; when the blessed thought entered my mind, that the wo on my spirit, the anguish, the distraction, were but a dream — that my very existence, as the miser and broken-hearted father, was a phantasm rather than a reality, since it was a borrowed existence — and that it was in my power to exchange it, as I had done other modes of being, for a better. I was Sheppard Lee, not Abram Skinner; and this was but a voluntary episode in my existence, which I was at liberty to terminate."

He is next metamorphosed into a Quaker philanthropist — interests himself in the cause of 'the poor negro,' in Philadelphia — and after numerous mishaps, is 'nabbed' as an abolitionist, by two reward-seeking speculators, and carried into Virginia. Here, he says, so soon as it was discovered that the kidnappers had no less a personage in their care than 'the great abolitionist, Zachariah Longstraw,' every body remembered him and his misdeeds:

"'Yes,' cried one worthy personage, shaking at me a fist minus two fingers and a half, 'I have heard of him often enough: he lives in New-York, and he sells sendary pictures, packed up between the soles of niggur shoes.' — 'Yes!' cried another, who had but one eye, 'I have read all about him: he lives in Boston, keeps a niggur school, and prints sendary papers, a hundred thousand at a time, to set niggurs insurrecting.'"

A 'village Hampden,' who is canvassing for a seat in Congress, seizes the occasion of the presence of the captive philanthropist, to express to his constituents, his views upon the nature of his offence:

"'Stay, friends,' said Hampden Jones, and his voice stilled the tumult; 'I have a word to say on the subject of abolition.'

"'Hampden Jones for ever!' cried the republicans; and Hampden Jones stepped up on the head of a barrel, and stretched forth his right arm. He stretched forth his left also, and then, clinching both fists, and pursing his brows together until the balls beneath them looked like rolling grape-shot, he said, —

"'Gentlemen — fellow-freemen of Virginia! The bulwarks of a nation's liberties are the virtues of her children. Compared with these, what is wealth? what is grandeur? what even are power and glory? These — riches and greatness, power and renown — are the possessions of the Old World; yet what have they availed her? Look around that ancient hemisphere, and tell me *where* among its blood-stained battle-fields! *where* under its polluted palaces! *where* in its haunts of the despot and the slave! you can find the love of liberty, the love of law, the love of order, the love of justice, that give permanence to the institutions they adorn, and, like the laurel crown of the Cæsars, guard from the thunderbolt the temples they bind in the wreath of honour? Look for them in the Old World, but look in vain. The mighty Colossus of Christendom, once vital with virtue, lifts its decrepit bulk beyond the verge of the Atlantic, a vast and mournful monument of decay! Age and the shocks of the elements, the wash of the tempest and the lightning-stroke, have ploughed its marble forehead with wrinkles; mosses hang from its brows, and the dust of its own ruin — dust animated only by insects and reptiles, the offspring of corruption — moulders over its buried feet! The virtues that once distinguished — that almost deified — the immortal Colossus, have fled from the old, to find their home in the New World. I look for them only in the bosoms of Americans!'

"Here the orator, who had pronounced this sublime exordium with prodigious earnestness and effect, paused, while the welkin rung with the shouts of rapture its complimentary close was so well fitted to inspire. As for me, I felt a doleful skepticism

as to the justness of the compliment, having the very best reason to distrust that love of liberty, law, order, and justice, which was about to consign me to ropes and flames, without asking the permission of a judge and jury. Moreover, I could not exactly see how Mr. Hampden Jones' remarks on the old and new world had any thing to do with the subject of abolition, which he had risen to discuss; and, indeed, this difficulty seemed to have beset others as well as myself, several crying out with great enthusiasm, 'Let's have something on abolition; and then to the Lynching!' while others exclaimed,' Let's have the Lynching first, and the speech afterward.'

"'Abolition, my fellow-citizens!' said the orator, 'it is my intention to address you on the subject of abolition. But first let me apply what I have already said. I have said, and I repeat, that the love of liberty, of law, of order, of justice, belongs peculiarly to the free sons of America. Let me counsel, let me advise, let me entreat you, to have this noble truth in remembrance on this present occasion. Beware lest, in what you now intend to do, you give occasion to the enemies of freedom to doubt your virtue, to suspect the reality of your love of law, order, and justice, to stigmatize you as friends only of riot and outrage.'

"These words filled me with joyful astonishment. I began to believe the youthful Tully was about to interfere in my favor, to rebuke the violence of his adherents, and to save them from the sin of blood-guiltiness. So also thought the indignant sovereigns themselves; and many, elevating their voices, demanded furiously, 'if he meant to protect the bloody abolitionist?'

"'By no means,' said Mr. Hampden Jones, with great emphasis; 'what I have to advise is, that if we are to do execution upon the wretch, we shall proceed about it in an orderly and dignified way, resolve ourselves into a great and solemn tribunal, and so adjudge him to death with a regularity and decorum which shall excite the admiration and win the approbation of the whole world.'

"'Hampden Jones for ever!' cried the sovereigns; and so it appeared that all the benefit I was to derive from his interference, was only to be despatched in an orderly manner."

His next transformations are, first into a slave, and then into a master of slaves; both which characters, it is evident close observation has enabled him faithfully to describe.

We take leave of this work — which is *American* in every thing — with the single remark, that beside being amusing in a high degree, it is calculated in many respects, also, to inform the judgment and satisfy the understanding.

A Year in Spain. By a Young American. Third edition, enlarged. In three volumes. pp. 847. New-York: Harper and Brothers.

This excellent work, as hitherto presented to the public, had become firmly incorporated in our literature, to which it had been very justly and from the first set down, by common consent, as a most valuable acquisition. In the present edition, a third volume is added to the original work, consisting of portions which the author was compelled to omit, in order to bring his materials into a prescribed compass. As we perused the last accession, we more than once fancied the natural reluctance which the writer must have felt in sacrificing to mere space — or rather to the want of it — so much entertaining matter. The last is in no respect inferior to the two volumes heretofore published. No author with whom we are acquainted, manages the travel-narrative style with more address than our 'Young American.' His points of interest are selected with the eye of a tasteful artist; and scenes and incidents which excite by their peculiarity, or amuse by their oddity, are marked by a graphic power and a grave humor that are irresistible. There is another recommendation — and in these days of labored pretension, no mean one — of the writings of our author; he never sacrifices probability to an overweening desire to startle or to shine.

We make room for two or three characteristic pictures, sketched as the writer travels leisurely away from Granada.

"When the mules were all loaded they were brought out, six in number, and tied in a string, the most distinguished being placed in the van, decorated with a plume and a bell, and honored with the title of capitan. There were, beside my donkey, two others of the same family which bore burdens, but were not bound like the mules. They were treated as became animals of superior sense and discretion, and allowed to go at large in front of the array, where they served the same purpose as a corps of guides to an army. When all were in readiness, I did not immediately mount my charger, but allowed the beast to seek the company of his brethren, and taking the arm of my friend, we followed the caravan toward the outskirts of the city.

It was about five o'clock when we reached the gate of Elvira, fabled in the romances of the conquest. The sun was still powerful, but its heat was mitigated by the shade of the neighboring orchards, which scattered the grateful perfume of their fruits or flowers upon the air, and still more, in imagination at least, by the noise of the water which rattled along the canals by the roadside, ready, at the command of the husbandman, to spread abroad its fertilizing influence. We continued to walk on until the orchards that surround the city gave place to wheat fields, and the sun, which was sinking in the west, shone full upon us. My friend would have accompanied me still longer, but I insisted on his returning, and we parted with the heartiest good wishes, and with the hope that we might one day meet again. * * * I could not but regret the loss of his society, the more so that it left me solitary, with no companion but the ass upon which I had mounted while musing upon my bereavement.

My attention, however, was soon recalled to the singularity of my situation. I felt in vain for the tails of my coat, which had been replaced by a jacket at the moment of departure, took off my outlandish gacho hat, and examined its conformation, then turned the brim down to keep the sun out of my eyes. The ears of the patient animal I bestrode next attracted my notice, as they stood up in bold relief before me. Anxious to conciliate my new traveling-companion, I reached forward to draw his ears to me, and began to stroke them. Apparently, however, these caresses were not received in the same kindly spirit that dictated them; for the animal, throwing his ears back as if in angry mood, turned his head toward my leg and gave me a nip on the toe. In return for this unexpected salutation I bestowed neither kicks nor curses; I had been entirely in the wrong, and became sensible of my error as I now remembered, that in an ass the seat of honor is his ears. I might have kicked him behind for half an hour, and he would have borne it patiently, but to touch his ears was an offence of a different nature. As there would have been something derogatory in renewing my friendly advances upon the back of such a rebuff, I left the animal to pursue his course, and remembering that I was leaving Granada, in all probability forever, I placed both my legs on one side of the beast, that I might abstract my thoughts from the late contention by losing sight of its cause, and turned my eyes in the direction of the receding city.

The setting sun shone full upon the Sierra Nevada, and while it enkindled the snows that covered its summit into a flickering blaze, darted its searching rays into all the inequalities that vary the western declivity of the mountain, illuminated the ravine of the Daro, and brought out in vivid distinctness Visnar, Alfacar, and the Sacred Mountain. There were many mountain villages which I had not noticed in approaching Granada in the morning, while the sun was on the east of the mountain, which were now revealed; and the city itself, whose white buildings presented a reflecting surface, covering the hillside, seemed to have doubled its extent; even the dingy towers of the Alhambra brightened under the animating influence. Nor was the level scene around me, though of a more quiet cast, without its attractions. It was harvest-time in the Vega, and the tall blades of wheat were bending under the weight of the grain, and careening to the slightest influence of the breeze. In some fields the crop had already been removed; in others, Murcian reapers, clad in loose linen trousers, tied with a drawing string, and, like the Highland kilt, scarce descending to the knee, were busy with sickles, cutting down the grain. I abandoned my donkey to follow the progress of the caravan alone, and turned aside to a spot where a group were busy thrashing the grain. Touching my hat, and saluting them after the fashion of the country, I paused a while to observe their labors. A circle, about fifty feet in diameter, had been cleared in the centre of the field, and trodden smooth by horses. Here the sheaves were unbound, and five or six horses, which had been unshod for the purpose, and tied together by the heads, were led over the grain; the inner one being fastened to a stake in the centre of the circle, of which they continued to make the circuit until the grain was separated, when it was afterward cleared from the chaff by throwing it from heap to heap, under the action of a breeze. The straw, after the grain is removed, is once more thrown into the circle, and the horses, being attached to a species of sled, which rests upon a great number of iron runners, are driven round as before, by a man who sits upon the sled, until the straw is cut into pieces. This cut straw is of universal use in Spain as fodder; and, with beans and barley, forms the chief nourishment of horses, mules, and asses.

By passing in this way from field to field, and stopping to salute or interrogate the laborers, I was enabled to see the different stages of the whole process, and once more regained the train of the cosario, and my seat upon the donkey, as the shades of night were beginning to gather.

I now turned my attention to the muleteers, to see what promise they afforded of pleasant company during the journey. The cosario, or owner of the mules, had remained behind in Granada, and had delegated his command to the elder of the two men who assisted him. This was evidently an old roadster, for his hair was whitening under the influence of time, and, besides a broad scar upon his cheek, which he had gained in the War of Independence, his face was seamed with many a furrow. There was, however, much of good-natured expression in his features, and I felt at once at home in his company. Not so with his companion, who was somewhat younger, and far less prepossessing. He had a hard-featured and scowling face, and his careless attire seemed to indicate a reckless character. His hat, through old age and ill usage, had taken the shape of a sugar-loaf; his waistcoat was torn in the back by the end of the tough stick of grape-vine which he habitually carried, thrust under the sash of red woollen which girded his loins, and his leggins or leathern gaiters were worn out at the bottom, and left to turn about his legs at random. His shoes, too, were so broken as to admit the sand, which appeared, however, to give him no inconvenience. Indeed, his muscular and hardened frame seemed insensible to the ordinary causes of fatigue and uneasiness. He moved forward as if unconscious of exertion, while ever and anon he would draw his grape-vine mechanically from his resting-place, and belabour the rear of one of the donkeys that led our van with an energy that would cause the poor animal to move sidewise, in the vain hope of withdrawing the afflicted part out of reach of the discipline. Though the ass evidently ill-relished the application, it seemed to do good to the fellow who administered it. It was like a fresh quid of tobacco to a well-drenched sailor on watch; for his air would become more satisfied and his step more elastic.

It may be an inducement to purchasers — though the reputation of the publishers in this regard renders this praise supererogatory — to mention, that the work is well executed, and clad in a garb 'neat but not gaudy.'

A Treatise on Consumption; embracing an Inquiry into the Influence exerted upon it by Journeys, Voyages, and changes of Climate: with Directions for the Consumptive visiting the South of Europe, and Remarks upon its Climate. By William Sweetser, M. D. In one volume. pp. 254. Boston: T. H. Carter.

We cordially join in the general commendation which this work has elicited from the American press. The malady of which it treats is unhappily one of prevalent and melancholy interest; and we consider it one of the highest recommendations of the volume, that it treats the subject in a manner so clear and untechnical, that all who read may understand it. The plan laid down by the writer has been closely followed. He has given a brief and general history of consumption, the climates in which it is most prevalent, its relative mortality, etc. Next are considered, the lungs and their functions, the pathology, or nature of the disease — the physical characteristics indicating a tendency to consumption — its relative prevalence in the two sexes, and the ages during which it is most frequent. A concise account of hemoptysis, or bleeding from the lungs, an examination of the causes of consumption, their means of prevention, so far as known, and a history of the symptoms, succeed; to which are added, a consideration of the diet and regimen best adapted to the premonitory and declared state of the disease, the influence exercised upon it by sea voyages and change of climate, and the period and circumstances in which these means will be likely to exert a beneficial agency. It is not alone to the consumptive, or to those predisposed to the malady, that this volume commends itself. The large fund of information which it contains, is valuable and interesting to every reader. It is well printed, upon a large, bold type, and good paper, and both in its matter and execution, presents the best claims to general favor.

THE TIN TRUMPET: OR HEADS AND TALES FOR THE WISE AND WAGGISH. To which are added Poetical Selections. By the late PAUL CHATFIELD, M. D. Edited by JEFFERSON SAUNDERS, Esq. In two volumes, pp. 454. Philadelphia: E. L. CAREY AND A. HART.

LET no sedate or sensible reader infer from the title of this work that it is without claim to general consideration. It contains the reflections and opinions of a mind various in knowledge, and fertile in attractive acquirements, arranged alphabetically, in the form of a dictionary, and interspersed with touches of sentiment, pathos, and genuine humor. To the manifestation of strong common sense, the writer adds an acute observation of men, manners, and things — the power to reason closely and with plainness — and withal, a style the most terse and sententious. His antitheses are often equal to the happiest of Lacon. A few passages will serve better to illustrate the character of the volumes, than the most elaborate criticism:

"ABLUTION — a duty somewhat too strictly inculcated in the Mahometan ritual, and sometimes too laxly observed in Christian practice. As a man may have a dirty body, and an undefiled mind, so may he have clean hands in a literal, and not in a metaphorical sense. All washes and cosmetics without, he may yet labor under a moral hydrophobia within. Pleasant to see an im-puritan of this stamp holding his nose, lest the wind should come between an honest scavenger and his gentility, while his own character stinks in the public nostrils. Oh, if the money and the pains that we bestow upon perfumes and adornments for the body, were applied to the purification and embellishment of the mind! Oh, if we were as careful to polish our manners as our teeth, to make our temper as sweet as our breath, to cut off our peccadilloes as to pare our nails, to be as upright in character as in person, to save our souls as to shave our chins, what an immaculate race should we become! Exteriorly, we are not a filthy people. We throw so much dirt at our neighbors, that we have none left for ourselves. We are only unclean in our hearts and lives. As occasional squalor, is the worst evil of poverty and labor, so should constant cleanliness be the greatest luxury of wealth and ease; yet even our aristocracy are not altogether without reproach in this respect. It is well known, that the celebrated Lord Nelson had not washed his hands for the last eight years of his life. Alas! upon what trifles may our reputation for cleanliness depend! Even a foreign accent may ruin us. In a trial, where a German and his wife were giving evidence, the former was asked by the counsel, 'How old are you?'—'I am *dirty*.'—'And what is your wife?'—'Mine wife is *dirty-two*.'—'Then, Sir, you are a very nasty couple, and I wish to have nothing further to say to either of you.'"

"ABSCESS — a morbid tumour, frequently growing above the shoulders, and swelling to a considerable size, when it comes to a head, with nothing in it. It is not always a natural disease, for nature abhors a vacuum; yet fools, fops, and fanatics are very subject to it, and it sometimes attacks old women of both sexes. 'I wish to consult you upon a little project I have formed,' said a noodle to his friend. 'I have an idea in my head—' 'Have you?' interposed the friend, with a look of great surprise; 'then you shall have my opinion at once: *keep it there!* — it may be some time before you get another.'"

"DRUNKENNESS — A beastly, detestable, and often punished vice, in the ignorant lower orders, whose ebriety is thrust upon the public eye as they reel along the streets, but softened into a 'a glass too much,' or being 'a little elevated,' when a well educated gentleman is driven home, in his own carriage, in a state of insensibility, and put to bed by his own servants. The half-starved wretch, who finds in casual intoxication meat, drink, clothing, fuel, and oblivion, may be fined, or put in the stocks, because he cannot afford to conceal his offence; but the *bon vivant*, whose habitual intemperance has none of these excuses, shall escape with impunity, because he sins in a dining, instead of a tap-room. 'A drunkard,' says Sir Edward Coke, 'who is a voluntary madman, hath no privilege thereby;' — but he should have added, except he be a gentleman in station."

The concluding poems impress us less favorably than the prose portions of the work. They often lack harmony, and in one or two instances have not even originality to recommend them.

PELAYO: OR THE CAVERN OF COVADONGA. A Romance. By ISABEL. One volume. pp. 204. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

THE inimitable SANDS once remarked, that when an unusually large supply of new publications had accumulated upon his table, he was wont to adopt a summary method of criticizing them — namely, by running his nose through the damp leaves. If they imparted a grateful flavor, he praised them: if, on the other hand, they were a little sour or musty, he shaped his comments accordingly. Now we should act in bad faith by our readers, were we to adopt this criterion in a notice of the volume whose title we have given above. So far as regards the odor which its fair, fresh leaves exhale, nothing could be more pleasant; but having *read* the book, we cannot conscientiously avail ourselves of the system of 'criticism made easy' which our lamented friend laid down for the benefit of that corps of which he was so admirable a member.

The subject of 'Pelayo' is not without its capabilities; but the execution of the poem, we are compelled to say, is indifferent enough. Perhaps little else ought to be expected from a writer who takes frequent occasion to advise the reader that she is not yet seventeen, and who makes it a matter of boasting, that her restless, impatient muse eschews all pruning or revision. These facts would have been readily inferred from the preface and introduction alone — the first of which — 'a thing of shreds and patches' — is as remarkable for its lavish expenditure of artificial vivacity, as for the utter absence of that easy humor which it affects. If it were not rather ungallant to dissect the first 'unpruned' effort of a lady of sixteen, and moreover, if it were not dangerous withal — for our fair authoress threatens to give two words for one in reply to the hapless critic who shall dare to incur her resentment by adverse comment — we should be induced to point out and serve up numerous blemishes, and not a few glaring faults, which judicious revision might have amended, if not obviated altogether. Among the rank shoots, however, that demand the extirpating hoe of criticism, it must be confessed there are a few tolerable flowers; but who would voluntarily labor in an unweeded garden, where every stroke he aims at a useless or noxious plant is to be followed by a blow or two on the ear, from a fair female hand, that shall 'make all sing again?' This would be 'a bad *box*,' which we fain would shun.

PHILOTHEA. A ROMANCE. By Mrs. CHILD. In one volume. pp. 272. Boston: OTIS, BROADERS AND COMPANY. New-York: GEORGE DEARBORN.

Mrs. CHILD has in various ways contributed valuable additions to the literature of this country. Her 'Frugal Housewife' and 'The Mother's Book' have acquired a popularity which their merits were well calculated to command; while her occasional and less voluminous writings have met with similar favor, by reason of the sound principles, proper national feelings, and domestic virtues or graces which they inculcate.

In the work before us, our author treads upon new ground, but with the air of one familiar with all she sees and describes. She has stretched a potent wand over 'the dark backward and abysm of time,' and brought the era of Plato, and Pericles, and Alcibiades, freshly before us; and, what is a rare quality with writers who annihilate the past in fiction, she has imparted an air of real life to her romance, which a thorough acquaintance with her materials alone could have given. We can but counsel all lovers of a pure, classical style, and of a narrative imbued with more than common power and interest, to posses themselves of a volume which reflects honor upon the taste and genius of the author.

EDITORS' TABLE.

American Poetry. — We have endeavored, more than once, to impress upon our readers — and especially upon our correspondents — the truths so well and vigorously expressed in the following extract from an able article in a late number of the '*Western Literary Journal.*' We cannot but hope that these sensible remarks will have some effect in curbing that spirit of imitation which is the bane of many of our young American poets, and in checking that sort of thought-saving process, which, in a great deal of our native verse, follows close upon the physical labor-saving movements of the age. We can afford to be original — to make our own literary wares, 'and find the stuff,' for we have it in rich abundance, and of every variety:

'There is among us an abundance of poetical talent — some of it of a high order, and very considerable compass — but there is great danger of its being rendered of no account, if not worse than useless, for want of proper direction. Our poetry — and indeed it is the fault of the poetry of the age — reminds one not of the blue sky or the green earth — of babbling brooks or singing waterfalls — of the quiet hamlet, embowered in trees and covered with vines, or the peaceful landscape — of the velvet valley or the rock-ribbed mountain — of Nature's magnificent repose, or her awful awakenings to earthquake and tempest: but of the wealthy city, where thought is sicklied with sentiment — of the splendid mansion, where too frequently sloth prevails, and the high aims and glorious impulses of life are exanimate — of the rich hall, carpeted, and picture-hung, and glittering with mirrors — of the green-house, with its varied and beautiful but forced and unhealthy flowers. To say nothing of breadth or compass, philosophical depth or intellectual elevation, compare the simple *character* of the poetry of to-day with that of the masters of the English lyre: pretty conceits, beautiful turns of expression, and monotonous smoothness and regularity of versification, have taken the place of manly ideas, abrupt and thrilling transitions, and sonorous lines; and for the rush, and energy, and wholesomeness of a former day, we look in vain.

'This ought not to be — it need not be. We do not expect ever to see the fathers of English Poetry surpassed, or often equalled; yet they may be *approached;* and the *nearer* they are so, the greater will be the success of that individual who fixes his eye on the mountain, and attempts the ascent. To approach them, need not be to *imitate* them. The study of a model does not necessarily force imitation, except upon inferior minds. Mediocrity may not be able to comprehend the *soul* that stirred them; and consequently may be led into an imitation of the mere body: but genius will approach them only to light its torch at their altar; its future course will have no relation to the paths they trod, other than being guided by the same light. Let us, then, who are in the enjoyment of a tri-youthfulness — being young as a people, young in years, and young as a literary community — endeavor to approach them. Let us discard the affectation of parlor prettinesses, waxwork niceties, and milliner-like conceits. Let us turn our lady-pegasuses out to pasture, and mount coursers of speed and mettle. Let us give over our pacing and ambling, and dash off with a free rein. Let us abandon the luxurious couch, and the glittering hall, and the garden of exotics — and away to the grassy meadows, and the breezy slopes, and the inspiring hills. And above all, let us strike at once for the 'wells undefiled' of English Poetry, and not pause by the way to quench our thirst at the many puny fountains that shall beset our paths, decked out with all manner of gaudy trappings, in the miserable taste of an effeminate day.

'As we have said, there is among us an abundance of poetical talent; and occasionally we find it walking in the right path; but for the most part it has received a wrong direction; and constant watching, and repeated efforts, will be necessary to set it aright. We cannot go to work in this respect a moment too soon. Habits are stubborn things; and habits of writing after a bad model, when once confirmed, are quite beyond the reach of reform. Let us, therefore, begin now to ask ourselves, Is there nothing beautiful, but the face of woman? nothing to apostrophize, but a penciled eyebrow? nothing symmetrical, but a female form? nothing worth praising, but a well-turned ankle?

nothing that *floats upon the heart*, but dishevelled tresses? nothing whose touch thrills us, but the soft white hand? Is the *soul*, which animates all these, a cipher? is the *heart*, which alone can make them lastingly beautiful, unworthy of a thought? And finally, is this wide earth so glorious, and not made for our worship? Let us — and we seriously urge it upon our young writers — let us answer these questions in a right spirit, and, as poets, we shall soon do something of which we may well be proud. We have the power within us; the inspiration is around.'

Dramatic Prospects. — There can, we fear, be but little doubt, that the important personage, known so widely and so well, under the significant appellative of Common Rumor, will prove herself, the coming season, to be what many very sensible people have long ago declared her, a common liar. We beg her ladyship's pardon, however, for thus unceremoniously announcing her honors, and should the future falsify our anticipations, we shall, as in duty bound, hasten to make the *amende honorable*, with the prompt devotion of a true cavalier. This lady declares, with all the solemnity which usually characterizes her assertions, that the American public generally, and the New-York Park public particularly, are, within the coming year, to be lifted up to the very pinnacle of harmonious delectation — to be enthusiastically *extacized*, beyond all precedent — by the heaven-born, earth-bought tones of the seraphic Malibran Garcia. That, secondly, they are to experience that exquisitely-pleasant horror, that excruciating agony of delight, which has already titilated about the hearts and eke the heads of all the dilletanti of all Europe, who have listened to the ravishing strains of the never-to-be-sufficiently-paid-for-notes of Paganini's fiddle. That, thirdly, we — this good public — are one and all of us to be utterly divested of every particle of that gross matter which is, being of the earth, earthy — our souls cleansed from the dull, heavy, dirty, clay of humanity — our animal senses purified, and every thought, feeling, and fancy distilled in the immaculate alembic of sentiment, and thus etherealized, to be wafted away from earth, beyond the realms of the elf and the fairy, higher than Olympus, leaving the Phocian Mount a speck in the low distance — Apollo and the muses less than the moles of Parnassus — looking upward with wonder and admiration, while we go whirling away — higher still higher — even to the ninth Heaven — upon the toe of Taglioni! We breathe again! C.

Views in Palestine. — Fisher's 'Views of Syria, the Holy Land, Asia Minor,' etc., if we may judge from the numbers we have examined, bid fair to excel in beauty of drawing and execution, any similar work of art from the British press. They are published in monthly parts, each part containing four large engravings, from drawings by Bartlett, Purser, and other eminent English artists. The two numbers before us contain the following plates: Mecca Pilgrims encamped near Antioch, on the banks of the Orontes; Damascus, from above Salahyeh; Fall of the River Cydnus, near Tarsus; Ruins of Balbec; A Turkish Divan, Damascus; Village of Eden; a view of Tarsus; junction of a tributary stream with the Orontes; and Antioch from the West. The letter-press department is in the capable hands of Carne, the celebrated eastern traveler, whose style is the acmé of poetical prose. We make an extract from the illustrations of the first engraving, tending startlingly to show the spirit of the present age. The reigning Pacha is about tearing down one of the Egyptian pyramids, to improve with its stone the dykes of the Nile, and rail-cars are to hiss along the ways once slowly and painfully traversed by many a Christian pilgrim:

'To the course of the Orontes new interest is now imparted by the enterprise of Colonel Chesney, who begins his overland communication with India at Suadeah, where

this ancient river falls into the sea. From this first footstep on the lonely shore, covered with the ruins of Seleucia, what a career of industry, intelligence, and prosperity may be expected to arise! Steam navigation and rail-roads traverse the silent plains and the famous but forsaken rivers: not Cleopatra in her bark of purple and gold on the Cydnus, excited more surprise than will follow the first steam-boat on the Orontes, — the herald to the admiring people of a new era in their condition, in knowledge, in comfort, in faith! The general diffusion of instruction among a people, from whom it has been so long, and so utterly withheld, will be the gradual but certain result of the rapid facilities of intercourse with England: the great valley of the Orontes, from the vicinity of Damascus to that of Aleppo, is full of a modern as well as ancient interest; there are several large and wealthy towns, where manufactures might be introduced, and a regular commercial intercourse established: the cultivation of some districts is excellent, and most are capable of it: but the people are a prey to indolence and apathy: they want a new stimulus. And this stimulus will be felt when new sources of trade, of enjoyment, of energy, shall be opened to them. The improvements and changes introduced by the conqueror, Ibrahim Pasha, may benefit his coffers, not his subjects. Rail-roads and steam-carriages will be the greatest blessings to these rich and beautiful countries: on their rapid wheels devolve greater changes than on the march of armies. From Suadeah to the Euphrates, and down its waters to the Persian Gulf, will no longer be the painful and interminable journey, that most undertake from necessity — few for pleasure: in a few years, the traveler, instead of creeping on a camel at three miles an hour, wasted by sun and wind, may find himself rolling along the plains of Babylon with the speed of thought, while mounds, towers, and tumuli vanish by, like things seen in a dream: the man of science, who lingers among the dim ruins — the merchant who tarries to buy and sell — may no longer dread the plundering Kurd or Bedouin, when his country's flag heaves in sight far over the plain, 'on that ancient river Euphrates,' as daringly as when

> 'Her march was on the mountain wave,
> Her home was on the deep.'

The same publishers have in progress a series of American views, in the same style, from drawings by Mr. Bartlett, who is now with us, which we cannot doubt will be received with decided favor in this country. The American agency for these views is at 156 Broadway, late Disturnell's.

Theodore S. Fay, Esq. — We perceive, with pleasure, that Theodore S. Fay, Esq. has been appointed Secretary to the American Legation at the Court of Saint James, and that as such, he was recently presented in form to the King, in company with the new American minister, Mr. Stevenson. Mr. Fay is a gentleman of whom it is not too much to say, that he possesses a pure heart, pleasing manners, modest pretensions, and decided talent. His accession to a station formerly filled by Washington Irving, the duties of which he is well qualified to discharge, will be a source of gratification to his numerous friends in this country, who know and appreciate his many excellent qualities.

Historical Collections of South Carolina. — Under this title, Mr. B. R. Carroll, of South Carolina, is about to edit and publish a very valuable series of narratives, relating to the early and hitherto unedited history of that State. In this collection, are enumerated, in addition to many other tracts not less rare than valuable:

I. A description of the present state of Carolina. 1 vol. 4to. London, 1682.

II. John Archdale's Description of that pleasant and fertile Province Carolina. 1 vol. 4to. London, 1707.

III. John Lawson's New Voyage to Carolina, in 1700 — containing a Description and Natural History of that country, and a Journal of One Thousand Miles, through the Indian Nations; with their Customs and Manners. 1 vol. 4to. London, 1709.

IV. Dr. Milligan's Description of the Province of South Carolina, with an account of the air, weather, and diseases at Charleston. 1 vol. 8vo. London, 1770.

V. Dr. Hewat's History of South Carolina and Georgia. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1779.

VI. Map of South-Carolina — containing the names of Indian Tribes, Settlements, etc.; being the most full and accurate Map of the State ever published. 1771.

In addition to this copious and valuable matériel, the editor will furnish an introductory discourse, comprising a great deal of scattered history, together with an exact summary of the early Spanish, French, and English voyages of discovery to Carolina. He consults, for this purpose, the various libraries, foreign and domestic, which afford any light to his undertaking; and we may, as a consequence of his industry, expect a very valuable accession, not less to our national literature than to our national history. It is to be hoped that the example thus set by a citizen of South Carolina, will be followed up by some enterprising citizen in every State of the Union. Our libraries need these works, without which no American collection, public or private, can be held complete.

The 'Historical Collections' are now in the press of the Brothers Harper.

LITERARY RECORD.

Religious Souvenir. — Messrs. Hall and Voorhies, 118 Nassau-street, will publish, early in September, the *Religious Souvenir*, for 1837, a work hitherto issued in Philadelphia, and edited, as now, by Rev. Chauncey Colton, President of Bristol College, Pennsylvania. We have perused a portion of the letter-press, and examined all the engravings, with the exception of one. Both departments are marked with great excellence. Of the plates, 'The Eleventh Hour,' 'The Death of Addison,' 'The Tribunal of the Inquisition,' and 'Promise,' have had no superiors in the annual illustrations of this country.

The subjoined elegiac stanzas, written and in type for this Magazine, will form one of the poetical articles of the Souvenir:

BISHOP WHITE.

From the watch-tower of Zion a soldier is gone,
Whose shield in the sunbeams of righteousness shone;
Whose mild, warning voice among multitudes fell —
Who loved of the glories of Heaven to tell.
He has gone to enjoy them! — where age is unknown,
Where Sin has no dwelling, and Pain has no throne;
Rewarded with recompense rich, he is blest;
In the land of delight — in a mansion of rest.

He has fought the good fight — he has finished the faith —
He has burst from the thraldom of sorrow and death;
From sickness, from weeping, from funeral hours,
He hath soared to the region of sunshine and flowers;
And his eyes, unbeclouded, are gazing abroad
On the river of life, and the city of God;
On scenes which no pencil or pen can portray —
Where the splendors of Heaven unceasingly play.

Shall we mourn for the Chieftain who feared not the tomb,
That his spirit is blest with the absence of gloom?
That he totters no more on the verge of the grave —
That he leans upon One who is mighty to save?
Whose smile cheered the pathway he tremblingly trod,
To the beautiful gates of the palace of God —
Whose arm was his stay, as triumphant he rose,
To rejoice in the realms of eternal repose.

Ah, no! could we see the bright waters that shine,
'Neath the fair tree of life with its fruitage divine;
Could we hear the sweet anthems that gladden the air,
And tell that the Ransomed are glorified there,
We should sorrow no more but for those that remain,
Whose garments are washed in the blood of the slain,
We should hail the loved promise of God, in his word —
Thrice blest are the dying, who die in the Lord!

W. C. C.

Adventures of David Crockett. — Messrs. T. K. and P. G. Collins, Philadelphia, have sent forth a not remarkably beautiful volume, of two hundred and sixteen pages, entitled as follows: 'Col. Crockett's Exploits and Adventures in Texas: wherein is contained a full account of his journey from Tennessee to the Red River, and Natchitoches, and thence across to San Antonio; including his many hair-beadth escapes.' The narrative is brought down by an 'eye-witness' from the death of the Colonel to the battle of San Jacinto, and there is annexed a succinct topographical, historical, and political view of Texas. If the work be not what it claims to be, the record of the gallant Crockett himself, it is undeniably from the hand of one who knew him well, and apes him to perfection. We need not say that the book is replete with amusing adventure and entertainment. An excellent likeness of the author prefaces the title-page.

Field Fortifications. — Nations have not yet ceased to learn war, nor has it yet come to pass, in the United States, that swords have been beaten into plough-shares, or spears into pruning-hooks; and however desirable such a peaceable economy of deadly weapons might be, it is impossible to anticipate it, while wars and rumors of wars are rife in our borders. The work before us, therefore, is not untimely. It is a complete treatise on field fortification, with the general outlines of the principles regulating the arrangement, the attack, and the defence of permanent works. The aim of the writer — Professor Mahan, of West Point — has been to make a book which should contain all the principles and important details of its subject, and be level to the comprehension of persons of ordinary intelligence — one which the officer can take with him into the camp, and consult at any moment. The volume is illustrated by several plates.

Great National Work. — We have heretofore spoken of a work, unparalleled for size and the beauty of its execution, both in its letter-press and pictorial portions, entitled 'A History of the Indian Tribes of North America, with Biographical Sketches and Anecdotes of the principal Chiefs,' to be embellished with one hundred and twenty portraits, of the largest class, from the Indian Gallery, in the Department of War, at Washington. We have examined a large number of the portraits, and many of the histories attached, and can cordially recommend them as superior to any thing of a similar kind hitherto issued in this country. The names of the most distinguished citizens of the United States, including Lafayette, and other eminent personages abroad, were early given to the work, and fac similes of these, as well as of the signatures of all the other subscribers, are to be engraved, and presented with the work, when completed. Citizens will, in a short time, find an opportunity of adding their names to the list, at the Astor House, where an agent of the proprietors may then be found.

'Lord Roldan.' — The Harpers have published — and have conferred a treat of no mean order upon the public by so doing — a romance under the above title, from the pen of Allan Cunningham. We have perused it with high gratification, and can testify to its power in deeply enlisting the sympathy and feelings of the reader. The style unites a natural ease with richness of diction; the characters are all distinctly marked; and some of the portraitures — those of Jeannie Robson, Mary Morrison, and David Gellock, especially — remind us frequently of Scott. Numerous touches of unpremeditated humor, also, and occasional passages opening new and pleasant channels of thought, serve to strengthen this resemblance. We regard 'Lord Roldan' as the best republication of the season, and as such heartily commend it to our readers.

Webster's Books for Schools. — Messrs. S. Babcock and Durrie and Peck have recently published Webster's 'History of the United States,' 'Instructive and Entertaining Lessons for Youth,' and an 'Improved Grammar of the English Language.' The first-named of these works we consider the best extant, for the purposes it is in-

tended to serve. It is distinctly arranged — full, though succinct — and well written. The 'Lessons' strike us as displaying taste and judgment in the selection; and the 'Improved Grammar' has passed through several editions.

'Traits of American Life.' — This volume, from the pen of Mrs. Hale, of Boston, although published three months since, has, through remissness in some quarter, but just reached us. It consists of fourteen stories, all connected with American scenes or incidents, and of a salutary tendency, several of which have appeared in the *American Ladies' Magazine*, a popular monthly, under the supervision of the author. The publishers might not thank us for a more enlarged notice at this eleventh hour, since the edition is doubtless ere this exhausted.

'Letters about the Hudson.' — A small, neat volume has recently appeared, entitled 'Letters about the Hudson River, and its Vicinity.' They were written for the *American Traveler*, a popular tri-weekly journal, published in Boston, in 1835-6. The work is unpretending in its style, which is well suited to the large amount of valuable information it aims to convey in a brief space. The book will supply a desideratum to the traveler, and form an excellent accompaniment to the convenient Maps of the Hudson, which have been issued by Mr. Disturnell.

'The Ladies' Wreath.' — Under this pretty title, Mrs. Sarah J. Hale is about to publish a selection from the female poetical writers of England and America — embracing the writings of twelve ladies of each country. We have no doubt that the work will become — what, proceeding from the hands of the author, it may well be expected to be — decidedly popular.

Messrs. Saunders and Otley have in press, and will soon publish, simultaneously in London, Paris, and New-York, the following works. Their titles are certainly attractive: Memoirs of the Marquis Lafayette; Memoirs of Prince Lucien Bonaparte, written by himself; and Mr. Chorley's 'Memorials of Felicia Hemans.'

The Brothers Harper will soon issue the works of Mackenzie, author of 'The Man of Feeling,' in a handsome volume, uniform with 'Tom Jones' and 'Humphrey Clinker.'

The same publishers have in press a volume from the ever-welcome pen of Miss Sedgwick, entitled 'The Poor Rich Man' and 'The Rich Poor Man.'

A WORD FROM THE PROPRIETORS.

We submit it — not in the way of boasting, but to enforce what we have to say — whether in all respects we have not only fulfilled, but greatly exceeded, all our engagements with the public? To the *quality* of the matter which has been presented, from the pens of many of the most eminent writers in this country, as well as in Europe, our subscription-list bears the best and most satisfactory testimony. That we have been liberal in the *quantity* furnished, may be inferred from the three hundred and sixteen pages, additional to the number promised, which have been given in the last twelve numbers of this Magazine; while two engravings, from the hands of the first artists in America, for which we had given our subscribers no reason to hope, must go to strengthen the correctness of our assumption. Now we would ask, if we have not valid claims upon each subscriber to this work for a prompt fulfilment on his part of the contract into which he enters with us, when his name is recorded on our books? 'Punctuality,' says an old saw, 'is the life of business;' and we may add, that in none is it more indispensable than in ours. We allude, for the first time, to this matter, that all who are interested may — in a spirit of mere justice and common honesty — obviate the necessity of a reference to the same topic in future.

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ORGANIC REMAINS.

NUMBER TWO.

FROM the earliest periods of history men have believed in extraordinary mutations of our world. They have ever speculated on its origin and its duration, and the various conclusions to which they have arrived form one of the most amusing, if not instructive, portions of history. Strange and inconsistent as have been their theories, however, a uniform opinion has prevailed that *fire* and *water* were the two great agents by which all signal revolutions had been affected. This result, though not then based on known physical laws, science has since shown to be in conformity with natural phenomena. But the *modus operandi*, and the character of these universal agents, gave birth to innumerable speculations, which, if they did not approximate truth, indicated an innate disposition in man to believe in the marvellous. On no subject, perhaps, have the opinions of men been more various, and on none more free and bold, than on that of our earth's origin and history.

It is not unnatural to believe, that the character of supposed terrestrial mutations with their design and effect seemed to an ignorant people, wrapped in mystery and doubt; nor will the faith or opinions originating from these great natural events, be supposed to have much authority during succeeding and more enlightened periods of the world. The notions of philosophers respecting organic remains could not have been less crude, or more unphilosophical, than those entertained in earlier times, on the causes which deposited and upheaved them; still, the people of antiquity possessed a better knowledge of the origin and nature of these bodies, and of the earth's duration, than many in modern days. Men's opinions, it will be seen in this, as in most branches of science, have been a strange compound of truth and error, of reason and of folly, from the beginning to the end of their history.

It has been said, and with justice, that modern times have given neither form nor feature to any truth that has not been sketched by ancient philosophers. Be this as it may, we find the causes assigned by them for the deposite of fossil relics vastly more consistent with fact than those believed during the past century. In speculating on natural causes, they had their errors, as well as those of the present times, and the reasons why they were more liable to error than ourselves, are sufficiently obvious. But, with the blaze of science diffused and diffusing throughout civilized society, it will hereafter appear a problem why we, with all the experience of former ages superadded, remained unconscious of its effulgence, and unconvinced by the truths which it developed. The bright and steady light which our subject sheds on the past history of our

planet, and the opinions of many in reference to it, will seem — they even now seem — a paradox.

The ancients, as before intimated, supposed the inhabitants of earth to have been periodically destroyed, and the moral world to have been thereby purified. Whether indeed this was tradition, and referable to one general catastrophe, or whether the belief of every people has been founded on some local cataclysm, or more recent internal convulsion, no one has been qualified to determine, notwithstanding the confidence with which the former has been asserted.

Numerous deluges are on record, and some long previous to the Christian era, which overwhelmed vast countries and their numerous inhabitants. Various and conflicting opinions were held by different people respecting the purposes and effects of these events, and some of them are admitted by authors to have been confounded with the Noachin deluge. Such, even at the present time, are those of many isolated and superstitious nations; for these catastrophes were local, though, naturally enough, perhaps, thought by them to have been universal.

After the destructive earthquake of Cumana, in 1766, and the consequent fertility of the soil, the remaining inhabitants celebrated by annual festivals the destruction of the world, and the period of its renovation. Should it be in turn for the inhabitants of North America to experience a sudden and overwhelming deluge from our great western lakes, as is confidently predicted by the best geologist of the age, we too — were we to be, when overtaken by this calamity, as were those who raised the tumuli of the west, or as were the native Indians before the visit of Europeans — should deem such an event a signal and universal judgment.

This great *American deluge* is to happen when the falls of Niagara shall have receded to the embouchure of the vast lakes at the head of the Niagara river. The progress of the retrocession having been ascertained to be at the rate of three feet a year, or fifty yards every forty years — allowing ten thousand years since the falls were at Queenston, the height of those lakes six hundred feet above the sea, and their depth twelve hundred feet — a mighty rush of the immense waters of all the upper lakes will take place, when, by the near approach of the falls to Lake Erie, they will be allowed to escape. The people of the regions now covered by those wide inland seas, if any there were, must have entertained similar sentiments, when overtaken by a similar inundation; if, as we have reason to believe, the beds of those lakes suddenly became the receptacles of the still great inland sea which once covered the whole of the Mississippi valley, from the Alleghany to the Rocky Mountains.

The discovery of organic remains on the summits of high mountains, and particularly *Molusca*, was, and is now supposed, by perhaps the majority of men, an incontestible evidence of the Mosaic deluge; but this supposition meets a corrective in the fact, that both mountain masses and the deep strata of the earth are often alike entirely composed of the remains of these animals.

The long and arduous efforts of an Oxford theologian on this subject, while they brought to light numerous and important scientific truths, themselves overturned by their accumulated weight the superstructure which the overweening prepossessions of the architect had reared. But,

like an honest Christian philosopher, he joined in the surprise and ridicule which a view of its feeble foundation excited. The many deep caves in Europe, containing the bones of quadrupeds, and in some instances those of men, seemed to afford the credulous inquirer proof of diluvial action, and hence they were seized upon as the substratum of a lofty argumentative structure.

Geological observation proves, by other means than those mentioned — so fallacious yet so confidently presented — that water has covered portions of the face of the earth, and that too not longer since than from four to six thousand years. It also proves several similar deluges to have occurred, and every where, from the surface downward, the long submarine residence of the present dry land.

The moral inferred from all extraordinary natural phenomena has ever been 'punitive justice,' and the renovation of the physical or mental condition of man. The determinate period at which the Great First Cause found it necessary to destroy most of earth's inhabitants, and to renovate the condition and morals of the few selected to remain, are various; and the two ever-active agents in the production of these events, have each its advocates. That at present existing in the minds of the men of christendom, is between the Noachin epoch and the ultimate destruction of our world by fire. This period is supposed to terminate with a thousand years of ineffable happiness, and that it is now waning in the cycle. For many years it has been conjectured that 'the latter period' fast approaches; and there are those among us who often attract the particular though temporary attention of their fellow men, by prophetically hastening the time of destruction. The only plausible inference from popular opinion is therefore that between the great aqueous and igneous mutations there will have been a period of about seven thousand years. The Egyptians were less parsimonious of time, in their computations of periodical revolutions. The cycle of Orpheus, gave 120,000, and that of Cassander, 300,000 years, for these catastrophes. The period of the Gerbonites assigned 36,000 for the circulation of the celestial bodies, when the inhabitants of this world were renewed by twenty-five pairs of the various species. However various or strange the theories of the ancient or modern times, none but that embodied in the accredited faith of the present day, assigns to any mutation the ultimate destruction of the world, but each successive calamity has been thought by all, the wise purpose of the gods to sweep away in their wrath the wicked of the earth, and in their mercy to preserve and 'happify' the virtuous.

Sudden and extraordinary calamities are not now thought less the result of divine wrath, or less an expression of particular mercy, than they have been at any previous time, or in any condition of our moral and intellectual faculties. While, therefore, we continue to present to our fellow men these facts, as historical truths, and as evidences of men's former ignorance, is it not strange that we, more than ever, ascribe such sudden interpositions of wrath to 'the unchangeable Being,' opposed as it is to acknowledged attributes?

We know full well — we even now hear reiterated — the direful sounds that were rung in our ears in consequence of the late destructive calamity in our city. It was deemed but the just vengeance of Heaven; and while our citizens were denounced, *en masse*, in other places, and by particular

classes here, by those authorized, through an unearthly commission, men, influenced by the same superstitious feelings which have ever prevailed, tamely cringed and bowed to the load of curses heaped upon them.

The great and restless agent, internal heat, which has been instrumental in presenting, within the reach of man, the remains of primeval animals and vegetables, has been appreciated only since fossil geology came to be considered as a branch of science. The power of this agent being understood, and the rugged features of the earth observed, frequent and tremendous revolutions of its crust are seen to have followed its exercise — revolutions which water could never have effected. These have not been periodical in their occurrence, as formerly supposed, but have happened whenever the material causes have combined to which their origin is due; hence, they may take place at one time as well as another. The elements which have produced them are not less active now than formerly; though it is true, the limited perceptions of men with difficulty reconcile the mighty phenomena of indefinite time, with the brief moment of their existence. Human life is indeed barely sufficient to look abroad on what has been done, turn back the astonished eye, and close it in death.

Water having deposited the strata of earth horizontally, it remained for a more powerful and destructive agent to break through and throw up the stratified rocks in the wonderful manner we have observed. This has been accomplished in various ways, by ever-active heat. Many of its doings are within the memory and experience of living men. The volcano and the earthquake have rent asunder their habitations, submerged in fathomless seas the peopled plain, or raised in lofty piles the level beds of the 'deep profound.' The original order of superposition has thus been broken, and the layers, where ages before were quietly deposited by the ocean innumerable animals, have been forced upward in various angles of inclination. By these means the early inhabitants of our planet are submitted to our examination, and the geological epoch of each embodying strata definitively determined. Here fossil geology presents to the inquirer the torch-lights which steadily direct him through the dark periods of our earth's history. Like the blazing finger on the wall, it writes on every layer, in characters not to be mistaken, their nature, and the beginning and the end of their long-lost inhabitants. Light spreads through geological researches, and clearly displays to men their enduring relations to other organized beings. Hence geologists fix periods to all stratified rocks, and characterize them under *fossiliferous* and *unfossiliferous* strata.

The practical advantages resulting from a science which points out thus plainly the history of animated creation, where all else was midnight darkness, and the means which it places in our power to discover the invaluable productions of undefinable ages, can only be estimated in future time, when the inexhaustible resources of minerals, coals, and metals, shall have proved the hidden riches of our country. The chronological order of organic and inorganic bodies being defined by this subject, the relative position and geological epoch of superimposed rocks, from the primary to the alluvial, with their primeval tenants brought to view, there remains naught else but human genius to apply them to the wants or the ornaments of life.

The fact also that the climate of this planet has undergone an extraordinary change, since first our orb was struck into existence, is clearly established by fossil geology. The temperature of the torrid zone, at the present time, affords no adequate conception of the heat which prevailed during the early history of our world. The fossils of both animals and vegetables, even at a later date in that history, leave no doubt of this truth. Different animals and different vegetables have ever been the produce of different climates; and the proportions of all species in both these kingdoms have been likewise various, from the same causes. The sickly analogies now presented of primitive bulk and vigor, plainly indicate this change of climate, and as a consequence, perhaps, the general degeneration of organic bodies. The theory which supposes our planet to have been of igneous origin, and which was among the earliest of modern cosmogonists, finds science and observation steadily supporting it throughout succeeding inquiries. Whether with Whiston, Leibnitz, and Buffon, our planet is supposed to have been originally stricken from the sun, had all the eccentricity of a comet, was 'a luminous burning mass,' etc., it would not be in place now to advocate. Certain it is that, were it originally a globe of fire, now and ever since undergoing the process of cooling, we should be presented with all the phenomena now exhibited on the thin crust already consolidated.

As the remains of organic life render it necessary to admit the existence, at a previous time, of a high elevation of temperature within the temperate latitudes, it will be within the course of our remarks, and even essential to the elucidation of fossil phenomena, to suggest the facts of the case, and they will be seen also to have no small practical interest.

It is well known, perhaps, that some of the most remarkable of the fossil, animal, and vegetable genera, found in high latitudes, have congenerated species now existing in the torrid zone, where alone they can exist. The generic affinity which has also been discovered between numerous fossil shells and corals far down in the rocky strata, and those species now existing in warmer latitudes, has not failed to convince every inquirer of the change alluded to. Other animal remains much nearer the surface in the secondary series, particularly reptiles and saurian animals, also rendered this fact conclusive. But still stronger evidence, if other were necessary, is in the fossil flora of ancient days. This department of organic bodies is affected by delicate changes of temperature; and the character of those vegetable substances, which now constitute our coal measures, evinces the effect of a remarkable change since they were deposited. There are numerous other proofs of the diminution of temperature, and of the deterioration of organic life, among which is the existence of fossiliferous remains in the islands and on the borders of the Mediterranean sea, in Italy, in the south of Spain, etc., where many recent fossil testacea are members of species now existing in their neighborhood. The size of the former are readily perceived by the conchologist to surpass the latter. The ornithicnites of the Connecticut valley, lately brought to light by Prof. Hitchcock, strike us with astonishment at the comparative difference between birds of primitive and of later times. Thus the observations of the botanist, the geologist, the oryctologist, and the ornithologist, are united in establishing this interesting truth. Existing species, in different lati-

tudes, at this day, prove the influence of temperature on mollusca, quadrupeds, and vegetables. The first may be noticed on the comparison of shells from the Indian Ocean with those of the Mediterranean. But we need not refer to more extraordinary effects than those apparent in the enormous cryptogamous fossil plants which prevailed in our own now *temperate* region, when our coal beds were forming. Tribes that have come down to us, though few, show this discrepance. One which now measures less than one fourth of an inch in diameter, and two feet in height, measured, in its original glory, twelve inches in diameter and twenty feet in height. The mosses and ferns which in former periods were from forty to seventy feet high, do not now attain ten. Most of the vegetable remains found in our coldest climates, if they have any diminished analogies existing, are only to be found in our hottest regions. Finally, the monstrous animals — the description of which will be startling to those unacquainted with the subject — swallow up all doubts, if any there are, on this interesting subject. We are presented, in the existing animal creation, with no fit example for illustrating the strange but magnificent creations of an infant world. The *Iguanadon* of the lizard tribe, which has a solitary and dwarfish analogy in the West Indies, was near one hundred feet in length, and, as is supposed, was of greater average breadth than the elephant; nor was its size more astonishing than its anomalous character, for it was both amphibious and herbiferous. The *Megalosaurus*, also, of the saurian tribe and amphibious, was not of less gigantic dimensions; the elephant of the present time would not suffice this monster for a meal!

The *Megatherium*, the *Ichthyosaurus*, the *Plesiosaurus*, the *Mastadon*, with many other huge and extraordinary fossil animals, which will be noticed hereafter, prove, at least from their size, the influence of climate, if their extinction determines nothing more than the opinion of Molina, that their universal destruction was, *de facto*, to prevent the extirpation of the human species.

If we reflect that man partakes of this general deterioration of physical powers, the fact will be little calculated to flatter our pride or ambition. Reasoning from analogy, or Eastern tales, this might be a natural inference. But, notwithstanding the marvellous accounts of our species, and the fact, if it needs be, that 'there were giants in those days,' still, time having been comparatively short with our race, the effects of climate can hardly be said to have characterized a discrepancy in our bulk or stature. Very unwillingly should we admit, at least, '*experto crede*,' that the faculties of mind had correspondingly depreciated. Yet the dreamy things of the alchymists might find favor in the postulata that, as the materials diminish, refinement progresses, and that the essence becoming more strong from concentration, we are approximating the point in mind which they so long sought for in metals. Not all the animals, however, of antediluvial time, manifest the great disproportion in size to which we have referred. The numerous Siberian elephants, whose fossil tusks have been used by the people in that region, where the elephant cannot now live, as materials for enclosing their fields, and the bones of the hyena and other animals found in caves in northern latitudes, where similar carnivora do not exist, are examples of this — and perhaps man would be flattered in claiming rank with these exceptions.

The cause of the original high atmospheric temperature, and the diminution thus observable in latter times are very naturally referable to the probable facts before alluded to, and hence the conclusion is obvious — though the fact, from its gradual progression, is barely noticeable — that our climate continues to become colder. That this is a truth clearly explainable by the positions of geologists, few will assume to deny; still we are inclined to think the phenomena is not attributable solely to changes on the surface, as geologists seem to infer, but to the gradual cooling of the earth's crust. Superficial changes, which have influenced climate, have been the increase of dry land; and this is now going on, without doubt, more rapidly than at any previous period; at least, this is a consistent deduction, both from observation and topographical history. The increase of islands in the southern and western oceans, the drying up of rivers, and the gradual enlargement of coasts, are facts in point. If the crust of the earth has been gradually cooling, as we verily believe, there must yet exist an internal mass of fire, or burning substance, which continues to impart heat to the exterior. Of this there can be little doubt. Volcanoes, of which there are more than two hundred, are the great outlets from this central fire. These indicate the force and character of the raging element within; and there is, as we well know, a connection between them and between volcanoes and earthquakes. New avenues continually open, belching forth, with early vigor, the destructive fluid, while old ones as frequently close and cease, at least for a time, 'to pour the liquid fire.' The surface of our earth, therefore, very naturally partakes of the heat embodied toward the centre.

By this view of terrestrial heat, and of the cause of former climate, many phenomena are rationally accounted for, which otherwise have no explanation. While it militates against none, it agrees with all. On penetrating the earth to some distance from its surface, we find, as we should expect to find, an increase of temperature, and this increase is proportionable to the depth at which the experiment is made. The theories accounting for volcanic eruptions by the oxydation of the metallic basis of the earths, the combustion of coal, or that which supposes both volcanoes and earthquakes to be superficial, and caused by the heat evolved from the chemical combination of metallic salts, etc., do not meet the phenomena before stated; much less could they explain the regular increase in the temperature of the earth, as we descend from the surface. The inference is therefore conclusive, that the nucleus of our earth is in a state of intense ignition, diffusing caloric uniformly, *cæteris paribus*, throughout its crust. The range of volcanic openings, so necessary to the quiet of the earth's surface, and the happiness of men, is immense. That of the Andes is over a space of 4,700 miles, not one degree of which does not exhibit volcanic action, and an apparent connection with others in various directions. Earthquakes manifest their connection, as cause and effect, with volcanic phenomena, though their range is perceived to be of still greater extent. That of Lisbon extended over 16,000 square miles; was felt in Pennsylvania, New-York, and from the bottom of the Atlantic. This internal heat, then, which exhibits itself so palpably, increases in the ratio of one degree for every fifty feet; for this is the average of innumerable experiments. Owing, without doubt, to the nature of substrata,

and the unspherical form of the internal crust, a great difference of temperature is observable at certain depths in different places; the greatest of which is noticed in the mines of Charlies hope and Poullaonen, the former being one degree for twenty-two feet, and the latter one degree for one hundred and fifty-seven feet. In New-Jersey it has been found that the variation is one degree for seventy-one feet. In England, at the depth of two hundred and fifty fathoms, the temperature is seventy-one degrees, whilst at the surface it was forty-nine degrees. The increase in Peru is in the proportion of ten degrees for four hundred and ninety-five feet, and in Edinburgh the same for two hundred and sixty-eight feet. The annual temperature, at a depth of ninety feet, at Paris does not vary one fifty-fifth of a degree, from fifty-two degrees, and at other places, also, mercury is not affected by atmospheric influence during the year, at determinate depths. So this is considered the mean temperature of the place. The mean temperature of the Mississippi valley is the same as in the same latitudes on the Atlantic, though without the same extremes. The summers are colder, and the winters warmer in the southern hemisphere, when water predominates, than in the northern; owing, as we have before observed, to the difference of land and water — and there is thirteen times more land on the north than on the south of the equatorial line, but to latitude forty, either north or south, no great variation is to be noticed. In ascending from the surface, local circumstances are found to influence the degrees of temperature materially at different heights; so that the changes on the surface of the earth, and therefore the means of radiating heat, account for superficial variations, and perfectly agree with our view of the great internal source of that powerful and — to organic life — indispensable element.

Estimating the central heat by the increase which we have noticed of one degree for every fifty feet, its temperature must be 418,000. The point of boiling water would then be at the depth of about one-and-a-half miles. We find the phenomena of hot, or thermal springs, the Guysers, etc., accounted for alone by this gradual elevation of the earth's temperature in receding from its surface. Their heat is, of course, in proportion to the depth from which they rise, and this is found in conformity with observation.

We have not descended over 3,000 feet below the surface, which is about 30,000 feet from the highest point of Himalaya. If the heat increases in the same ratio below, that it does to the distance of 2,000 feet from the surface, the heat at the depth of about 45,000 feet would melt granitic rocks; hence it might be concluded that this is the average thickness of the crust of our earth.

The fact that the temperature of mines was higher than the superincumbent surface, was long since noticed, and also that it was probable that the earth gave off more heat than it received from the sun; but the former was supposed to arise from animal heat, and from the burning of candles, gunpowder, etc. Recent experiments have proved, however, that the daily combustion of two hundred pounds of candles and eighty-six pounds of powder, with the heat given out by two hundred and sixty-six men, are insufficient to raise the temperature of a mine one degree. As the lights might yield 0.7, powder 0.10, all would be found to give no more than one fifteenth of the thirty-three degrees of heat in the water.

This attempt, like that of asserting the change of our climate to have been *sudden*, in consequence of which 'animals,' as many have thought, 'were directed, and fully instructed and empowered, by divine impulse, to change their places of abode,' will not harmonize with the discovery of organic remains, or with existing facts in reference to central heat. Nor will the supposed violent change of the relative position of the earth's axis to the plane of its orbit — for this presupposes a fact less rationally accounted for, and less consistent with the particular objects of its advocates, than that so well known to exist — afford a plausible cause for the change of climate in question: beside, it has been shown to be opposed both to philosophy and astronomical observation, not to say the discoveries in fossil geology. By the examination of organic remains, we arrive at the fact, that the greatest heat which our earth has sustained, was during the formation of the earlier secondary rocks, and this may have contributed to the confused manner in which they are found, and animals with them, in what have been denominated transition rocks — and that it gradually decreased to the upper tertiary rocks, where it appears to have been about the same as it is now.

It is not known that the temperature of the earth has undergone much change within the periods of history: it may be inferred, however, from some Roman writers, and from Ovid's '*Tristia*,' that the climate near the Black Sea was much milder 2,000 years ago than now. Yet Arrago thinks that during this period of time the temperature of the earth has not altered even one-fifth of a degree, as in that event there would have been a corresponding alteration in the length of the days, etc. Hence it will hardly be admitted, with Whiston, that during the early state of man, the heat was such as to 'inflame his passions,' and render 'his deeds evil continually,' so that it became necessary that his race should be destroyed; nor with Dr. Ure, that the earth has cooled by the evaporation of the waters of the deluge, and, as a consequence, if the former be true, men's passions have thereby become cooled. There are evidences, nevertheless, that in Siberia, for example, the climate was suddenly changed; for there has been found the fossil elephant imbedded in masses of eternal ice, with the flesh preserved, and, though this is a solitary instance, yet the teeth of thousands, now discovered in good preservation — which might not be expected, perhaps, after the lapse of unappreciable time, in a hot climate, together with the fact that many vegetable remains indicate a humid atmosphere at the time of their deposition — afford some evidence of a sudden change in the climate of our earth, and of the probability of a rapid evaporation of water at some period of its history. Still, these phenomena, with many others evidently of a local character and of doubtful origin, cannot induce the opinion that they were the result of the *sudden* dissipation of the immense waters of a general deluge. Philosophy furnishes no means by which to account for an event so extraordinary; for had so great a body of water been elevated into the atmosphere, the aqueous vapors would have been condensed and again precipitated to the earth, quite as rapidly as they were thrown off. Nor will it be supposed that a solution of the facts in question will be found in the absorption of so great a body of water by the earth. At present, this part of our subject forms an interesting problem with fossilists, though it by no means invalidates the evidence of a central heat,

nor that, from the gradual condensation and cooling of the earth's crust, the general climate has not as gradually changed.

In whatever light we view an event so important in the history of our world, our opinions should be based on the facts developed by natural science, in which fossil geology thus largely participates. We must confine ourselves to rational inductions from natural truths, or, giving the slip to all natural causes, at once launch into 'an ocean wide' of credulity, and, without organic or inorganic laws, resolve all things into one only universal cause. If we adopt the latter sweeping conclusion, and assign a general deluge, and the remarkable change which our climate has undergone, to immediate supernatural causes — which, now more than ever, is from necessity adopted in consequence of the discoveries in fossil geology — then is it plain that we have no need of any secondary causes for the explanation of any phenomena, and that, from the earliest history of man, we have been the abject dupes of our own estranged imaginations. Since, so far as the experience of man has gone, he has found natural laws to have been instrumental in the production of cause and effect, at least in all events capable of demonstration, it will be the most safe and prudent course for him to doubt where material evidence is wanting, or where phenomena are irreconcileable with natural truths. Hence, as we have found extraordinary organic remains imbedded in the earth — instead of admitting that they were the result of seeds containing prototypes, with which the earth was miraculously endowed, and which were floated about by the air to distant parts of the world — we have searched and found that they are parts of strange animals which lived and died where they are found. But this — conceiving natural laws to have been instrumental in the whole, instead of just so much as we choose to understand of the matter — is one only of the many instances where the mind has agreeably set itself afloat in the attempt to reconcile the existence and character of organic relics with preconceived opinions, which facts had no power to disturb.

The opinions regarding fossil remains, by those who discovered them among the ancients, have been stated to have been more consistent with fact and late observations, than those during the two preceding centuries. Facts were not then distorted and made to bend to particular theories, but conclusions were intended to appear rational and in conformity with natural events. Hence there is little apology for those who have chosen to invent the most extravagant and unnatural means to account for the existence and deposition of fossil bodies, under certain circumstances. Xenophenes mentions the remains of fishes in the stone quarries at Paros and Syracuse. Herodotus describes the fossil shells in the valley of Egypt, and both of these writers attribute their presence in these places to just and rational causes — viz: that having once been at the bottom of the ocean, they were raised from thence by some internal force. Erastosthenes and Strabo observed similar facts, and gave equally rational accounts of them. Pliny, Tertullian, and many others, also mention the discovery of animal exuvia, and they also refer them to definite natural causes. The latter, however, seems to have been the first who attributed the distribution of these substances to a general deluge.

Passing down through the dark ages — during which little or no

attention was paid to the discovery of fossil remains — to the beginning of the 16th century, when shells were found at Verona, we find first, in 1517, Francastoro, and in 1569, Steno, a Dane then Palissy, a Parisian, in 1580, maintaining correct notions, and controverting the crude opinions of their predecessors on this subject. They demonstrated the folly of supposing these fossil bodies to have been dispersed and embodied in rocks by that event. Rouell was also among the first to prove that shells were deposited as they lived, in colonies, and that different strata of rocks contained different species of molluscus animals. The fossil shells which were excavated at Verona, in 1517, gave birth to the long train of ridiculous theories which, for two centuries and more, were the sport of the philosophic and superstitious.

Some writer says that men will not reason consistently on a subject, until they have exhausted it of its ludicrous theories. It is even so, and *our* subject stands foremost as an example of the truth of the remark. Some reference was had to the character of these theories in a previous article on this subject, and we could not think of exhausting patience by detailing their number, or noticing their crudity.

The difficulty with the Verona shells was, that they were found where it was thought impossible for the sea to have deposited them, and as for the strata in which they were found having been at the bottom of the ocean, and elevated to their present situation by some internal agent, was quite out of the question, if, indeed, it was seriously thought of. Francastora opposed and ridiculed popular opinions, and asserted many of the facts now known as true by fossilists. But he received for his advocacy of truth, and his opposition to nonsense, as men now-a-days do, the bitter enmity of those interested in its propagation. It is not a little pleasing to notice the array of passions and arguments against the man and his philosophic views, by the advocates '*of plastic nature*,' '*materia penguis* — *a certain fermenting fatty matter in the earth, which formed animals, etc.* Among the renowned champions in this controversy was Fallopio, professor of anatomy at Padua, and well known by the medical profession as the discoverer of the fallopian tubes. He taught his pupils from the university chair, that '*shells were generated by fermentation*,' and received their form from '*the tumultuous movements of terrestrial exhalations!*' and that fossil teeth were '*earthy concretions*,' etc. It is said there is a book in the pope's holy keeping in his Museum at Rome, written by Mercati in 1574, having drawings of fossil shells. The talented and orthodox writer puts all speculation at rest by proving, beyond a shadow of doubt, that all these shells were not *shells* but *stones*, whose form and location were brought about by '*the influence of the heavenly bodies!*' It is impossible for the imagination to keep pace with the extravagancies of theologians, who, being alarmed lest the truth should be known on this subject, invented every thing within the scope of that faculty's latitudinous functions to justify their bigotry or whims, and defeat, rather than convince, those who began to think for themselves. But then, as now, it was found impossible to crush the power and freedom of thought. Still few dared at that time to say that these fossils were not the effects of the deluge. As men began to exercise the privilege of reasoning on what they saw, the truth began to appear. Hook, a mathematician and philosopher, in 1705, successfully opposed and ridiculed the folly and bigotry of former clerical writers, and he also maintained, what is now well known, that species of

the fossil animals *might* be entirely extinct. But this was too much for their credulity and superstition. It was denounced as 'improper' and 'heretical,' as it derogated from the faith, etc.

Collections of fossils began to be made during the seventeenth century, but the published descriptions of these, and those subsequently made, partook of the credulity we have before mentioned. As these collections increased, theories respecting them seemed for a time to increase only in extravagance. Gessner was one, who, after this, devoted much attention to this subject. We then have, successively, the published catalogues of the Verona Museum in 1622; Besler's Collection of Wormius, in 1652; of Spinen, in 1663; of Septala, in 1666; and, within the following twenty-five years, the descriptions of those of the King's Museum, Denmark; that of Caltorp, of Kirchen, Gresham College, and of Petier. In latter times, those in Europe were Schwenkfeld, Lachmund, Wagner, and Llwyd, describing the fossils of Silesia, Switzerland, etc. The collection in the University of Cambridge, described by Woodward, was one of the largest and most important at the close of this era — the seventeenth century — of which we have been speaking. During the following, or eighteenth century, the history of fossil geology assumes a new aspect, and its details are full of interest; but we shall purposely omit the chronological order of those details, since they are mostly within the reach of the curious, because we shall here study to be brief; and because we shall endeavor to embody, as we have done during the seventeenth, the principal facts and discoveries in the course of our reflections — intended, as they have been and as others will be, to associate at the same time the most useful and novel materials with natural and practical inferences.

Still more remarkable and interesting have been the facts and discoveries within the present century, compared with which, those of the earlier history of our subject sink into insignificance. These, with the important conclusions which they have induced, will constitute the subject of a succeeding number.

PENITENCE.

When comes the awful tempest through the sky,
When far and wide the swift-winged lightnings fly,
And when the thunder's voice, sublimely loud,
Peals from the bosom of its parent cloud,
Who hath not watched with anxious eye to see
The first slow rain-drops falling heavily?
Who hath not blessed them, as with quickened rush
From the dark face of heaven they freely gush,
To cool the fever of the sun-parched plain,
And bid the pulse of Nature calmly beat again?

Is there not such a balm for spirits given,
When they have wandered from the ways of Heaven?
When on the heart the steps of guilty wrath,
And gloomy sin, have traced a burning path —
When Heaven no longer, with indulgent eye,
Looks on the frailties of mortality —
But masters all its vengeance, to be shed
In fiëry ruin on the sinful head;
Then cometh Penitence t' arrest that doom,
And her sweet tears are seen, glist'ning amid the gloom.

OUR VILLAGE:

A COLLECTION OF SKETCHES FROM 'STILL LIFE.'

The village of Johnstown lay cradled between two hills, in a quiet green valley. A stream wound lazily through this valley, which kept the slopes and level at the bottom shining with a living green. It always was a dull-looking spot, and every object about it appeared just so tranquil, and just so indolent. Every thing, animate and inanimate, seemed asleep one half the time, like a silent spot deserted by the plague. Yet Johnstown was ancient; many had been born and many had died there; and many lived there to keep up the quorum of the place. A man once caught within the magic of its atmosphere, seldom escaped; he was a prisoner for life, and left his bones within its soil. There had been no new buildings erected for many years: this would have been sacrilege. Here was Deacon Jones' house, there 'Squire Peabody's; and what was termed 'the old store' stood about the centre of the settlement. Every body knew just where every body lived, and it never entered into the heads of the good people that a change of residence could be effected. There was an ancient little church at the upper end of the place, with a little wooden spire, and a wooden fish to point the way of the wind. The spire, which once undoubtedly stood boldly up, leaned with a weight of years, and the fish looked downward into the burying-yard, as if seeking a place of repose. The clap-boards were loose and fluttering, and the winds piped a sad and crazy song among them. Yet the old church had looked just so for many years; no one thought of disturbing it. There never have been, save the present, but four ministers within its walls, and they lingered so long upon earth, that they seemed to pass away by a gradual translation. You may know their graves by yon little hillocks, guarded with marble, for the others are all humble hewn stone.

To assert for a certainty who was the greatest man in the village, would be a task. Lawyers usually occupy this distinction; but there were no lawyers in Johnstown. They could not live. The doctor was thought to be a great man, but it was not for a certainty known. The '*doctor*,' as he was universally termed, resided in a low white cottage, upon the brow of the hill, and of course looked down upon his patients that lived in the line of buildings which bounded the creek. Here he was born, and here his father and grandfather followed his profession before him. The grandfather seemed to bequeath his skill to his son, and from him it descended to the grandson. The people of Johnstown looked upon them as born physicians, and alone capable of filling that station. They seemed to view them as appointments by the Creator, as the governor makes appointments for the state. The grandfather had a thread-bare surtout-coat, a wide brimmed hat, a pair of goggles, and an old mouldy carriage, all which, with his profession, descended to the son, and so downward. The grandfather drove one horse for fifty years, and ere death came to his relief, it was thought he was well nigh as skilful as his master — for he had been among medicine and the sick all his days. The horse undoubtedly passed off by consumption, for his sunken eye and emaciated form — his nerveless

limbs and dependent tail — were, as the doctor said, symptoms which should not pass unnoticed. If any one would know the last narrow home of this faithful beast, his poor remains may be found in one corner of the doctor's garden — a brown stone at his head and foot, upon one of which stands out his deep-cut epitaph, which speaks with an eloquence sufficient to thrill the heart-strings of the most obstinate reader. After the demise of this poor beast, the doctor failed rapidly, and he who had battled death, (sometimes with and sometimes against,) submitted at last himself, and was laid down to slumber with the faithful animal who had been called away before him. This was the *grandfather*, and upon his tomb-stone may be read this inscription: 'Doctor Ranney, aged eighty years — Johnstown's *first* physician.' Whether the doctor exhibited any vanity by leaving *such* an epitaph to adorn his grave, the writer saith not. He recorded the truth, which — Heaven pardon the falsehood! — is more than could be said of every epitaph. 'He lies like a tomb-stone!' is a common and very expressive phrase. The doctor left to Johnstown his son Ezekiel, and to him his profession, and title. Things soon resumed their old appearance; and a new horse having been enlisted, the old carriage moved around again as if nothing had happened. Of course, Ezekiel was considered equal to his father, and the utmost confidence was placed in him. He could not be superior, for that would be impossible; he must be equal, for he had inherited his wisdom. Ezekiel and *his* horse, after the lapse of fifty years, passed off the stage; the horse and his master becoming the proprietors each of a grave and a monument by the side of their predecessors. Then came Peter. Peter was the one I am about to treat of, and descended as he is from such illustrious ancestors, great merit is undoubtedly anticipated. Ezekiel left three children, the youngest of whom was this self-same Peter. He of course equipped himself in the coat, hat, and goggles before spoken of — for without these, the good people of the village would have had no faith in him: the clothes were indispensable. Another horse being engaged — canonized as it were — set apart and devoted to a high-calling — the carriage commenced its rounds, and death was again set at defiance. Now — to resort to the previous question — whether Doctor Peter Ranney was the greatest man in Johnstown, was not certainly known. He was seldom heard to speak, and ever maintained a gravity of demeanor which betokened a mighty mind. 'Old Aunt Williams,' as she was universally termed, was taken one evening very violently with bilious cholic. With the speed of lightning, intelligence flew to 'the doctor.' The doctor looked wise, ordered, with a moderate tone, his horse; sipped quietly his tea, and in about half an hour, with great precision, walked out to his carriage and seated himself. He drove off with a moderate trot, for it was inconsistent with dignity to exhibit any hurry or discomposure. He arrived at his patient's abode amid the fury and stir attendant upon a case of life and death. Without turning either to the right or left, he passed by the weeping and inquiring friends, to the room of the invalid — drew up a large arm-chair to the fire, where he seated himself — and with his head wisely leaning upon his hand, fixed his eyes intently upon the ashes. By his side lay the sufferer, writhing in the severest agony, but the doctor ruminated, perfectly composed. At last he rose, turned upon the merits of the case, inquired what treatment had been

pursued, which was answered by a multitude of voices, each one of which were prescriptions of a different nature. 'All right — all right' — said the doctor, with a wave of the hand, and departed. The patient survived, and the doctor was lauded for his skill.

The people of Johnstown never accused Doctor Ranney of *exhibiting* much knowledge, 'but,' they would say, putting the palms of their hand across their foreheads, 'he has it *here* — he has wonders stored away in his head — he is silent, but deep: reflection upon vast and weighty matters deprives him of speech.' Old Ben. Simons, who was rather shrewd, said it was undoubtedly true that he had wonders *in* his head, since nothing wonderful ever came *out* of it. But Johnstown folks considered such a speech as very wicked, and that none but a trifler in important matters would be guilty of uttering it. Doctor Ranney was consulted by the people in almost every thing relating to the welfare of the village; but he was always considering upon it, and was never known to come to but one conclusion, viz: 'All right — all right.' So, as before stated, 'the doctor' was *thought* to be the wisest man in the village, though not for a certainty known.

Every village has its odd characters, and Johnstown had its share. There were 'the corporal' and old uncle Tim. Both were genuine wits, though of a different school. The 'corporal' — for he always passed by that title — was a man in wreck, being reduced by too frequent drafts of good liquor from an exalted station in society to nobody and nothing. 'Corporal Jones' was his full Johnstown name, though forty years before, in another section of the world, he passed as William Jones, Esq. His morning day rose brilliant and unobscured, but a pall hangs over the evening. He is essentially a lost man. I will just relate a little tale which he once told me in confidence. It may soften the feelings, and half palliate his infirmities. He was, at the age of thirty, possessed of a large property, at which season he was about being married. He was engaged, it appears, to the daughter of a neighbor of his father, both of whom, neighbor and father, were bitter enemies. They consequently opposed it. He was obliged to steal his bride by night. This he attempted during a heavy thunder storm, trusting to the uproar of the elements to cover his proceeding. While his affianced bride was lowering herself by a rope from the window, the heavens flamed up, a thunder-bolt fell, and she lay dead upon the earth, black and scorched by the electric fluid. She had been struck by lightning. 'I have been another man ever since,' said he. But the 'corporal,' after all, was a jolly fellow. If a man wanted a few potatoes dug, send for the corporal — a little message carried, look up the corporal. He was all Johnstown's servant. Johnstown to him was as a great family, and he a person bound to listen to every call. He was horse-doctor and horse-trimmer, and trimmer of fruit-trees; these things he professed some skill in. The 'corporal' always said he was the most important character in the place. Some were complete slaves to their money, which was the worst species of tyranny; he always presumed he should have as much ground to lie in as the richest. So the 'corporal' felt, and so he viewed life and its vicissitudes.

'Uncle Tim' was quite another sort of character. He was a soldier during the Revolution, and was as full of tales of blood and mirth, or any other species, as he could hold. He possessed a good property,

though he was not counted wealthy. It was hinted occasionally that 'Uncle Tim' would, to make a good story, stretch it a little; for, as he often said, 'a good thing never should be ruined for want of being properly handled.' He was to be found at the tavern, sitting in his chair, with his cane between his legs, at almost any hour of the day. He also was the chronicle of the whole village — the register of births, deaths, marriages, crimes, etc., — could tell all about every body's father and grandfather — the age of every house and post in the place. He also scrutinized with great care every stranger who made a temporary visit to the village, and was apt to detect every thing which looked suspicious. Uncle Tim felt as if Johnstown was under his especial care. He seemed himself quite a monarch among the denizens. He was looked up to and listened to. The younger portion deemed him a great man, for he had fought in the revolution. The fact was, uncle Tim did not shine so much by his own superior light, as by the darkness about him. This he had sagacity himself sufficient to know; therefore, it was his intention to lay his bones in the village.

Johnstown tavern stood at the end of one of the rows of houses which bound in the creek. It was ancient, having numbered near a century. The shingles upon its roof were closely coated with a beautiful body of slippery green moss — the chimney had lost part of the bricks from its top — carried away, as some assert, by the witches — and its whole four sides were browned and seamed by the whirlwind and the storm. A low pillared balcony once ran in front, but the columns had mostly dropped away, and the floor sunk down. In front, ran up a long slender pole, crossed at the top like a letter T, at each end of which hung a ball, in appearance like a pumpkin. But — alas! that I must record the fact — few landlords ever amassed wealth. They were too good to themselves — *they* were their best customers. Old Willie Waters, who has been asleep these fifty years, was the second in command — as fine a man as ever drew the breath of life — but he would drink. Willie never found a glass amiss; he was always 'just in order,' as he termed it, when he found it convenient to wet his whistle. Willie kept 'just in order' for about forty years, when his strength failed him, his eyes became bound with a red rim, and 'purged thick amber and plum-tree gum.' His face colored up like the dying glories of a sunset — his nose shone like a piece of precious metal — and all of a sudden, getting entirely *out* of order, his breath fled, and so he was buried. The peppermint, when the first gentle showers cooled his grave, sprang forth green and luxuriant, and continues to haunt the spot even at this day. Poor Willie Waters! you are embalmed in the memory of all Johnstown, as well as in your own tomb. There was, tradition asserts, a wooden slab, most curiously carved, erected to his memory; but time, which pulls down thrones, pulled that down too. Upon it was inscribed, '*Just in order.*' It was said strange noises had been heard around the grave of Willie Waters; for when the winds sang loud, and the swaying tree-tops groaned heavily in the gale, and the dark clouds moved low and rapidly along the heavens, his restless spirit aroused itself, and a voice came forth proclaiming him 'just in order.'

Ephraim Doolittle, who is now sole proprietor, is a man of most singular character. He says the world has all turned topsy-turvy

within forty years, and Johnstown with it. Pride and fashion, he declares, is working poverty and destruction. 'Look about you,' he says, 'and what do you find? Nothing but steam-boats, rail-roads, balloons, or some other new-fangled foolery. What are they all good for? Does a man want to move like lightning, breaking perhaps every bone in his body? Does the world thrive any better than formerly? Are the people more wealthy? Do they live any longer?' Such was Ephraim's philosophy. He would run from internal improvement; he would look upon a snake as soon as upon a rail-road, and loved one equally as well. Ephraim wore the same style of costume which his grandfather wore before him, and he maintained that it was the only one designed for man by his Creator. He would not have his house repaired, because it would be executed in modern style: 'no, not he; it should rot to the earth first.' He used to say he could not bear to look upon the natural world, even — every thing had become transformed: sky, and stars, and earth were different from the ancient days — 'the good old ancient days,' as he called them. Ephraim Doolittle was a bigot; yet he made a good landlord, and was agreeable enough when 'Uncle Tim' was dealing out some tale of the days past and gone.

It was seldom that the occupants of this spot found themselves in much commotion. But a subject arose once, which came near dissolving the union. It was upon the propriety of erecting a school-house, and supporting a teacher. It was indeed a momentous question. The eloquence of the village assembled, and the arguments of all were advanced. 'Squire Williams urged the necessity of establishing a school: 'The children of Johnstown, one of the most important villages in the country, are without the advantages of education; it is a startling fact — I repeat it — it is a startling fact' — and then he sat down, covered with perspiration, and his face glowing like a coal.

'I oppose that, root and branch,' said Mr. Doolittle, choked with indignation; 'who ever saw a schoolmaster fit for any thing? They turn the brains of the children — raise them above the plain matter-of-fact business of the world — and make them no better than madmen. Let me ask,' he cried, raising himself on tiptoe, and swinging both arms like a windmill, 'let me ask what our ancestors did? What book-knowledge they knew, they learnt between times — studied by the light of pine-knots — nature taught them — and one man of that day was wiser than any ten of the present. Cram our children's heads with book-knowledge, and common sense finds no room to work? I oppose it, Sir, root and branch.'

Deacon Bigelow arose: 'I, too, shall come out against that,' he said, 'because, if our children get puzzled in any thing, they can go to the minister, who will soon make it all clear to them; it is a useless expense, and ought not to be allowed in society.'

Doctor Ranney got up, paused — pushed up his goggles — looked around upon the assembled talent — proclaimed, '*All right!*' and sat down again.

There was a short silence, for every one felt the weight of the argument.

Uncle Tim thought education necessary, but he supposed it was his duty, as well as every other man's, to agree with Dr. Ranney. The 'corporal' considered it a disgrace to the village that no school had

been established, and he perfectly agreed in the sentiments of 'Squire Williams. Mr. Doolittle thought the 'corporal' ought to be severely punished for applying the term *disgrace* to one of the most consistent villages in the world — and that 'Squire Williams also merited a similar treatment. This brought on confusion — and uproar and wrangling dissolved this important assembly. So much for the school at Johnstown.

There was a great stir and commotion, likewise, in Johnstown, when — one warm and smoky morning in September — the circus, with its wagons and a long line of horses, passed into the village. They were entertained at Ephraim Doolittle's, sign of the pumpkins, where the grand performance was to take place. This was a day of jubilee for Johnstown. The bare-footed urchins danced and wheeled round in circles, completely overflowing with transport and animation. Business was suspended — a general holiday commenced — and 'the circus! — the circus!' was the only subject to be spoken of. Up rose the snowy tents, like the sudden creation of magic, and they were looked upon with a silent and awe-struck wonder. But just when the blue shadows of evening pointed across the village, the whole company, flashing with spangles and light, mounted upon their richly-caparisoned horses, with harlequin Tom at the head, paraded in front of 'Squire Williams' house, to the astonishment of all Johnstown. Windows flew up — doors swung back — old men ran — for such a scene had never been witnessed before. Tom blew a blast upon his horn, and the little hills answered back with a treble joy. Strange evolutions were executed by the horses, but as this was only a foretaste of the grand exhibition and illumination at night, they vanished into their tents, and left the gaping multitude reflecting upon the mysteries of which they had been spectators. Night advanced — and *such* a sight! The 'corporal'— God forgive his infirmities! — had entered just far enough into the regions of bliss, to place himself upon a barrel-head in the centre of the street, where, in a burning torrent of eloquence, he was endeavoring to convince the good people of the absolute importance of every man's drinking three hogsheads of liquor per year. I shall never forget how he looked. Standing as he did, with a red flash of sunlight covering his whole head, like the halo which crowns the heads of pictured saints, both arms spread out like eagles' wings, he was springing into the importance of the subject, when his temporary foundation failed, and he sank by the weight of his argument, lodging upon the chimes of the barrel beneath his arms. 'Uncle Tim,' too, got in a talkative mood, and related many strange tales, almost *too* strange to be true.

The following morning, when the exhausted people of Johnstown arose, the circus had departed, and the tents vanished. They could not always think them mortal, and some were full in the belief that they had been amused by spirits. It was a question never satisfactorily settled among them, even to the present day.

There was once a great excitement caused in the village by Ephraim Doolittle imagining himself a dead man. The circumstances were these: One September day, when the sun was burning at the meridian, he was passing back and forth in front of his house, ruminating upon fashion and modern improvement. He finally lost himself in deep re-

flection, and suddenly arousing to his senses, he cast his eyes about, and found he was shadowless, for it had vanished. He turned to the right and to the left, yet nothing but bright sunshine surrounded him. He grasped his limbs, and they appeared sensible of the touch — yet he must be a spirit without flesh, for his shadow had left him. He screamed with fury, to attract the neighbors, to go immediately in pursuit of his body — carried off, as he said, by internal improvement. The neighbors collected around him, all in a bustle, trembling with fear, and searched for his shadow — but it was no where to be discovered. 'Doctor Ranney' was sent for, but neither that worthy nor his goggles brought any thing to light. The doctor thought him a dead man, all but burying. The 'corporal,' however, winked to 'Squire Williams, who returned it with a smile, and a look at his own feet, around which there was full as much shade as around Mr. Doolittle's. The neighbors insisted upon burying Ephraim, and the parson said he had a melting discourse prepared for the occasion. Ephraim declared he was not a dead man, but modern times had been reforming him; he presumed his head would be missing yet — likely as not his hands — he should be surprised at nothing any more; 'and now, while I think of it,' continued he, 'are *you* all sure you carry shadows as you once did?' They all looked, and behold they had fled! It was an awful time for Johnstown, and the mystery has never been unravelled to this day. As the sun wore away to the west, their shadows lengthened out, which convinced them they were yet mortal, and fleshly inheritors of the productions of the earth.

Five years passed away, and again I was called through the village of Johnstown. The old tavern, at the sign of the two pumpkins, had drooped away yet lower with age, and Ephraim had vanished, shadow and all. I was told by the 'corporal,' (who was the only personage of the *celebrated* characters above ground,) that Ephraim died by a breach in a blood-vessel, while pouring out fire and fury against a rail-road director. Johnstown appeared, however, just as lazy, and sleepy, and dull, as ever. You might hear the blue-flies, with their droning hum, all day in the air; the dust in the streets was too indolent to rise; the pumpkins on the tavern-pole always hung straight down without motion. The 'corporal' was every man's servant, and said he was now getting to be quite an important man, as Doctor Ranney and Uncle Tim had been called away. I hurried through the atmosphere about me, for a languid influence began to creep over my spirit, and a short time would work my downfall. As I left the village in my rear, I mounted a fertile upland, and turning my eye, caught the sign of the tavern tipped with the parting light of day — and thus I bade it farewell.

R.

THOUGHTS IN TRINITY CHURCH-YARD.

'The spirit of *speculation* is devouring us up. It is working a melancholy change in the better sentiments and affections of the heart. It is the *ruling* spirit, too often, it is to be feared, and brings under subjection, or altogether smothers, those purer emotions which should have free sway in the hearts of men. Even *the dead* are not secure from the evil effects of this reigning passion. The repose of the grave is no longer a repose, while a church-yard, crowded with its pale, decaying tenants, is found to obtrude upon the business marts of a commercial city.'

I often muse upon the dead —
Those silent sleepers, over whom
A twilight pall is gently spread:
A solemn thought! — but yet the tomb
Is but a couch — a hall of rest,
Where turmoil ceases — where no dreams
Start the cold lodger — and the breast
That wave-like heav'd, as quiet seems
As worn-out tempests, when the calm
O'er the wide earth breathes peace and balm.

The church-yard! — ay, a moral there
The clown may read; the very air
Breathes solemn eloquence to me:
The flower, the vine, the shrub and tree,
Whose roots draw life from human dust,
I view with awe: but yet I must,
Howbeit, while I think, protest
Against the custom lately bred
Of bursting tombs, because the guest
Slept in a too expensive bed.
'Tis *Speculation* who would tread
Upon the ashes of the dead.

That angel girl, who, like a rose
That fades, was blasted in her bloom,
And there, with death in deep repose,
As cold as marble, fill'd her tomb;
Whose grave was guarded as a thing
Too sacred for unhallowed thought,
And to the turf of which, in spring,
Full many a flower was kindly brought —
Now that those *living* ties are broke
By absence — some rude, curious swain,
In heartless mood, with jeer and joke,
Grasps the white palace of the brain,
Shakes from its cells the dust of time,
And talks of what the papers name
'Improvement, in her march sublime.'

In Trinity a column rears —
Or once *did* rear — to shining worth
Its summit tall: but a few years
Have plunged it headlong to the earth:
And there it lies; its ruins strew
A hero's turf, who gave his life
For freedom, and whose valor true
Departed only with his life:
Amid the fragments ye may find
A sentence from a patriot's lip,
('T was the last effort of his mind,)
Behold it: '*Don't give up the ship!*'

H. H. B.

THE ECLECTIC.

NUMBER TWO.

No NOBLE mind can long retain ignoble views of our common nature. No such mind will be intolerant of the faults or skeptical of the better traits of that nature. The reason is, such men take wider, and deeper, and more philosophical views of themselves and of their fellow beings around them; they are impressed with a higher and more genuine respect for the human soul; they are too conscious of their own deficiencies, to permit themselves to be despotic censors of their brethren. Hear again the great eclectic of modern times: 'Error is nothing but incomplete truth converted into absolute truth. Men are scarcely ever more than halves and quarters of men, who, unable to understand, accuse each other. As every error contains some truth, therefore every error should be treated with profound indulgence; and all those halves of men that we constantly meet with around us, are nevertheless fragments of humanity, and we should still respect that truth and that humanity of which they participate.' What a contrast between this bland, affectionate, and confiding philosophy, and that stern dogmatism, that self-appropriating, and exclusive, and one-eyed spirit, which has so often characterized the advocates of truth, in their encounters with errorists, and which still lives to multiply divisions among men, and to check the career of universal peace and general unanimity! The former is the genuine philosophy of human nature, and as such it must symbolize with every unsophisticated heart. The latter is a compound of partial views and narrow feelings. The one tends to knit us to our species in closer union, draws out the generous and the charitable feelings of our nature, to send them abroad over mankind, and appeals continually to our sense of what is just, beautiful, and true. The other, what shall we say of it? '*Trojæ et patriæ communis*,' etc., — combines all the hateful attributes of sectarian animosity, controversial acrimony, calumniating harshness, and persecuting rancor.

Why is it that our nature is in such poor repute with the many? Why is it, that they are so ready to cry 'poor human nature,' and lift their eyes in horror at every fresh proof of its imperfections and weakness, but are so slow to acknowledge and to feel the ever-unfolding manifestations of its inherent dignity and native excellence? One prime reason undoubtedly is, that they do not understand themselves. They partake not of the spirit of that ancient maxim, 'Reverence thyself.' Many fall into the gross paralogism of judging a whole from a part, of arguing against a thing from its abuse, not from its use, and of forming a judgment upon its character from its accidental rather than its natural developments — from its momentary rather than its permanent tendencies. Their conclusions are consequently unjust. But not more than those who forget the fundamental sameness of all human beings, and the positive oneness of the reason, and the moral sense in all minds, of whatever grade or condition. The elimination from the mind of this important truth is disastrous to another recollection equally salutary in its influence. It is that the causes of error are alike in all minds, though the occasions may be infinitely diversified. These potent agents, which

have already precipitated so many of our fellow men into the whirlpools of moral delinquency, are ever at work in our own minds, endued with tendencies which accident alone may have hitherto kept from their deplorable consummation. The reflection that they may soon hurl us from our pedestals, might be of great service in correcting an uncharitable disposition, if such a feeling should unhappily exist in our bosoms.

But men view each other at too great a distance, to be accurate judges of character. They do not come near enough to discern those fine pencillings of moral worth which are frequently spread over a coarse and somewhat forbidding intellectual exterior. Good qualities are apt to escape the notice of a remote view, while the bad, like floating sticks, appear larger than life. Beside, it is the nature of ugly objects to impart a modicum of their own deformity to adjacent objects; or, at any rate, to unfit minds that are governed more by sympathy than by steady principles for the appreciation of minute beauties, that are thus unfelicitously situated. Is not this the reason why one luckless aberration often plunges the mighty from their pinnacles of reputation, almost excommunicates them from the pale of human sympathy, and exposes them as lawful game for the dogs of persecution? So far is public opinion from understanding the first principle of eclecticism, that it seldom or never adequately regards an invaluable lesson taught by almost every page of history, that 'a very great preponderance of excellence is consistent with many pernicious errors.' Seneca observes of a pure philosopher, who lived in a wicked age, that 'Nature had brought him forth to show mankind that an exalted genius can live securely, without being corrupted by the vices of the surrounding world.' It is but an extension of the same idea to say, that perhaps the majority of men subserve a purpose in the demonstration they afford that great virtues can safely coëxist in the same mind with much obliquity of moral view, and many variations from the rule of right action.

After all, men — serious men — perhaps men in general — agree in more points than they differ, even upon moral and religious matters. And if so, how unreasonable to lay such a stress upon the minutiæ of difference, and pass over so cursorily the great features of similarity! The 'immense conclusions' of the reason, and the felt testimony of the moral and religious nature, are elements of sameness, sufficient to unite, in one eternal bond of affection, the whole brotherhood of the virtuous and the well disposed, in spite of all the many and even important varieties of opinion and of sect, which that high nature has so fruitfully developed.' 'Good men,' says the amiable and philosophic Mackintosh, 'have not been able to differ so much from each other as they imagine; and amidst all the deviations of the understanding, the beneficent tendency of their nature keeps alive the same sacred feelings.' There are points essential to human virtue, and human happiness, to which they harmoniously assent. To these central foci, all serious minds, however eccentric their orbits, come back at last, to drink in new supplies of light and heat. 'Common reason,' says Bishop Butler, 'will have some influence upon mankind, whatever becomes of speculation.' The boundaries of systems, and the obscure and more remote parts, are the favorite scenes either of border warfare or of internal dissension. All the grand outlines of truth are easily seen, and generally acknowledged,

while her minuter features are the subjects of endless logomachy among the crowd of devotees who pay acceptable offerings at her shrine.

The advantages of the eclectic spirit are many, various, and important. We have already alluded to its cementing and fraternizing power. It is in every desirable respect an assimilating element. It indues the soul with an *elective* energy, by which the virtuous principle within sympathizes with every particle of excellence, and embraces in its wide attraction every constituent of humanity, wherever and in whomever found, that quivers under a responsive influence.

Would not such a philosophy, if universally embraced, make men more mild and conciliating in their communications and general intercourse with each other? Would it not render them more tolerant of each other's foibles, and cause them to entertain higher and better thoughts of themselves and their race? And in the words of the eloquent and excellent Dr. Parr, 'would it not dissipate those gloomy views of human folly and human vices, which, by frequent meditation upon them, contract the heart, and infuse lurking and venomous sentiments of general ill-will toward our species; and excite us to take a higher pleasure in contemplating the brighter side of every man's character, his talents, his attainments and his virtues?'

Such a philosophy, so gentle, so impartial, so magnanimous, cannot be unfriendly to truth. Gross error could not arise from a spirit so fair; could not dwell with elements so unlike the causes which produce and the effects which followed a perverted state of mind. Such a philosophy would in fact remove numerous obstacles that now exist to impede the discovery of what is commendable and admirable in human beings and human works. It would enlarge the circle of the mind, give a panoramic power and unparalleled acuteness to its perceptions of truth, and reward the gaze of the sincere worshipper in her sanctuary with many a vision of glory, and many an object of loveliness.

The mental habituation of seeking for 'good in every thing,' instead of looking out for evil, will exert a marvellous influence upon the complexion of our general views of mankind. How different the picture that *Nature* shows to two observers of opposite feelings! To her amateur, whose eye is ever restless in pursuit of beautiful and agreeable objects, 'she turns the gayest, happiest attitude of things,' and unfolds, in clearer light and stronger lines, the harmonious volume of the universe. The 'form of beauty,' to borrow the splendid idea of Akenside, 'forever smiles at *his* heart.' The same thought has been expressed by the poet Gay, in language of inimitable elegance and pathos, when describing the feelings of one just freed from the irksome imprisonment of a sick bed, and permitted to enjoy once more the scenery of nature:

> 'The simplest note that swells the gale,
> The meanest flowret of the vale;
> The common sun, the air, the skies,
> To him are opening Paradise.'

The same principle affects the mind as it expatiates over the broad field of our common humanity, giving a richness or a poverty to its conceptions of things, according to the antecedent feelings that either expanded or contracted, exhilarated or saddened, the heart.

The benevolent author of nature has so constituted the world as to make it in almost every respect a constant scene of *discipline* for its

rational inhabitants — discipline not only of a moral but also of a more general kind, by which taste, reason, ingenuity, and good sense, are continually developed, tried, and improved. Thus it is perhaps a universal truth, that nothing valuable can be possessed without exertion, and in many cases without painful exertion. And it is also a fact that the *dulce* as well as the *utile* appears to be subject to the same stern but beneficent law. Whether we reflect upon it or not, much that delights the fancy, gratifies the understanding, and betters the heart, is locked up to all but the good nature that can seek, the good sense that can discern, and the candor that can acknowledge and deserve it.

Is Nature's magnificent show exhibited at once, or to every heartless or thoughtless gaze? Are her indescribable beauties arranged so as to catch the eye at once? Or are they not rather frequently linked with deformity, thrown together in seeming confusion, or half covered by rubbish, requiring the patient labor of a naturalist to search out and find, his skilful hand to arrange them, and even his enthusiasm to detect and to make known their claims to admiration? The charms of the moral landscape are not less mixed with forbidding features, and not less invisible to the eye that carelessly scans, or peevishly examines them. But he who will not give his neighbour credit for a virtue, which there is good evidence to believe he really possesses, because forsooth there exist with it serious imperfections in his character, acts the sapient part of him who refuses to look at a flower, because of the ugly weeds that grow around it. If the botanist or the mineralogist find one good specimen, or a new species, in a locality, they do not condemn it as perfectly barren. On the contrary, they always have kind feelings toward that spot. And is not this the true spirit to be cherished by all who would decide upon the characteristics of their fellow men?

It certainly requires more good taste, and more accurate discernment, to see the good than the bad traits in a fellow being; to see the qualities that adorn, than those that disfigure his mind. Why it is so, it may be difficult to show, except upon the supposition that the present world is intended as a school for justice, impartiality, candor, and all the other exercises of the virtuous principle. The fact preaches a plain doctrine — caution in pronouncing upon and against others. It utters a caveat against censoriousness, prejudice, *et id omne genus*. It points to the eclectic spirit as the only genuine catholicon for the disease of calumny.

Nor would this be making a compromise with error, or weakening the immutable distinctions of morality, as might possibly be insinuated. No: it would, on the contrary, render those distinctions broader and more respected. It would make the insignia of virtue so illustrious, that its most diminutive feature might be recognised and revered. Must we be identified with the haters of goodness, because we are willing to recognise it, even in dangerous proximity with its arch enemy? Or come under the same category with 'publicans and sinners,' because we are willing to acknowledge a common humanity with them, and look with pleasure upon the few gleams of moral day that light up occasionally the dark chambers of their souls? We indeed believe that there are few men in whom good does not predominate over evil. Error is in many cases the guiltless product of a wrong education, of accident, of any thing else than determined obliquity of intellect, and persevering enmity to truth. 'What is error,' says that great philoso-

pher, whom we have before quoted so often, 'but a part of truth taken for the whole truth?' In fact these two elements frequently live and die together: the dividing lines are frequently indeterminable, and the separation might be equally difficult and hazardous. But yet, like the iron and the clay in Nebuchadnezzar's image, though they cleave they do not incorporate.

These considerations should lead us to adopt the noble sentiment of Brown, that 'the more important the difference, the *greater*, not the less, will be the indulgence of him who has learned to trace the sources of human error.'

But the lesson of toleration has always been a difficult one for mankind to acquire. The world was a long time learning that very plain doctrine, that difference of heads is not incompatible with union of hearts, and that it is not necessary to hate or to persecute every one with whom it is impossible to cŏincide in opinion. It is not less mysterious to many, even now-a-days, how any one can adopt a part of any particular system of belief, and not the whole of it. Feeling perfectly sure, that if the case were their own, they could not take without taking all, they naturally conclude others to be liable to the same awkward necessity. Innocent of the remotest idea of such a thing as discrimination of mind, they forget that the same principles that lead one to sympathize with a truth, would naturally destroy the probability of any such sympathy with a contiguous error. Such is certainly a morbid feeling, and does not spring from an enlightened love of truth. Truth is not honored by a faith so timid and unenterprising. We must trust something to its own superior might; something to the eternal principles of right and wrong in the human breast, and the inherent tendencies of common reason to settle down at last on the terra firma of sound conclusions.

On the great questions of human duty, most fair and well-disposed men are found to correspond in sentiment. There is, it is true, now and then to be seen, even among those whom we have no reason for suspecting to belong to a different class, striking anomalies, and strange anamorphisms, both in principles and actions; but even here, the *matériel* is the same; the grand facts of consciousness, and the reason, though not the reasoning, the same; the great law of general uniformity amidst endless variety seems to prevail not less in the moral than in the physical developments of man. 'The common party of mankind' understand the same moral dialect, and, to use the language of Lord Bacon, in relation to the schoolmen, 'for the most part harmonize, where all is good and proportionable,' and differ only in those 'distinctions and decisions which end in monstrous altercations, and barking questions.'

The eclectic spirit, we repeat, is not that indiscriminate liberality which makes no distinctions between truth and error. It is abhorrent of such a motionless indifference, such a stark neutrality of mind. But the tendency of its genius and its philosophy is to seek and to love every thing that is good, in every place:

> 'To seize on truth, where'er 'tis found,
> On Christian or on heathen ground;
> Among our friends, among our foes,
> Neglect the prickle, and assume the rose.' W. H.

ZILLAH.

AN EXTRACT FROM AN UNPUBLISHED POEM.

When night upon her starry throne
Held undisputed sway and lone,
And moonlight to the trembling wave
A soft but spectral radiance gave,
He seized, with iron grasp, his chain,
  As if endued with giant strength,
And after many efforts vain,
While glowing madness fired his brain,
  From bondage burst at length.
The cunning Corsair heard the sound
  Of strong link breaking, with a clang,
And stealing lightly, with a bound
  Upon his frenzied victim sprang;
His right arm, used to felon deed,
  The Corsair raised with ready skill—
One thrust of his stiletto freed
  The crazed one from his load of ill.
The pleading look and wild appeal
Of Zillah could not stay the steel;
She saw him fall, and from his side
The red stream gush in bubbling tide,
Then fell herself, as if the blade
A sheath of her own breast had made,
While fearfully his spouting gore
The white robe purpled, that she wore.
Her ear heard not the gurgling sound
Of hungry waters closing round,
As hastily the ruffian cast
His victim to the ocean vast.
Or marked the grim exulting smile
That lighted up his face the while:
Extended on the deck she lay
  As if the war of life was over,
As if her soul had fled away,
To realms of never-ending day,
  To join the spirit of her lover.

She woke at last from her long swoon
To hope that death would triumph soon,
And the mad pulses of her frame
With icy touch for ever tame:
She woke with features ashy white,
  And wildly gazed upon the plank
That deeply, freely in the night
  The crimson of his veins had drank;
Then raising heavenward her eye
  In still, expecting posture stood,
As if a troop from realms on high
Were coming down with battle songs,
  To wash out sternly in the blood
Of coward hearts, her many wrongs:
No tear-drop came to her relief
In that wild, parching hour of grief:
The tender plant of love she knew
  Would into verdure break no more—
The spot was arid where it grew
  In green luxuriance before.
She knew henceforth her lot below
  Would be to quaff the cup of pain—
On thing of earth she could not throw
  The sunlight of her smile again.
The voice was still whose melting tone
Had vied in sweetness with her own—
The hiding wave had closed above
The only object of her love:

And Rispah,* as strict watch she kept
While cold, like forms of Parian stone,
Her sons on gory couches slept,
Felt not more desolate and lone.

In many hearts the gloomy sway
Of sorrow lessens day by day,
Until the charms of life at last
Blot out remembrance of the past:
As winds may kiss the trampled flower,
And lift again its bruised leaf,
So time with his assuaging power,
May stay the wasting march of grief:
But hearts in other bosoms beat
Where anguish finds a lasting seat —
That heal not with the lapse of time:
Too delicately strung for earth,
Whose chords can never after chime
With peals of loud unmeaning mirth.
Weeks flew: and Zillah in their flight
Strove oft, but vainly, to forget
The horrors of that fatal night,
When her beloved star, whose light
Made bondage pleasant, set.
No murmur from the lip outbroke,
Though suddenly her cheek grew thin —
No quick, convulsive start bespoke
The desolating fire within.
Her dark eye rested on the wave
By day, and in the hush of eve
As if ere long the wet sea cave
Her buried one would leave,
And drifting suddenly in view,
His murderer with dread subdue! H.

LOFERIANA.

NUMBER ONE.

WHEREIN IT IS SHOWN THAT IT TAKES A GENIUS TO EMBELLISH THE 'DOLCE FAR NIENTE.'

This man is freed from servile bands,
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall:
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And having nothing, yet hath all. Wotton.

The learned D'Israeli dwells with a modest complacency on his introduction of the term 'father-land' into the vocabulary of his native tongue. The word is expressive, and imbued with touching associations; and its worthy usher is entitled to much praise for its naturalization in the republic of English literature. But to whom we are indebted for the equally expressive though less exalted term *loafer*, I have not been able to ascertain, though a word of recent origin and exclusively American. Not only is it not registered in the latest editions of Johnson and Walker, but even our own learned philologist, Dr. Webster, has not deigned it a niche in his noble vocabulary of the 'universal Yankee nation' — an omission, by-the-by, a little discreditable to his patriotism, since the 'vader-landt' of the popular neophyte is the same with his own.

After searching in vain among numerous native authors for the

* Sam. II. xxi, 10.

parentage of this 'waif on the world's common,' my baffled curiosity prompted me, a few evenings since, to refer the matter to a literary club, and solicit their opinion in the premises.

'The term loafer,' observed the president, with all the philhellenic enthusiasm of Porson, 'is evidently derived from the Greek. It bears in its very contour the euphonious expression, and in its application, the nice appositeness to the thing signified, so characteristic of that incomparable language. The received orthography of the word, however, is extremely repulsive to a classic eye, which, but for the ugly mask, could never be wearied with gazing on its beauties. It should be written *lopher*, as it is manifestly a derivation from the Greek participle λωφῶν, that is, *interquiescens, sedens*; and of all men in the world, your genuine loafer is the quietest and most sedentary. I doubt if Aristotle himself could improve the definition just given, though in the exercise of his subtle logomathy,

> 'He could distinguish and divide
> A hair twixt south and south-west side.'

'With all due deference,' remarked the vice-president, 'I think we need not go so far as Greece for the nativity of even so dignified a word as the one under consideration. Our English phrase 'low fellow,' it seems to me, must have given birth to this new-fangled intruder into decent society. Thus, low fellow, in vulgar pronunciation, becomes low feller — by an easy abbreviation, *low f'ler* — and thence, by farther elision, *loafer* — an appropriate appellation, truly, for such shameless vagabonds (the speaker had lately lost his election to a desirable office by the turning vote of a clam-man) as are now designated by that expressive title.'

'If I may be allowed to express an opinion,' modestly observed a young member, whose imagination still lingered amid the festive courtesies of the 'Artemise,' (it was the evening after the ball on board that noble frigate,) 'I should suggest that the word is of Gallic extraction. Methinks I discover its paternity in the French phrase '*aller au lof*' — *faire voile au plus près du vent.* We have only to add the ordinary English termination *er*, and we then have *lofer* — one who sails nearer the wind, and hence to windward of his fellow voyagers on the rough ocean of existence. What are to him the mælstrom or the hurricane, the breakers or the blast? He has no bills of lading, no long invoices from the rich marts of 'Ormus or of Ind,' for which to render strict account to owner or consignee. He sails 'on his own hook,' with nothing at venture and nothing to lose, and accordingly may luff — more properly *lofe* — to windward of the toils and perils which beset the less favored voyagers. And indeed, while they are often tossed to and fro in their care-freighted argosies, aside from the track of the whirlwind he trims his light shallop to the sweet south-west, or rocks quietly at anchor in the haven of sunshiny indolence, *comme fait tout matelot de bien.*'

At this point of the discussion a dapper little sonneteer, who had embalmed in his erotic hippocrene the charms of half the belles of the metropolis, begged leave to observe, that after due consideration he had come to the conclusion that the term loafer was cognate and synonymous with that of lover. 'The only incongruity between them,' said

he, 'when properly spelled, is in the medial letter of each; and as these two characters, *f* and *v*, are semi-vowels, having their vocal being alike amid the roses of the same nether lip, it is not wonderful that a metathesis should have occurred, and thus occasioned a distinction without a difference. And indeed, this supposition is strengthened by the fact that all lovers are lofers in the best sense of the term, while imparadised in the lap of Venus. 'It is as easy to count atomies,' says the oracle of Avon, 'as to resolve the propositions of a lover — but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with a good observance: I found him *under a tree*, like a dropp'd acorn. There lay he, *stretched along*,' etc.

> 'Tantum inter densos, umbrosa cacumina, fagos
> Assidue veniebat,'

is Virgil's picture of a gentle lover. And is it not also the portraiture of the musing loafer? The quiet haunts, the dreamy reveries, and the easeful recumbency of the one, are indeed but transcripts of those of the other, and demonstrate an identity of person with a duality of name, or what the law phrases an alias.'

'A Yankee's prerogative allows me to *guess*,' smiled a good-humored down-easter, 'that the term in question has a merrier ancestry than has yet been accorded it. Our modern word *laugh*, you are aware, is but an arrant usurper of the throne of Momus, which was better filled in the better days of yore, by his elder brother of happy memory, king 'Loffe.' Look at his royal visnomy — the *o* significant of his open countenance, and the double *f's* standing up like two stalwart pages to support his merry sides. Now methinks, of this royal 'loffe' is lineally descended our worthy vocable loafer. If the consanguinity were less apparent than it strikes me to be, the similarity of the ideas expressed by both would seem to establish their common genealogy. For all great loafers are great laughers, and this fact alone, aside from the truth of the converse of the proposition, must go far to satisfy all unprejudiced minds of the correctness of my hypothesis. I have no doubt but that Loffoden was so named, from the mighty cachinnations which are ever shaking his rugged sides.'

'The theory is indeed ingenious, and does credit to the gentleman's erudition,' remarked a member connected with the Alms House department, 'but to me at least it is not altogether satisfactory. If correct, how comes the *a*, I would ask, in the received orthography of the term? Is it an exotic? — or rather is it not an aboriginal element of the word itself? If we assent to the latter proposition, the derivation at once becomes obvious — thus loaf, *loafer* — one conversant with loaves.' 'Say rather with the *want* of them,' sighed a meagre author, in a threadbare doublet, as he knotted his lean arms close to his epigastrium, to stifle the cravings which the unlucky association had roused in his supperless bosom. 'My hypothesis is none the less probable,' resumed the other, 'since the metaphorical import of numerous words in every language has its foundation in the principle of contrast, as *lucus a non lucendo*. It is thus, I apprehend, with the term under consideration. Your veritable loafer, 'taking no thought for the morrow what he shall eat,' (would that he were equally regardless of his *drink!*) never has a loaf in his larder, and hence his more pains-taking brethren have chris-

tened him *loafer*, in the spirit of a most unchristian irony. Here a deep sigh from the poor author pretty plainly indicated with whom he coincided; and the discussion ended, leaving the querist, in the maze of conflicting opinions, as much in the dark as when it began. No wonder the Roman deicide inquired, '*quid est veritas?*' — what is truth?

But methinks, most amiable reader, I hear thee ask, 'what is a loafer?' Thou seest yon princely merchant, whose far-reaching enterprise has gathered around him the tributes of every land. He is known beyond the Andes and the Himalayah, and in the islands of every sea his name is as a familiar word. Yet with all his freighted argosies, his spices and tokays, his purple and fine linen, he is not and cannot be a loafer. The journals, the legers, the balance-sheets, among which he toils, forbid it. The invoices, policies, notes, bonds, and bills, which *dog* him like Actæon of old, forbid it. Forbid it also the wreck-boding aspect of sea or sky, and the wild peal which breaks in upon his dreams of gain, and summons him to the midnight conflagration, where in one brief hour the recompense of toilful years may be numbered with the things that were. His hopes and his habits, the seamed brow and the restless eye, all deny the soft impeachment: he is no loafer. Thou hast seen a lawyer in thy day; I mean not such as Matthew Hale, and William Wirt, and John Marshall, to whom truth and justice were ever the ministers of the divinity within — but such as lay grievous burdens upon men's shoulders, and lend no finger to lighten the weary load. They are not 'few and far between,' even in this most virtuous community; but their name is Legion. I have a blood relative of this order, though 'I say it that should not say it.' He was wonderful at special pleading even in boyhood, for though the ringleader of all scholastic mischief, such was his legerdelangue, that he always escaped with a smooth jacket, and let the rod descend in tail on the most innocent of his coparceners. At college he threw a handful of snuff in his tutor's eyes, and evanishing during their lacrymose eclipse, acquitted himself before the faculty by pleading an alibi. In after years he seems to have profited by his success on this occasion, for he has a marvellous alacrity in enacting the moral simoom, and will raise more dust before the optics of Justice herself, than Captain Riley ever dreamed of amid the sand-clouds of Zahara. He has become great in his vocation; but, though he can patch over the gore-stains of murder — though he can give to sensuality the form and lineaments of purity — though he can mask the dark features of guilt with the ermine of sinless innocence — yet is he not a loafer. The service of iniquity is a bitter bondage, to which no Sabbath brings either respite or rest. Such is his lot who yields his noblest faculties to mislead the judgment, confound the understanding, and give to error the aspect and authority of truth. Fame and wealth may follow in the wake of his summonses and subpœnas, his folios and his briefs, his pleadings and rejoinders, and replications; but let him not lay claim to the *otium cum benignitate* of the unassuming loafer — his name is not written in that gentle category.

Who is a loafer? Not he indeed, who with a recklessness which nothing but the sublimest zeal could palliate or atone, has plucked aside at midnight the clods of the valley, and summoned the dead to the inquest of philanthropy, while the monitory '*hic jacet*' is left to moralize over the

empty coffin alone. He hath spent the bloom and spring-time of existence in questioning the fearful relics of mortality. Beauty hath passed before his young imagination in all her winning loveliness. Nature hath beckoned him forth to the priceless and free heritage of her bounty and her charms, and pleasure hath sent up into the hush of his lonely study the fascination of music and of mirth; but the rapt votary hath listened not to the voice of the charmer. Others might find leisure for the vanities of the world, but not he. *He* must not slumber on his post, nor rest satisfied with his present attainments. He must be all eye and all ear, that no truth having the remotest bearing on the 'ills which flesh is heir to' may escape his observation. From the very character of his profession, dealing as it does with the impalpabilities of disease, so modified by constitution and habit that pathology never presented two cases 'twins at all points,' he cannot expect to be guided by prominent and immutable land-marks; but must rely for the most part on his own experience and resources. The lawyer has his statutes and precedents; the divine his creed and ritual; the poet his critical formularies; the mathematician his angles and logarithmic lore, as guides and appliances of their respective pursuits; while the physician has but analogy alone to direct his researches into the labyrinth of organic life, and the chameleon changes of disease and pain. Therefore, must he labor and faint not. And to this end, burying himself in some obscure cloister from the blind fury of popular prejudice, he must question the exhumed dead of the mysteries of organized being. He must examine the shattered springs and the broken wheels which but now were instinct with life and motion, and amid the hush and horror of decay, learn why their functions were arrested, and the wonderful mechanism consigned to darkness and oblivion. And when anatomy hath answered his startling invocation; when physiology hath rewarded his patient zeal with glimpses of her hidden economy; when chemistry, and botany, and mineralogy, yea, all Nature herself, from the magnificence of her abundance and power, has furnished him with the panoply of science, to grapple successfully with the demons of disease, even *he*, 'the beloved physician,' cannot aspire to the honors of loafer-hood. True, there is a moral sublimity in his character and his calling; but it is not the sublimity of loaferism. Humanity hath too many claims for his soothing ministrations, to allow him a name among the dreamy fraternity. Nor shall the smooth empiric, who teacheth that *lobelia* is the tree of life, and *steam* the mighty and infallible panacea for all the evils of Pandora, be more fortunate in his aspirations. Verily, is there an *infimity* (so to speak) in *his* character and vocation, but it is not that of the harmless loafer. He may possess an untold sanative paraphernalia— case-knives and cross-cut-saws — steam-engines and drug-engines of billion-pill power — catnip and cataplasms — boluses that would move the bowels of a statue, and salves that would heal its comminutedest fractures — all these he may possess, and moreover the impudence of him who boasted that he had discovered the elixir vitæ, 'whereof if a dead man drank, he should straitway become quick, and put off his cerements'— yet of such as he, is it written in Loafers' Hall, 'Thou art not of us.' Low-fellow thou surely art; low indeed; but he must be *human*, who would not be too low for a loafer — *quod scriptum, scriptum est.*

Cast thine eyes, dear reader, to yonder political temple. The sanhe-

drim is in grand conclave, and the high priest of party lifteth up his voice to the eager multitude. Listen and be instructed. 'Fellow citizens! the palladium of our liberties is jeopardized, and every patriotic republican is summoned to the rescue. Is there any one so shamefully supine, as not to rouse himself at that stirring appeal? O for the lungs of Stentor, and the hundred arms of Briarrius, *et totidem linguas*, that I might speak as becomes this crisis and this occasion! (Cheers) The times are out of joint, and need a strong hand and a mightier bondage than that of Scultetus, to reduce their shocking dislocation. (The orator was the son of a village Æsculapius.) From Orleans to the Bay of Fundy, is not Judge Lynch and the spirit of monopoly stalking through the length and breadth of the land? Where is the man that does not monopolize his house, his barn, his fields, and even his very wife and children? Can the poorest patriot in this assembly take lodgings at Astor's without being subjected to an odious impost? Ay, and how many of you, fellow-citizens, were invited to partake of the first-fruits of that princely monopoly? What then are our boasted liberties, if we cannot do as we list, without being tariffed by our neighbor? (Loud cheers.) And as if this were not bondage enough, incorporeal corporations are multiplying on all hands with unparalleled fecundity, and that too with a mendacity as monstrous as it is palpable. For how is that a corporation, which has no body; and how is that a body, which has no soul? Therefore, fellow-citizens, let us march promptly to the polls, and manfully do battle against those who will not sacrifice their selfish prejudices to the well-being of our cause, our party and ourselves!' (Sits down under a Niagara of applause.)

Behold, most sequacious reader — I take it for granted you are still by my side — behold, I say, the truth of Oxenstiern's remark, 'With what little wisdom the world is governed!' That man to whom thou hast just listened, is a politican:

'Tall oaks from little acorns grow.'

But a few years ago, he came forth from his native hamlet in quest of fortune, with three shillings in his linsey woolsey unmentionables, and a bit of gingerbread in his scrip. It was the nearest approach to the dignity of loaferism which he ever made. He had tact, talent, cunning, and perseverence, and — greater than all these — impudence, which is the right-hand of political ambition. These marshalled the way before him to the high places of power. He ate of the bread of friendship, and made free with its open purse, till the height was gained; when charity was rewarded with ingratitude, and kindness marked down for obloquy and persecution. Honest Iago! thou railest against wealth in the assemblies of the groundlings, yet ridest in a gilded chariot to the levées of the affluent; thou railest against man-service, yet hast more bondmen at thy beck than Egypt's Pharaoh; thou railest against luxury, yet arrayest thyself in purple, and 'farest sumptuously every day;' thou pratest of dishonor, yet sendest forth the ukase of proscription against the friends of thy darkest days; thou laudest consistency, yet art the veriest Proteus in principle and practice; thou laudest republican simplicity, yet graspest for the vanity of worldly honors; thou laudest humility, yet wouldst sell thy very soul for the titles and trappings of power. And were thine the sceptre of the world-

wasting Macedonian, thou couldst not achieve the majesty of loaferhood. All other creatures, ay, the meanest loafer that breathes, hath nature gifted with a heart; but as for thee, thou hast nothing of the kind in thy bosom, but a cordiform induration of stony selfishness. Thou mayst still visit the haunts of whig or tory; but desecrate not with thy forbidden presence, or even thy baleful glance, the majesty of Loafer Hall, for there thou art banned and barred.

Who then is a loafer? Courteous reader, your arm, if you please, and on the Battery thy patient curiosity shall be assuredly gratified. Now sit we here awhile, beneath this broad sycamore, till yonder prince of loafers shall honor us with his presence, as he resumes his wonted couch — throne I should have said — just there on that soft green ottoman which fancy might deem the haunt of a Dryad. Observe how the various groups respectfully sidle and deploy from the walk he has chosen, all except the little sweep who holds on his way as carelessly as if his sable vesture were nothing endangered by such proximity. I may be singular in my notions, but I do like to see a decent regard for one's dress, even in the presence of majesty. If we would but consider how much the patient sheep suffered in the fleecing, and the shepherd in the shearing — how many weary steps were measured by the spinner — how many bobbins wound and unwound by the weaver — how much perspiration was wrung from the steaming calender — how many stitches were inwrought by the patient tailor, and how many side-stitches by process of thankless duns were wrought into his own iliacs — how many bodkins into his very soul, when,

'Non unquam gravis ære domum sibi dextra redibat;'

if all this, I say, were remembered, methinks the coat that has backed us in the peltings of many a storm, and stuck closer to us than a brother through all, would not be so soon nor so lightly discarded to the rag-fairs of Chatham-street. Now your feeling loafer is more of a Platonist in these matters, and seems to regard an old coat in the light of an old friend, not lightly to be parted with in any weather. There are associations woven, as it were, into the very texture of that venerable memento of by-past years, and were it to be supplanted by a 'fashionable fit,' he would doubtless find himself very much in the predicament of Hercules when arrayed in his last doublet. Dost thou smile at the idea of such attachment, and cry 'indigence,' vain dandy? — thou that changest thy coat with the changing moon, and leavest thy bills for the final audit of all accounts? Thy sarcasm may be founded in truth, but for the honor of human nature, let me still believe that the merest trifle upon which time has notched one memory however idle, hath a hold upon the feeling heart. Such is the sympathetic tie doubtless between yonder worthy personage and the fidus Achates which,

'Despite the ravage of unsparing years,'

still seeks to shelter his gentle bosom. What though it be 'tattered and torn,' and motlied with the patches of premeditated poverty, till Iris herself could not match the variety of its hues; yet slight as seems the adhesion between them, it is stronger than is dreamed of by the chameleons of fashion. Twenty years ago arrayed in that same garment, (then new and paid for too,)

'Nice as a bandbox were his dwelling place,'

he led the chosen of his young heart to the nuptial altar; and a twelvemonth after, he gathered it close to his swelling bosom, as he stood by the grave of that beloved one, and heard the solemn 'dust to dust' mingle its awful homily with the hollow murmur of the falling clod. Since then he has worn it through all the vicissitudes which have fallen to his chequered lot. He wore it when fortune, and the dear friends whom she had introduced to him in summer weather, began to eschew the path to his dwelling, while the sheriff, hitherto an excellent stranger there, showed the most amiable anxiety to find his way thither. He wore it amidst all the tender charities of the debtor's prison — he wore it when Tammany rang with the triumph-peal of universal suffrage — he wore it when a mighty city went forth as one man to welcome the nation's guest — he wore it, too, when four years ago, beneath these same trees, he threw up his patriotic hat and hurraed for Jackson, as the war-worn general spurred gallantly forth from the falling barbacan of the ocean castle of Gotham. And he wears it still, dear reader, albeit worse for wear, as thou seest, and haply shall wear it, till the corporation's snapper-up of unregarded humanities, shall deposit the twain in the Golgotha of Potter's-field.

Mark with what an assuming yet dignified air the subject of my wandering eulogy approaches along the deserted avenue. He has doubtless read Chesterfield in his day, for there is nothing like the hurry and awkward embarrassment of that mustachioed dandy who shies him with a rapid step; but all is calm, graceful, and composed. He treads the earth with a subdued gentleness, as if he remembered the near relationship between them — as if he felt that the mighty mother from whose bosom he sprang, and to whose quiet embrace he should at last return, had as it were *nerves* beneath his footfall. Observe with what a home-like and easy assurance he takes possession of his wonted shades, and stretches his decent limbs upon the voluptuous couch which summer loves to spread for such as know how to prize the luxury of her cunning upholstery. There now, dear reader, you have before you a loafer of the purest and best combined elements — one raised by fortune to her sublimest pinnacle — one who has found that exalted eminence, that '*που στειν*' above and beyond the world, for which the vaulting ambition of Archimedes sighed in vain. There, from that lofty station, he looks down with pity, and doubtless without envy, on the pigmy bipeds whose dwindled littlenesses 'show scarce so gross as beetles' to the slant eye of his serene highness. The surge of stormy passions ever heaves and boils beneath him, but even in the climax of its fury, it never shakes his moral Olympus to the quiver of an aspen leaf. The toil and weariness, the clang and jar, the fever and the fret of the subjacent Babel, invade not his supernal elysium. He has cast off forever the coil of earthly-mindedness, and looks aslant on the sordid and care-corroded slough, as the eagle glances from his pride of place on the moulted plume which served but to clog his aspiring wing. And when the reverie is on him, wrapped, like the Hindoo's divinity, in the paradise of his own dreamy beatitude, he forgets for a season that there is indeed somewhere, far off in space, such a dwarfish and one-mooned planet as ours, and remembers not, in his quiet ecstacy, the Lilliputian myriads which crawl and snarl, and snarl and crawl along its rugged sides. O who, that lacks not the genius, would not be a loafer! P.

New-York, July, 1836.

HE WEDDED AGAIN.

Ere death had quite stricken the bloom from her cheek,
Or worn off the smoothness and gloss of her brow,
When our quivering lips her dear name could not speak,
And our hearts vainly strove to God's judgment to bow;
He estranged himself from us, and cheerfully then
Sought out a new object, and wedded again.

The dust had scarce settled itself on her lyre,
And its soft, melting tones still held captive the ear,
While we looked for her fingers to glide o'er the wire,
And waited in fancy her sweet voice to hear;
He turned from her harp and its melody then,
Sought out a new minstrel, and wedded again.

The turf had not yet by a stranger been trod,
Nor the pansy a single leaf shed on her grave,
The cypress had not taken root in the sod,
Nor the stone lost the freshness the sculptor first gave;
He turned from these mournful remembrances then,
Wove a new bridal chaplet, and wedded again.

His dwelling to us, oh how lonely and sad!
When we thought of the light death had stolen away,
Of the warm hearts which once in its keeping it had,
And that one was now widowed, and both in decay;
But its deep desolation had fled even then —
He sought a new idol, and wedded again.

But can *she* be quite blessed who presides at his board?
Will no troublesome vision her happy home shade,
Of a future love luring and charming her lord,
When she with our lost one forgotten is laid?
She must know he will worship some other star then,
Seek out a new love, and be wedded again.

September 1, 1836. J. H. E.

NEW-YORK AND NEW-ENGLAND.

The foreign traveler who lands upon our coast, and passes up and down in our country, is not aware that he is to-day in this state and to-morrow in that: viewing only the large features of our territory, and the protruding peculiarities of our people, as compared with his own or others, he sees not the shades of difference that characterize each section, and the modifications that must belong to a wide, free nation. He travels from large town to large town; rail-roads and steamboats transport him quickly over long distances; he feels he is in the United States — in one place — and nothing occurs to make him doubt the fact, because the under current of society is hidden from his view by the bustling, eager spirit that is every where the same among us.

But how widely do we differ! Although we pay respect to one government, and obey the same laws; although we take the same compliments from foreigners, and despise the same abuse; although we all ring bells on the fourth of July, and fire cannon and huzza, apparently at the same hour and moment on that day, yet there are the same insensible differences in our patriotism and regards for its ceremonies, as in the times in which they occur. As one travels with the sun from

the early scenes of the revolution, where some of the actors and many of its witnesses are still living, he will observe the shouts to grow fainter as he proceeds, until he will find a comparative neglect and carelessness of our national jubilee, in the recent people who are swarming in the West. Not that we would call in question their love of country; they show it by action, if not by the waving of flags, the roaring of cannon, and the parade of arms.

And how can it be otherwise? The West has been born to liberty; the East was born to oppression. The Revolution, Bunker's Hill, Lexington, and Saratoga, are matters of history — of distant history — to the inhabitants of the prairie. In the East are the vestiges of what we were, which cause us to realize what we are. The West is in a moving state, that hardly stops for the Sabbath; and yet she is not wanting in religion — neither is she wanting in patriotism.

However we may regret the differences of the North and South, of the East and West, still we view them as unavoidable — the effects of climate and physical man — which can no more be escaped from, than the law of gravitation. God grant that we may resist these natural influences that separate us — that tinge our minds, while they modify our bodies — and may a stronger moral attraction to one object — liberty — counteract these disuniting tendencies!

But we were thinking of the dissimilarities of New-York and New-England, and the reasons for them; for what can be more unlike than the habits, tastes, politics, and religion of the one and those of the other? The intelligent foreign traveler, perhaps, feels his utter incompetency to draw these lines of distinction, from merely passing through the North; he therefore lumps us in his praises and censures, and only mentions dates and places, from a decent respect for localities, and to give some method to his journal. These remarks of course do not apply to the Atlantic cities, for they are more nearly alike than they believe themselves; but to the country — the bone and sinew of the land — the men and women who carry on the real *bona fide* business of these United States; who manufacture the goods, till the land, gather in the great harvests; those who mow down the deep, tall grass, and breathe the air of hills, and drink the waters of streams, and smell the sweetest of all ordors, that of new mown hay; those who consume at a meal whole cargoes of ships, and, when the bell rings twelve o'clock, eat up mountains of beef and pork; those who flaunt the ribbons and silks and stuffs of a Sunday upon which some jobber has made the fortune that he enjoys luxuriously, without ever dreaming of this great mass that keeps the machinery of Wall-street a-going. When we speak of the people, we would by no means be restricted to the confined walls of cities; for they furnish no criterion of the character of a nation. They are alike in many respects, all the world over; showing the same regard to fashion; acting for external appearance; sacrificing comfort to show; living amid fictitious value and enjoying factitious rank.

'God made the country, but man the town,' and those in the town, we might add; for there man is acted on too much by man, and not enough by nature.

It is hardly necessary to mention that New-York was once the far West, whither the emigrants of New-England wended their way in search of better soil than that which covered the waves of rocks upon

which they were born; but this, far from being a cause of similitude between the two sections, is one great cause of their difference. The early emigrant burst away from the puritanical restraints in which he had been bred, blue laws and all, to find a land where wheat would grow — a land uncursed by the savage barbarity which hung the Quakers, and manifested a murderous thirst for difference of religious opinion. *Loca mutantur et nos mutamur cum illis;* they became independent in bearing, chivalrous in privation, and nurtured a hardy race of sons, now planting the stakes in the western wilderness, and looking beyond the Rocky Mountains. The early settlers of New-York were like some plants that only improve and come to a full maturity by being transplanted. They soon gave evidence of their superiority to those who remained at home; and the magnificence of her public improvements, the energy that never rests while any thing remains to be done, shows that New-York bears upon her soil a race uniting the better parts of New-England character, with a love of enterprise and contempt of difficulty, which nothing can restrain.

While such is and has been the character of New-England emigration, she herself, although exercising a most useful influence in our country, on many accounts, remains stationary, bigoted, and aristocratic. Because the emigrant from her soil is a fine character, it by no means follows he is so at home. We hazard the assertion that New-England is a land of petty aristocrats. Is any one so ignorant as to suppose the reverence for rank and title which the pilgrims brought from England could be done away by the mere intervention of the Atlantic ocean? We refer not particularly to the Plymouth band, but to the early population of the East. They had nursed, in their mother's milk, a love for show, a respect for birth; their being had been imbued with these feelings, and they insensibly taught them to their children. We know that the great object of the Puritans was religious freedom; we know that the pure religion Jesus Christ came to establish, is a religion of liberty, and tolerance, and meekness, and love one toward another; but how can we expect from their early departures from some of these noble principles any high regard for the others? Beside, there is no aristocracy like the aristocracy of superior sanctity. They tasted of power, and became besotted in their love of it, and truckled to rank, and paid reverence to titles. And why not? They had been educated to it. Men arrive at pure principles by reasoning, and thinking, and studying the Bible, and they do, indeed, try to feel and act up to their principles; but it is hard to guard the heart against the alluring sophistries of the world, and to help from being carried along by the current. Heaven forbid, that we should be understood as wanting in respect to the virtue and strength of character of the pilgrims! — but may the same Heaven forbid us to subscribe to their dogmas or be blind to their vices.

The widest distinctions in society were known at the time of our revolution, and served to hasten it on. Old habits have continued to this day; and there is throughout the states east of the Hudson, a family pride — select circles — upper and lower class doctrine — at war with the spirit of our institutions and the *general* advancement of that section, in intelligence, manners, and refinement. Consequently we find there one class eminently distinguished for elegance, learning, and taste, while the great body of the people are inferior — much inferior — to the general

level of American character. This upper class are often too refined to attend to their political duty. They are too much immersed in letters and pleasure — too sublimated, to descend to the vulgar arena of elections. They may talk of public affairs, erect monuments to distinguished men, give of their abundance to all the showy, magnificent operations of the day, and yet do this with an exclusive spirit, and with a haughty patronage, that robs the thing of all republican odor.

It is vastly pleasant to live thus, we acknowledge; it is agreeable to meet none but well dressed, genteel people; and it may be flattering to one's self-love to be acknowledged to be above the mass — to belong to the *elite;* but this is ruinous to the self-respect of those less fortunate than ourselves in education, wealth, and opportunities. The political badinage about 'ruffled shirt gentry' is by no means unfounded as to fact; only that as many of the said luxurious gentlemen probably belong to one political party as to the other. That there will be an aristocracy in every government, as long as all men are not upon a level in moral and intellectual acquirements, is true; a set of *αριστοι* — the best of men, and the more the better: but that people should set themselves up as grandees, look down upon the working classes, instruct their children, by example and precept, to give themselves airs, and make them believe they are of a higher race than the rest of their countrymen, is shocking and disgusting, in a country where merit is acknowledged to be the only path to respectability, and where poverty is felt to be no disgrace.

If in certain towns in the state of New-York this doctrine prevails, it is not general. New-York has no aristocracy, no hereditary grandeur to maintain. There are those who would like such a state of things, undoubtedly, but an overwhelming majority is arrayed against them. Her great population is the growth of a few years. The inhabitants of her thriving villages have grown up together, from small beginnings; some to wealth, some to reputation, and nearly all to ease and comfort. They have had no bad examples before their eyes to nullify the precepts of the declaration of equality. They have been united in poverty and labor; they are united in prosperity and happiness. In no section of our country is there so little parade of family. If wealth gives a man power, he exercises it to advance his pecuniary interests, not to separate himself from his former acquaintances. Some of her leading men are mechanics. They retain their occupation and their sign, though placed far beyond the necessity of manual labor, as if proud to be found in the paths of honest industry. What an incentive to the young mechanic is here! — and we see its effects. New-York is emphatically the government of the people. New-England is emphatically the government of the few.*

While the religious worship of New-England partakes of the drowsy nature of her politics — wishing no change — remaining satisfied with old notions, to escape the trouble of forming new ones — the same life and energy which pervades the political character of New-York shows itself in her sacred observances. Here has risen up the doctrine of re-

* Politicians, so called, in New-England, are neither of the highest nor lowest class, but a kind of medium. Legal and political ambition are rarely united there. When we say that New-England is the government of the few, we mean that political influence is so little cared for, that almost any one may obtain it.

vivals, four days' meetings, extemporaneous oratory, engrafting upon a church remarkable for its quiet dignity of manner and fixedness of opinion, something of the rant of Methodism and disorder of camp-meetings. A people rife with life and ardor could not enjoy the plain, unvarnished truth, written out and delivered in periods never so smooth. They must have the thunders and lightnings that roared and blazed upon the top of Sinai pictured to them — vivid representations of happiness and misery — something striking, decided, and overpowering. And this, by the way, is the reason of the popularity of the Methodist worship in our western states. It has the stamp of originality, the independence of times and places, the disregard of human art and splendor, in keeping with the unwrought solemnity of the majestic woods, and the ceaseless music of the mighty waters.

Unitarianism obtains among many of the intellectual and refined in New-England, but it wants the life, eloquence — the elocution — to recommend it to people who see God, rather in the manifestations of his power, than in the evidences of his love. There is not enough of party zeal about it, to furnish points upon which to hang and wrangle about. It is, perhaps, necessarily sectarian, but it is sectarianism deprived of its gross misrepresentation, its heart-burnings and rank bitterness. It is rather the cause of religion, than of any system of theology, as furnishing the touch-stone of virtue. It is the cause of true liberality; not, as some suppose, of that liberality which would prostrate the temples of God, and tear out from the heart the idea of human responsibility; but that liberality which opens the soul to the mild and purifying influences of charity and love toward our fellow-men; makes human life a voyage of the affections; soothes down the asperities of our nature, and fills the mind with aspirations after something higher and better than merely temporal prosperity, while it encourages enlightened views of the nature and capabilities of man.

When our country shall have passed through the fiery youth of her existence, become satiated with excitements, have grown thoughtful with age, wise by experience — when society shall have become settled — we may hope, not for the establishment of Unitarian sentiments, particularly, nor of any other specific doctrines, but for a system of truth so plain and obvious as to be beyond the ground of cavil and dispute, which shall not fluctuate with men, or accommodate itself to the passing tempests of popular feeling.

We have said New-England exerts a valuable influence in our country — and she does. It is the land of steady habits, of a truth. The hardness and unproductiveness of the soil forces men to labor for subsistence; and when they labor they cannot play. The habits of industry they form there, they carry with them to the fertile west, and in a few years they are placed beyond want, and possess the means to give for the public good. Unless we are much mistaken, the unexampled progress of our western country is owing, in no small degree, to the directness and plain common sense of New-Englanders, applied to its great resources. Theorists and wild speculators can project large plans, and indulge in plausible designs, but one matter-of-fact man is worth them all, in a new country.

But in New-England was made the earliest attempt to establish an institution of learning. Harvard College has nurtured many pure

scholars, who have kept clear the fountain heads of literature, and exerted their unobtrusive influence from one extremity of our country to the other. Around the hallowed precincts of Yale, and Hanover, and Harvard — places having a relative antiquity in the literary history of our country — still lingers the book-worm, the recluse, the martyr to letters — men untrained to the graces of the world without, but trained within to a grace and dignity and elevation of mind, rarely appreciated, because rarely understood; but for every drop of blood dried up in their veins, a pure gem is added to the treasures of the soul. No other part of our country can produce such men, because no where else are the old walls of colleges, and walks trodden by successive generations of scholars, and shades rendered sacred by hours of silent meditation; where the air is redolent of poetic thought, and where inanimate nature herself seems to partake of the intellectual life around her.

But do we estimate the influence of New-England so highly, with all her faults? Her faults are hereditary: she hardly knows them herself, and it is only when away from her beautiful valleys and peaceful villages, that we feel that the real genius of liberty and equality, and republican principles, finds a truer sympathy in the lands which her own hands have helped to adorn, than in herself.

While we may improve ourselves in pointing out the characteristics of the different sections of our country, we neither express nor feel surprise at our dissimilarity. We believe — and we say it rather in a spirit of thankfulness than of boasting — that we are the best specimen of human government upon the earth — strong in our very difference. We are good hints to each other. Each has its own sphere of influence. We can never believe that governments are not as much under the guidance of Heaven as the physical world. Creation is progressive. Human affairs must progress, upon the whole, from the very laws of mind. We cannot, as a world, retrograde. Particular states may rise and fall, but there is a symmetry in things worked out by mighty hands. We believe ourselves the favored child of Heaven — created as an example to the world. There is an organization of feeling and action, apparently discordant, adapted to the growth of the whole. Here are the gardens of mind, there the physical force to be directed; here are the fields that produce our sustenance, there the deserts that make us prize them; here are the waves lashed into fury, there the oil that flows over and calms them; here is the wild luxuriance, the rank growth of too rich a soil, there the restraining hand to crop it. On this hand is too much liberty, on that too much law. As a whole, we are a fine compound, and if we were asked which part of our country we most admired, our answer would be like the child's, who, being teased to tell which one of all his family he loved the best, answered, 'I love you all best.'

J. N. B.

Cortlandville, (N. Y.,) August, 1836.

ODE:

COMPOSED IN PRISON, BY SILVIO PELLICO.*

I.

The love of song, what can impart
To the lone captive's sinking heart?
Thou Sun! thou fount divine
Of light! the gift is thine!

II.

Oh! how beyond the gloom
That wraps my living tomb,
Through forest, garden, mead, and grove,
All nature drinks the ray
Of glorious day —
Inebriate with love!

III.

The jocund torrents flow
To distant worlds that owe
Their life to thee!
And if a slender ray
Chance through my bars to stray,
And pierce to me,
My cell, no more a tomb,
Smiles in its cavern'd gloom —
As nature to the free!

IV.

If scarce thy bounty yields
To these ungenial fields
The gift divine,
Oh! shed thy blessings here,
Now while in dungeon drear
Italians pine.

V.

Thy splendors faintly known,
Sclavonia may not own
For thee the love
Our hearts must move,
Who from our cradle learn
T' adore thee, and to yearn
With passionate desire
(Our nature's fondest prayer,
Needful as vital air,)
To see THEE, or expire.

VI.

Beneath my native, distant sky,
The captive's sire and mother sigh;
O never there may darkling cloud
With veil of circling horror shroud
The rising day,
But thy warm beams, still glowing bright,
Enchant their hearts with joyous light,
And charm their grief away!

* THE above ode was composed by SILVIO PELLICO while he was confined, in chains and darkness, within the damp walls of an Austrian dungeon, in Sclavonia. It has not heretofore been published nor translated. Every thing that comes from Pellico has an interest independent of any particular merit or importance in itself.

SCREAMY POINT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'MR. CLARENCE GOWER.'

'And can forget men's names with a great grace.'—BEN. JONSON.

FROM what circumstance Screamy Point derives its name, I shall not undertake to decide. Some learned antiquarians assert that it was thus called, because its early settlers, being attacked one dark night by Indians, *screamed* so loudly in their panic, that they were heard at another jutting head-land nearly three miles distant, and drove away the savages, who mistook this formidable outcry for a tremendous yell of ambushed braves. Others, with perhaps a greater probability of truth, allege that it was originally designated *Creamy* Point, and that the foaming aspect of the breakers which dash against it, suggested the appellation. For myself, I incline to the conjecture that the true and veritable name of this celebrated watering place is *Screamy* Point, and that it was so christened by the matter-of-fact Yankees in the neighborhood, because the sea-gulls and fish-hawks made it resound with their dissonant cries, long before it had ever been dreamed of by ruralizing cits, as a place for summer recreation. Be this as it may, the cognomen is singularly appropriate. The aërial aborigines have been driven from their desolate haunt; but the pianos and babies, which have displaced them, loudly assert its claims to its original nomenclature.

But a few years since, and a solitary farm-house, with its unseemly appurtenances of barn-yard and pig-pen, was the sole tenement upon this rocky promontory. Suddenly its destinies were changed. There was a hammering and an hurrahing for a few weeks upon the lonely beach, and videlicit, a splendid edifice. Far out at sea is that stately pile discernible, with its long ranges of Corinthian pillars, and the national flag floating from its dome. When less favored spots are burning with unmitigated heat, cool breezes play through its halls and corridors, and the rustling of their fairy pinions, together with the monotonous roll of the untiring surf, might, were it not for human accompaniments, lull the dreamy and imaginative into an elysium of indolent bliss.

Screamy Point is now the focus of fashion, the very pivot of the beau monde. Crowds congregate there from all the cities in the union, and the aspiring rustics of the vicinity, eager to mingle with these brilliant strangers, flock thither in countless numbers Let none who are ambitious of 'moving in the first circles,' neglect a yearly visit to this noted place, though their stay be ever so fugitive. Through the livelong winter which succeeds, it will be to them an epoch—a glorious Hegira! When an occurrence is referred to by their associates, they may perhaps be able to exclaim, with a proud consciousness of exalted worth, 'It happened while I was at Screamy Point!' At all events, they can date and ante-date from that memorable era.

It was the close of a hot August day, and the shadows of evening had begun to shut in around the spot we have been describing. The white sails in the offing were fast fading into dim obscurity, and a blue haze rested upon the inland hills, blending their summits with the clouds. It was nearly time for the tea-bell to ring, and groups of gentlemen were assembled on the piazza of the mansion house. Some in a linen

undress were balancing their chairs upon two legs, and poring over the same newspapers which they had seized upon in the morning. Others were consulting their watches, and hurrying to and fro as if upon the eve of a conspiracy. A few ladies languidly rested their arms upon the balustrade, and looked down upon the nurse maids and children who scampered and rolled over the grass-plot beneath. Within doors, all was important bustle. Waiters were seen passing and repassing the windows; plates, knives and forks clattered, and a nascent steam invaded the olfactories of the expecting.

Just at this momentous juncture, a small neat wagon drew up at the door, and cold, proud stares from the ladies, and inquisitive glances from the gentlemen, were directed toward the new arrival. Scarcely was there time, however, for the most cursory observation, when the bell rang with its usual vociferating peal. The effect was instantaneous. The quiescent gentlemen started up, threw down their newspapers, and fled with inconceivable speed, while the poor nervous men who had been fidgetting and fretting, found themselves far out-distanced by the long and bold strides of these tranquil deceivers. The ladies, having received a previous intimation, had already vanished, and the poor babies opened their round eyes in mute astonishment at the defection of their mama's. One or two of the little cherubs essayed a slight whimper when they found themselves so unceremoniously deserted; but the din of the brazen summons still ringing in their ears, convinced them that competition would be unwise and useless.

In the midst of all this hurry and confusion, the new comers had descended from their vehicle, and an old gentleman who appeared to be the patriarch of the party, consigned its reins into the hands of an attendant ostler. He then made known his requisitions to another functionary of the establishment, and as it was now nearly dark, himself and his companions were furnished with lights, and escorted to their respective apartments.

The ravenous gentry of Screamy Point were at last satisfied, and the remains of the feast were cleared away. A clean cover was laid at one end of the long table, and plates of bread and butter, together with hot dishes of oysters and fish, were placed temptingly upon it. The officiating waiter, having completed his final arrangements, knocked at the doors of the newly arrived guests, and with many bows and cringes conducted them to the eating room.

The old gentleman of whom we have already made mention, his wife, and their son and daughter, were the persons who partook of the repast. They all looked very happy, and seemed gifted with excellent appetites.

'Well, my dear,' said the blithe senior of the party, after the first cravings of hunger were in some measure appeased, 'how do you find yourself after your ride?'

'I feel as brisk as a bee,' said his respectable partner.

'And whose name do you think I have found upon the books?' continued the garrulous worthy, who looked like one of those good country 'Squires, that have a long queue on one side of their head, and a long tongue on the other.

'Do tell us, papa — we shall never guess,' said the young lady, anxiously.

The old gentleman looked around for salt, and was instantly supplied.

'Come, pa,' said his daughter.

'Well, then,' said the venerable news-budget, 'I will tell you! While you were fixing yourselves, I thought I would walk about, and see what was to be seen. In the first place, I went to the stable to find out how Rattler got along. It was well I did, for the rascals were a-going to cheat him out of his oats.'

'Pa,' said the young lady, beseechingly, 'wont you tell us who is here?'

'When I came in,' continued the tantalizing old gentleman, 'they asked me to put my name down in the books, and just as I was going to write, I heard a great letting off of steam. 'Where does that boat come from?' says I to a blackey, who stood close by. 'From the East River, Sir,' says he. 'The booby had just come from New-York, and did n't know the Sound from the East River!'

Here the good soul gave way to a loud cacchination.

'Oh, pa! do tell us!' said the poor suffering descendant of Eve.

The 'Squire looked seriously nettled. 'Mary,' said he, with an air of pompous dignity, 'I am ashamed of you! I do n't know where you got your impatience. Your mother does n't worry so. Why can't you behave like her?'

The excellent matron, who was thus upheld as a pattern to her daughter, had undergone a drilling of thirty years, and was in truth a model of forbearance. She smiled languidly, and motioned Mary to be silent.

The old gentleman was so annoyed by these continued interruptions, that he finished an entire cup of tea before he again opened his lips.

At last, however, the earthy admixture subsided, and the clear bubbling spring was again in a state of effervescence.

'Harriet Ashcroft is here!' said the relenting parent.

'Harriet Ashcroft!' exclaimed the younger members of the family, in tones of joyous hilarity.

'O I am *so* glad!' said the old lady. 'What nice times you will have, Mary! Edward, you went down to Cherry Harbor last week, and you can tell her all about her grandma and her aunt Betsey.'

The young gentleman thus appealed to, was tall and slender, with a fine intellectual forehead, and dark brown eyes beaming with expression. Miss Ashcroft was a friend of his sisters, and the delight which irradiated his face when he heard of her proximity, bore witness to the warmth of his *brotherly* affection.

'Perhaps she will go home with us,' continued the old lady. I should n't wonder at all if she did. '*It can't be* that she means to return to New-York, until the dog days are over.'

'My dear,' said the old gentleman, sagaciously, 'it won't do to anticipate too much, for if we do, we are very apt to be disappointed.'

'I know that, Mr. Raymond,' said the rebuked dame, who appeared to be a little vexed by the remark; 'but I do n't see any thing to hinder Harriet's making Mary a visit. It costs a great deal to stay here, they tell me, and I'm sure she always enjoys herself when she is with us.'

'At all events, we can exert our powers of persuasion,' said the young gentleman, with a smile.

The 'Squire put his fingers in his button holes, leaned back his chair, and kicked the table legs with an air of dogged obstinacy.

'You forget, Mrs. Raymond,' said he, 'that Mr. Ashcroft is one of the richest merchants in New-York. It is not likely that he would care for the *expense* of Harriet's being here.'

'That 's very true,' said the old lady, perseveringly; 'but it 's a great while since she was in Pendleton, and I guess we can get her to go there. Do n't you think so, Mary?' turning to her daughter, with a complaisant smile.

'O I hope so, ma,' said Mary, 'then we can have all those nice rides on horseback over again; and Edward, you can read to us out in the orchard as you used to do. How delightful it will be!'

'Besides,' said the old lady, 'her *grandma* will be *so* glad to see her again! She has had the new kitchen built out, and that short road to Cherry Harbor has been cut through the woods, since Harriet was there.'

The 'Squire had by this time recovered his good humor, and saw that it was useless to contend against the sanguine hopes of these female visionaries. 'My dear,' said he, 'Mary was talking about riding, and whether Harriet goes home with us or not, why can't the girls take a a jolt on Rattler to-morrow? I dare say they 've got a side-saddle here.'

Edward Raymond now saw fit to interpose, and suggested that although Rattler might do very well, where his good qualities were intimately known by every man, woman, and child, upon the road, yet he had rather too much of the Rosinante in his *appearance*, to be a fit steed for a public watering-place. Mary assented to this idea of her brother's, and the old gentleman, after crying fie upon them for their foolish pride, gave up the 'notion,' with more ease than might have been expected from one of his positive temperament.

The meal, which had been somewhat lengthened by these schemes and discussions, was at last concluded. Screamy Point was declared to be the most delightful place in the world, and its oysters and fish of unparalleled excellence.

On repairing to the parlor, not a soul was visible; but the noise of cotillions betraying the theatre of action, our party proceeded to the ball-room. It was no easy matter to obtain an entrance through the dense crowd congregated at the door; but the 'Squire was blessed with sharp elbows, and a pertinacious will — so he at last effected a passage for himself and suite. Once in, they were propelled toward the wall, and finding that struggles did but accelerate their fate, they yielded themselves lamb-like to the tide, and were safely stranded against its white-washed surface. Now then they had leisure to look about them. There was nothing to be seen but a sea of heads ringletted and ribboned, mustachoed, and bewhiskered, advancing and retreating, balancing and chasséeing. The room was so full, that it was impossible to look down at the *feet* of the dancers, and the effect of this ceaseless bobbing was laughably grotesque. No seats were to be procured, and no glimpses of Miss Ashcroft to be obtained. A very short stay in this hall of Terpsichore, sufficed to content the Raymonds, and they made their way out again with all convenient expedition. The old gentleman

then called for lights, and his wife and daughter, complaining of fatigue, ascended to their rooms. It was not long before he followed their example, leaving his son to amuse himself as his inclinations prompted.

It was one of those calm and beautiful evenings, when Nature communes most closely with her children, and showers most bountifully upon them her mysterious influences. The pale moonlight fell with a soft radiance upon the sea, and the huge masses of rock which lay piled around, assumed in the uncertain shade a wild and picturesque grandeur. Tempted by these appearances, the young man strolled forth upon the sands, and as he receded from the mansion-house, his spirit grew lighter, and his step became more free and buoyant. The tinsel of fashion and the inanity of fools may clog for a while the souls of the aspiring; but one walk upon 'the lonely shore,' one ramble through 'the pathless woods,' will remove these feeble shackles, and replume them for their upward flight. The happiest dream must have its awakening, and the most blissful reverie its close; but it was late before our wanderer sought repose upon his pillow.

At the earliest dawn of day, little pattering steps were heard in the halls of Screamy Point, and 'the *rising* generation' commenced their plaintive appeals to the sympathies of the public. Scarcely were the pack in full cry, when other accompaniments chimed in. Carriages rattled, servants shouted, brooms swept, and bells rung. Morning having thus resolutely asserted her dominion, the lazy and sleepy were compelled perforce to rise.

There was a broad glare of sunshine in the drawing-room, when our friends adjourned thither from breakfast, and the motes and flies were disporting themselves merrily in its beams. They took seats in a cushioned bow-window, and considered what was to be done. It had been ascertained by inquiry that Miss Ashcroft and her party had a private table, and the old gentleman, therefore, thought it best to convey to her some intimation of their presence. This rational proposal was negatived by his companions, who wished her to enjoy the agreeable surprise of an unexpected meeting.

A few ladies now made their appearance, and having popped into rocking-chairs, began swaying to and fro with the most laudable activity. Servants came in with their little charges, tied on their bonnets, and tightened their shoe-strings, preparatory to a walk. At last, a tall girl of fourteen, with cropped hair and pantalettes, opened the piano and began to '*practise*.'

Hereupon the gentlemen took up their hats and went out.

Mary and her mother continued patiently sitting by the window. The old lady asked the miss if she played 'Paddy Carey,' and the obliging demoiselle commenced the tune instanter. While their ears were yet regaled with these dulcet sounds, an equipage drove up to the door, whose glittering harness and bedizened coachman attracted their attention. It was entered by several ladies and gentlemen — the whip cracked, the horses pranced, and as it whirled past the window, in one of the occupants of the back seat was recognised Miss Ashcroft!

'There goes Harriet!' said Mary, despairingly: 'O, mother, if we had only taken pa's advice!'

No luggage being attached to the carriage, it was conjectured that

it would soon return, and the mortification of disappointment was speedily succeeded by the somewhat questionable pleasures of expectation. After the lapse of an hour, Mr. Raymond and his son reëntered. His wife and daughter were still sitting in the bow window, and their visages had very perceptibly elongated during his absence.

'What!' said the 'Squire, with an incipient expression of triumph, 'hav' n't you seen Harriet *yet?*'

It was some time before the reluctant truth could be elicited; but facts are stubborn things.

'There!' said the exulting prognosticator, 'did n't I tell you so?'

An elderly dame, who was assiduously knitting in one of the rocking chairs, looked at her sister sufferers with an expression of sympathy, and as her eye caught the glance of the old lady, their hearts warmed toward each other, and a conversation between them commenced. She said that she had come to Screamy Point to get 'sea food,' and this introduced a discussion concerning the merits and demerits of 'help.' Mr. Raymond took up a newspaper, and Edward a magazine. Poor Mary, being companionless, walked to a door, and inquired of a nurse maid who was standing there, how many teeth her baby had!

The accents of fashionable gayety broke in, ere long, upon this humdrum quiet, and a party of ladies and gentlemen were seen rapidly approaching through the piazza. They had apparently just returned from an airing, and were loaded with brilliant bouquets. A tall, stylish-looking girl was in advance, and coquetted audibly with an exquisite who followed her.

'You gentlemen are *such* flatterers!' said she, taking a few steps into the drawing-room.

Edward Raymond looked up from his book, and his fine countenance became instantly suffused with a glow of animated pleasure.

'Miss Ashcroft!' said he, eagerly advancing.

'Harriet!' cried Mary, bounding joyfully across the floor.

'How do you do my dear?' shouted the old couple, simultaneously.

'This bonnet and shawl will suffocate me!' exclaimed Miss Ashcroft, as if unconscious that she was accosted. Saying this, she darted out of the room with the speed of an Atalanta, and ran up stairs, followed by her laughing companions.

When the Raymonds had in some measure recovered from the discomfiture consequent upon the young lady's precipitancy, it was unanimously resolved that the best mode of proceedure would be, for Mary to write her a note, without any further delay, announcing their arrival, and soliciting an interview. This was accordingly done, and the missive was despatched by an ebon Mercury. The messenger soon reappeared, with a broad grin upon his sable phiz, and Edward advanced to interrogate him.

Sambo seemed to be wonderfully amused.

'Please, Sir,' said he, 'Miss Ashcroft has laid down.'

'Is she ill?' said Edward, haughtily.

'No, Sir, she aint sick,' replied the black, instantly sobered by the demeanor of his questioner.

'What message did she direct you to deliver?' said Edward, in the same high tone of command, which he had previously assumed.

'She said that she was too tired to see company, Sir,' said Sambo, who had lost all his merriment, and seemed to be getting very uneasy.

'You may go,' said Edward, with a satirical smile, and the words had hardly escaped his lips, before the duck legs of the negro were seen flying with all speed through the distant perspective of the hall.

Edward now returned to inform his family of this affectionate message, and it was received with unmeasured indignation.

'She might at least have sent Mary an invitation to go up to her room,' said the old lady, spitefully: 'I did n't think this of Harriet Ashcroft.'

Mary could scarcely refrain from tears, and the 'Squire stamped angrily about, with his arms folded a-kimbo behind him.

The first ebullition of wrath and sorrow passed gradually away; kind feelings obtained their accustomed predominance, and indulgent conjectures succeeded to harsh expressions. 'Harriet was *so* delicate!' 'She was probably tired out, poor child, and hardly knew what she said.' Besides, 'she was never over nice, and perhaps her room was in such disorder that she was ashamed to let Mary see it.' 'All would no doubt be explained when they met.'

Quieted by these and sundry other surmises, our party speedily regained their habitual cheerfulness. It was then proposed to take a walk among the woods and waterfalls of the neighboring hills, and the suggestion was accordingly acceded to. Mrs. Raymond's new friend was invited to join them, and after knitting into the middle of her seam-needle, rolling up the embryo stocking, and depositing it in her work-bag, she declared herself ready for the ramble.

The morning wore happily away in this rural expedition. The freshness of the sea breeze and the fineness of the weather afforded constant themes for gratulation to these simple and unsophisticated beings, while the varieties of insect life, and the brilliant hues of the tufted wild flowers, which sprung from the crevices of the rocks, exhausted all their epithets of admiring wonder. There is a sympathy between pure minds and the works of nature, which age cannot chill, nor ignorance diminish. Worldlings may rave in set phrases of ecstacy, when their attention is directed toward the beautiful or sublime; but it remains for the innocent and the good to *feel* what these pretenders may perhaps more happily *express*.

In the midst of these pleasurable emotions, the hearts of the worthy Raymonds were called upon for a tribute of painful sympathy. The old lady who accompanied them, in passing through a fissure of rock which was rather too narrow to admit her burly person, tore the black silk dress which had probably served her as a holiday suit for a long series of eventful years! Who can tell the associations which were connected with that glossy fabric! In seasons of wo — in times of joy — on fast-days and thanksgiving-days — at burials and christenings, it had been donned with scrupulous precision, and refolded with careful hands, until it had become, as it were, identified with the very destinies of its wearer.

While Mrs. Raymond was comforting the unfortunate dame, and pinning up the rent, Edward and Mary having run through with their vocabulary of condolence, ascended an adjacent precipice and looked down into a deep ravine which lay on the opposite side. What was their surprise, when, seated on a mossy bank, by the side of a rippling brook that glided peacefully past, they beheld the fatigued, the somno-

lent Harriet! The same finical-looking gentleman stood beside her with whom she had appeared so engrossed when they saw her in the drawing-room, and another group of ladies and gentlemen were chatting gaily at a little distance.

'Who were those odd-looking people that you cut so capitally this morning?' said the cavalier, in a drawling, indolent tone.

'O do n't mention it!' said Miss Ashcroft, laughing. 'Would you believe it, the fools did n't take! I had barely time to congratulate myself upon my escape, when there came a note from them, begging to see me!'

'That 's too good, 'pon honor!' said the gentleman, his whole frame apparently agitated with convulsions of mirth. 'But who are they?' continued he, when the paroxysm had a little gone by.

'Who are they?' said Miss Ashcroft: 'that would be difficult to say! They grow in an out-of-the-way place called Pendleton; but as I am not much of a botanist, I can merely tell you that they are of the genus Rustic, and the class Gawky.

'Ha! ha! ha! — very good, 'pon honor!' said the gentleman.

Miss Ashcroft was encouraged by the approbation which her witticisms received, and went on with her agreeable remarks. She however made no allusions to her grandma or Cherry Harbor, and led her auditor to suppose that her acquaintance with the Raymonds was of a very recent and accidental growth.

'The summer of the cholera,' said she, 'we penetrated into Pendleton, and spent three whole months there! I only wonder how I survived! These people are quite magnates in that little village, and they completely smothered me with their attentions. It helped to pass away the time, so I endured them. I had a regular flirtation with the son, and I really believe I made the conceited bumpkin think I was in love with him!'

'Capital! capital!' said the gentleman, bending back almost double in his exceeding delight.

Edward and Mary had heard quite enough, and turned to descend from the 'bad eminence' they stood upon. The effort detached a pebble from the height, and it fell at the feet of Miss Ashcroft and her companion. They looked up, and beheld the objects of their poignant satire.

On rejoining her parents, poor Mary's emotions were utterly uncontrollable; and as she burst into a flood of tears, an explanation became necessary. It is much less difficult to forgive our own private injuries, than an affront offered to those we love; and Miss Ashcroft's allusions to Edward steeled the hearts of the old people against her more effectually than if she had reviled *them* with the utmost malice of personal invective. Confidence abused, and affection slighted, rendered the walk back to the Mansion House a very sad one.

At dinner, Mary's swollen eyes and pale cheeks betrayed how deeply she had grieved. The frowns of the 'Squire and Mrs. Raymond made apparent every furrow in their wrinkled visages; but the calm, proud bearing of their son, showed that although the arrow might rankle deeply in his heart, he was resolved to conceal it with Spartan firmness. How little does the world know the secret sorrows of those who mingle in its scenes! Meats were carved,

vegetables praised, the topics of the day discussed — all went on as usual — and not a glance of sympathy, not an accent of kindness, lent its balm to these lacerated souls. The greater part of the guests at the table were as much absorbed with the contents of their plates, as if eating was the sole object of life, and dinner the final cause of existence. Nor was the mere absence of fellow feeling the only trouble consequent upon this harrassing meal. It is so trying, when one's heart is almost breaking, to be compelled to lend attention to the petty frivolities of others! A lady sat opposite Mary, who was surrounded by a sandy-haired progeny, and whenever either of the little masters gave utterance to a remark which, in the opinion of the doating mother, savored of intellectual precocity, she looked across at her unfortunate vis à vis, to enjoy her tribute of admiration.

'Ma, I don't want so much gravy!' said one of the urchins, pushing away his plate, with a toss of petulant disgust.

'It is not such nice gravy as you get at home, is it love?' said the sapient mama, smiling with undisguised pleasure at this brilliant sally of her offspring, and directing a glance at poor Mary, to see if it was observed and appreciated.

Mary felt herself called upon to smile in return; but the effort produced merely a contortion.

All earthly distresses have their commencement and their close, and dinner was at last concluded. Screamy Point had now lost all its attraction for the Raymonds, and they resolved to return immediately to Pendleton. The ladies went to their rooms to collect their wardrobe and put on their travelling accoutrements; the old gentleman repaired to the bar to pay his bill, and Edward, having no preparatory arrangements to employ him, whiled away the time by walking out on the piazza. It was a beautiful afternoon. The sky was cloudless, and the placid waters flashed brilliantly in the sunshine. Edward leaned his head upon his hand, and visions of the past flitted rapidly before him. He had loved Harriet Ashcroft! Yes — he had loved her with all the warmth and ardor of a first, enthralling love! With the ambitious aspirings of day, and the gorgeous fantasies of night, he had unconsciously associated her image, and his high wrought hopes of future distinction had been principally cherished as reflecting their yet unattained glories upon her. The summer of the cholera was *not* the first time that he had seen her. Her father was a native of the most sterile parish in Pendleton, but had early in life entered a counting-house in New-York, and being clear-headed and prudent, had gradually amassed a fortune, which was great, even in that city of millions. The mother and a maiden sister of this successful accumulator were still living in the old homestead at Cherry Harbor, and would have deemed themselves highly honored by a connexion with the Raymonds. From her childhood, Harriet had been an occasional visiter at her grandmother's, and becoming very intimate with Mary, had been frequently induced to exchange the somewhat sordid economy of the arrangements at Cherry Harbor for the comforts and amusements which invited her acceptance at Mr. Raymond's. While in Pendleton, she had seen fit to throw aside her meritricious graces, and assuming the semblance of a better nature, had won a heart which she could neither

understand nor appreciate. She was now with a party of exclusives who prided themselves upon their aristocratic lineage, and fearing that the humble genealogies of her ancestors would be discovered, should she acknowledge her *ci devant* friends, she hesitated not one moment to sacrifice them to her contemptible vanity. When reason removes the film from the eyes of love, the light is so painful to the wilful little deity, that he sometimes closes them again in a voluntary blindness. Not so in the present instance. Edward Raymond had learned to *know* the heartless creature upon whom he had lavished the treasure of his affections, and his was not one of those weak minds which continue to love, after the object of adoration is discovered to be unworthy. He had awoke from a long and blissful dream; but the narcotic which had steeped his senses had lost its influence forever. O world! world! — how bitter are thy lessons!

While he indulged these passionate musings, sounds of merriment resounded through the house; the bowling of nine-pins was heard from an adjacent alley; passing strangers eyed him indifferently as they sauntered forth, and he felt as if he longed to be once more in the verdant groves and sequestered haunts of his innocent, his peaceful home! He arose from his recumbent posture, and as he turned to reënter the mansion, he saw Miss Ashcroft and her party issuing from a private door. They appeared to be in high glee, and laughed loudly, as they wended their way down to the beach. Soon after, a white sail was hoisted, and a small boat shot from the strand. It was the last he has ever seen of Harriet Ashcroft. Before the sun had set, the Raymonds were far away from the glare and din of Screamy Point, and safely reëstablished in their own happy Pendleton.

A few days after the occurrences we have narrated, Miss Ashcroft, her chaperon Mrs. Franks, and her admirer Mr. Russell Colt, were standing together at the window of their private parlor, and amusing themselves by their remarks upon the people without. Mrs. Franks was a tall, faded-looking woman, whose physiognomy bore traces of the wear and tear of fashionable dissipation. We shall not attempt a description of Mr. Colt, for he belonged to that *exquisite* species of our race, which are so very fragile, that we have never dared to catch a specimen to examine.

'What a desert Screamy Point is becoming!' said Mrs. Franks. 'Since the Bakers have gone, there is not a soul here that one ever meets with in society.'

'How the creatures stare at me!' said Mr. Russell Colt, drawing back indignantly from the window.

'Such lots of common people!' continued Mrs. Franks. 'Harriet, it's really insufferable! What *shall* we do?'

'Suppose we go to the Springs?' said Miss Ashcroft. 'Mama writes me word, Mr Colt, that your friend, Col. Harcourt, is there, and I am dying to see him.'

'Harcourt's immensely droll,' said Mr. Russell Colt. 'I do n't believe he's there now. He likes change, as well as the Chinese. Take my advice, Miss Ashcroft, and do n't go to the Springs. They 're a confounded bore.'

'Is Mr. Colt very intimate with Col. Harcourt?' inquired Mrs. Franks of Harriet — for the exquisite looked dreadfully fatigued.

'Dear me, yes!' said Miss Ashcroft. 'Mr. Colt told me all about him, long before it was known that he intended visiting this country. I had just been reading 'Cecil Thorne,' and was delighted to find any one who knew the author. They were introduced by the Duke of Bedford.'

'The Duke is a relation of yours, is he not, Mr. Colt?' said Mrs. Franks.

'So he says,' replied Mr. Russell Colt. 'He soon found out that I was a Russell, and used to be monstrous polite; I was bored incessantly with his dinner invitations.'

'I should like to go to England,' said Miss Ashcroft, musingly.

'Should you?' said Mr. Colt, in a tone of remarkable blandness. 'Perhaps *I* may go again, some day.'

The lady made no reply; but Mr. Colt fancied that he detected a blush, which was decidedly favorable to his suit.

It was now about five years since the first appearance of Mr. Colt in the hemisphere of fashion. There is no aspect in which luminaries appear more brilliant, than when emerging from the bed of ocean; and accordingly this skilful tactician made his début in New-York society from on board a Liverpool packet-ship. His success was unprecedented, for even national pride was enlisted in his behalf. Here were American mustaches more exuberant than any of Parisian growth, and here was Pelham out-Pelhamed by an *indigenous coxcomb!* Although a native republican, let it not be supposed that Mr. Russell Colt was destitute of pretensions to *birth*. It is altogether a mistake to imagine that we have not as good blood on this side of the water as they can boast of on the other. Scions from nearly all the noble families in England have emigrated to this country — engrafting their honors upon the tree of liberty — and the illustrious house of Bedford was charged with the paternity of Mr. Colt. It is true that some of the envious canaille insinuated that he had formerly been seen behind a counter in Maiden-Lane; but there are strange resemblances in this world, and the report was too improbable to gain a moment's credence. It was also hinted by the malignant, that during Mr. Colt's residence abroad, he had not been received with all the distinction which he represented; and that his knowledge of English society was limited to the inmates of boarding-houses, and the miscellaneous contents of stage-coaches. This calumny was also rejected by those who *knew* the gentleman, and the shafts of malice glanced harmlessly aside from the invulnerable panoply that shielded him.

Mrs. Franks was a leader of the ton, and belonged to one of those old Virginia families which look down with contempt upon the plebeian New-Englanders. And have they not abundant reason? The Pilgrims left their native land with the most selfish views — for the mere purpose of securing their private welfare, and the free exercise of their religion; but the first settlers of the 'old dominion' were actuated by higher and nobler motives, for they 'left their country for their country's good!' Such being the lineage of Mrs. Franks, she was of course peculiarly aristocratic in her feelings and prejudices. She had accordingly

taken Mr. Russell Colt into her especial favor, and he flattered himself that he was making no inconsiderable progress in the good graces of the *rich* Miss Ashcroft.

We left this amiable trio standing by the window, in the full flow of interesting conversation, and we will now return to listen to it.

'Bless me!' said Mrs. Franks, looking out, 'who *has* Mr. Franks got with him?'

In another moment the door opened, and the aforesaid Mr. Franks appeared with his remarkable companion. Mr. Franks was a rotund little man, with great bushiness of whisker, and seemed at the present moment to be swelling with importance.

'Mrs. Franks,' said the inflated pigmy, waving his hand with a tremendous flourish, 'give me leave to introduce to you Col. Harcourt. Col. Harcourt, permit me to make you acquainted with Miss Ashcroft. It is unnecessary to name Mr. Russell Colt.'

The ladies assumed their most gracious smiles, while Mr. Colt advanced and shook the stranger's hand with the greatest appearance of cordiality. We will just whisper in the reader's ear that he had never set eyes upon him before, and that he was trembling like an aspen, for fear of an eclaircissement.

We shall now assume the privilege of story-tellers, and introduce Col. Harcourt to our readers.

This much-talked-of personage was an English officer, of high birth and distinguished bravery. He was also the author of a very fascinating novel, and the avowed object of his present tour was to collect materials for a book upon America. There was a supercilious John Bullism about him, but he was nevertheless essentially a gentleman. He was aware that he was a lion, and thought it best, therefore, to be as shaggy as possible. As he could not easily provide himself with a *mane*, he placed his *main* dependence for the support of the character upon a pea-jacket, of a very coarse texture, and the rest of his dress corresponded with this singular jerkin. While Mr. Franks was performing his introductions, the keen eyes of Col. Harcourt were detecting American peculiarities. 'They do not introduce '*gentlemen*,' thought he, when Mr. Russell Colt was so familiarly passed over; 'merely *ladies*, and the men shake hands without *any* introduction. Strange custom! I must remember it to-night in my note-book.'

'You could not have come to Screamy Point at a worse time, Col. Harcourt,' said Mrs. Franks, in her most honied accents. 'You must not form an opinion of American society, from what you see here now.'

'Pardon me, my dear madam,' said Col. Harcourt, with a smile; 'I have but just arrived; yet I have already observed not a little beauty and fashion.'

'Indeed, Col. Harcourt,' said Mrs. Franks, earnestly, 'I do assure you there is nobody here at present. At least, nobody who is at all in society.'

'I saw a very pretty, well-dressed girl a few moments since,' said Col. Harcourt, 'who would, I am sure, to use a soldier's phrase, 'pass muster' any where.'

'Can you describe her?' said Mrs. Franks, with much anxiety.

'Not very accurately, I apprehend,' replied Col. Harcourt. 'All I can

recollect is, that she had most radiant dark eyes, and a very bewitching little mouth: I am confident, however, that she is perfectly presentable.'

'O, I dare say it was that Miss Casey!' said Mrs. Franks. 'Her father is an oil-merchant, or something of that sort. She is not visited, and I have never even spoken to the girl. Harriet, have you ever met her?'

'Never,' said Miss Ashcroft, haughtily. 'Mama is very particular about my acquaintances.'

''Pon honor! you must n't judge by *her*, Harcourt!' said Mr. Russell Colt, whose lips absolutely blanched with the boldness of the experiment he was making.

'Sir!' said Col. Harcourt, turning around, and fixing his eyes upon Mr. Colt, with a most intimidating sternness of expression.

'You have not seen Mr. Colt before for a long time, have you, Col. Harcourt?' inquired the unsuspicious Mr. Franks.

'The impertinent Yankee is lecturing me because I looked down the insolence of this puppy,' thought the Colonel. 'I must not commit myself in such a queer country: I will bear with him.'

'True, Sir,' said he, with the most amiable simplicity, 'it is not *very* long!' 'Only *about five minutes*,' growled the chafed lion, inaudibly.

Mr. Colt looked the perfect picture of amazement, and his courage rose immediately to fever heat.

'Harcourt,' said he, 'how comes on your book?'

The Englishman deigned him no reply, and Mr. Colt got up and walked to a window.

'Who *is* this Mr. Colt?' said Col. Harcourt, in a low tone to Miss Ashcroft: 'he seems a very odd sort of person.'

'Who *is* he?' said Miss Ashcroft, in astonishment. 'You are joking, Col. Harcourt:' and the young lady absolutely laughed in his face.

'These American girls are excessively rude,' thought the Colonel, 'and their perception of the ridiculous is really somewhat annoying.'

Mr. Russell Colt observed this little by-play of whispering, and approached the parties with unwonted precipitancy. All further discussion concerning his peculiarities was of course precluded.

'Here is a new publication, Col. Harcourt,' said Mr. Franks, taking up a volume from the centre-table, and handing it to the traveler. 'The reviewers speak of it in the very highest terms, and although the author is not known, it is understood that he is a native American.'

'Ay! this reminds me,' said Col. Harcourt, 'that I must bid you a reluctant farewell, ladies. The author of that book is a Mr. Raymond, who, I learn, has been here very recently; and as I am extremely desirous to make his acquaintance, and have an engagement to meet him in Boston on Friday, I must follow him immediately. I have brought him letters from Professor Wilson and Captain Marryatt. You have reason to be proud of your countryman, Mr. Franks. His articles in Blackwood and the New Monthly are always sought for with avidity, and as he is yet very young, he will undoubtedly stand one day at the head of your national literature. I have no time to lose, and I trust, ladies, that you will be so indulgent as to excuse my abruptness.'

Col. Harcourt accordingly took his departure, strangely puzzled with

the distinctions of American society, and somewhat mystified concerning the rules of good breeding, which obtain in the fashionable circles of New-York. The English public was of course edified with the result of his observations, when his book made its appearance.

After he had gone, Miss Ashcroft had leisure for reflection. She was not destitute of discernment, and although Mr. Russell Colt had, as if by a miracle, escaped detection, she was very suspicious that he was not all that he had pretended to be. Col. Harcourt, instead of meeting him with the cordiality of friendship, had evidently regarded him with contempt. Circumstances led her to compare this crest-fallen fop with the noble being whom she had *herself* despised, and the parallel thus instituted was not remarkably agreeable. She was not aware of the celebrity which Edward Raymond had been acquiring, and for the first time his full worth flashed vividly upon her. Could she have 'lured the tassel gentle back again,' she would have deemed herself unutterably happy. She had the sense, however, to perceive that this would be impossible, and she was right in the conclusion. They have never met since that memorable visit to Screamy Point, and their paths are now diverging more and more. *He* is fast rising to a proud station among the sons of fame, and *she* is still painfully toiling for the suffrages of fools. E. B. C.

TO THE EVENING STAR.

Star of the west! — thy dewy beam
Looks o'er our mingled joy and wo —
Reflected in the glassy stream,
Thou deign'st to light the world below;
While the waves ripple their reply
To the low breeze's evening sigh.

Star of the west! — when Nature sleeps,
And the last glance of day is gone,
And when the balmy dew-drop weeps,
Thou shin'st and sparklest there alone,
And throw'st thy ray of silver light
On the dun breast of coming night.

Star of the west! — whose glories burn,
As if to guard while we are sleeping,
Ere we retire, to thee we turn,
And gaze where thou thy watch art keeping.
Thy gentle influence o'er us shed,
And with sweet slumbers bless our bed!

And Thou, who mad'st the glorious star,
And guid'st it through its heavenly flight,
Who guard'st us wheresoe'er we are,
Through radiant day or gloomy night;
Oh, shed around the willing heart
The light that never can depart!

ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE.

COLERIDGE says finely of Shelly, I think, that 'he lived neither in space nor time, but as if by the way.' He meant, I suppose, that he was so little affected or interested by the circumstances around him, and the times in which he seemed to exist, as not to belong to the age or the world, but was as if he had stepped aside from the track of time, while the world, forgetting its passenger, moved by him. The world used a remissness in his case with which it is seldom chargeable. What agent of what line or mode of conveyance ever used the diligence, or had the success, of the world, in decoying or hurrying, *nolens volens*, into its moving machine, the hesitating traveler? To turn the poet's words to our own account, all the world's a stage,* and with the capacity of an omnibus, the punctuality of a steam-car, and the inflexibility of a rail-road, it chooses a direction, appoints a time, and finds a place, for all the men and women of this moving sphere. 'So the world goes,' is the signal. The way is cleared. All things must govern themselves according to its times and motions. It would be a wiser folly to delay for one's private convenience yon train where we behold in simultaneous motion the dwellers in an hundred homes, than to question the right of the world to go when, and where, and at what jog, it pleases. If it is a sufficient apology for hurrying business, breaking engagements, neglecting friends, that the steam-cars leave at four; how much more for all omissions, deficiences, and imperfections, that 'so the world goes!'

He who has travelled much, knows very well that travelling is a condition of great license. One may *then* indulge in habits seriously condemned at home. Actions become innocent or indifferent which in a state of rest are esteemed injurious and immoral. The stage or the steam-boat are no places in which to be prim and decorous. One must relax a little from his dignity and propriety, and fall in with the prevailing tone of feeling. It is folly to assert his personal character, or strive to exert his personal influence, with companions of a day. Example cannot be of much weight, which is to be manifested for so short a season, and before men who are not expecting to see models of excellence. Forsooth, they are travelling too, and men do not support characters when they journey. The toil of the jaunt is enough, without the restraints of propriety. And where one finds this spirit, he must be accommodating. He must sink his peculiarities, be they those of virtue, decorum, or profession, in a stage-coach. He cannot, again, be very particular in the observance of his usual and conscientious habits, while he is moving from place to place. His private duties are inconvenient. This sleeping two in a room leaves him no privacy. In fine, he must wait till he gets home, before he can renew his accustomed habits and duties, of however private and personal a nature. He must get home, before he can act aright.

The world may be said to be on one everlasting journey. It is one great, crowded stage-coach. Accommodation is here, too, the principle of action. 'So goes the world,' and at the signal we may fancy mankind with one universal rush, as if to the last coach, scrambling

* A 'stage,' as a stage-coach, is a new reading of Shakspeare, which is 'respectfully submitted.'

into the impatient vehicle. All have in their hurry left their characters, their habits, their principles, behind them. Behold them seated! There is a universal congratulation at their successful settlement. A common journey excites a common interest, and without inquiry into, or minute observation of, the feelings, pursuits, and principles of their fellow travelers, it is 'hail fellow! well met,' all around. Now is no time for nice distinctions. They are travelling. Shall private feelings and peculiarities be permitted to disturb the common sentiment of good will? Will any one be rude enough to object to the general tone of feeling, or confess any distaste to the common topic of discourse? Is it not the only wisdom to fall in with the spirit of the place? Will one sit like a churl, in the corner of the coach, cloaked in unsociality? Will not silence be taken for stupidity — the frown of virtue for the cant of hypocrisy — the dignity of rectitude for the self-complacency of pride? Can the world's passengers, a promiscuous throng, appreciate our motives, our good sense, our force of character? Are they enough self-possessed in the exciting journey, to perceive, regard, and be influenced by a good example? Have not they, too, left their characters at home? Did they not leave in a hurry, unprepared to meet honesty, decorum, or religion on their tour, and so have dressed themselves in their worst suit, careless of their appearance before the transient crowd? And is it not esteemed untravelled and in bad taste to expose to the joltings of the way and the crowd, and to the dust of the road, the starch and gloss of one's best attire?

The passengers of 'the world' are like a traveler who roams the earth for a resting place. He looks forward to every stage as the end of his journey. He arrives there — looks about for a moment — the bell rings — 'stage ready!' — and loath to quit his companions of a day, he orders on his luggage, and is again a rover. So with the stagers of the world; they anticipate the goal and the time, when a home different from the world shall receive them to its quiet bosom; where friends shall surround them — where there will be motive, and reward for acting out the character they would exhibit, without the fear of any misconception — where there shall be rest and retirement for forming habits, acting up to principles, for living a conscientious and a Christian life. But as the journey progresses, the goal travels too. 'So goes the world,' rings in the ear of the way-worn traveler forever. There is no place so retired and out of the way that the world does not pass it. It dines, and sups, and rests, at every town in the country. It has its public house in every hamlet. Its bustle, its business, its hurry, its crowd, disturb the quiet of every village. The stage stands before the door of every house. 'The world, the world,' is heard calling up its passengers in every street and unnamed alley. There is one constant invitation to come, free and for nothing, (thus has the strong opposition of the world to virtue cheapened its fare,) and occupy its seats, and be whirled off upon its unending tour, where dust shall dim the eye, noise dull the ear, crowds deaden the feeling, variety cloy and corrupt the taste, till the senses become the inlets of impure, distorted, unreal, indiscriminate ideas.

In these days of universal travel, not to journey in the world is a narrow-minded, bigotted, or hypocritical prejudice. It is quitting the most wealthy, tonnish, and notorious society. It is confessing a distaste for

the fashions, the diversions, the occupations of the polite, which are the fine arts of the age. It is to be, as it were, the servants of the world's proprietors, who, while they are on their foreign, fashionable, and finishing tour, are left at home to take care of the estate — to watch over and instruct the children — to feed and advise the poor, who hang on to the world's establishment; it is to be left at home to see that the fences are not broken down, that the gardens are not robbed, that the walls are not dilapidated; to look after the finances, without which the world's owners could not travel — in fine, to keep the world's great edifice from going to utter ruin, and its estate from hopeless bankruptcy, through the neglect and extravagance of its masters — to do all the work which enables them to be doing nothing. This it is not to travel in the world. It is to be the veriest drudges and slaves to the severest toil — to have one everlasting working-day. It is to be both school-master and guardian, both curate and constable, both steward and clerk — and this too, in an establishment which has fewer servants than masters. Can one hesitate which to choose — to travel in the world and fly from toil, or to stop 'by the way' to perform all the work that the world makes? It is to choose between riding over the road, and working upon it! To live 'by the way,' is to make this the deliberate choice. It is to withstand the thousand invitations of the day, to occupy a stuffed cushion in the easiest vehicle, with the most sensitive springs, and the gayest company, and to walk off from the even and easy track into the jolting, stony path 'by the way,' encumbered with all the obstructions which the world has thrown from its route, in its labors to smooth, and level, and speed its course. It is to stand still while all is in motion — to seem to the world's untiring, unflagging speed, a fixed, diminishing, evanished point. It is to be a sworn foe to all internal improvements which shorten the arduous routes over which honesty and principle are wont to plod, with their small and patient merchandise. This it is to live 'by the way.'

Nevertheless, commend me to a life 'by the way.' If 'space' is the arena of the world, and 'time' the spirit of the age, I would live neither 'in space nor time,' but as if 'by the way.' To all who have taken passage in the world, I give warning that it runs a dusty road. It seeketh the levelest and smoothest, but it is the lowest route. It crosseth sands and deserts, and the Pontine marshes. It never emergeth from the shade, nor ascendeth to the clear sunlight, and the wide and spreading prospect. It speedeth, till one cannot count the dwellings by the way, and observation wearieth of monotony. Danger is the only one of all the shifting company that sitteth constant by thy side throughout the journey.

Docile traveler! be advised. Quit thy resolve. Even at some risk, leap from the world's conveyance, and walk 'by the way!' — live 'by the way!'

H. W. B.

Cambridge, (Mass.,) August, 1836.

BABE, DYING IN THE MOTHER'S ABSENCE.

He lay 'tween life and death. The priestly hand
Was lifted o'er him, and with tender touch
Laid the baptismal water on his brow —
While earnestly a solemn tone bespoke
A place in heaven, for that departing soul,
In Jesus' name.

The half-closed eye was still,
As a dead gem set in a lily's cup,
But the small hand thrill'd like a living bird,
Within the nurse's clasp. She was not there,
Who nurtur'd that fair boy, and day by day
Mark'd his smooth limbs to fuller roundness swell,
And garner'd up each tiny, gleeful shout
As music in her heart. She was not there.
Had she but known his peril, what had chain'd
That rushing traveler? Not the mountain's steep,
Nor the swol'n flood, nor midnight's wildest storm,
Had won a thought from her, whose yearning soul
Was knit to his. Or had one darken'd dream,
'Mid the sweet intercourse of distant friends,
Brought the chang'd image of her cherub babe,
Not as she left him, fresh and full of sports,
But sleepless, starting from his cradle-bed,
His pearly teeth clos'd strongly in his pain,
With a harsh, grating sound, and the poor tongue,
Untrain'd to language, murmuring out his grief,
Or had she seen him from his favorite cup
Still put the spoon away, until his lip,
So like a rose-bud, sallow grew, and thin,
How had she burst away, to see him die,
Or die with him!

But now, 'tis all too late;
One quivering gasp upon a hireling's breast,
And all is o'er. Methought some secret tie
Bound him to earth. What did thy pale hand seek,
With such a groping eagerness, poor babe?
Thine absent mother? Didst thou long to feel
Her kiss upon thine eye-lids, or her breath
Parting thy curls, and passing up to heaven,
A winged prayer?

Would that I could forget
The weeping of that mother, when she takes
That ice-cold baby to her bursting heart,
Or, even for that too late, doth frantic press
The pitying sexton for one last drear sight
Of her lost darling, in his desolate bed,
Most desolate, amid the mouldering throng.

O mother, mother! from thy cradled charge
Part never: while the fragrant life he draws
From thine own breast, cling to him, as the soul
Doth wed its clay. Is there a boon on earth
One half so precious as the infant's love
To her who bore him? Can the pageant world,
With its brief fashions, or the fever'd gaze,
Exploring earth's broad scenery, buy one hour
Like his sweet, breathing slumber in her arms?
O no, no, no!

So, take thy priceless meed,
The first young love of innocence, the smile
Singling thee out from all the world beside,
And if amid this hallow'd ministry
Heaven's messenger should claim the unstain'd soul,
Be thine the hand to give it back to God.

L. H. S.

BATTLE OF BLOODY BROOK.

A PASSAGE IN AMERICAN HISTORY.

'What hallows ground where heroes sleep?
'Tis not the sculptured piles you heap!
In dews that heavens far distant weep,
Their turf may bloom.' CAMPBELL.

Every incident connected with the early history of our country, in which the valor of our forefathers was signally displayed, comes down to us with all the interest of self-love, and all the freshness of romance. We love to dwell, for reasons better felt than explained, on the deeds of our sires, and the times that tried their souls. There is something hallowed in the associations which gather around us, while reflecting on those instances of devotedness and chivalrous patriotism which distinguished their acts — a feeling almost of devotion. Too many of those deeds have gone down to oblivion 'unhonored and unsung;' and if perchance a fragment of the past is snatched from the grasp of Time, it excites in us sentiments the more sacred from the lapse of years.

But there was a period in our country's story, beyond that in which our forefathers struggled to make us a free and happy people — a time whose history is but faintly chronicled — when the sufferings of our pioneer ancestors were unwept and unrequited. That epoch would seem to have been swallowed up in the interest of the events which followed; yet those earlier periods afford us examples of unparalleled sufferance and unmatched heroism.

It was a gloomy era, when the fair face of our country was every where a dark wilderness — when our pilgrim fathers were at all times surrounded by the beasts and the savages of the forest — and when all was rude and cheerless. In the progress of scenes, from that time forward, many and dangerous were the vicissitudes by which they were marked. The eternal solitude which gave place to the busy hand of the settler, and the umbrageous darkness that disappeared from around his humble domicil, were yet the stilly haunts of the Indian. As the plain, in time, was made to yield support for the new-comer, and the cabins of the white men began to thicken along the valley, the red man reluctantly retired to the mountain. His pleasant places on the uplands, beside the rivers, stocked with the scaly tribes yielding to him sustenance, had become occupied. The level patches where he raised his corn, with the beautiful hills where his tribe loved to congregate, were in the possession of the stranger. His nearer hunting grounds were disturbed, and his game began to disappear. Thus dispossessed of his inheritance, and disquieted in his neighbouring solitudes, the primitive and rightful lord of the soil deeply fostered a secret hate against the cause of his grievances. As he gathered around his council-fire, and reflected on the stranger's encroachments, or listened to the complaints of his brethren, and the exciting eloquence of his chiefs, his soul began to kindle within him, and his bosom to swell with rage. Already had the numbers of the pale faces become alarming, and their bold hardihood inspired a spirit of dread. The fearful missiles which the stranger so

dexterously used, above all, excited his fears, and deterred him from manifesting his resentment. Continued irritation, however, overcomes apparent impossibilities, and gradually wears away the most obstinate objections. The cunning of the savage was deemed a match for his enemy; his fleetness, his distant retreats, and his poisoned arrows, were presented by the orators to force up his courage to the determined point. Nor was it long before the Indian's festering hate broke forth. The war-song now resounded along the mountain-side. The fearful yell is heard in the distance, and each settler prepares himself for tne worst. And now it was, that the direful note of death rang along the Connecticut valley, and deeds of blood began to desolate the land.

For many years was this pleasant valley the scene of heroic struggles — of suffering, and of death. Long did the hardy white man sustain himself against the superior numbers and the wily arts of the savage; but sadly did he pay the cost of his attachment to the land of his choice, and the endearing associations of home. Frequent and deadly were the conflicts in which he engaged with his implacable enemy. Deep and lasting was the mutual hate of the combatants, and as deep and as artful were their schemes of destruction. Victory often crowned the untiring efforts of the foe, when painful captivity or indiscriminate slaughter ensued. To tell of the many murderous deeds and the deep agonies which marked the triumphs of the embittered savage, would long employ the pen, and harrow up the feelings of the soul. To the cruel perseverance of the Indian, in this war of extermination, were added the secret promptings of base cupidity. The Canadian Frenchmen now urged on the brutal force of the not less barbarous foe, by their liberal rewards and legalized bounties for captives and for scalps. Still more powerful motives actuated the red men, while large numbers of the reckless whites joined them in the execution of their most desperate deeds; and it was said that the cruelty and brutality of the Frenchman far exceeded those of the savage wild man.

It was thus with our forefathers, when an attack was anticipated from combined forces of the Indians on the little nucleus of farm-houses at the present beautiful village of Deerfield, in Massachusetts. A little army had collected at Hadley, composed of the hardy peasantry of the valley, determined on decisive and desperate efforts against the common enemy. The produce which had been gathered and housed at Deerfield, was necessary for the support of this band of determined yeomanry, and for the affirighted families who had there congregated; nor was it desirable that so much valuable substance should fall into the hands of the Indians, the more effectually to enable them to continue their bloody warfare. It was therefore resolved, that one hundred choice young men, justly denominated 'the flower of the country,' should be selected to go with teams, in the face of danger, and transport the rich products of the soil from Deerfield to Hadley. The expedition was cheerfully undertaken by the requisite number of brave youths. Already were their teams loaded and on their way to the place of destination. The watchful enemy had, however, obtained intelligence of the expedition, and, with the greatest secrecy and celerity, collected in fearful numbers on a neighboring hill, shut out from view by the dense forest with which it was crowned.

Here their eloquent chiefs encouraged them, by every effort of lan-

guage and of gesture, to deeds of bravery and desperation Their plans were matured, and every means devised, which power and strategy could suggest, to destroy the devoted band, and to capture the treasures in their charge. And now their royal leader, with all the force and enthusiasm which had characterized the most potent warrior and consummate general that the history of savage life had ever revealed, broke forth, and thus revealed his great and impassioned mind:* 'Warriors! see you the treasures of the pale faces — the richest stores of the long-knives? See you the young men, few and feeble, that yonder carelessly stroll in the valley? See you *our* numbers, and the brave warriors that stand around you, and feel not your hearts strong? Is not your arm powerful, and your soul valiant? And who is he that goes before you? Who will direct you in the ambush and the fight? Is it not he who never knew fear? — whose heart is like the mountain, and his arm like the forest oak? — the great chief of the Naragansetts, whose people are like the leaves, and whose warriors are the terror of the pale faces? Follow him, and all is yours! Each hatchet give a fatal aim — sink deep these knives? — these arrows drink their blood! Away! — to death! — our fathers and our homes!'

The wild spirit of the proud and lofty Phillip ran like electricity through the savage horde. Each burned for the affray, and quickly sprang into the trail of his great captain. Silently he glided from the mountain, and cowered along the meadow land that lay in a vale by the road side.

Here, deeply immersed in the luxuriant wild grass, shrink one thousand warriors, fiend-like exulting in the anticipated victory and slaughter. Now came the train of teams, cautiously guarded, as they had been thus far, by the chosen corps, and descended the small hill which conducted them into the green vale traversed by the road, and near which lay concealed the foe, ready to dart on their prey. Tradition says that here the noble youths, dreaming little of danger from the enemy, rested for the moment, and gathered grapes from the clustering vines that hung thick with their rich fruit by the road. When, 'sudden as the spark from smitten steel,' the thousand savage forms sprang from their ambush, and with hideous yells rushed to the onslaught. The vigorous youths, unterrified by the sudden assault, the yells, or the fearful numbers of the enemy, instantly rallied, and as quickly brought their rifles to their shoulders. They had received the cloud of arrows, as the savages approached within bow-shot of their victims, but now, in turn, the fatal lead from a still more deadly weapon made many a warrior bite the ground. The certain aim of the young band had told death to as many of the savage clan. Still onward they pressed, over their dead, and thickly hurled their missiles. Again, with deadly aim, the fire of the little and determined group of whites brought down the foremost of the desperate foe, and threw confusion into their ranks.

* History makes no mention of King Phillip being in this part of the country, either at this or any other time; but, from a tradition among the Indians themselves, I am enabled to state, with confidence, that this great sachem both contrived and led on this attack. Added to this, is the historical fact, that he was absent from his seat at Mount Hope about this time, no doubt for the purpose of enlisting other tribes in a warfare against the English; and he probably took advantage of the occasion to display to the tribes hereabout his success in planning, and his prowess in battle.

A gleam of hope broke through the fearful prospect, and for a moment relieved the doubts which the overwhelming numbers and fierce desperation of the savages had inspired. But quickly in front was heard the animating voice of their valiant chieftain, and as quickly did they rally and return the destructive fire. The noble youths, though with half their numbers slain, resolved to sell their lives at fatal cost. Nor was a nerve thrilled with fear, or a heart disposed to falter, as their ultimate fate now became too plainly apparent. Still onward, with brutal force, wrought to madness by the example and the thundering voice of the gigantic Phillip, pressed the exulting foe.

To utmost deeds brave *Lathrop* now inspired the daring band, as each had caught from him the thrilling cry: 'Our God! — our homes! — our country, and our sires!' But in an instant, pierced with many arrows, he falls among the slain. The heroic captain, 'the bravest of the brave,' now fallen, the enemy express their fiendish joy in loud and terrific yells. The fight thickens, and man conflicts with man. The dying groans of the Christian nerves each youthful arm, which still deeper returns successive blows.

Impelled with fury at the destruction which was yet making in their ranks by the almost superhuman efforts of the brave whites, they strove, with all the brutality of fiends, to complete their deadly work. At length the number of the valiant youths was reduced to a solitary few; when the foremost of these, on turning to animate his comrades, saw himself supported by seven only of his associates. These, finding all efforts at victory hopeless, and that longer warfare would but add to the scalps of the victors, dashed their weapons in the face of the foe, and attempted to escape. The two who stood last in this unequal contest — the most athletic of the chivalrous corps — bounding over the slain, took a direction toward the Deerfield river, followed by two hundred Indians, hurling with almost deadly precision their arrows and hatchets. The whizzing of these missiles urged the powerful remnant to their utmost speed. One of these, plunging into the stream, vainly attempted to reach its opposite bank; pierced by the arrows of the savages, he sank lifeless to its bottom, while the other, running along the shore, screened by the under-brush on its banks, silently sank into the water. Here, amid a thick and dark cluster of weeds and bushes, he supported himself by the trunk of an old tree lying on the edge of the stream, with his face sufficiently elevated to admit of respiration, until the Indians had relinquished their search for him, continually hearing, near by him, their hasty tramp, and fearful yells of disappointment. When all was still, and during the darkness of night, he swam across the river; and, stiff and cold, began his march for Hadley, where he arrived on the following day, the last and only living witness, as tradition says, of the battle of Bloody Brook. Reader, this youth was the writer's grandfather!

Returning to the spot which history has so justly designated as 'Bloody Brook,' the barbarous enemy, on completing their destruction of life, began that of the dead. The busy scalping-knife was doing its frightful office, and the naked heads, severed from the lifeless trunks, were dancing high in air on the points of poles. The sickening sight made the less savage foe revolt. Death had not done its last kind duties, when this infernal sport commenced. The convulsive

throe still showed the struggle between life and death. The spouting blood, still warm with life, was seen to gush forth from the gaping wounds and, trickling along the green-sward, find a repository in the gurgling brook near by. The gory rills were fast purpling the little stream, and transporting the red tide down to oblivion — the richest flood that ever rivulet bore. All around was horror, torture, and death; when suddenly appeared, on the crown of the hill, a large company of white men, who had come from Greenfield, with all possible haste, to the succor of their brethren. But, alas! it was too late! The scene we have described was presented instead. Filled with rage and madness, this furious band rushed down the hill upon the brutal force, yet gloating in blood, and falling like lions among them, made terrible havoc. Alarmed at this furious and unexpected assault, the savages sprang, with fear and desperate fleetness, from the scene, striving only to escape the death which their barbarity so justly merited. But full many a warrior fell by the strong arm of the vengeful white man. Flight alone saved the few remaining enemy.

A sad duty now devolved on the final victors. They dug on the spot the sepulchre which to this day contains the commingling dust of their youthful brethren, and over its mouth is to be seen a smooth flat stone, the only humble testimonial of posterity. Yes, there by the side of the road leading from the pretty villages we have mentioned, and near the little brook destined to give immortality to the event, may the curious traveler, as he passes through the green fields of the Connecticut valley, see the mound which designates the place where fought and sleep the unhonored brave. Peace to thy manes, heroic youths! Thy country's history shall preserve thy memory!

It is not a little curious, among the phenomena of mind, to mark the effect of external objects in recalling long-lost impressions. While standing on the spot thus hallowed by deeds of bravery, and while dwelling on the scenes which the imagination was picturing before me, I was all at once overwhelmed, as if by a sudden rush of light from the darkness of the past. Circumstances, localities — the realities, in all the vividness with which they were related to me, when but eight years of age, by my grandsire — started fresh into life. More than thirty years have elapsed since memory recalled one of those impressions, and yet every word that was dropped from the lips of that venerated man — his actions — his very look, while relating to me the affray at 'Bloody Brook,' came back upon me more freshly than a dream of yester-night. Every incident of that sanguinary fight, than which none in the history of our country was more fatally decisive, came up from the abyss of time, with all the vigor and clearness of present vision. He was then but eighteen years of age — of powerful mould, and great muscular activity. The thrilling particulars which he described in his venerable age, thus presented themselves to my mind, a short time since, on the consecrated spot, to which neither history nor tradition has yet done justice.

C.

THE CHEROKEE.

We stand not where our fathers stood —
The earth they trod is ours no more;
And not a drop of kindred blood
Is flowing on our native shore;
Where'er our vagrant footsteps roam,
We're aliens in a desert home!

In vain may memory dare to trace
The glories of the days of old;
The ancient dwellings of our race,
By which the eternal rivers rolled;
All that our fathers held in fee,
All that our sons may never see.

The blue majestic hills, that rose
Like thrones for gods to sit upon,
The plains that spread beneath their snows,
Bequeathed from hoary sire to son —
Given — back through countless ages fled —
By Nature to the mighty dead!

The forests, lofty as the hills,
And gray beneath a thousand years,
The vales, that gushed with crystal rills,
The fields, that glowed with golden ears,
And, dearer than a monarch's throne,
The rude, rude huts that were *our own!*

The paths, o'er which our bounding feet
Outstripp'd the deer in headlong race —
The noon-tide covert's cool retreat,
Familiar as a brother's face —
Oh, who can love another earth,
Like the bright spot that gave him birth!

Ay, the old trees stand tall and gray,
Beneath whose unforgotten shade
The youthful warrior brought his prey,
At evening, to his dark-eyed maid —
And every flower that decked her hair,
Still blooms in summer beauty there.

But there no more shall chieftain hurl
The shaft of war, or sportive lance,
And there no more shall Indian girl
Beneath those verdant arches dance;
Or pluck the flowers, or in the shade
Her feathery chaplet ever braid!

Our fathers held their sires in awe,
But we must bend, and sue, and seek —
For this, they say, is Christian law,
To grind the poor and daunt the weak:
Oh, forest-free the red-bird roams,
But we are slaves in foreign homes!

Not such the tale our warriors told;
And is the eagle-spirit fled?
Gone, with the fiery hearts of old,
To slumber with the noble dead?
Gone, like the morning's misty breath —
Gone, with the white man's broken faith?

Oh, better far than thus to go,
Withering and dwindling, day by day,
To venture all upon one blow,
Before our spirits melt away,
Scorn this dull life of lingering slaves,
And die around our fathers' graves!

THE PORTICO.

NUMBER TWO.

Ingenuas dedicisse fideliter artes,
Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros. HORACE.

In our last number, we undertook to display the numerous and important advantages which have been gained both by Europe and our own country, since the revival of learning and reformation in religion in the old world, and the hopes which may be rationally indulged, for the future, from the present condition and improved fortunes of our race. In perusing the records of history, and tracing the progress of human affairs, nothing can be more astonishing to the philosopher, or more afflictive to the laudable pride of the patriot and philanthropist, than to observe the slow advances which are made by science and right understanding, in demolishing the fortifications of ignorance and error, and subduing the dominions of prejudice and superstition. Upon a contemplation of this formidable evil, this pertinacious adherence to inveterate errors, which seems to be the inherent malady of the social state, we are led involuntarily to exclaim, 'Can it be possible, that our nature is so radically imperfect, and our understandings so irrecoverably blinded to the truth, as that the lights of science cannot by any process be poured into the minds of men? — that they cannot be made to comprehend those topics which are the most deeply interesting to them, and that in so many communities the great mass of the people must forever grope their way in darkness, and remain the willing dupes of cunning and imposture? Is the veil of ignorance, credulity, and delusion, too thick to be penetrated by the rays of science, and are the people irretrievably doomed to spend their days, through perpetual generations, enveloped in the darkness, gloominess, and miserable torpor of ignorance, error, and superstition? This deplorable state of things can never have been contemplated by that great and good Being, who has created mankind in his own heavenly image, who has enriched them with such exalted faculties of body and mind, who has inspired them with an ardent appetency for knowledge and insatiable curiosity, and who has stimulated them to the investigation of truth by so many powerful motives of expediency and satisfaction. In our country, it is fervently to be hoped, that as man finds himself in a condition so auspicious to the exercise and utmost cultivation of his talents, he will learn to claim his native honors and privileges, indulge his spirit of inquiry in its largest range, give unbounded scope to that reason which is the brightest ray of the divinity enkindled within him, and learn to compass its boldest conclusions. Never was a finer and more glorious field opened than in our country, in which reason may engage in a fair and equal contest of argument, in which truth may manfully wage war with error, and in which right, if its forces be judiciously summoned and adequately conducted, is more sure of an ultimate victory over might. Let us, then, be fully apprized of the inestimable advantages we enjoy in this respect, in this land of freedom, intelligence, and bold inquiry. Morality, religion, public order, have nothing to apprehend, from the fair conflict of opposing intellects, in the open field of argument and free discussion;

and Truth, when invested with her invincible armor, cannot fail to triumph over the stratagems and assaults of error. Where knowledge and sound understanding are allowed to plant their standards and shed their lights, error, ignorance, and superstition must ultimately 'pale their ineffectual fires.'

Much has been most laudably done, in these United States, for the promotion of science and letters, and the due encouragement of the liberal arts; but before we shall have acquitted ourselves of the duty which we owe to our admirable republic, much more, incalculably more, remains to be done. We have founded colleges and academies, in which our youth are initiated into the mysteries of science, and attain the elements of a polite education; our daughters, in female schools, are nurtured in the principles of elegant literature, and are modelled into the polished corners of our great temple of liberty; institutions are introduced among us for the promotion of learning and improvement in the arts; a thirst for reading, although too generally confined to productions of a lighter kind, is extensively excited; candidates are continually added to the list of those who are contending for distinction in prose and poetry; in every successive age, authors, orators, and artists make their appearance among us, whose efforts of genius reflect augmented lustre upon the scientific and literary characters of their country, while the press is prolific of indigenous productions of merit, and of re-publications of those which are the offspring of foreign genius. These are infallible indications that the nation is rapidly advancing in the career of scientific and literary exertion, and in the cultivation of all those arts which give aggrandizement to a state, communicate embellishment to its habits of thinking, and polish and refinement to its manners. What, then, is still wanted to elevate our republic to a perfect equality with the most exalted among civilized nations — to model her into the most finished form and proportions, and crown her with the highest honors of a perfect state? We answer, that we shall deem her as having given the finishing touches to her greatness and glory, and reached the most elevated rank among the nations of the earth, as soon as she has made ample provision for her advancement toward improvement and perfection in science, literature, and the elegant and useful arts. This is the career of honor and greatness upon which it now behooves her to enter, with her characteristic activity and enterprise, if she wishes to attain the heights of genuine glory, and rival the most famous states both in ancient and modern times. It next becomes our province to unfold and illustrate the means by which this enviable distinction may be attained.

Perhaps from the first formation of society, and the establishment of a regular government upon the banks of the Nile, to the present moment, no people ever advanced more rapidly than we have since our separation from England, in population, power, and opulence, as well as in all those improvements, accommodations, and refinements, which impart elegance to life, and elevate and aggrandize a community. By our vigilance and prudence, we have already provided ample means of security to our rights and liberties at home, as well as defence against aggression and invasions from abroad. Never has history recorded an example of a more intelligent, industrious, and energetic people. I must also be allowed to believe, without exposing myself to the charge of boasting and

undue partiality, that no nation was ever more productive of all kinds of genius, or capacity for excellence in every species of elegant pursuit. But while these high panegyrics are deemed but a tribute due to the undoubted merits of our countrymen, it is not to be denied, also, that we are not equally distinguished by a profound knowledge of the sciences, or by the delicacy and correctness of our taste. Sound learning, a capacity for profound investigation, and a just discrimination in the works of genius, are not the spontaneous products of nature, but the slow acquisitions of time, application, and exclusive devotion to the pursuits of study. The Americans are too active, laborious, and thrifty a people, to find time for those silent contemplations, and toilsome researches, by which alone great masters in science, profound interpreters of nature, or the finest models in prose and poetry are to be formed. Hence, although talents, and no doubt much of the highest order, we have in abundance, to a nice discrimination of the degrees of excellence in writing and eloquence, we certainly can lay no claim. No readers are more easily caught and imposed upon than ours, by counterfeit beauties. Hence the crudest productions, and most flimsy and glittering specimens of oratory, find warm encomiasts, a rapid sale, and ready circulation among us. There really seems as yet no sufficient preparation made in the public mind, which would enable us to pronounce a right decision, or promulge an authoritative sanction, by which the merits of any great and solid work would be accurately ascertained. About such performances, indeed, our readers, for the most part, appear to hold their judgment in a state of perfect supineness and indifference, contenting themselves with relishing lighter pieces, and awaiting the sentence of European critics to determine the pretensions of weightier contributions to science.* And shall we long remain in this condition of dependence and intellectual vassalage to foreign critics and reviewers? Is it not high time that we should awake to a perception of our own claims? But by what process, let us ask, shall this evil be remedied? What are the expedients to be adopted, in order not only to produce good, deep, and sound authors, but also their only efficient patrons and supports, correct judges, whose approbation will stamp a high character and value upon works, and promote their circulation among intelligent readers, and secure their permanent fame? This is an interrogatory of infinite importance, at this time, to the literary reputation of our country, and of consequence demands from us a distinct, full, and adequate reply.

That deficiency in correct taste, both in the readers and writers of our country, which is perceptible to all scholars, and which has not escaped the observation and strictures of our European libellers, arises out of the operation of many conjoined causes, but first and more especially from the imperfections in that system of education which is prevalent in our colleges and schools. Parents are so excessively eager to have their sons protruded into the world in quest of fortunes, that our seminaries of learning are compelled, by public sentiment, to abridge their course of intellectual discipline, and hastening their under graduates from study to study, in order to compass the whole circle in a given time, at last

* The American people are less open to censure in this regard than formerly. They think and judge for themselves far more than they were wont to do.
Eds. Knickerbocker.

let loose from their studious retirement a succession of unfledged scholars, who, becoming soon involved in a whirl of business, never afterward find time or opportunity to complete those acquirements which they had just begun, supply those vacuities of which they are sensible, or improve and perfect that taste which was left by their instructors in a state of crudity. And when our young men, thus slenderly supplied with learning, at their departure from the walls of college commence the practice of their several professions, and make their appearance before the public eye, instead of finding a corrective of their own faulty judgments in the decisions of others, they readily discover that the standard to which their efforts are referred is as defective as their own, and that their best qualifications for success, and their most available recommendations to the applause of their hearers and umpires, are those florid harangues and tinsel decorations of style, which the authors whom they studied in youth would have taught them to repudiate. Thus unskilful judges in writing and eloquence encourage and multiply imperfect writers and speakers, and these two classes of men have a reciprocal influence upon each other. In order to produce the finest specimens of composition and oratory in a country, it is indispensable that readers and auditors should have attained to the highest refinement and perfection in taste. The intercourse, in this particular, between writers and speakers, and their readers and hearers, resembles the interchange of commodities which takes place in market — able writers and speakers requiring the most intelligent and highly cultivated assemblies, in order to a just perception and correct estimation of the finished productions of their genius.

But to proceed with the subject of our present remark. The most effectual methods by which we shall refine and perfect the public taste in our country, and give rise among us to the finest productions of genius, is to raise the standard of our early education, and give adequate encouragement to men of letters. And as the next step to be taken at the present moment, in this desirable work, no more efficacious measure could be devised by human wisdom, than that which has been prepared for our republic by a liberal and enlightened foreigner, who has placed ample funds at the disposal of Congress, with the intent of 'founding a great literary institution at Washington, for the diffusion of useful knowledge among men.' Should the generous bequest of this noble-spirited Englishman, which our Congress has judiciously acknowledged, and taken measures to procure, be appropriated to the purpose contemplated by the testator, and the means he has furnished be judiciously applied, the most ardent wish of our Washington will be fulfilled, and an institution founded, which will supply one of the most urgent wants of our republic at this time, raise the standard of education among us, give a new impulse to American intellect, elevate our scientific reputation at home and abroad, and finally produce a succession of American authors and philosophers, who will reflect the highest honors upon their country through all future ages. This, however, is a topic too copious and interesting to be discussed in this article, and we defer its full investigation to our next. MARIGOLD.

THE COMET'S ADDRESS TO THE EARTH.

Fair Earth, when from the Omnipotent
We on our several courses went,
Thy Eden walks were trod
By two of youthful bloom and grace,
Unfallen founders of a race —
The favorites of God.

I saw thee in an after age,
And helped the waters to assuage,
Which drowned thy guilty ones;
And sped from thee again, afar
Careering with my fiery car,
From thine to distant suns.

Cent'ries passed on: I went and came —
Thy beauty ever was the same —
But changed the human race;
Ages elapsed — and from on high
The day-spring of their hope drew nigh,
And dawned the day of grace.

I passed, and saw the holy hill
Where the Redeemer did fulfil
Jehovah's pledge to man:
The sun refused to lend his light,
And, hast'ning from the fearful sight,
Again my course I ran.

Unnoticed in the olden days,
My coming car met not the gaze
Of philosophic eye;
But, from my sun-lit path above,
I marked the fleeting records of
Man's immortality.

I heard the ancient empires ring
With praise of Macedonia's king,
When Persia's millions slain
Gave the last glory to his plume;
I came again, and sought the tomb
Of Phillip's son in vain.

I passed, when every breeze unfurled
Thy banners, Mistress of the World!
I came again, and then
Where once thy emperors had led
Their legions forth, I heard it said
Imperial Rome had been!

And I have come again, and see
A new republic, great and free —
A wonder and a fear!
I go upon my distant bourne,
Alas! upon my far return,
What shall I witness here?

Poet, philosopher, and sage!
Look on me! — in another age
Successors to your fame
Will gaze enwrapt, as you do now,
With kindling eye and soul-lit brow:
Will they pronounce *your* name?

Ye of the palace and the crown,
Whose names are coupled with renown,
Gaze on me now, that when

Once more above your world I dwell,
I may to wondering nations tell
Such things as ye have been!

Yes! — let the infant take the glass,
For ere this way again I pass,
Decay shall mark the spot
Where his great-grand-child's hoary head
Has long enjoyed a silent bed —
Unnoticed and forgot!

Look, aged man, in whose dim eye
Glow visions heavenly and high,
Mine are the faintest rays
That emanate from that high Heaven
To which thy heart and hopes are given —
Take thou the glass, and gaze!

Farewell! I'll look for thee, bright star!
When, from my wanderings afar,
Hither again I flee;
But when this point I reach again,
Perhaps, alas! I'll look in vain,
Cœval globe, *for thee!*

February, 1836. P. M. M.

SECRET HISTORY OF TASSO.*

DEAR P ——: *Rome, 7th April 1826.*

In my often sad and solitary, but to me always deeply interesting, wanderings in France, Belgium, Germany, Switzerland, and Italy, I have thought of you frequently, and wished to write as evidence of my remembrance of our former pursuits and friendship. But to what purpose should I describe that which has been described over and over again by every traveller, and of which every description can give but a most faint and imperfect idea? The Alps, the Lake of Geneva, the Rhone, the Bridge of St. Bernard, Lago Maggiore, Milan, the Certosa near Pavia, Lodi, Mantua, Venice, Argua, Ferrara, Bologna, the Apennines, Fiesole, Florence, the Cathedral, the Venus, the Museum, the Pitti, Arezzo, Cortona, Perugia, Lake Thrasymene, Civitella, Terni, Rome, St. Peter's, the Coliseum, the Pantheon, the Vatican, the Laocoon, and the Apollo, are things to be seen and felt, not written or spoken of. I wished, therefore, if I could find an untrodden track — a subject of some novelty and interest — in which language, and especially the poor words at my command, should not be utterly unequal. You will judge, when you have read the MS. how far I have been successful.

During my stay at Florence I read an exceedingly well-written essay by Professor Rosini, of Pisa, upon the causes of the imprisonment of Tasso. I learned that the very ingenious and almost conclusive arguments it contains, supported by extracts from the published and unpublished works of the poet, received additional and nearly incontrovertible

* In presenting this article to the public, it may be proper to state that it came accompanied by a communication, written in an unfeminine, gentlemanly, and business-like hand, and addressed to the Editor of the Monthly Magazine, London. It is entitled, "Secret History of Tasso, by Miss ——." The author is a lady, whose name, if known, would be a guarantee for the correctness of the statements. Ed. Lit. Gazette

confirmation from some MSS. brought to light by the industry and research of Count Mariano Alberti, an antiquarian and man of letters at Rome. These papers had been offered to the Grand Duke of Tuscany, and a price agreed on, if they should be deemed genuine; but the mode adopted for deciding their authenticity was certainly not happy. Instead of being subjected to the judgment of learned men, skilled in MSS., and capable of determining from the quality of the paper, the color of the ink, the shape of the characters, as well as the style, and the comparison of the hand-writing, whether they were true or forged, they were submitted to the examination of *experts*, accustomed to compare and testify respecting modern hand-writing, a species of evidence admitted, as you know, by the civil law. These persons — able and faithful enough, I dare say, in their peculiar occupation, but assuredly no judges of ancient MSS., or of the poetry of Tasso — after comparing the hand-writing with some of his autographs in Florence, either pronounced against the papers of Alberti, or declined giving a favorable opinion — I know not which, nor is it at all material. The result was the same. The Grand Duke declined taking the MSS., but made the Count some compensation for his loss of time, trouble, and expense. The genuineness of the MSS. being thus in some degree discredited, it behooved the Count, as well in vindication of his character, as in support of the value of his literary property, to make farther investigations, and procure other proof. In this he has been some length of time employed, and he has obtained the testimony of some of the most eminent and learned antiquarians in Italy. Such men as Mezzofanti and Mai, for example — of the keepers of the different libraries, in which the poet's hand-writing exists — those of Milan, Paris, Naples, Venice, etc., and even those of the Magliabechian and Laurentinian — the very subjects and officers of the Grand Duke himself. Armed with this evidence, and various circumstantial and incidental proofs, furnished by his own reading and examination in special reference to this subject, he determined to bring the matter to the test of public opinion, and issued proposals for publishing fac similes of the MSS., with explanatory notes, and the testimony in favor of their authenticity. Part of the work was already prepared for the press, when the Roman government prohibited its publication. Whether the influence under which it acts comes from Modena or Florence — whether the honor of the family of Este, the literary infallibility of the Grand Duke's advisers, or the cause of morals and religion are believed to be endangered — and why — it would be in vain to conjecture. A reason for any thing is never to be asked for on this side of the Alps. Having had the pleasure to make Count Alberti's acquaintance, as soon as I found his work was suppressed, I took the liberty of asking to see the original MSS. Upon his most kind and courteous invitation, I have been twice present at readings of several of them, and have had ample opportunities of satisfying myself respecting their authenticity. I confess my entire conviction that they are genuine. To this conclusion every thing concurs. The internal evidence alone would be sufficient. It is harder to imagine the possibility of any one — the greatest genius — even Tasso himself — being able to forge such papers — to write with such force and feeling, where he was not personally concerned — than to believe, under all the circumstances, that these curious and precious memorials should have remained in obscurity for more than two centuries.

But if a poet could be found capable of imitating Tasso, so as to rival him, who could have drawn from their fancy the sentiments and the style of Leonora? Her billets among these mss. are few and short; but they are marked by a princely dignity, a feminine delicacy, and masculine good sense, that the greatest writers of romance or fictitious biography have never approached, much less equalled. One of the earliest is signed with her name: most of the others, though in her own hand, are without signature. One of the last, urging the great unfortunate to fly from Ferrara, most probably written on the day or the day before his arrest, betrays haste and agitation in the irregularity and tremor of the hand. The sonnets and madrigals of Tasso in this collection are equal or superior to his best published productions, and in the memoranda endorsed upon them, either by the Duke Alphonso or his Secretary Guarini, there is an air of truth, and a directness, brevity, and force of language, which rhetoric never gave. They tally, too, so exactly with the known works of the poet, and the admitted facts of his life — they correct, explain, and support each other in a manner so extraordinary — that no human ingenuity could have invented them. This is so manifest, that a friend of mine, an American barrister, not at all liable to be run away with by enthusiasm, but on the contrary of great coolness, much sagacity, and no slight skepticism about all antiquities, said to me, after the second reading, at which he was present: 'What do you think of this? It would stand in court would n't it? I should like to make an argument on such a case. Circumstantial evidence never went farther.'

But the matter does not rest on the internal evidence alone. Various collateral proofs suggest themselves. It is difficult to conceive any one possessed of all the talent requisite to plan, contrive, and execute a deception so difficult, so extensive, so complicated, so open to detection. There are *four* different hand-writings, all more or less well known — all capable of being exposed to severe scrutiny — Tasso's, Guarini's, Duke Alphonso's and Leonora's. There are those, also, of the Duke of Mantua, and Duchess of Urbino. Why should the manufacturer of fictitious documents multiply to such a degree the embarrassments of his task, and the facilities of exposure? Would he not have hit on the expedient of introducing part of the papers as copies, and thus rendered his work easier, altering them by one or two hands less? Why both the duke and the secretary? — and then beside, Guarini's seal?

Having in some degree prepared you to believe in their authenticity, I will give you a hasty sketch of a few of the most interesting, before I trace their transmission from hand to hand down to the present possessor. Bear in mind, however, that I write entirely from memory. To Count Alberti I am but barely known. He has already had for me far more civility than I had a right to expect. How should I venture to intrude myself upon his studies or pursuits by farther inquiries, or ask for more repeated and minute examinations of papers of such value? How should I myself, amid the thousand interruptions and distractions of a traveler temporarily sojourning at Rome, find time for all the historical and critical reading requisite justly to appreciate the whole mass of proofs, and to elucidate every obscurity and chasm in the narrative? If any thing appears, therefore, in my account unexplained, irrational, or contradictory, have the goodness to attribute it

to my imperfect recollection, inaccurate manner of expressing myself, and want of previous acquaintance with the subject.

It has long been supposed that a great part of the real amatory poetry of Tasso was addressed to the Princess Leonora, and his verses to other ladies merely designed to mislead or avoid suspicion. It has been conjectured, likewise, that she was not indifferent to his passion. Rosini's essay goes far to prove it. She refused all offers of marriage, and died within two years after Tasso's imprisonment.

In some lines of the bard, he hints at the hopes he had conceived from a promise of marriage, and their dissipation by the anger of Jove the Thunderer. A billet from Leonora acknowledges the receipt of these verses, whose beauty she praises, but reproves her lover for alluding to such a subject, and reminds him 'that when Jove thunders, he should beware the lightning.' We all know, for it is told in the lives of the poet, that he had been suspected, or found it advisable to confess religious doubts, from the guilt of which he had been absolved by the authority of the Church. His biographers all, I believe, agree, that some love-verses, of too free a character, were the cause of his imprisonment, or the evidence of his madness: and generally concur in mentioning the treachery of a faithless friend, and in admitting that Tasso's chamber was opened by false keys, in his absence, and several of his papers stolen. Among these, it would seem, there must have been some calculated to compromit him deeply. It is to be inferred that one of the secret interviews of the princess with her lover had been interrupted by a violent storm, and that the war of the elements had inspired her with great terror. Tasso addressed a canzone to her, in which the transports of his passion, incapable of fear or prudence in the intoxication of happiness, are suffered to appear — disguised, indeed, but with too thin a veil — while he endeavours to reassure his mistress by an explanation of the phenomenon that caused her fear, somewhat savoring of the philosophy of Lucretius. When the loss of this fatal paper became known to Leonora, she wrote Tasso a most affecting billet. She reproaches him gently and tenderly, with the grace of a woman and the majesty of an empress, for having kept in his possession matter so deep and perilous. She tells him his imprudence is more like that of a boy than a man, and wonders how he should commit to paper, and preserve, that which should have remained forever buried in the silence of their own bosoms. She points out to him the danger he might incur from the Holy Office for parts of this poem, and hints that the charge of heresy would be a convenient cloak to cover his punishment for other offences. With the promptness for which her sex has been famed, of finding a remedy, or at least counsel in every emergency, she beseeches him to betake himself immediately to Bologna, then the seat of the inquisition, and there to avert at least part of the peril by a voluntary confession, and recantation of errors in religion and philosophy — '*O vera o finta.*' For once, he had the wisdom to follow her advice, and hence his celebrated act of contrition and his absolution. Unhappily, he returned to Ferrara. Rumors, and at last proofs, reached Alphonso. Tasso was taken to Belreguardo, and there, as I think, he expresses himself, in his long-known and far-famed letter to posterity, 'he was subjected to a species of *moral torture*, until he was induced to make a third between Solon and Brutus' — *i. e.*, feign himself a mad-

man. It is supposed that the duke, confronting him with the productions of his own hand, placed him in this dilemma. Either the import of these verses was true or false. If true, dishonor and perhaps death awaited the princess and himself. If false, he must have lost his senses to conjure up such figments. Under the impression, then, it is believed, that it was the wish of the duke and of Leonora, he confessed his raptures feigned, and himself a madman, and as such he was sent to San Francesco for cure and attendance. His confinement, he flattered himself, would not be long or rigorous. In both respects it exceeded his patience. He escaped, returned, was sent to Sant' Anna, and more rigorously treated. His invocation to the Shade of Duke Hercules, to soften the heart of his son, and obtain his pardon, is well known. The original is among these MSS., and on the back, in the hand-writing of Alphonso, is this short, stern, dreadful answer: 'When the shade of Duke Hercules appears, his prayer shall be heard.' The fiery spirit of the poet could endure no longer. The severity of the restraint imposed upon him — the harshness and inflexibility of his former patron — the remembrance of the treachery he had suffered — perhaps even some jealous doubts of the warmth or fidelity of Leonora's affection — all combined to rouse him to an uncontrollable pitch of indignation, and listening only to his anger, he vented his wrath in a sonnet and canzone, and I believe, in a letter. This sonnet is among the most forcible and extraordinary productions of the kind, in any language. I have made a faint and feeble translation of it, and if Count Alberti will permit me, I will send it to you.* This indiscretion was followed by a billet from the princess. She acknowledges the receipt of a letter of his through the same channel as that by which she sends her answer, a friar of the convent. She tells him 'if he has not lost his senses, assuredly he has lost his judgment, thus not merely to destroy all possibility of serving him, but to draw down additional evils on himself and others.' On the back of Torquato's indignant sonnet is endorsed, in the hand-writing of the duke, or his secretary, Guarini, (I forget which,) this memorandum: 'After this production, there being no longer any doubt of the insanity of Senor Torquato Tasso, he is committed to the custody of the guardians of the Hospital of Sant' Anna, to be strictly and rigorously guarded, and

* COUNT ALBERTI has permitted me to send my translation of this sonnet: I annex it. The original I am not allowed to forward to you:

TO THE MOST ILLUSTRIOUS LORD DUKE.

I SWORE, my lord! but my unworthy oath
Was a base sacrilege, which cannot bind,
Since GOD alone directs and governs both
The greatest of his works, THE HUMAN MIND:
REASON I hold from Him: who would not loathe
Such gift, a pledge in Power's vile hands to find?
Do not forget, my lord! that even the sway
Of sovereign kings has bounds at which it ends;
Past them they rule not — nor should we obey:
He who to any mortal being bends
One step beyond, sins 'gainst the light of day:
Thus then my soul her servile shackles rends,
And my *sound mind* shall henceforth none obey
But HIM whose reign o'er kings and worlds extends!

TORQUATO TASSO.

carefully attended, till he shall be cured.' In the miserable cell, or rather dungeon, assigned him in this convent, he wore out, if I remember rightly, some seven wretched years. In the second of these, the princess died. The fame of the poet increased with the circulation of his works. His fate — of which the true cause must have been at least suspected by his contemporaries — excited compassion. His friends continually solicited his release. At last, their petitions were backed by those of princes and cities, and formal embassies were sent as on a matter of high public concern. The letter of the Duke of Mantua on this subject is admirable; and to give it greater force, its delivery was intrusted to his own son. He tells his brother duke that 'it concerns not only his own honor, but that of all the princes of the times, that so great a man should not be imprisoned without the certainty and nature of his crime being known:' and he entreats 'that the truth may be ascertained and made public, so as to release him, if innocent, or to justify them by the proof and heinousness of his offence.' Alphonso, as appears by a document in this collection, directs 'that all the papers sealed up among his private archives, relating to this subject, be committed to Guarini, his secretary, who is charged with drawing up a report to them, that he was fully justified in his treatment of one whom even his clemency could not have permitted to live, except as a madman.'

Guarini, it is well known, was believed by Tasso to have been his enemy and his rival. Literary jealousy was thought to have sharpened into hatred, and as Guarini probably obtained the friendship, and perhaps the confidence, of the princess, the unfortunate Torquato may even have fancied himself supplanted by him. It now appears, however, that Guarini acted towards Tasso most generously. The report he drew up was favorable, as far as possible — admitting the existence of a rash and dangerous passion, but excusing the princess and her lover from every thing but imprudence. The rough draft of this report, with its corrections, is among these papers. The original should be, and is alleged to be, among the secret archives of the House of Este, now in the possession of the Court of Modena. The documents on which the report was based did not return into the archives of Alphonso. It became highly important to Guarini they should not, if he had compromitted his own safety by softening the truth to effect poor Tasso's liberation. Their disappearance was conjectured or ascertained, and Guarini found himself compelled to seek an asylum in Florence. It is, if my memory may be trusted, matter of history, that he there avowed and justified the abstraction of part of the secret archives of Ferrara. Among Alberti's MSS. is the original letter of Guarini to Tasso, telling him these papers were in his possession, and offering them to him, that they might serve as a conclusive proof to the world and to all posterity of the soundness of his mind, and the cruelty and the injustice of the charge of madness. The reply of Tasso, broken with sorrows more than with years, to the man he had deemed his rival and his enemy, but who had in truth perilled every thing, and lost all but life to effect his liberation, is one of the most affecting pieces of human eloquence. He declines taking the documents, saying they will best answer the purpose of his justification by remaining in the hands of one capable of such heroic and disinterested generosity. This letter was written from his last asylum, the Convent of St. Onofrio, and but a short time before

his death. The papers therefore remained with Guarini. They descended to his son, from whom they passed to one of the Strozzi, and by him were sold to a Count Foppa, a man of letters, who some one hundred and sixty or two hundred years ago collected every thing he could get respecting the poet, with intent to write his life. Tasso's own papers passed by his testament to Cardinal Aldobrandini, from whose family Foppa obtained them also by purchase. Dying before he had made any progress in his work, the materials collected by Foppa fell into the hands of the Falconieri family. That they were authentic MSS. of Tasso, in the possession of Prince Falconieri in the time of Serassi, there is scarcely a doubt. Serassi himself, if I mistake not, mentions the fact, and must, from some notice he takes of them, have had access to these very papers; but they contradicted the hypothesis he was interested to maintain, and he forbore to bring them forward. Count Alberti obtained his MSS. by purchase from Prince Falconieri, and it only remains to be seen whether he added nothing from them to the stock of the true. Fortunately, this too has been singularly attested. Prince Falconieri, who probably sold them as literary curiosities, without having any correct notion of their value, no sooner was apprized of his folly, than he instituted a criminal proceeding against Count Alberti, accusing him of having abstracted other MSS. of Tasso than those he had sold, pretending that of the latter there were but few. Alberti was arrested one morning, and his papers taken and sealed up. Conducted before the tribunal, he learned the nature of the charge against him, and in the course of the proceedings was obliged to prove, and did succeed in proving, by the notarial contract, and the testimony of witnesses, to the satisfaction of the judges, that all the MSS. he had were purchased from the Falconieri, and included in their contract. Of course he was honorably acquitted, his papers restored to him, and thus, by the sentence of a judicial tribunal, as far as can be reasonably expected, the identity of these MSS., with those admitted by Serassi to be in the possession of the Falconieri, is established. I have mentioned only a few which were requisite to connect the narrative. There are about one hundred and twenty published pieces of verse, mostly short, and several billets and letters. Among other curious relics is a common-place book, containing parts of a diary, and stanzas of the Gerusalamme, with alterations and corrections. The cover of this volume is richly embroidered with silver, gold, and silk, according to the fashion of that day, and, as it would seem, by the hands of Donna Lucrezia, the Dutchess of Urlino. There is another book thus embroidered for Tasso by Leonora herself. It is the Labyrinth of Love, by Boccaccio, lent her by Tasso. She returns it to him thus ornamented, with a note alluding to a similar gift of her sister, and excusing herself for thus addorning a volume reflecting on her sex: she says it is in obedience to the evangelists, returning good for evil. This note must have been among the first written, from its style, and from its bearing the princess's signature, which most of the others want. In the volume are some lines written by Tasso on the occasion of receiving the present; and in a picture of Leonora by Titian, in the possession of Count Alberti, she is represented with this book in her hand. That the portrait is by Titian, is generally conceded by judges of his style of painting. Another curious relic is the safe conduct given to the poet by the formidable bandit and assassin, Marco Sciarro. After his liberation from Sant' Anna, and his ineffec-

tual attempt to recover some part of his patrimony at Naples, he set out for Rome, and, always unfortunate, fell into the hands of this too notorious brigand, who not only liberated him and his companions, and treated them honorably, but gave him a passport to protect him against all other banditti. The circumstance is mentioned by Marco, I am sure, and I think by Serassi. The original is here, and is expressed to have been given 'to Torquato Tasso, out of gratitude for the pleasure afforded by his immortal poems, Rinaldo and the Gerusalamme, and to show how different was the treatment he received from Duke Alphonso and the robber Marco Sciarro.' On the back is a note, in Tasso's own hand, stating 'that he had preserved this paper, esteeming it a singular honor, coming as it did from a man who sealed it with blood.' Part of the paper has perished, and the stain of blood is no longer to be seen, but the hand-writing of Tasso may be considered sufficient to authenticate what would otherwise be certainly difficult to establish, that of Marco Sciarro. The general effect of these MSS. is not merely to elucidate a most curious and obscure part of literary history. It is to increase our admiration for the principal personages concerned. The genius, the love, the imprudence and the misery, of Tasso — the noble, gentle, tender, and spirited character of Leonora — the heroic generosity of Guarini, and even the feelings of Alphonso, the avenger, and to some extent the victim, of wounded pride and prejudice, make up altogether a most affecting and instructive chapter in the secret annals of the human heart.

The reading of these MSS. was among the most interesting scenes I ever witnessed. All the company but myself were of those 'whose mother tongue is Tuscan,' familiar with the known events in the life of the poet, skilled in the delicacies of his language, and giving themselves up to their feelings with the unreserve that belongs to their country. A finer exhibition of true, deep, natural sensibility I never witnessed, and doubt whether one could be seen, out of Italy. But I spare you a description of the company and the reading. It was not for any such purpose I began my letter, but to give you some faint idea of these most interesting papers.

You have my consent to make any discreet use of this letter the occasion may require. But if you publish it or any extracts, I beg you to correct the style and the press. I write in haste and without any other change or revision than I can make '*currente calamo*,' and have been held answerable in my time for so much nonsense of other people's, that I would gladly escape farther responsibility even for my own.

R. H. W.

THE FRENCH LANGUAGE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF BILDERDYKE.

BEGONE! thou bastard tongue, so base, so broken —
By human jackalls and hyenas spoken;
Form'd for a race of infidels, and fit
To laugh at truth, and skepticize in wit;
What stammering, snivelling sounds, which scarcely dare
Bravely through nassal channels meet the ear!
Yet, helped by apes' grimaces, and the devil,
Have ruled the world, and ruled the world for evil.

T.

THE TIES OF EARTH.

When the young heart expanding flings
Round kindred hearts its warm embrace,
But chief to one fair image clings,
Throned on its secret idol-place;
Then 't is not strange that life we prize,
We see not through the mist of years;
Hope's sunbeams dancing in our eyes,
What should we know of tears?

But why — ah! why — when left alone,
To climb, uncheered, Time's rugged hill —
Love's idol broken on its throne,
Which nothing left on earth can fill —
When, one by one, the gems of life
Have *all* been shivered in our grasp,
Why should we hug the boon of strife,
With nothing else to clasp?

Yet oft 't is so — as nearer tends
Dust to the dust it long hath trod,
The spirit Heaven to light it lends,
Cleaves trembling to the sordid clod;
Cleaves to the world — the empty world —
And fears to cross the untried sea,
Beyond whose waves, with pinions furled,
All whom it loved are free!

But not so I: when the dear band
Whose hearts, whose thoughts, are linked to mine,
Shall leave me — pilgrim of a land
That hath for me no worshipped shrine —
Oh! let them leave the gates of death
Unbarred behind them as they fly!
Why should I wish to breathe, when breath
Would be an endless sigh?

But rather — oh! far happier fate —
Be mine — be mine the earlier call
To pass that dim mysterious gate
That must at last roll back on all:
With Love to hold my dying brow,
With friends around to plead and pray,
With hands to press — all true as now —
Thus let me fade away!

I would not see *one* lovely form
Writhing beneath Death's lifted arm —
Convulsed by that dark, awful storm
That heralds the eternal calm —
To live a prince — a king — a god!
On any realm earth's waters lave:
Rather for *both*, thou soft green sod,
Yield but a single grave!

And then, methinks, our very dust
Would not like other ashes be,
But, with a sweet and solemn trust,
Mix as it mouldered, lovingly:
The while our souls, one essence too,
Should roam through space on equal wing,
And ever, ever as we flew,
The same glad anthem sing!

J. B.

ORNITHICHNOLOGY RECONSIDERED.

'Ηάκανθις ἐπειγομένη τυφλὰ τίκτει,'

SAITH the proverb of the ancient Hellenist; and it contains an important truth, which we endeavored to impress upon the mind of our friend, the learned professor of Amherst College, in a brief review of his Ornithichnology, in the June number of this work. But our benevolent intentions are like to be altogether unavailing, judging from the declarations of his '*Ornithichnology Defended*,' in the number of the *Knickerbocker* for September, inasmuch as he has passed that fatal climacteric, 'the fortieth year,' when contradiction ceases to be availing.

But we cannot help flattering ourselves, malgré these declarations, that the review alluded to will accomplish its intended and desired effect — that it will induce greater care in his composition. Already, indeed, we fancy we can perceive the influence of its operation, in those polished, well-turned periods in his '*Defence*,' in which he has attempted, and not without considerable success, to blend an Addisonian ease and elegance, with a vein of Johnsonian wit and satire. We think, too, that we have a just claim upon him for his thanks; and we should have, were our review less kind than he represents it, for thus giving him occasion to introduce himself into a wide circle, and among new society, by one of his happiest literary efforts.

We are sorry the professor has put it out of our power to say as much for his candor and kindness, as for his knowledge of belles-lettres; but this is impossible — and we regret it the more, on account of the position he has taken; for our principles will not permit us to enter into an argument with a man whose first postulate is, '*I will not be convinced.*'

A few suggestions, therefore, for the consideration of 'an enlightened public,' to whom the professor has appealed, will be the only notice we can give the defence.

The reader will probably recollect the praise bestowed by the reviewer on the performances of the professor: he will undoubtedly bear in mind the kindness with which he spoke of our author; and he will look in vain for that passage, where any one of the professor's errors are attributed to 'early disadvantages,' as the professor *misunderstood* us, and he will find himself *in nubibus*, before he can discover where those 'early disadvantages' are 'offered as an apology in his behalf.' Nor was it quite generous in the professor to disclaim at first the proffered meed of praise, in order, as it would seem, to enable him to charge the reviewer with 'enmity;' more especially, as he afterward appears to receive and rejoice in the same; but inasmuch as he has passed the Rubicon, and undoubtedly knows his own demerits best, we shall spend no time in contradicting him. Yet, could any possible concurrence of events render it necessary for us to undertake an exculpation of ourselves from the charge of unkindness, or enmity, we should appeal with the utmost confidence to the unbiased judgment of every intelligent reader. We did not, however, bestow upon him quite the extent of 'decisive authority' he seems to suppose; and hence, by his own rule of judging, we are not chargeable with quite the amount of enmity alleged against us.

But we will dwell no longer on this theme. The *facts* are within

reach of the public, to whom the professor has appealed — and we respond, let them decide. Ours is no *personal* controversy. To elucidate the truth, is our only aim, however short we may fall of accomplishing it. We simply remark, therefore, for the benefit of those unskilled in the Greek, that the termination *ite* is abbreviated from *lite*, derived from λιθος, *a stone*, and signifies *resembling stone, partaking of the nature of stone, stony;* and that *ornithichnite* literally denotes *the track of a bird* [*in*] *stone;* (the genitive case of *ornis* being used, according to our ideas of tichnology, in the composition of the word.) We hope, too, that the professor will retain *ornithichnite*, believing it a better word than the proposed substitute, *ornithichnolite*.

Waiving all further consideration of the second head of the review, we will dwell but a moment on those objections which are of a scientific nature. And here we candidly confess, that the professor's defence has reduced us to a dilemma.

Heretofore, we have been accustomed to believe with Professor Silliman, with Gideon Mantell, Esq., with Robert Bakewell, M. De La Bache, and with the North American Reviewers, that *Professor Hitchcock's Report on the Geology, etc. of Massachusetts*, was 'a *great work*, the most elaborate and complete in its kind which this country has produced;' and on the *supposed* accuracy of the statements there made, many and the most considerable of our objections to his *ornithichnology* were based.

From that we learned, that 'the proof was quite conclusive, that the new red sand stone formation, in which these tracks occur, (American Journal of Science and Arts, v. 29, pp. 307, 308, etc.,) was deposited beneath the ocean, and subsequently elevated; (Rep., pp. 223, 244;) that this elevation probably took place 'suddenly and at once,' (Rep., pp. 219, 224,) and that 'it was very obvious, that the finer varieties, in which these tracks occur, (American Journal of Science and Arts, v. 29, p. 308,) were deposited in still waters;' (Rep. p. 218.) If these were facts, we could not imagine how 'the eight hundred feet of rock, which overlies the *ornithichnites*,' (American Journal of Science and Arts, v. 29, p. 334; Rep., pp. 221, 224,) could be deposited in any less depth of water; unless, like the fabled Atalantis, it rose and sunk, as occasion required. But of this we knew of no evidence, and hence could not suppose it to have been the case. We could not, therefore, imagine how a bird of some sixteen feet in height could contrive to make its mark on the bottom of an ocean at least eight hundred feet deep! But we are relieved on this point by the last edition of the professor's opinions, though somewhat at the expense of our former belief — for what we had before understood the professor to assert as matter of fact, is now reduced to a mere 'theoretical inference.'

Inasmuch, therefore, as our *supposed facts* are likely to prove not to be facts — our supposed well established principles in science, to become inferences from some uncertain theory — and the 'silicious concretions' of the Connecticut valley to be transformed to nodules of limestone — we desire the reader to consider that we enter a *nolle* as to all our objections founded on *any thing* the professor has said, and that, should occasion require, we might be in readiness to commence *de novo*.

To the charge of misrepresentation, so often repeated, we declare ourselves not guilty, with the exception of saying the *O. giganteus* had only *two* toes, for which *lapsus linguæ* we must humbly beg the pro-

fessor's pardon. A single instance of the facts opposed to the truth of one of his charges, shall suffice.

In our review, we alluded to what we conceived an absurd opinion, that Mount Tom and Mount Holyoke were once united, and that the pass between them has been *excavated* by the waters of the Connecticut, or the currents of a primitive lake — inferring, from the language used, 'that he, the professor, had fallen into this old and extravagant notion.' But he repels the idea, and declares that, for ten years past, he has been in the habit of devoting the greater part of a lecture to a refutation of this opinion, and seemingly complains that we only 'referred to the topographical part of the report, in proof of our position.'

We suppose a man bound to state facts, as well in the topographical as in the scientific part of a geological work. But the reader shall see how grossly we have misrepresented him.

Speaking of the Connecticut river, (p. 79,) he says: 'There *it passes directly through the deep opening between Holyoke and Tom*, WHICH ITS OWN WATERS, or more probably other agencies, *have* EXCAVATED in early times.' What these other agencies were, may be seen by a comparision of pp. 82, 88, 222, 223, 224, when it will be seen that the idea of a 'primitive lake' did not originate with the reviewer.

Again: 'Still higher is South Hadley, with Holyoke and Tom half encircling it on the West and North, *except where the Connecticut* HAS OPENED *a passage* between these mountains.' (p. 88.)

The professor may again complain of being judged by his topography, and therefore we say, let him be judged by his *science*. Thus, on pages 133, 134, 218, 225, the *scientific* part of his report, the reader will perceive that the professor takes it for granted, that not only the *pass* between Tom and Holyoke, but that of the Deerfield river through Deerfield Mountain, of the Westfield river, at West Springfield, and also the whole valley between Deerfield Mountain and Mount Toby, 'have been excavated by water.'

If the reader will carefully peruse all that has been written on this subject, he may find the other misstatements and misrepresentations *almost as gross* as the foregoing, and he will then be able to judge who has been the most misrepresented.

With these remarks, we must bid the professor adieu — assuring both him and our readers, that 'the reviewer *dares* to give his name to the public,' and that he will do so, when he shall learn that the knowledge of *his* name can affect the truth of the facts, or whenever the customs of the world shall require or expect him to do so.

LOVE.

SHE loved as woman seldom loves;
Hers was that feeling, caught from heaven,
That never time nor change removes —
From which the heart can ne'er be riven:
For, be the soul to madness driven,
That feeling still would hold its sway —
The last beam o'er the shades of even,
That, lingering, shows it once was day.

M.

'LET US PRAY!'

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE BREEZE IN THE DESERT.'

Let us pray! when morn's first light
Pierceth through the clouds of night;
While the flowers are dewy yet,
Ere the twinkling stars are set:
Ere the strife and stir begin,
Of this world of wo and sin:
For a blessing on the day,
To its Maker — let us pray!

Let us pray! when over heaven
Comes the lovely light of even;
When the distant vesper hymn,
Rising through the twilight dim,
On the evening wind sweeps by,
Like an air-harp's melody;
When the distant sea is gray,
At that soft hour — let us pray!

Let us pray! when winter drear
Closeth in the vanished year;
Wraps in snow the lofty hill,
Chains in frost the murm'ring rill;
When, let loose, the chilling breeze
Sweeps the last leaves from the trees;
When the summer flowers decay,
Looking on them — let us pray!

Let us pray! around the hearth,
Check the voice of childish mirth;
Ere they go to rest in peace,
Bid the infant's prattle cease;
Teach the spotless heart to rise
With its evening sacrifice;
While the artless prayer they say,
With our children — let us pray!

Let us pray! when slumber flies,
And the sad tear dims our eyes;
When there is no voice nor sound
In the midnight stillness round;
When gloomy Fear's forebodings start,
Clouding o'er the mourning heart:
For bright Hope's consoling ray,
In that silence — let us pray!

Let us pray! when at the last
Joy and sorrow shall have passed;
When around our dying bed
Sighs are breathed and tears are shed;
In that hour of awful thought,
When the things of earth are nought,
Ere the spirit flees away,
For heaven's mercy — let us pray!

OLLAPODIANA.

NUMBER SIXTEEN.

Sonorous and stirring are the sounds of the bell at the *Eagle*, in Buffalo, which summon the wayfarer to the bolting of his meridian, nocturnal, and matutinal meal! Wo to him, the education of whose jaws, in the swift movements of mastication, has been neglected! It were better his mother had not borne him, than to have him seated at the table. However, I say nothing to this point. Eating is earthly and sensual; and the knife-and-fork system of pursuing it, especially where you cannot select your own hardware, is devilish. Commend me to the Turk. I could not eat with satisfaction at the *table d'hote* of any inn in the country — (some *ten* excepted, which it would be invidious to name) — did the table groan with a feast like that which covered the parental board of Katrina Van Tassel — that Dutch *beau ideal* of our beloved Irving.

Talking of Washington Irving. I take it for granted, good reader, that you have never encountered him; for be it known, except in the elevated circle where he moves and shines, he is one who loves not to be 'seen of men.' He hates your pointings-out in the streets, and greetings in the markets: these he leaves to be struggled after, with painful yearnings, by the flimsy fry which injudicious friends would

inflate to his capacity and standard. It is a year ago since I had the pleasure of repeating the pleasure of discernment and intercourse with this genial, affectionate, and noble man. I have for IRVING — and I am willing to confess it — a kind of love. His veracious books, comprising the History of New-York, have created more risibility under my waistcoat, than any volumes from the past or of the present. I read them regularly once a year. There is about them such a transparent flow of wit — such glorious satire — such happiness of expression — such more-than-meets-the-eye phrases — that, take them up when and where I will, they violate my sobriety, and seduce me into a hearty guffaw. As *Geoffrey Crayon*, I am charmed with him; as an historian, I honor him; as a patriot and a gentleman, I thoroughly revere him. What a style is his! None of your shallow tinsel, your unnatural emblems, your forced conceits, your windy tropes: all is truth — gentleness — nature. God bless the *gentleman!* Well, as I was saying, 't is now about a year since I saw him last. It was a bridal scene. Sweet was the gusto of the Maccobrunner upon the lips of my friend G —— and his comrade *Ollapod*, when the splendid coach flashed its whirring wheels between the green walks of the Park and our apartment at the *Clinton*. (As yet, famed *Astor's* was not.) 'Considerable if not more' were the oglings we received, as our satin-lined coats fluttered their white aspects around the door of the carriage; and the flowery favors I bore, elicited envious looks 'from each pedestrian churl,' as we rolled along Broadway to —— Square.

IMAGINE it a few moments after sunset, in a superb drawing-room, a few steps from a famous *plaza* — 'I think they call it.' The rosy lingerings of a June sky enable you to discern yourself surrounded with grooms and bride's-maids, some half a score. Carriages bustle up beneath you, freighted with beauty; the harp rings from the hall; the sweet perfumes from a hundred *bouquets* float through the apartment. The past and present meet together. Warm hands are in your grasp; fair smiles and happy laughter beam and echo around. 'Where,' one could not but think, 'may we all be within the year! Some, now around me, will be on the ocean, in the service of their country — some in Italy — some in Egypt — some in Greece.' And so they are.

DESCEND with me to the bridal saloon. There stands the holy man. We proceed, 'in order due;' and forming that 'open line,' which never looks so beautiful as on such an occasion, hear the vows that bind together two loving hearts. Silks rustle, kisses echo, diamonds gleam — fairy voices murmur around. By the way, that kissing is a pleasant business. It is highly commended of St. Paul;* and though I may, as that worthy apostle once said of himself, 'speak as a fool,' yet I am going to make a hitherto unattempted literary effort. I trust it will be well 'got up.' I am going to do what Solomon said could not be done — namely, describe something new. This is the age of

* 'Greet one another with an holy kiss.' II Corinthians, xiii., 12.

improvement. 'Ladies and gentlemen, stand back, and you will see' — *a kiss on paper*. Do n't be incredulous. I will give you the sound in types. Listen! When two pairs of affectionate lips are placed together, to the intent of osculation, the noise educed is something like to the ensuing — *epe-st'weep'st-é'e!* — and then the sound tapers off so softly and so musical, that no letters can do it justice. But this is a digression. If any one thinks my description imperfect, let him *surpass* it, if he can!

'WHO is that gentleman, standing by the pier-table, in the other drawing room?' said I to a friend. 'I am oblivious of his name, but his countenance is familiar. He has a noble forehead — a discerning eye — a most goodly presence. How the organs of humor expand in his temples! What a benevolent smile plays around his lips! — and he seems, too, the focus of all eyes.'

'Yes,' I was answered, 'and he deserves it. That is WASHINGTON IRVING.'

The remembrance of the face struck me in a moment. We had met before, but not as acquaintances; and the pleasure of an introduction offered by my friend, a long-tried compeer of CRAYON, was accepted with prompt alacrity. My memory of that interview, and the prolonged colloquy to which, from circumstances, it gave rise, is really among the most pleasant of my life. Irving had unknowingly done me sundry favors abroad, when Secretary of Legation at the Court of St. James, by the transmission of letters for me to America, through the department of state. For these I thanked him cordially. A stoop of wine followed; and how numerous were the excellent sayings that went forth from his lips, over those gouts of floating gold we quaffed together! Geoffrey seemed almost disposed, for the nonce, to eulogize the Benedict. 'The rustling of silks and the creaking of shoes betrayed his fond heart to woman.' A gleam of genuine pleasure laughed in his eye. In dress simple — in manners gentle, and easily entreated — he takes the hue of the time and the taste of his company so gracefully upon himself, that you think you have known him for years. And if you are a reader, so you have. I wondered at the verdict once given me respecting him, by Fanny K——, that at the aristocratic dinners of London he was quite reserved, and sometimes *sleepy*. Methought (as he passed on from subject to subject without impediment — from the changes in the city of his heart, since the days of Stuyvesant and Van Twiller — correcting now and then, with right good will, my erroneous pronunciation of some of those jaw-sundering Dutch names) that there was something in the atmosphere of home, and the sweet pomp of a bridal scene, which won upon his affection, and sent a genial glow to his inmost heart. Would that the proprieties of social life might permit a transcript of the constant felicities which he then and there diffused into the porches of mine ear! Thoughts, common perhaps in themselves, clothed in such exquisite and *telling* expression; fancies evoked from every-day facts; happy terms and phrases innumerable. Could I record them, how much would they enrich this my fifth subsection of number sixteen!

Revenons à Buffalo. He who would form a just appreciation of this wonderful city, let him, as I did, (if he have literary acquaintances and comrades of the mind, but personally unknown,) take the arm of a friend, and as the twilight comes on, go down through Main-street to the Erie pier. What a sight! It is one which makes the heart of the observer swell with pride that he was born an *American*. 'It was a Sunday evening,' as Southey would say, when I coursed with my friend along the crowded quay of Buffalo. The sun had gone down beyond the far headlands toward the occident, and a track of quivering gold stretched for leagues to the west, over the dancing waves of that inland ocean, Erie — portraying the ruddy brightness of the day-god's car. Inspiring music filled the atmosphere; the streamers of steam craft, (ready, like a mighty war-horse, to burst their tether, and pawing the waves with impatience,) flouted the sky; the tramp of unnumbered feet echoed along the pavements; the church-going bells rang from afar. I stopped for some minutes to gaze upon the face of a beautiful Indian girl, of the Seneca tribe, as she offered me her gay-colored moccasins. I would not buy — but I could not go. I waited, therefore, with pleased delay, affecting not to understand her broken English; watching, the while, how her voluptuous lashes rose and fell over those dark, surprised, and dewy eyes. She was perhaps sixteen; graceful beyond words, yet stately as Juno, and her form moulded in all the fulness of youth. There was such a world of intelligence in her glance, and in that soft blush, half olive and half ruby, which glowed on her cheek, that — (I might as well own it) — the bosom of Ollapod was marvellously troubled. Laugh not, reader — but to that bright remnant of a perishing race the enthusiastic Benedict kissed his hand! Yes, and the tawny digits of the fair Seneca went to her lips, and a smile, bright as a line of unsullied sunlight from the pearly gates of Eden, beamed upon the parting glance of Ollapod. 'T was evanescent — but how nice!

I have no idea of being statistical: my limited acquaintance with Daboll, and other arithmetical gentlemen, forbids me from dabbling in figures. But, if any one desires to see practical *multiplication*, whether in persons or property, let him go to Buffalo. 'Where are those steamboats bound?' asked I of my friend, as we stood upon the pier which, in front of warehouses for many a rood in extent, was covered to the height of fifteen and sometimes twenty feet with unhoused merchandise, for which the houses themselves, glutted to the overflow, had not admission.

'Oh, only a few hundred miles up the lake.'

'*A few hundred miles!*' I exclaimed, astonished: 'In the name of aquatic locomotion, how far *can* they go? Do you pretend to say they can proceed farther to the west than I have come from the south-east?'

A hearty laugh followed this observation, which startled the by-standers. Just at this moment a steamer got under way. She moved majestically along the side of the pier, passing ships almost innumerable; bugles and trumpets hallowed the air with those national songs which do so stir my blood; and really I am quite unable to describe

my elateness of spirit, as she turned the point where the light-house lifts its tall pharos over land and wave, and went musically along the bosom of Erie — the wreaths of smoke and flame shooting in gusty grandeur from her chimneys. *Fifteen hundred miles* might that craft travel along the west, toward the setting sun. What was lately there? the howl of the wolf and the Indian, the whoop on the war-trail, and the solemn yell around the council-fire. From those dim shores, now fading into the indistinctness of twilight, went up the smoke of the wigwam, or the gleam from the pine torch, by whose light the red man guided his venturous canoe! What is there now? Towns rear their bristling spires and masts, and send their *spirit-boats* along the waters like things of life: the hallowed chimes of the Sabbath reach the Indian in his hut, and the raven on his bough. The Past has vanished as a scroll; and the bustling, the usual Present is around us, with the hiss of its rail-road engines, the thunders of its steaming apparatus, and the rolling of the triumphant wheels of commerce. It seems to me, too, that in these western regions the soul of man glows with a newer fire, and fresher impulse — as if some Indian Prometheus, seeing the decay of the Red Nations, had sent a fervent spirit into the bosoms of their white successors. A word here in the reader's ear. If thou goest to Buffalo, ascend thee to the dome of the *American*, and cast thine eyes southward. There, league on league, stretches the blue and primeval wilderness, and from the wigwams of the Senecas the smokes go up, as in the days when the whole forest was their dominion, and the Pale Faces feeble and few. Look then around you. *Magic* is there! The tide of power, rising and rolling onward, sends its roar to your ear; and you see the progress of that mighty flood of enterprise which is yet to fill the West with a noble and prosperous people. If you are an American, your heart will bound proudly within you, until you will feel as if, like the green mountains of ancient Israel, you could break forth into singing. If you love your native land, *travel through it*, and your affection will increase and multiply mightily. Yes, my glorious country! — every additional mile I traverse of thy boundaries, adds to the flame of my attachment. Filled with a brave and generous people, who have done more in the same space of time than any nation *ever* did to promote the honor and liberty of man — I love thee! Thou hast, too, thank GOD! the elements of perpetuity within thee:

> ——'Seas, and stormy air,
> Are the wide barriers of thy borders, where
> Thou laugh'st at enemies; who shall then declare
> The date of thy deep-founded strength, or tell
> How happy in thy lap the sons of men shall dwell!'

I WOKE early at the *Eagle*, excited and unrefreshed. The idea of seeing Niagara the next day impressed me so deeply, when I retired the evening before, that I was unable to sleep; and had I been thus disposed, there were influences enough about me to prevent somnolency, even in a sloth. It was the Eden of a weasel, the place where I lay. The apartment was named *The Pasture*, by a facetious fellow-traveler; and verily, many were the bipedal animals who 'ruminated bedward' therein. I slept opposite a speculator in Michigan lands; and, as if determined

never to be caught napping, he slept *with his eyes open*. The effect was really frightful. By the light of the moon, streaming through the window, I saw his cunning optics — full of bargain and sale — glaring upon me. Sometimes it seemed as if all the mortal light had departed from them; yet still they glared into mine. I aver, with sincerity, that those eyes never closed the live-long night. They seemed alive — yet dead. I thought of Coleridge's lines in the 'Antient Marinere:'

> 'An orphan's curse might drag to hell
> A spirit from on high;
> But oh! more terrible than that,
> Is the curse of a dead man's eye:
> Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse,
> And yet I could not die.'

One who is not *single*, in every sense of the word, should bestow his rib and maid in an adjacent apartment, taking himself what the gods might be willing to confer in such emergencies. As I said, I woke early; and performing certain orisons with a razor belonging to the establishment, (God knows how many chins it has reaped in its time!) before a glass which screwed my countenance into a horrific caricature — I made ready to accompany 'self and party' to the Falls.

Behold us on the deck of the steamer Victory. The breeze of morning is fresh and fair; the engine hisses and trembles; carriages throng to the pier; ladies, with albums under their arms, thick green veils over their pretty faces, and in habiliments of travel, throng on board. Agitation and expectancy give them color; veil after veil is put back, like gossamer; calm brows and glancing eyes appear. Among these, *Ollapod* recognises many — some, seen and flirted with of yore. By and by the green waters of Erie begin to melt into the less turbulent Niagara; you float calmly along, observing and observed. How much pleasure is clustered in such moments!

There is, among those who have not seen it, a wonderful misapprehension respecting the *river* Niagara. It is *not* like a river: it seems a moving lake. Grand Island, too, with the uninitated, is deemed a small tract of ground, without particular attractions — a place, perhaps, for the country-seat of some *millionaire*. Yet it is between three and four leagues long — and the greater part of it is a solid wilderness — with, as it were, a *lake* on *either* side. Perhaps, untravelled reader, this may give you an idea of the *river* of Niagara.

As you approach the northern end of Grand Island, anticipation stands on tip-toe. I ascended to that sacred portion of the steamer y'clept the roof of the wheel-house, where the sound of the paddles gurgled out a kind of lullaby to my spirit. The blue sky had changed: from the waves of Ontario, and the stretch of Niagara, the morning mists had arisen, and formed into clouds. These rolled upward, in long ribs of purple and gold, from the north, one above another, like some celestial stair-case, leading, as did the dreamy ladder of Jacob, into

Heaven. As we parted the ripples with a nimble prow, the deer were seen, starting from their coverts, in the woods of the island, while the eagle, scared from the arms of his favorite and aspiring cedar, soared with his shrill scream into the abyss of Heaven, where his form was soon swallowed up in the distance.

Shortly after you leave Grand Island, you expand into a scene which, to my agitated remembrance, resembles the *Tappan Zee* of the Hudson. All now is expectation. Every eye is bent to the north. 'How far is it from Chippewa?' asked I, of a friendly delegation of journalists and legislators, whose genial spirits and intercourse I cherish with the warmest recollection. 'Not far,' was the answer; 'you will be there soon.'

At the distance of five miles from Niagara Falls, you catch the first distinct view. Is it sublime? *No* — for distance so softens and deceives, that you cannot appreciate it. You strain your onward-looking eyes, till the retina aches with gazing. What do you see? A cloud of apparent smoke, along the northern border, the *nil ultra* of the lake you are ploughing; and on either side all is apparently a wide shore of rocks and woods — and beyond, a terrible gulf, of which you see nothing but the ceaseless cloud that rises at its dim and dismal edge.

'And that is *Niagara!*' said I, as the mountainous spray, volume after volume, swelled upward in the sun. 'Well I *seem* disappointed.'

'*Do* you?' said my friend, the legislator, with a triumphant accent on the first branch of the interrogation. 'You see the cataract is as yet afar off; just put your hand to your ear, guarding it from the tumult of the machinery, and tell me if you do not hear something?'

I did so; and sonorous, full, and replete with a sense of awe, the voice of the cataract swelled in my ear.

All now was expectancy and enthusiasm. I could scarcely stand still. Before me, like the pillar of fire to the host of the Israelites, rose that eternal column of snowy mist, tinct and garnished by the sunbeam — and I had caught the sound of Niagara!

I scarcely know how I left Chippewa. I am aware that all my travelling movements and precautions were executed with habitual discretion; but I cannot explain to any one the *new* sensations I experienced on our way to the Falls. When at the distance of some two miles from the cataract, there seemed to be an increasing shadow, like that of an eclipse, in the atmosphere. The dimness increased; and on passing a lapse of woods, and emerging again in sight of the river, I felt assured that a storm was coming on. I ordered our postillion to stop.

'Is there no house,' I inquired, 'between this and Niagara? There is a thunder shower coming on; I hear it growling.'

It would have done your heart good, to have heard the laugh of that driver. It was loud and long; it bubbled up from his heart, as if what he had just heard was the best joke he had listened to for years.

'Bless your soul, friend, it 's not going to rain. What you see, is the cloudy mist, and what you hear, is the roar of them Falls, yender. Jest wait a minute — and then ——'

'Stop!' said I, rising in our barouche, while, gilded by the westering sun, I caught, as we wheeled around a clump of trees, the first view of the vast green gulf and circle of the *Horse-Shoe Fall.*

My good reader, you must excuse my enthusiasm. It has been said that Niagara cannot be described. I think it can be. Cannot one record on paper the thoughts provoked by the objects of grandeur and magnificence that have met his eye? Verily, I trow so; and I will *try.* The first mistake corrected by an approach to Niagara, is as to its width. You have supposed it an outlet from one lake to another, pressed into narrow boundaries, and urged onward by irresistible impulses. You were deceived by fancy. The river is like some bay of an ocean; as if indeed the Atlantic and Pacific, one far below the other, should meet, by the former being narrowed to the width of one or two miles, and falling to the depth of more than two hundred feet, with rocks and islands on the edge of the vast gulf, frowning and waving between.

Very soon we reached the Pavilion. The selection of an apartment, visitation to the barber, and the donning of a cool summer dress, were all speedily accomplished. The ceaseless hum of the Falls was in my hearing — it shook the windows of the Pavilion, from which I gazed. Below, at a few rods distance, the mighty Niagara plunged into its misty abyss: above, to the south, it seemed as if an ocean, fierce as that tide which 'keeps due on to the Propontic and the Hellespont,' was rushing madly down to some undiscovered cavern, where its fury was lost and suspended forever.

Descending through the garden and the open common which intervene between the Pavilion and the distant river to the eastward, we struck the road, and observed the sign which pointed '☞ To the Falls.' Here let me say a word, which I think will give the idea of Niagara vividly to one who has never seen it. It seemed to me, as I looked from the window of the Pavilion, that the river was very nearly on a level with the house. Well, I passed over the places I have men-

tioned; and at the guide-post aforesaid, we began to make a most precipitous descent, over rude stair-cases, bedded in miry clay. In a few moments we were nearly on a level with the river, which was in full view, and close at hand. At that instant, the first impression of the vast *power* of Niagara struck my mind; but it was faint and feeble, compared with those that succeeded. For miles, looking upward at the stream, it resembled a foaming ocean, vexed by the storms of the equinox. We proceeded to the house which heads the perpendicular descent to the bed of the river, at the foot of the Falls. Those who dress for deeds of aquatic daring with more deliberation than myself, would have changed their ordinary attire for those simple and coarse habiliments usually adopted by those adventurous spirits who get their drenched certificates for going under the sheet — but for my part, I had not the patience. Endowing myself with an oil-cloth *surtout*, I began to descend the stair-case leading to the base of the cataract.

The descent seemed interminable. I thought I had travelled an hour, still moving round and round — in darkness, and alone. It was a solemn probation, during which I had time to nerve my spirit for the grandeur and the awe with which it was soon to be impressed. At last, I made my egress from the stair-case into the presence of the Wonder.

My first idea was, that a tremendous storm had brewed since I began to descend. Several rods to the south, the Falls, dimly seen, boomed and thundered with a noise so stunning, that I was almost distracted. At my feet, there rolled onward what seemed a *lake of milk* — having about it nothing dark — not even a glimpse of water-color. I saw, near by, a tall black figure, smiling graciously, like some good-natured Charon, ready to transport his customers across the River of Death. He announced himself as the conductor of gentlemen under the Falls. Taking his hand, I approached them. At a certain point, as we drew nigh, I begged him to stop. The mist had surged upward from my vision, and before me *broke down*, as it were, *the Atlantic*, from a height, so dizzy that it made the eye shrink from gazing; the distant side of the vast semicircle hid from view by a rainbow, and the awful mass of green, mad waters, rushing to the abyss, with a noise like the breaking up of chaos! *What is like that scene?* It is itself alone; to depict it, comparisons fail. You must describe itself.

I know not how it was, but such a sense of awe and majesty descended at that moment upon my spirit, that I burst into tears, and shivered through every nerve. What an awful hum and moaning pierced the hearing sense! Above me, hideous rocks rose for hundreds of feet; dark shelves, wet with the eternal tempest around them; and at every moment a stormy gust would drive a deluge of water in my face, taking my breath, and chilling me, as it were in the depth of the solstice, even to the bone. As we shouldered the dark ledges which extended under the sheet, I almost shrank from the desperate undertaking; and never did lover, howsoever deeply skilled in 'holy palmistry,' press the jew-

elled hand of his mistress with such affection as that wherewith Ollapod grasped the sable fingers of his African conductor. His splay feet, and amphibious-looking heels, seemed to stamp him some creature of the elements; a Caliban, schooled to generous offices by some supernatural master.

When you approach within ten feet or so of that tremendous launch of waters, then is the time to pause for a moment, to steep and saturate your soul with one prëeminent and grand remembrance. For me, if *millions* of human beings had been around me, I should have felt *alone* — and as one who, having passed beyond the dominions of mortality, stood presented before the marvels of his God! It is a place for the silent adoration of the heart for Him

> 'Who made the world, and heaped the waters far
> Above its loftiest mountain.'

Whence came those ceaseless and resounding floods? From the 'hollow hand' of Omnipotence! Fancy stretches and plumes her adventurous pinions from this point: she goes onward to the *Upper Lakes*, and their peopled shores; she pursues her voyage to the dark streams and inland seas of the west; and returning, finds their delegated waters pouring heavily and with eternal thunder down that dizzy steep! Thought, preying upon itself, is lost in one deep and profound sense of awe — of recollection — of prospect. I may change one word from Byron, to express my meaning:

> 'By those that deepest feel, is ill exprest
> The indistinctness of the laboring breast:
> Where thousand thoughts begin, to end in one,
> Which seek from all the refuge found in none.'

From the spot of which I speak, you can easily imagine that there has come upon you the deluge, or the day of doom. The voices of eternity seem to burden the air; look up, and the dark rocks, like the confines of Plegethon, seem tottering to their fall; where you stand, the whirlwind which bears upon its pinions drops heavier than those of the most dismal tempest that ever rent the wilderness on land, or wrecked an armament at sea, is moaning and howling. Casting a glance at the upper verge of the Falls, you see the turbulent rapids, thick, green, and high, shrinking back, as it were, from their perilous descent, until a mass of waves behind urges them, resistless, onward; to speak in thunder, and to rise in mist and foam, the children of strife, yet parents of the rainbow, that emblem of peace.

I once asked an elderly friend, in whose domicil I was a favored inmate, and who suffered much from the gout, whether there might be any pain, known to myself, which would compare with it. 'No!' he replied: 'I never met any thing of the sort in my life: there is nothing on earth like it; and I am destitute of any descriptive comparison. I am not dead at present; I hav' n't been as yet to *Tophet;* and therefore can't tell whether gout is like that, or purgatory; but I believe it to be as

near that as any thing.' It is thus with Niagara. There is no emblem: it has no rival — it is like no rival. Its multitudinous waves have a glory and a grandeur of their own, to which nothing can be added, and from which nothing can be taken away.

It has been said, that the tremors or presentiments of those who march to battle, are dissipated by the bustling of caparisoned horses, the rolling of the war-drum, the clangour of the trumpet, the clink and fall of swords — 'the noise of the captains and the shouting.' Some such kind of inspiration is given to the thoughtful and observant man, who goes under the Great Fall of Niagara. As I moved along behind my sable guide, holding on to his dexter,

> 'Even as a child, when scaring sounds molest,
> Clings close and closer to its mother's breast;'

while the waters dashed fiercer and more fiercely around about me, methought I had, in an evil hour, surrendered myself to perdition, and was now being dragged thither by the ebon paw of Satan. Shortly, however, the stormy music of Niagara took possession of my soul; and had Abaddon himself been there, I could have followed him home. For one moment, only, I faltered. The edge of the sheet nearest the Canada side, from its rude and fretting contact with the shore above, comes down with a stain of reddish brown. Near Termination Rock, you pass by that dim border of the Fall, and exchanging recent darkness for the green and spectral light struggling through the thick water, you are enabled to discern where you are. My God! It is enough to make an earth-tried angel shudder, familiar though he may be with the wonder-workings of the Eternal. Look upward! There, forming a dismal curve over your head, and looming in the deceptive and unearthly light, to a seeming distance of many hundred feet, moaning with that ceaseless anthem which trembles at their base, the rocks arise toward Heaven — covered with the green ooze of centuries — hanging in horrid shelves, and apparently on the very point of breaking with the weight of that accumulated *sea* which tumbles and howls over their upper verge! There is no scene of sublimity on earth comparable to this. You stand beneath the rushing tributes from a hundred lakes; you seem to hear the wailings of imprisoned spirits, until, fraught and filled with the spirit of the scene, you exclaim — 'There is a God! — and this vast cataract, awful, overpowering as it is, is but a play-thing of his hand!'

There is one dreadful illusion to which the untrained eye is subject, under this water-avalanche. You know, travelled reader, that when you journey swiftly in a rail-road car, the landscape seems moving past you with the speed of lightning. You see distant trees and fields, apparently out of compliment to the locomotive, wheeling off obsequiously to the right and left. Every grove seems engaged in a rigadoon. This *illuso visus* is particularly discernible on the face of Niagara, when you are beneath the Falls. Look at the sheet but for one moment, and you find yourself rising upward with the swiftness of thought.

Turning your eye to the rocky wall which bounds you, for a moment you give a side-long glance at its dizzy extent. Heavens! — what was that noise? Did not a portion of the rock above — some massy mountain of stone — then fall? No — it was only the thunder of *commingled rapids*, which united at the edge of the precipice, and rushed impetuously into the abyss together. It is this which makes such heavy music — such solemn tones — in the distant voice of Niagara.

A MOST thorough bath — such an one as I never took before — gave me, after my changed dress, and proper probation, a superior appetite for joining a supper party at the Pavilion. I remember the pleasure I once enjoyed, during a summer sojourn at West Point, among congenial spirits. Every day, at dinner, in the large mirrors which bedeck the dining saloon at COZZEN'S capital establishment, what time we discussed viands and wines, I could see the reflected Hudson and its shores — the distant mountains towering into the sky — and steam-craft moving; while

——— 'from town to town,
The snowy sails went gleaming down.'

You seem to think, if you are any thing of an economist, at Niagara, that you are likely to get from your host *the worth of your money*. He gives you 'green or black tea,' and all the appointments of a good supper, and he flings in a view of Niagara from the dining-room windows, without any extra expense! Its music shakes your hand as you lift your coffee to your lip; its bounding and agitated lapse smites your eye, as you sip the juice of the Moca berry — yet you never find it i' the bill. If you wish to be *fleeced*, however, employ a guide to tell you when is the time to say 'Good gracious! how sublime!' and to show you the thousand little nothings in the vicinity of the Falls, which, compared with them, are, as it might be, to pit a flea in fight against a lion or an elephant. Ye blind guides! — door-keepers of the gates of sublimity, which you cannot speak of or describe, save in the stale terms of business! Ye tell a man whose heart and mind are overflowing with awe and wonder *when* to use his eyes! Ye are varlets all; akin to that enterprising man, mentioned, if I mistake not, by Goldsmith, who issued proposals to bite off his own nose by subscription! — or rather, to that builder of *chapeaux*, who exclaimed, in a paroxysm of delight, as he stood at the foot of the Canada Fall, 'By the Lord! — what a glorious place *for washing hats!*'

WELL — I have sojourned near, and surveyed, Niagara, until it is pictured in my mind, and I know it as it were a favorite book. A word here, then, to tourists who have that chief marvel of the world to see. There will perhaps be disappointment in a far-off view, as you go from the south; for the majestic rush of the rapids, and the heavy plunge of the fall, you cannot see. To my *New-York* reader I can give a simile. Supposing the Hudson ran from the bay of your metropolis rapidly to the north. Plant its shores, from the city to the Pallisades, with bold headlands, and ancient forests. At the Pallisades, let the

river break off, and fall to the distance of between one and two hundred feet, and then go heaving onward to Sing Sing, through a huge natural canal, wide as itself, crowned, at the top of the high precipices which border its sides, with shaggy pines and hemlocks, and flowery shrubs and parasites, where the vulture wheels, and the boding owl makes his complaint at evening. This is a faint idea of Niagara. You should sit for hours in the eastern portico of the Pavilion, looking at the waves as they rush over the Horse-Shoe Fall. Continually, large masses of them, green as the richest verd antique, shoot in blended company down into the 'abysm of hell' beneath. From this point they are full of beauty. Unable to keep together, they burst into foam; so that the continual recurrence of this has the effect of a long waste of the finest embroidery, in flowers, leaves, and vines, on a ground of green. Over them plays the rainbow, spanning them with its heavenly arch, and shining lovingly upon the madness of which it is created; stretching itself to the distant island, where its ethereal colors smile on the rich woods and golden waters. There — in the portico aforesaid — is the place to sit and inly ruminate. I saw one fat John Bull, 'a round and stocky man,' in a checked travelling shirt, and a swallow-tailed coat, whose lappels were almost pulled round beneath his arms, standing like some corpulent fowl on the last ledge of Table Rock, peering into the Falls, then only about ten or twelve feet from his side, with a telescope twice as long as his body! It was a pure specimen of the sublime and the ridiculous.

Here let me play the counsellor to the visitor at Niagara. I offer my opinion with confident diffidence. Doubtless you desire to receive at the Falls, and to carry away with you, the strongest impression. Do not therefore *go down* to the foot of the cataract on the Canada side. Take your *coup d'œil* as you drive in your carriage to the Pavilion. Take your supper there, as did the goodly company of your adviser, *Ollapod*. Supposing you are an *American* — which I trust you are — you will of course feel a sort of pride in believing that the best view is on the American side. *And so it is:* yet to look at the United States' part of the cataract, you would say it was a mere mill-dam. It is thus that distance deceives. You cannot see the movement of that far-off water, or hear distinctly the horrid sound with which it plunges from its cloud-kissing elevation to the depth below. But if you would obtain the deepest and strongest thoughts of Niagara, do as I say. Observe the semicircular cataract on the Canada side from the *esplanade* of the Pavilion — but do not go down to the base of the Fall. Let the view remain upon your mind as a beautiful picture; keep the music in your ear, for it is a stern and many-toned music, that you cannot choose but hear. Order the coachman to transport your luggage to the ferry below the Falls — some mile or so. There embark: you will be *frightened*, doubtless, as you gaze to the south, and see the awful torrent pouring down upon you; but you may take the word of the ferry-man that for some dozen or twenty years he has never met with an accident: you may believe him, for the air of truth breathes

through his large grim whiskers. You will see the waves curling their turbulent tops, and dark rocks emerging from their milky current and seething foam, within a yard of your prow — but be not afraid. You are soon at the foot of

THE AMERICAN STAIR-CASE.

And here, after all, kind reader, is the place for a view. Do not look about you much. Be content with the thunder in your ears, and wait until some practised and tasteful observer, kindly acting as your *cicerone*, bids you stop just at that point on the stair-case where the plunging *river*, on the American side, dashes downward in its propulsive journey. There, by the onward plunge of the cataract, which bounds in a *ridge* over the abyss, describing as it were a *circular* fall, the view of Goat Island is completely cut off, and the whole sweep of the Falls — Canadian, American, and all — is seen at once; apparently one unbroken waste of stormy and tumultuous waters. You must be a *demi-god*, if you can stand on that hallowed ground, shaking with the accents of a God, spanned with his bow, resounding with his strength, and laughing in his smile, without emotions of indescribable wonder. Thus, with a trembling hand, and a spirit saturated with the grandeur of the scene, Ollapod pencilled his hasty, weak, and inexpressive scrawl:

HERE speaks the voice of God! Let man be dumb,
Nor, with his vain aspirings, hither come;
That voice impels these hollow-sounding floods,
And with its presence shakes the distant woods;
These groaning rocks the Almighty's finger piled —
For ages here his painted bow has smiled;
Mocking the changes and the chance of time —
Eternal — beautiful — serene — sublime!

FOR the rest — as touching the *sound* of Niagara — our wanderings over Great Island — the fair friends we met perambulating there; with divers other peregrinations — the journey toward the orient — the scenes of Lewiston, Queenston, Lockport, Rochester — that lovely and most hospitable city — shall they not be presented to thee, kind reader, in the next subsections of

Thine, heartily, and to serve,

OLLAPOD.

AUTUMNAL MONITIONS.

OH many smiles are dimmed by tears,
And dark is many a brow —
And eyes that beamed in former years
Are closed forever now:
The life from stricken hearts hath gushed,
And many a gentle voice is hushed,
Or only sounds in woe:
Oh, as the dying year goes by,
How many stars it dims on high!

LITERARY NOTICES.

A Life of Washington in Latin Prose: by Francis Glass, A. M., of Ohio. Edited by J. N. Reynolds, Esq. Third Edition. New-York: Harper and Brothers.

We are glad to find, that our anticipations respecting the success of this work have been fully realized, and that it has become already a favorite text-book in most of our classical schools. The present edition makes its appearance with the additional advantage of a copious vocabulary, in which particular care has been taken, among other things, to designate such terms as are of modern origin, and such as, though employed by the ancient writers, are here used in a modern sense. We do not know that any thing can now be done to render the work more valuable and complete, or better calculated to answer the object, and do honor to the memory, of its erudite author. Our intention, however, in writing the present article is, not to praise the book itself, for that were now a superfluous task, but to undertake its defence against a very superficial and illiberal critique, which appeared in the last number of the *North American Review*. Longinus thought, in his day, that the faculty of passing a sound judgment upon writings was the final result of extensive experience; but Longinus was a fool to think so, and the young gentleman who perpetrates the classical articles in the numbers of the North American could teach him a far different lesson. It was commonly supposed, among the earlier race of scholars, that, in order to become a critic, a man must read and think, and have a little stock of his own with which to enter upon this line of business; but in these days of fictitious capital, you can do just as well by borrowing, and can save in the bargain a vast deal of valuable time. A person would be a very great simpleton, now-a-days, to sit down and *study* to be a critic.

Poor Glass's work has been subjected to the ordeal of this modern school of criticism; and, as may be expected, has received but little quarter from the Aristarchus of New-England. None of its beauties — and they are not few in number — are even so much as hinted at. No merit whatever is ascribed to the fact of the author's having written his work at a distance from all those aids to composition with which others are so abundantly supplied. A few paltry attempts are made, in the very worst spirit of criticism that can disgrace a pedagogue, to pick out some half a dozen verbal errors, and in every instance these attempts have proved completely abortive. A reviewer, who handles in this way the work of another, ought, from motives of common prudence, to look carefully to his own doctrines, lest, from want of sufficient acquaintance with his subject, he be led into greater errors than those which he undertakes to condemn. Let us see, for a moment, how the case stands, in this respect, with our critic. He regrets that the voluminous writings of Cato, Varro, and Lucceius, have not been preserved. Would poor Glass have ever been guilty of such a tissue of blunders? In the first place, the only one of the three that deserves the name of a voluminous writer, is Varro, and no one at all acquainted with literary history would ever think of ranking Cato, much less Lucceius, in the same class with him, as regarded the number of their productions. In the next place, the reviewer

appears to be actually ignorant that Cato's work on Husbandry, and Varro's treatise on the same subject, together with a portion of the one which he wrote on the Latin language, have come down to our times, and been commented upon by modern scholars. There can be no escape from this inference; for, in the very next sentence, the critic speaks of the lost works of Cicero, Livy, and others; thus manifestly distinguishing between Cicero, Livy, and the rest, whose productions have come down to us in part, and Cato and Varro, whose writings, according to him, have not reached us at all. Does our remark require any additional confirmation? Let it be found in the fact, that Cato, Varro, and Lucceius, are classed together, whereas no writings whatever of the last mentioned individual have ever come down to our times. Does not this show most conclusively, that our learned friend supposed the works of Cato and Varro to be all in a similar predicament? Besides, who would ever think of calling Lucceius a voluminous writer, when he composed only two histories?—and who but our critic would place him by the side of Varro, who, according to Aulus Gellius, had written, as he himself stated, four hundred and ninety works by the time he had reached his eighty-fourth year?

The reviewer makes mention also of the lost comedies of Plautus, and thinks that, if we had them, not only the 'vocabulary' of the Latin language, but its 'compass of expression,' would be greatly enlarged. Here again our friend the critic lays himself open to the same charge which he has been kind enough to prefer against the author of the Life of Washington—a want of sufficient reading on the subject. Every scholar knows (we use the term 'scholar' here in the old-fashioned sense of the word) that the genuine comedies of Plautus, as fixed by the Varronian canon, were only twenty-one in number, and that of these we have twenty remaining. Consequently but *one* is lost. What a wonderful play this lost one must have been, when the mere thoughts of it so bewilder with admiration the mind of our erudite countryman, that he actually magnifies it into a dozen or more! It will not do to say, that Plautus probably re-touched the plays of other dramatists, and therefore that these also should be regarded as his productions. We are talking of the plays of Plautus, not of those of other people. Neither will it do to point to the fragments of Plautus, as they are called, that are appended to some of the editions of his works. Prove, if you can, that Plautus wrote the dramas from which they are said to have been taken. Just so, again, with regard to Terence. Our critic talks of the lost comedies of this dramatist, with the utmost composure, without being in the least aware, as it would seem, that the six plays, which we have at present under his name, are in all probability the only ones that he ever composed, or that, if there were any others, the number of these must have been small indeed. Who, at the present day, gives credit to the ridiculous story, quoted by Suetonius from an obscure writer, that Terence, who spent hardly one year in Greece, wrote or translated, during that period, as many as one hundred and eight comedies? Why, it would be impossible, during so short an interval, to write even one hundred and eight reviews, notwithstanding the little expenditure of intellect which these interesting lucubrations require. If, however, Terence did actually perform the feat that is here ascribed to him, then the loss of these same productions is certainly not much to be regretted. Did our critic never spare himself a moment's leisure, amid his profound researches into modern Latinity, to read the lives of the Roman poets by Crusius? He would have found that able writer advocating the opinion, that in all likelihood we have only lost above one or two of the dramas of Terence.

We come now to the main question, whether this critic, whose own blunders are so palpable, and whose own want of reading is so deplorably apparent, was exactly the right person to sit in judgment on the work of another. We think we can show

conclusively that he was not qualified for the task, if we have not already accomplished this by our preliminary remarks. The first objection which the critic raises is, that names are Latinized in the Life of Washington with little uniformity; that we have at one time, for example, *Randolphius*, and then again plain *Randolph*. A most profound observation! It shivers the Latinity of Glass into a thousand fragments. The only consolation the poor man has, and it is small indeed, is to fall to the ground in very good company, for Cambden has *O'Neale* and *O'Nealus*, *Medcalf* and *Medcalfus*, *Hawkwood* and *Hawkwoodus*; and Wyttenbach has *Luzac* and *Luzacus*, *Sluiter* and *Sluiterus*, *Creuzer* and *Creuzerus*. What shockingly bad Latin Cambden, Glass, and Wyttenbach wrote! The second objection of our friend the reviewer is, that Glass does not use correct phraseology when he speaks of *Dux Gage*, *Dux Howe*, etc. Mr. Reynolds, to be sure, had already taken notice of this form of expression in the preface to Glass's work; but we would not for the world countenance the belief that our friend the critic borrowed the hint from that gentleman. In a review which contains so many original ideas, this discovery about '*dux*' must have been, of course, original also. Let us look at it for a moment. You can say *Rex Gulielmus*, in Latin, remarks the reviewer, (the English had better take a hint from this, and not blunder away, as they have been accustomed to do, with their *Gulielmus Rex*,) but you cannot say '*Dux Gage*.' Why? Listen to the critic. 'The appellation 'king' belongs so naturally to the individual in question, that it partakes of the use of a proper name.' The remark shows much critical acumen, and makes us quite proud of our countryman. Its meaning is this: you can say, in Latin, *Rex Gulielmus*, because you say, in English, 'King William;' but you cannot say '*Dux Gage*,' because no one ever thinks of saying 'General Gage,' but always 'Mr. Gage, the general,' and consequently '*Dux Gage*' is very bad Latin indeed. It ought to be '*Gage Dux*.' We are sorry, however, for one thing. The learned reviewer assures us that the expressions '*Dux Cæsar*,' and '*Dux Pompeius*,' do not once occur in Cæsar's Commentaries. We regret that he wasted his valuable time in looking over Cæsar for this purpose, and we can assure him on positive authority, that the Romans never said 'General Cæsar' and 'General Pompey,' but always 'Cæsar general,' 'Pompey general.' He will find the point fully discussed in *Slawkenbergius*, lib. 1, c. 3., *Harper's edition*.

Well, Glass, what do you say to this? The poor fellow shrugs up his shoulders, points to other parts of his book, where he has '*Wayne, dux Americanus*,' and '*Cornwallis, comes Anglicus*,' and '*Howe, imperator Britannus*,' and mutters something about fair and honest criticism. But who ever heard that a critic troubled himself about fairness and honesty? If you find fault with an expression in a man's book, and suggest what you consider a better one, and if this better one be actually used by the person whom you censure, in other parts of his work, that is no concern of yours. Why, if this rule were not adopted, we would have no quarterly reviews at all! And then only think of the worse than Cimmerian darkness that must pervade all the regions of literature, especially classical!

After this handsome display of learning and candor, the reviewer proceeds to make an attack on Glass's Latin forts. The names of fortifications, he tells us, ought either to be adjectives, or nouns in the genitive case, and straightway he levels his critical battering-ram at '*propugnaculum Washingtonium*.' Out comes poor Glass, and assures his assailants that *Washingtonium* is actually an adjective, agreeing with *propugnaculum*. 'No such thing,' exclaims his opponent, 'it is a noun, second declension, neuter gender, nominative case, singular number,' accompanying each clause with a blow, and behold, '*propugnaculum Washingtonium*' is a heap of ruins. What a warning to all forts constructed in a similar manner! A court-mar-

tial is now summoned to try the unfortunate term *velitatio*, as being an intruder and low fellow. 'Why, your worship,' exclaims the luckless *velitatio*, 'I am not, I assur you, quite so bad a person as you take me to be. I am employed by Gesner in his version of Lucian, which version, you know, was revised by the great Tib. Hemsterhuys; I am employed by Bergler in his version of Herodian; by Reiske in his edition of Plutarch; by Schweighaeuser in his Polybius; by Schneider in his Xenophon; and by Stewecchius in his Commentary on Vegetius. Besides, I am found in Plautus; and, as you yourself think that, if we had the lost comedies of this dramatic writer, the vocabulary of the Latin, and its compass of expression, would be greatly enlarged, how do you know but what I may be snugly ensconced in one of those same lost plays of the honest old Umbrian? *Velitatio*, notwithstanding this eloquent and touching appeal, is driven off in disgrace.

The reviewer then turns about and scolds Glass for using *reportare* in the passive voice, with '*ab*,' as indicating the agent. Our western Erasmus is indignant at this. 'Why, my friend,' he exclaims, 'you have found all your examples about *reporto*, in Ainsworth's Dictionary, where I found them years ago. Do have a little charity, and consider whether '*ab*,' in my sentence, has not the meaning, 'on the side of,' and before you again expose your ignorance about passive verbs, and '*ab*' denoting the agent, do read what Perizonius has written on the subject in his edition of Sanctius. All learning, believe me, is not contained in Ainsworth. So, again, you find fault with my phraseology, '*commeatus a civitatibus eois intercludere*,' where the luckless preposition is again employed in the same sense as I have just now mentioned. And when I talk of Westchester, and use the term *exponere*, with an ellipsis, to denote a disembarkation, you tell me the geography of the passage is not clear. Perhaps it is not clear to you, but every school-boy certainly understands it. You tell me, also, that Cæsar could not understand my use of *recipiendi*, with an ellipsis of the reflexive pronoun. Why, my learned sir, Cæsar uses it himself.' We rather think that Glass has the better of his critic here, and will only add, that the faults found with his book are about as puerile, and as unworthy of true scholarship, as any thing that can well be imagined.

But the best part of the story remains to be told. It seems, that when Glass's Life of Washington was passing through the press, the editor being in want of a motto for the title-page, applied to a gentleman in New-York, Professor Anthon, of Columbia College, who promised to furnish him with one. The professor, not being able to find a quotation to his liking, manufactured the following, in imitation of Cicero's style, in which mention is made of an old Sibylline prediction, darkly shadowing forth the discovery of America, the foundation of the United States' government, and other events of modern times!

'Longè trans Oceanum, si Libris Sybillinis credamus, patebit post multa sæcula tellus ingens atque opulenta, et in eâ exorietur vir fortis ac sapiens, qui patriam servitute oppressam consilio et armis liberabit, remque public amnostræ et origine cæterâque historiâ simillimam, fellcibus auspiciis condet, Bruto et Camillo, Di boni! multum et merito anteferendus. Quod nostrum illum non fugit Accium, qui, in Nyctegresiâ suâ, vetus hoc oraculum numeris poeticis adornavit.'—*Ciceronis fragm.* xv. *ed. Maii*, p. 52.

Will it be believed, that this learned reviewer has certainly swallowed the whole for a genuine quotation from Cicero, and that he who is so profoundly versed in modern Latin as to detect the least error, and to have his finely-attuned feelings shocked by the least deviation from the melody of pure and elegant Latin, actually mistook a piece of modern Latin for a passage from Cicero? And yet this critic professes to sit in judgment on a modern Latin work!

THE ADVANTAGES AND DANGERS OF THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR. A Discourse delivered on the day preceding the Annual Commencement of Union College, July 26, 1836. By GULIAN C. VERPLANCK, one of the Regents of the University of the State of New-York. New-York: WILEY AND LONG.

WE have had occasion heretofore to speak of one or two public performances of Mr. VERPLANCK, similar to the one before us; but the present has impressed us as superior, in many respects, to any previous effort of the writer's mind. This Address is, indeed, an admirable specimen of what such collegiate performances should be — direct, eloquent, and profound, and in its tendency most salutary. We trespass upon space that we regret is so limited, for a few extracts which, better than any comments we could make, will show the character of the discourse under notice.

A comparison between our advantages as a nation, and the situation of those countries where 'talent is chilled and withered by penury, and profound learning wasted on the drudgery of elementary instruction, or else 'lost in a convent's solitary gloom,' affords occasion for the following just and felicitous passage:

"Excepting those melancholy cases, where some unavoidable calamity has weighed down the spirits and extinguished joy and hope for ever, knowledge and ability cannot well run here to waste without their voluntary degradation by gross vice or the maddest imprudence. But I do not now speak of the varied opportunities for the successful exertion of matured, cultivated talent, or the substantial rewards that its exercise may win, so much as of the still greater advantage which that talent may derive to itself from the prevailing activity and energy that animate the whole community. Under that strong and contagious stimulus, the faculties are awakened, the capacity enlarged, the genius roused, excited, inspired. The mind is not suffered to brood undisturbed over its own little stock of favorite thoughts, treading the same unceasing round of habitual associations, until it becomes quite incapable of fixing its attention upon any new object, and its whole existence is but a dull, drowsy dream. On the contrary, it is forced to sympathize with the living world around, to enter into the concerns of others and of the public, and to partake, more or less, of the cares and the hopes of men. Thus every hour it imbibes, unconsciously, new and strange knowledge, quite out of the sphere of its own personal experience. Thus it receives, and in its turn spontaneously communicates, that bright electric current that darts its rapid course throughout our whole body politic, removing every sluggish obstruction, and bracing every languid muscle to vigorous toil. As compared with the more torpid state of society exhibited elsewhere, to live in one such as this, is like emerging from the fogs of the lowland fens, heavy with chilling pestilence,

> ——'the dull pacific air
> Where mountain zephyr never blew,
> The marshy level dank and bare,
> That Pan, that Ceres never knew'—

and ascending to inhale the exhilarating mountain atmosphere, where the breeze is keen and pure, and the springs gush bright from their native rock, bestowing on the children of the hills the bounding step, the strong arm, the far-seeing eye, and the stout heart. It is much then to breathe such a mental air from earliest youth. It is much to be educated and formed under such potent and perpetual stimulants to intellectual development. But for a mind thus formed and framed for vigorous and effective action, it is not less necessary that fitting occupations may be found for its nobler qualities and powers. This is much for worldly success. It is every thing for honor, for conscience, for content, for beneficence. Let genius, however brilliant, however gifted with rare, or copious, or varied acquirements, be but doomed to labor for selfish objects, for personal necessities and sensual gratifications, and for those only — and its aspirations too will become low, its desires sordid, and its powers, (adroit doubtless, and very effective as to their accustomed occupations,) will dwindle and become enfeebled, until they are quite incapable of any generous and magnanimous undertaking.

"But with us, the man of intellectual endowment is not so 'cabined, cribbed, bound in' to his own puny cares. Far otherwise; his generous ambition, his large philanthropy, his zeal for the service of his God or his country, may spread themselves abroad 'as wide and general as the casing air,' without finding any check or barrier to their farthest range.

"In the eternal order of Providence, minds act and react, and become the transcripts and reflections of each other, thus multiplying and perpetuating the evils or the excellence of our short being upon this globe. It is not the exclusive prerogative of the

great, the eloquent, the chosen sons of genius or of power, who can speak trumpet-tongued to millions of their fellow creatures, from the high summits of fame or authority, thus to be able to extend themselves in the production of good or evil far around and forward. We are all of us, in some sort, as waves in the shoreless ocean of human existence. Our own petty agitations soon die away, but they can extend themselves far onward and onward, and there are oftentimes circumstances which may cause those billows to swell as they roll forward, until they rise into a majestic vastness which it scarce seems possible that our puny efforts could have ever set in motion. Such favoring circumstances, in other nations comparatively rare, are here the common blessings of our land. We have a population doubling and re-doubling with a steady velocity so unexampled in former history, as to have utterly confounded the speculations of all older political philosophy. We have a territory, which rapidly as that population subdues the forest and covers the desert, has still ample room for coming generations. These things alone are enormous elements in the mighty process of social melioration. Whatever is effected in removing any of the evils that afflict those about us, must, ere long, reach far beyond us and beyond them, to other and more numerous generations, to distant fields, as yet silent and desolate, but destined soon to swarm with a busy multitude. The character, knowledge, and happiness of that future and distant multitude are now in our hands. They are to be moulded by our benificent labors, our example, our studies, our philanthropic enterprise. Thus the 'spirit of our deeds,' long after those deeds have passed away, will continue to walk the earth, from one ocean-beat shore of our continent to the other, scattering blessings or curses upon after times."

From an unanswerable argument against the ever-recurring objection of some of the present day, that our gravitation toward the useful, the active, and the practical, is fatal to excellence in elegant art and literature, we make the subjoined extract:

"Whose are the venerated and enduring names — whose the volumes that we turn to, with reverent affection, as the oracles of just thought, or the ever fresh springing fountains of delight? Who were they, from Bacon to our own Franklin — from Spenser and Shakspeare to Walter Scott — but men of those mixed pursuits, that multifarious instruction, that familiar intercourse with actual life, which narrow-minded learning would brand as the bane of philosophy, the destruction of letters. Compare their works with those of men devoted to literature alone, and who looked at nothing beyond its precincts — the plodding compiler, the laborious collector of scientific trifles, valuable only as materials for some wiser mind to use, the herd of dealers in light literature, either the servile imitators of past excellence, or the echoes of the follies of their day, or baser yet, the panders to its vices. How short and fleeting has been their popularity! Here and there one among the number has deserved the gratitude of posterity by moral worth and well directed labor. His works keep an honored place in our libraries, but they rarely exercise a living sway over the opinions and tastes of nations.

> **A mortal born, he meets the general doom,**
> **But leaves, like Egypt's kings, a lasting tomb.**

Such is also the experience of the arts of taste and design. The father of the Italian arts, Leonardo da Vinci, was a scholar, a politician, a poet, a musician. Michael Angelo, the sublime and the holy, was still more universal. Sculptor, painter, poet, architect, engineer — we find him now painting his grand frescos, now modeling his gigantic statues, now heaving the dome of St. Peter's into the air, and now fortifying his loved Florence, the city of his affections, with a humble diligence and a patriot's zeal. There are no such artists now in Italy. The painters and sculptors with which it swarms, are devoted to painting and sculpture exclusively; but how do they compare as artists with their great predecessors? Could any authority whatever add weight to the facts I have just referred to, such would be found in the opinion of Milton himself. In a well known passage of one of those fervid and brilliant prose tracts of his youth, which (to use the noble metaphor of an eloquent critic) announced the Paradise Lost as plainly as ever the bright purple clouds in the east announced the rising of the sun — Milton, with a sublime and determined confidence in his own genius, covenanted — for that is his remarkable expression — in some few years thereafter, to produce 'a work not to be raised from the heats of youth or the vapors of wine, like that which flows at will from the pen of some vulgar amorist, nor by invocation of Memory and her syren sisters, but by devout prayer to that Eternal Spirit which can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and send out his seraphim with the hallowed fire of his altar to touch and purify the lips of whom he pleases.' 'To this,' he subjoins in a lower strain of eloquence, but with the same decision of tone, 'to this must be added industrious and select readings, steady observation, and an insight into all seemly and generous arts and affairs.' Had Milton confined himself to the studies of his library, or the halls of his university — had he not thrown himself into the hottest conflicts of the day — had he not stood forth the

terrible champion of freedom of opinion and of republican liberty, raising on high his spirit-stirring voice in their defence in worst extremes, and 'on the perilous verge of battle where it raged;' had he not participated in counsel, in act, and in suffering with England's boldest spirits — had he not thus felt in himself, and seen in others, the 'might of the unconquerable will,' the unshaken, unseduced, unterrified constancy of faithful zeal and love; he would not have gained that insight into seemly and generous arts and affairs, that intimate acquaintance with the nobler parts of human nature, that made him the greatest of poets. Had Milton lived always a recluse student, his learned fancy would have undoubtedly enriched his country's literature with Lycidas and Comus, but the world would have wanted the Paradise Lost.

"But the American literary man has yet other reasons to be grateful for having been born in this age and country; and they are reasons such as a mind cast in the grand antique mould of Milton's, would prize as most worthy of fervent thanksgiving. Every thing here is propitious to honest independence of thought. Such an independence is the presiding genius of all our institutions; it is the vital spirit that gives life to the whole. * * * Here there is no apparently general agreement of society to awe the mind from investigation of what claims to be certain and established truth. And when examination on any subject brings conviction, the inquirer is seldom compelled to meet that hardest trial of human fortitude, the renunciation of old associations and long cherished doctrines in the face of universal scorn and indignation, and without the solace of human sympathy. More than this: — that restlessness of enterprise, which alike nerves the frontier settler to the toils and adventures of the wilderness, and kindles the young dreams of the political aspirant; which whitens the ocean with our canvass, drives the rail-road through the desert, and startles the moose at his watering-place, or scares the eagle from his high solitary perch with the sudden beat of the steam-boat's wheels — that one and the same ardent, restless spirit ruling our whole people, can have little communion with that abject prostration of intellect, that makes man crouch before his fellow, submitting his reason and his conscience to another's will. It is thus that the adventurous ardor, so efficient in external and material matters, naturally extends its energies to the moral and intellectual. Here are at once provided facilities for the propagation of truth, and securities for some portion, at least, of respect for conscientious error."

Passing a just and striking picture of the effect of rank and patronage upon literature and the human intellect, we select a few paragraphs from that portion of the address which illustrates the 'dangers of the American scholar' — reluctantly omitting the forcible comments upon that spirit of individual speculation and accumulation which is ruining so many young men in our country:

"One of the most obvious of the intellectual dangers growing out of the circumstances otherwise thus fruitful in blessings, is the danger of falling into a conceited, smattering superficiality, in consequence of that very universality of occupation and inquiry which seems, in other respects, so propitious to the formation of a sound, comprehensive understanding, so useful to the man of books, so graceful to the man of business. Such superficiality is undeniably one of the besetting sins of our reading men. It shows itself in the capacity of talking fluently upon all things, and of doing every thing; and in the habit of talking inaccurately upon all things, and of doing every thing badly. It nourishes and sustains itself upon compends, abridgments, extracts, and all the other convenient subsidia of improved education; excellent things in their way, but like other great improvements of our day, wheeling you to the object of your journey, without permitting you to know much of the country you pass through. You may trace it by the small pedantry that commonly accompanies half knowledge. You may track it in legislative speeches and reports, in public documents and legal arguments, and even in judicial opinions, where facts, and numbers, and grave statements of argument and collations of authorities are all that is wanted; but where their place is filled by puerile rhetoric, by common-place instances of Greek and Roman history, or by mouldy scraps of thumb-worn school-boy Latin — shabby finery at the best, and all of it out of place. Yet the temptation to the commission of such folly is not great, and the remedy is easy. No man can hope to know every thing within the knowledge of his whole race. Let him then study with diligent accuracy that single branch of knowledge which it happens to be most his duty to know well, and he will have time and opportunity left to learn much more. Let him keep his curiosity awake, and his affections alive to whatever concerns the welfare of his neighbor, his country, or his kind. He cannot then fail to learn much, and he will know how to use all he learns well. His understanding will be tempered by use to that right medium that best brings the scattered and broken rays of light from all quarters, to converge upon any object on which the mind is called to fix its attention."

"There is yet a danger, of quite another sort, that with us sometimes besets and misleads the literary man. Familiarized from youth with the glories and beauties of European literature, his ambition is early fired to imitate or to rival its excellence. He forms to himself grand plans of intellectual exploits, all of them probably incongruous with the state and taste of his country, and most of them doubtless beyond his own ability. The embryo author projects epic poems, and in the meanwhile executes sonnets in quantities; the artist feeds his imagination with ideal historical compositions on the scale and above the excellence of those of Raphael; the young orator dreams of rivalling the younger Pitt, and of ruling the nation by his eloquence, at the age of four-and-twenty. These enthusiasts enter the living world, and soon find that their expectations are but a dream. They discover either that the world rates their talent very differently from their own estimate of it, or else that the state of society about them is wholly adverse to its exercise in the direction or on the scale their ambitious fancy had anticipated. The coarse matter-of-fact character of our world begins to disgust them. They see duller school-fellows outstrip them in worldly success. They see the honors and profits of public office bestowed upon some whom they know to be unworthy. The profits of trade and speculation are gathered before their eyes by the unlettered.

"Disappointed and disgusted, they are now tempted to ascribe their disappointment to the republican institutions of their country; not reflecting that it is impossible to enjoy all kinds of good at the same time; that whatever is administered by men, must be subject to abuse; and that to be happy and successful, every man must some how or other conform himself to the sphere where Providence has placed him. If the scholar gives way to this temptation, he becomes a discordant, jarring thing in society, harmonizing with nothing near or around him. He dwells with a sort of complacent disgust upon every imperfection of our social state. He gradually becomes a rebel in heart to our glorious institutions. His affections and secret allegiance transfer themselves to some other form of government and state of society, such as he dreams to have formed the illustrious men and admirable things of his favorite studies — forms of government or states of society, such as he knows only by their accidental advantages, without a glimpse of their real and terrible evils.

"When this mental disease, for so it may be called without a metaphor, seizes irrecoverably upon the thoughts of the retiring, the sensitive, and timid lover of books and meditation, his capacity for useful exertion is ended; he is thenceforward doomed to lead a life of fretful restlessness alternated with querulous dejection. On the other hand, should he be naturally a man of firmer temperament and sounder discretion, time and experience will sober down his fancies, and make him join in the labors of life with cool submission. Still he is in danger of being a soured and discontented man, occasionally compelled to feign what he does not feel, and always unsustained by that glad confidence, that eager zeal and gay hope, which ever cheer him who loves and honors his country, feels her manifold blessings, and is grateful for all of them."

Beautifully printed upon a large bold type, and paper of the finest texture and color, this excellent Address recommends itself to the eye as well as to the taste and understanding of the reader.

THE PARRICIDE: By the author of 'Miserrimus.' In two volumes, 12mo. Philadelphia: E. L. CAREY AND A. HART.

THERE is a class of men in this world — a class happily small — who love to gloat over the worst passions of the heart — to dwell upon the darkest scenes of existence — and to represent human nature as utterly revolting and corrupt. A prominent worthy of this unworthy genus, is the author of 'Miserrimus' and 'The Parricide,' the last named of which, it is sufficient to say, is only worthy of the writer of the first. It is a gloomy *rifacimento*, neither calculated, in any respect or degree, to please the imagination, arrest the judgment, nor win the heart. On the contrary, the Parricide is a human tiger, 'black with malice and revenge, and dipped in blood from head to heel;' and the only relief which the reader experiences in perusing the revolting details connected with his history, is afforded by diverse metaphysical talkings, and hyperbolical Germanisms, the spawn of a muddy brain. The attempt of the author to answer the objections which his work is so well calculated to incur, is feeble and unsatisfactory. He is a moral maniac, and should be placed in some benevolent asylum for lunatics, until he shall have found time and opportunity to sanify.

MY PRISONS: MEMOIRS OF SILVIO PELLICO: with Additions, and a Biographical Notice of Pellico, by PIERO MARONCELLI: Translated from the Italian. In two vols. 12mo. pp. 643. Cambridge, Mass: CHARLES FOLSOM.

THE first volume of this publication is a new translation of the '*Prizioni*' of Silvio Pellico, published in 1832, which excited so great an interest in Europe and in this country. As most of our readers are familiar with the story of this man of misfortune and genius, it will be unnecessary to give any account of the book, which has already, by its touching simplicity of style, and display of Christian feeling and devotion, awakened the sympathy of so many, and painted, more strikingly than could volumes of declamation, the injustice and oppression under which the captives suffered. The translation of the work is in general easy and correct, though slight inelegancies of style, caused by too scrupulous an adherence to the original, occasionally appear. A biographical notice of the poet, by his friend and companion in suffering, Maroncelli, is prefixed to the second volume, and is full of interest, by reason of the light it throws upon Pellico's history, and the sketches it affords of other distinguished individuals. The incident which led Silvio to the composition of the dramatic poem that gained him his highest reputation, is mentioned. He had been engaged with a tragedy upon a Grecian subject — *Laodicea* — but seeing by chance a young actress, who afterward became celebrated throughout Italy, her pale and expressive countenance inspired him to the conception of his Francesca. Having written the play of *Francesca da Rimini*, he gave it to Foscolo to read; who counselled him to burn the new piece, while he highly approved of the old one. Silvio reversed the decision of his friend, destroyed the *Laodicea*, and produced the other; and thus became known as the first living dramatist of his country. Pellico also translated Byron's Manfred into prose.

The 'Additions' of Signor Maroncelli are notes to the narrative of his friend. Unchecked by the rigid censorship which restrained the disclosures of Pellico, these notes present a more fearful picture of the cruelties exercised upon the unhappy prisoners. Their food and manner of labor is described: they were, it seems, deprived of all articles of convenience. An instance is mentioned in which the director objected to the use of a wooden fork, alleging it to be a violation of discipline:

"Silvio was mild and patient, but he could not endure certain stupid exactions, made under the pretence of being necessary to good order. It appeared to him that there could be no violation of order in leaving us a wooden fork. In vain; the harmlessness of such a concession could not enter heads more wooden than the forks. We were, therefore, in the habit of repeating on similar occasions a saying proverbial throughout Italy, which is essentially characteristic of the good people of Austria: *Indietro ti e muro:* (Back with you and the wall.*) Under these vexations, Silvio could no longer restrain himself. 'Will it shake the Austrian empire,' said he, 'if, instead of eating filthily with my fingers, I make use of a piece of wood?'"

Our ingenious prisoners, however, found a substitute for the forks in the wooden needles given them for the purpose of knitting stockings, which they tied together for use.

Many other instances of the most exacting cruelty are related. One of the captives had domesticated a young sparrow, which being accidentally discovered in his cell by the director of police, was taken from the prisoner, while the guards were dis-

* "*Indietro ti e il muro.* The proverb refers to an order given by the Austrian soldiers, who, during a procession at Naples, directed the crowd to fall back. They were answered that it was impossible to fall back farther, as the walls of the houses were already pressed against. '*Back with you and the wall!*' was the rejoinder.

missed for want of vigilance. After repeated appeals, however, to the clemency of the emperor, express permission was obtained for the restoration of the bird.

Part of the second volume is occupied by Signor Maroncelli's essay, or sketch of an essay, upon the two great schools of composition heretofore distinguished by the appellations *classic* and *romantic*. Instead of this conventional and arbitrary distinction, founded only upon the form or material of the work, and not on a difference of essence, the author proposes to establish distinctive terms more definite, and which convey an idea of their meaning in themselves. These may be best explained in his own words:

"Profound poetry, whether of thought, imagination, or sentiment, might, as I believe, be described by two words; the one *mente* (mind) comprehending thought and imagination; the other *core* (heart) expressing *sentiment*. From these I have ventured to form the compounds *cor-mental*, *cor-mentalism*, and *cor-mentalist*. In this compound, the word *mente* is used to denote every creation properly called intellectual; and the word *core*, every creation emanating from the feelings, from the gentlest breath of affection to the strongest emotion. From the intellect, as from a mother, proceeds the newly formed *idea*; the heart, like a tender nurse, receives and cherishes it into youth and manhood.

"That poetry which neither thinks, imagines, nor feels profoundly, which skims over the surface without ever sounding the depths, not from being faulty in its kind, but from its nature, (thus forming a distinct species, good in its way, but the reverse of the other,) might be defined by the words *superficialness* and *superficial*, if they had not been perverted from their pure and original meaning, and become terms of censure. We would avoid needless occasions of misunderstanding. The words sketch and profile are familiar in the fine arts, and either of them would designate admirably that species of composition which touches without penetrating, which delineates without coloring. If we prefer the second as more definite, we may derive from it *profilism*, *profilary*, and *profilist*."

Under these new distinctions, the writer calls the literature of Greece and Rome almost wholly *profilary*, while that of the ages of Christianity is on the contrary *cor-mental*. The latter epithet is applied to many writers whom we have been accustomed to consider as classic; Tacitus, and Ovid where he enters into the passions, as also Tasso, Alfieri, Klopstock, etc. The different characteristics of many of the modern Italian writers, and their claims to the distinction of *cormentalism*, are ingeniously but briefly sketched. We fully coincide with the author's opinion of Chiabrera, but are not disposed to agree with him in the case of Guidi, to whom we think he is hardly just. The odes of Guidi have afforded us, in times past, too much pleasure for us to remember their author without respect. With regard to the novel system of classification proposed by Signor Maroncelli, we consider it entitled to the attention of the learned in every country. Its adoption would remove much vagueness and perplexity in the application of the terms now employed. The translation of this part of the book, by Miss Sedgwick, is much better than that of the other portions, and exhibits the style of an experienced writer.

The work is accompanied with a few of Signor Maroncelli's poems, not heretofore given to the world, we believe, even in the original. They have been translated by Mrs. E. F. Ellet, with the taste and talent that mark every thing coming from the pen of that highly-gifted lady. But it is a task of almost insuperable difficulty to transfer the peculiar graces with which a poet embellishes his work, to another language. One might almost as well hope to gather the dew-drops that sparkle on a wild flower, and make them shine as beautifully on a hot-house rose: the element indeed is there, but its brightness and beauty will be seen no more.

Nevertheless, the translator may give it new charms, as did Pope to the Iliad, which in his version is something more, if not something better, than Homer's. The fol-

lowing 'Hymn of the Night' is imbued with piety and deep feeling, and will serve to show the beauty and spirit of Mrs. Ellet's translations:

HYMN OF THE NIGHT.

In Afric's sea, the king of light
Dips his broad orb and sinks from sight.

Now the enamoured Hindoo maid,
By fate's inevitable will,
Parted from him she loves, hath strayed
Beside the flowret-bordered rill.
While night's dusk wings in silence brood
O'er blooming field and glassy flood.
By love to gentle frenzy wrought,
Barefoot, with tresses all unbound,
The deep blue heaven her eye hath sought —
Now bends she, gathering from the ground
The flowers with mutual feeling fraught.
Filled with fond envy, she hath wove
In one sweet wreath, no more to stray,
The enamoured buds — their couch of love
A shallow vase of yielding clay —
Their nuptial torch — a slender light,
That scarce can pierce the gloom of night.
Now trembling, kneeling, on the stream
The bark to love thus consecrate
Lo! she has launched! and as the gleam
Recedes, still trembling, notes the fate
That may her wavering charge await,
Murmuring, unheard, to God her hymn.

And, if along the unstable tide
Her cherished torch the maid behold
With fadeless beam securely glide
Through all its pilgrim-course — consoled
She rises, praising Him who saves;
Who bids distrustful fear remove —
'As lives thy light upon the waves,
So lives thy distant love!
The same omnipotent hand which spread
The heavens, and all things else hath made;
Which speeds the arrowy lightnings forth —
Uncurbs the fierce winds of the north —
The winged and sweeping storm sets free
Upon the wild tumultuous sea —
Which, 'neath a fearful canopy
Of clouds, can bring unnatural night
To scowl o'er noontide's fairest light —
And, heaven shut out, a panting world
Menace with chaos, whelming all,
Then, swift as lightning bolts are hurled,
Roll back the interminable pall,
And lo! revealed on either hand,
The moon, the sun, in brightness stand!—
He guide and Lord of both! while day
O'er half the world extends his sway,
And where his empire ends, on high
The pale moon walks the midnight sky,
Filling with joy the human heart,
Crowning the seasons in their flight
With honors varying as they part,
With ever new delight:

Which hung in yon blue dome afar,
A lamp of heaven, each radiant star,
To light his hosts above:
That hand, from shore to shorelet, now
Calms the rude billows as they flow;
That hand, almighty, now can guide
Her vessel on the treacherous tide;
Can bid the impatient winds remove,
That they harm not the cherished ray;
That, gliding safely on its way,
Her breast of pure and trusting love
May feel no pang, of false fear born,
To blight young life's yet cloudless morn.

My God! Oh! banished ne'er from Thee
The wretched or the lost can be!
Even now upon the ample wave
Was spread the purple pall of day:
Now, sinking to his billowy grave,
Sinking with brow displeased away,
The sun has left, with darkness, rest
To guilt within the sinner's breast.

False, impious rest, away!
Far from this bosom! Even here,
Here, in the gloom that knows no ray,
My soul shall find an altar near;
Nor here, unheard, or driven from Thee,
Oh God! the wretched e'er can be!

Lord! who wert still my earliest friend!
To Thee my heart's first hopes ascend!
Thou livest! — in thine eternity —
So speaks the beam, in sorrow's night
Of faith that leads my soul to Thee;
Even as the Hindoo's votive light
Speaks of her absent love:
But liv'st Thou, throned in bliss above,
For me, the vessel frail of clay,
Where gleams with feeble ray
The love thy goodness gave —
The sport of fate's impetuous tide,
Beset by waves on every side,
With none — with none to save!
Save Thou! If, far from Thee this day
By pitiless tempests driven,
In error's dangerous gloom I stray,
Oh! be thy succor given!
This night my heart's sure anchor cast
In the blest port from danger free;
Where, taught by fear and suffering past,
I ne'er may wander, Lord! from Thee!

In the appendix, the author has translated into Italian poetry, very happily, some charming verses by the Hon. Mr. WILDE, and Mrs. ELLET.

These volumes, we are certain, will form a valuable addition to any library; and the interesting details they present, will cause them to be generally read. We cordially recommend them. The mechanical execution, we should not forget to observe, is superb.

THE TOKEN AND ATLANTIC SOUVENIR: A Christmas and New Year's Present. Edited by S. G. GOODRICH. pp. 348. Boston: CHARLES BOWEN.

THE tenth volume of the Token, although in some respects better than its immediate predecessor, is by no means what it should be, considering its age, and the liberal patronage which has hitherto been extended to it. We allude now more particularly to its embellishments, and externals of printing, binding, etc. Taken as a whole, we think that in regard to these features, at least, this annual has certainly not improved. The publisher deserves credit, however, for setting the good example of introducing engravings only from original American pictures; but let him guard against the fault of issuing bad engravings, by incompetent or unskilful artists, under the impression that their being 'native here' will excuse the defects of bad and perhaps cheaply-purchased pictures. But let us glance briefly at the plates of the present volume.

'Annette Delarbre,' engraved by ANDREWS, from a painting by WEST, is exceedingly well executed, and is a fine embodiment of the pathetic story by IRVING, whose title it bears. The composition is full; but throughout there is a calm, clear breadth of light and shade, and the cutting is delicate and soft. The vignette, painted by CHAPMAN, and engraved by GALLAUDET, is also well achieved by both artists. The bow, as a *token* of promise, resting over the sea and a romantic headland, is a happy conception. 'Katrina Schuyler,' engraved by ANDREWS from a painting by WEST, is another excellent picture. There is much good execution, and a great deal of spirit and expression, in 'The Lost Found,' painted by LESLIE, and engraved by J. CHENEY. 'The Whirlwind,' from the pencil of COLE, and the graver of GALLAUDET, we cannot admire, although we have no fault to find with the manner of its production. Like a picture of a water-fall, it cannot satisfy the mind. True, there are the twisted tree — the prostrate forest — the black and frowning sky; but we lack the 'rushing of a mighty wind' — the motion of the storm-clouds — the all-pervading roar of the elements. The scene is beyond the blazon of the pencil. There is little of invention, and no especial merit in 'I went to gather Flowers.' 'The Mother' is well but coarsely cut. The 'infant' in her arms, however, has the appearance of a naked boy of five years, if one might judge from the countenance. 'The Indian Toilet' is a clever design, by CHAPMAN; it has, however, a serious blemish in the physiognomy of the Indian maid, who looks like a stout white girl, clad in the garb of a savage. The attitude of the figure in 'Pleasant Thoughts' is the only creditable feature about it. The less we say of the merits of the engraving, the kinder we shall be to the artist's reputation. There are sublimity and power in 'The Wrecked Mariner,' but the figures detract from the performance. If there be any thing like honor in precedence, the 'Aqueduct near Rome,' engraved by SMILLIE, from a painting by COLE, occupies a very undeserved position as the last plate in the book. There is not a finer or more elaborately-finished engraving in the volume.

The literary contents of the Token, with some few exceptions, are much above the average of annual literature. Taken together, the prose is far better than the verse. Without essaying to do full justice to the reading department of the volume, we will briefly record our impressions of some of the more prominent articles. 'Katrina Schuyler,' by FAY, is a tale of early American times, and is marked by that flowing style and fine dramatic effect for which the writer is distinguished. 'Monsieur du Miroir,' although the veil chosen by the writer is somewhat of the thinnest, is ingeniously devised, and well sustained throughout. Commend us to the author of 'Sunday at Home!' Such writers are the salt of the literary earth. They are con-

tent to describe Nature as they find her, without lugging in unnatural embellishments of their own. A few extracts will justify our encomiums:

"Every Sabbath morning, in the summer time, I thrust back the curtain, to watch the sunrise stealing down a steeple, which stands opposite my chamber window. First the weathercock begins to flash; then, a fainter lustre gives the spire an airy aspect; next it encroaches on the tower, and causes the index of the dial to glisten like gold, as it points to the gilded figure of the hour. Now, the loftiest window gleams, and now the lower. The carved frame-work of the portal is marked strongly out. At length, the morning glory, in its descent from Heaven, comes down the stone steps, one by one: and there stands the steeple, glowing with fresh radiance, while the shades of twilight still hide themselves among the nooks of the adjacent buildings. Methinks, though the same sun brightens it, every fair morning, yet the steeple has a peculiar robe of brightness for theSabbath."

The writer spends a pleasant Sunday at home, behind the curtain of his window, near the church, whence he scrutinizes with the eye of a painter:

"Though my form be absent, my inner man goes constantly to church, while many, whose bodily presence fills the accustomed seats, have left their souls at home. But I am there, even before my friend, the sexton. At length he comes — a man of kindly, but sombre aspect, in dark gray clothes, and hair of the same mixture — he comes, and applies his key to the wide portal. Now, my thoughts may go in among the dusty pews, or ascend the pulpit without sacrilege, but soon come forth again, to enjoy the music of the bell. How glad, yet solemn too! All the steeples in town are talking together, aloft in the sunny air, and rejoicing among themselves, while their spires point heavenward. Meantime, here are the children assembling to the Sabbath-school, which is kept somewhere within the church. Often, while looking at the arched portal, I have been gladdened by the sight of a score of these little girls and boys, in pink, blue, yellow, and crimson frocks, bursting suddenly forth into the sunshine, like a swarm of gay butterflies that had been shut up in the solemn gloom. Or I might compare them to cherubs, haunting that holy place.

"About a quarter of an hour before the second ringing of the bell, individuals of the congregation begin to appear. The earliest is invariably an old woman in black, whose bent frame and rounded shoulders are evidently laden with some heavy affliction, which she is eager to rest upon the altar. Would that the Sabbath came twice as often, for the sake of that sorrowful old soul! There is an elderly man, also, who arrives in good season, and leans against the corner of the tower, just within the line of its shadow, looking downward with a darksome brow. I sometimes fancy that the old woman is the happier of the two. After these, others drop in singly, and by twos and threes, either disappearing through the door-way, or taking their stand in its vicinity. At last, and always with an unexpected sensation, the bell turns in the steeple overhead, and throws out an irregular clangor, jarring the tower to its foundation. As if there were magic in the sound, the sidewalks of the street both up and down along, are immediately thronged with two long lines of people, all converging hitherward, and streaming into the church. Perhaps the far-off roar of a coach draws nearer — a deeper thunder by its contrast with the surrounding stillness — until it sets down the wealthy worshippers at the portal, among their humblest brethren. Beyond that entrance, in theory at least, there are no distinctions of earthly rank; nor, indeed, by the goodly apparel which is flaunting in the sun, would there seem to be such, on the hither side. Those pretty girls! Why will they disturb my pious meditations! Of all days in the week, they should strive to look least fascinating on the Sabbath, instead of heightening their mortal loveliness, as if to rival the blessed angels, and keep our thoughts from heaven. Were I the minister himself, I must needs look. One girl is white muslin from the waist upward, black silk downward to her slippers; a second blushes from top-knot to shoetie, one universal scarlet; another shines of a pervading yellow, as if she had made a garment of the sunshine. The greater part, however, have adopted a milder cheerfulness of hue. Their veils, especially when the wind raises them, give a lightness to the general effect, and make them appear like airy phantoms, as they flit up the steps, and vanish into the sombre door-way. Nearly all — though it is very strange that I should know it — wear white stockings, white as snow, and neat slippers, laced crosswise with black ribbon, pretty high above the ankles. A white stocking is infinitely more effective than a black one."

The close of the afternoon service, and the dispersion of the congregation, is not less felicitously described:

"Suppose that a few hours have passed, and behold me still behind my curtain, just before the close of the afternoon service. The hour-hand on the dial has passed beyond

four o'clock. The declining sun is hidden behind the steeple, and throws its shadow straight across the street, so that my chamber is darkened, as with a cloud. Around the church door, all is solitude, and an impenetrable obscurity beyond the threshhold. A commotion is heard. The seats are slammed down, and the pew doors thrown back — a multitude of feet are trampling along the unseen aisles — and the congregation bursts suddenly through the portal. Foremost, scampers a rabble of boys, behind whom moves a dense and dark phalanx of grown men, and lastly, a crowd of females, with young children, and a few scattered husbands. This instantaneous outbreak of life into loneliness is one of the pleasantest scenes of the day. Some of the good people are rubbing their eyes, thereby intimating that they have been wrapt, as it were, in a sort of holy trance, by the fervor of their devotion. There is a young man, a third-rate coxcomb, whose first care is always to flourish a white handkerchief, and brush the seat of a tight pair of black silk pantaloons, which shine as if varnished. They must have been made of the stuff called 'everlasting,' or perhaps of the same piece as Christian's garments, in the Pilgrim's Progress, for he put them on two summers ago, and has not yet worn the gloss off. I have taken a great liking to those black silk pantaloons. But now, with nods and greetings among friends, each matron takes her husband's arm, and paces gravely homeward, while the girls also flutter away, after arranging sunset walks with their favored bachelors. The Sabbath eve is the eve of love. At length, the whole congregation is dispersed. No; here, with faces as glossy as black satin, come two sable ladies and a sable gentleman, and close in their rear, the minister, who softens his severe visage, and bestows a kind word on each. Poor souls! To them, the most captivating picture of bliss in Heaven, is — 'There we shall be white!'"

'The Tiara' is interesting in incident, excellent in its moral, and in its style natural and pleasing. It is sufficient recommendation of 'The Man of Adamant' to state, that it is by the author of 'Sunday at Home.' 'Annette Delarbre' is a lame mutilation of a well-known story from the Sketch-Book, which the editor would have shown more taste and judgment in publishing entire. We confess ourselves charmed with 'All is not Gold that Glitters.' There is a home-bred feeling about it, which will find an echo in all true hearts. Withal, there is a correct appreciation of refined domestic comfort — some agreeable criticism, touching potables and edibles, and all the paraphernalia of a proper *home* — which we especially admire. That the writer describes what he has seen — and we may add, himself enjoys — we can very readily believe:

> **'He knows what all those comforts mean,**
> **For he has got the same.'**

'Full Thirty' is by Miss SEDGWICK. That it is good, we need not affirm. It is equal to the best fugitive efforts of the writer, and includes, among other incidents, a graphic description of the great fire in this city. We extract two or three paragraphs. The first is timely, and corrects a common error in relation to a body of men second to none in any commercial community in the old world or the new:

"Many persons suppose that a library is not a natural appurtenance for a merchant. This is a mistake. Our merchants constitute a cultivated class, and many among them indulge in the refined luxury of books to an extent that would be incredible to those who have formed their opinion of the body from some of the impotent members. We happen to know that one of our merchants has a fine library at his house, and another, for his leisure *moments* at his counting-house, where there are duplicates of books of reference — expensive editions of such works as Boyle's Dictionary. This is indeed the luxury of fortune — if that can be called luxury, which, as the political economists say, is reproduced by its consumption."

The others enforce what we have often, but less successfully, endeavored to set forth:

"Man has been justly called an imitative animal. Here we are, a young nation, set apart from the families of the old world, with every incitement to, and facility for making a new experiment in the economy of human life, and like the Chinese, who made the new shoes *slip-shod*, after the pattern, we copy the forms of European society, bad enough where they exist, but as ill adapted to our use as the slip-shod shoes to the wearer — as fantastical for us as a fan for an Iceland belle.

"For example, in this working country, where the gentlemen must be at their offices and counting-houses by nine o'clock — where the domestic machine must stop, or the springs be set in motion by the mistress of the family before that hour — with the pressure of this necessity upon us, we assemble at our evening parties at ten and eleven, because forsooth the *fainéants* of Europe do so! And for the same sufficient reason, our young ladies must have their *comings out!*

"But what is to be done? How are their school-days and society compatible? The processes of nature are to be imitated. The dawn preludes the day: the bud slowly unfolds to the sun, gathering strength with every expanding leaf to bear its rays.

"We are aware that there are no Quixottes more extravagant than those who preach revolutions in manners and customs; but where, as in our case, they are not the natural result of the condition of the people, may we not hope for modifications and ameliorations? — for the dawn of a millennium on our social world, when the drawing-room shall no longer be an arena, where there is a short contest for a single prize, (what are the modes of that contest, and what the prize so obtained?) but shall become the social ground where *men* and *women* shall be players, as well as spectators — where rational Christian people may meet without a sacrifice of health or duty; and where young people and children shall come for the formation of their social character, and where all may enjoy on equal terms the very highest pleasure of our gregarious natures? But we beg pardon! our tale is becoming a homily."

'The Old Farm House' has most of the beauties and some of the faults of its agreeable sketcher. Miss LESLIE is prone to the extra-minute in description, and to the over-chatty in colloquy — and yet she seldom comes short in her endeavors to provide good entertainment for a numerous band of admirers. There is a spirited tale by the author of 'The South-west, by a Yankee,' illustrating the plate of 'The Wrecked Mariner,' and several articles of good poetry. Those by Mrs. SIGOURNEY and Miss GOULD are the most to our taste. The following is by the latter, and must close our quotations:

A NAME IN THE SAND.

Alone I walked the ocean strand:
A pearly shell was in my hand;
I stooped and wrote upon the sand
My name, the year, the day.
As onward from the spot I passed,
One lingering look behind I cast;
A wave came rolling high and fast,
And washed my lines away.

And so, methought, 't will shortly be
With every mark on earth from me!
A wave of dark oblivion's sea
Will sweep across the place
Where I have trod the sandy shore
Of time, and been to be no more;
Of me, my name, the name I bore,
To leave no track nor trace.

And yet, with Him who counts the sands,
And holds the waters in his hands,
I know a lasting record stands
Inscribed against my name,
Of all this mortal part has wrought,
Of all this thinking soul has thought,
And from these fleeting moments caught,
For glory, or for shame.

We commend the Token to our readers — despite the blemishes we have indicated — for numerous merits. The publisher and editor deserve encouragement for American spirit which they would extend and foster, and for the many edifying intellectual dishes which they have served up at their annual feast.

THE MERCHANT'S CLERK, AND OTHER TALES. By SAMUEL WARREN, LL. D., author of 'Passages from the Diary of a London Physician.' In one volume. pp. 366. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

WHATEVER faults of style may be laid at the door of the author of the 'Passages from the Diary of a London Physician,' it cannot be denied that his productions are all calculated to awaken and sustain intense interest. He may transgress, at times, the bounds of probability, in his desire for effect, but he never fails to carry the hearts of his readers along with him in his masterly delineations of human passion and human suffering. The cloud under which he walks, to use the simile of Democritus, has generally been fruitful of moisture — of drops of awakened sympathy for those whose varied history of trial and sorrow he depicts. In the form of narrative which he has adopted, he may be said to have expanded numerous pictures upon one large canvass; and if sometimes the coloring may seem too high, and the minor adjuncts too numerous, the effect of each separate group will satisfy all observers. His defects, in our judgment, are but the rich superfluities of genius.

The contents of the present volume — especially the story of 'The Merchant's Clerk' — are fully equal to any writings of the same author which have hitherto been given to the public. The conclusion of this tale — now publishing in Blackwood's Magazine — was received by the publishers direct from the writer, through the agency of a friend in Europe. 'The Wagoner,' 'Monkwynd, a Legendary Fragment,' 'The Bracelets,' and 'Blucher, or the Adventures of a Newfoundland Dog,' are the titles of the remaining stories, which it is here stated Dr. Warren has acknowledged to be from his pen — a fact that must be sufficiently obvious to the most casual reader.

TALES OF FASHION AND REALITY. By CAROLINE FREDERICA BEAUCLERK AND HENRIETTA MARY BEAUCLERK. In one volume. pp. 198. Philadelphia: E. L. CAREY AND A. HART.

THIS volume is scarcely subject to criticism. The writers do little honor to 'Her Grace the Duchess of St. Albans' — a distant relative, to whom the book is dedicated — and still less to themselves. In looking at the pretension and tone of the work in contrast with its real character, one is forcibly reminded of the Frenchman's description of a storm at sea, wherein there was but little wind, but what there was, was very high! There is but a small amount of originality in these stories, but then that little is *very* original — there being nothing like it in heaven above or in earth beneath. If the young ladies of fashion in British society use such language as is here attributed to them, Goldsmith's Lady Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs would be an intellectual paragon among them: for 'By the living jingo! I'm all in a muck of sweat!' is a dainty phrase in comparison with many which — in close juxtaposition with scraps of French, dragged in untastefully and per force — might be indicated in the twattle of some of the dramatis personæ of these 'tales of fashion.' To be brief: poverty of invention, baldness and inanity — solemn palavers about trifles — composite jokes, as old as the hills, and numerous names of the 'Saint Aubyn de Mowbray Fitz-Eustaceville' school — form the prominent characteristics of this first series of tales of fashionable life. The hopeful 'scions of a noble house' who have perpetrated the trash before us, had better let the second series slumber in manuscript; since, like the first, it will be sure to sleep in print upon the shelves of the victimized publisher.

EDITORS' TABLE.

The 'Magnolia.' — This popular annual, for 1837, if we may judge from the plates and those portions of the matter — comprising nearly the whole — which we have examined, will prove to be the best specimen of this species of ornamental literature ever published in this country. The engravings are of the very first order of excellence, and have all been prepared under the supervision of Henry Inman, Esq., a gentleman who stands confessedly at the head of American artists. Inman, Weir, Chapman, Cummings, and others, as painters, and Cheney, Parker, Casilear, and Rolph, with others of kindred skill in the art of celature, have left nothing to be wished in the pictorial department, while the first native writers of the day have united in imparting to the literary portion of the work the highest value and attraction. That we are actuated by no local feeling in this matter, and that this praise of a volume, strictly American in all things, is but a just meed, will be readily admitted by every reader who may hereafter judge from personal observation of the work in question. We subjoin an admirable tale of chivalry, from the pen of Washington Irving — simply adding, that, rich as it is, it is not superior to another article from the same eminent source, contained in the 'Magnolia,' nor more attractive than many other papers in the same volume:

THE WIDOW'S ORDEAL:

OR A JUDICIAL TRIAL BY COMBAT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE SKETCH BOOK.'

The world is daily growing older and wiser. Its institutions vary with its years, and mark its growing wisdom; and none more so than its modes of investigating truth, and ascertaining guilt or innocence. In its nonage, when man was yet a fallible being, and doubted the accuracy of his own intellect, appeals were made to heaven in dark and doubtful cases of atrocious accusation.

The accused was required to plunge his hand in boiling oil, or to walk across red-hot ploughshares, or to maintain his innocence in armed fight and listed field, in person or by champion. If he passed these ordeals unscathed, he stood acquitted, and the result was regarded as a verdict from on high.

It is somewhat remarkable that, in the gallant age of chivalry, the gentler sex should have been most frequently the subjects of these rude trials and perilous ordeals; and that, too, when assailed in their most delicate and vulnerable part — their honor.

In the present very old and enlightened age of the world, when the human intellect is perfectly competent to the management of its own concerns, and needs no special interposition of heaven in its affairs, the trial by jury has superseded these superhuman ordeals; and the unanimity of twelve discordant minds is necessary to constitute a verdict. Such a unanimity would, at first sight, appear also to require a miracle from heaven; but it is produced by a simple device of human ingenuity. The twelve jurors are locked up in their box, there to fast until abstinence shall have so clarified their intellects that the whole jarring panel can discern the truth, and concur in a unanimous decision. One point is certain, that truth is one, and is immutable — until the jurors all agree, they cannot all be right.

It is not our intention, however, to discuss this great judicial point, or to question the avowed superiority of the mode of investigating truth, adopted in this antiquated and very sagacious era. It is our object merely to exhibit to the curious reader, one of the

most memorable cases of judicial combat we find in the annals of Spain. It occurred at the bright commencement of the reign, and in the youthful, and, as yet, glorious days, of Roderick the Goth; who subsequently tarnished his fame at home by his misdeeds, and, finally, lost his kingdom and his life on the banks of the Guadalete, in that disastrous battle, which gave up Spain a conquest to the Moors. The following is the story:

THERE was, once upon a time, a certain duke of Lorraine, who was acknowledged throughout his domains to be one of the wisest princes that ever lived. In fact, there was not any one measure that he adopted that did not astonish all his privy counsellors and gentlemen in attendance: and he said so many witty things, and made such sensible speeches, that his high chamberlain had his jaws dislocated from laughing with delight at the one, and gaping with wonder at the other.

This very witty and exceedingly wise potentate lived for half a century in single blessedness, when his courtiers began to think it a great pity so wise and wealthy a prince should not have a child after his own likeness, to inherit his talents and domains; so they urged him most respectfully to marry, for the good of his estate, and the welfare of his subjects.

He turned their advice over in his mind some four or five years, and then sending emissaries to all parts, he summoned to his court all the beautiful maidens in the land, who were ambitious of sharing a ducal crown. The court was soon crowded with beauties of all styles and complexions, from among whom he chose one in the earliest budding of her charms, and acknowledged by all the gentlemen to be unparalleled for grace and loveliness. The courtiers extolled the duke to the skies for making such a choice, and considered it another proof of his great wisdom. 'The duke,' said they, 'is waxing a little too old; the damsel, on the other hand, is a little too young; if one is lacking in years, the other has a superabundance; thus a want on one side is balanced by an excess on the other, and the result is a well-assorted marriage.'

The duke, as is often the case with wise men who marry rather late, and take damsels rather youthful to their bosoms, became doatingly fond of his wife, and indulged her in all things. He was, consequently, cried up by his subjects in general, and by the ladies in particular, as a pattern for husbands; and, in the end, from the wonderful docility with which he submitted to be reined and checked, acquired the amiable and enviable appellation of duke Phillibert the wife-ridden.

There was only one thing that disturbed the conjugal felicity of this paragon of husbands: though a considerable time elapsed after his marriage, he still remained without any prospect of an heir. The good duke left no means untried to propitiate Heaven; he made vows and pilgrimages, he fasted and he prayed, but all to no purpose. The courtiers were all astonished at the circumstance. They could not account for it. While the meanest peasant in the country had sturdy brats by dozens, without putting up a prayer, the duke wore himself to skin and bone with penances and fastings, yet seemed farther off from his object than ever.

At length, the worthy prince fell dangerously ill, and felt his end approaching. He looked with sorrowful eyes upon his young and tender spouse, who hung over him with tears and sobbings. 'Alas!' said he, 'tears are soon dried from youthful eyes, and sorrow lies lightly on a youthful heart. In a little while I shall be no more, and in the arms of another husband thou wilt forget him who has loved thee so tenderly.'

'Never! never!' cried the duchess. 'Never will I cleave to another! Alas, that my lord should think me capable of such inconstancy!'

The worthy and wife-ridden duke was soothed by her assurances; for he could not endure the thoughts of giving her up even after he should be dead. Still he wished to have some pledge of her enduring constancy:

'Far be it from me, my dearest wife,' said he, 'to control thee through a long life. A year and a day of strict fidelity will appease my troubled spirit. Promise to remain faithful to my memory for a year and a day, and I will die in peace.'

The duchess made a solemn vow to that effect. The uxorious feelings of the duke were not yet satisfied. 'Safe bind, safe find,' thought he; so he made a will, in which he bequeathed to her all his domains, on condition of her remaining true to him for a year and a day after his decease; but, should it appear that, within that time, she had in any wise lapsed from her fidelity, the inheritance should go to his nephew, the lord of a neighboring territory.

Having made his will, the good duke died and was buried. Scarcely was he in his tomb, when his nephew came to take possession, thinking, as his uncle had died without issue, that the domains would be devised to him of course. He was in a furious passion, however, when the will was produced, and the young widow was declared inheritor of the dukedom. As he was a violent, high-handed man, and one of the sturdiest knights in the land, fears were entertained that he might attempt to seize on the territories by force. He had, however, two bachelor uncles for bosom counsellors. These were two swaggering rakehelly old cavaliers, who, having led loose and riotous lives, prided themselves upon knowing the world, and being deeply experienced in human

nature. They took their nephew aside. 'Prithee, man,' said they, 'be of good cheer. The duchess is a young and buxom widow. She has just buried our brother, who, God rest his soul! was somewhat too much given to praying and fasting, and kept his pretty wife always tied to his girdle. She is now like a bird from a cage. Think you she will keep her vow? Impossible! Take our words for it — we know mankind, and, above all, womankind. She cannot hold out for such a length of time; it is not in womanhood — it is not in widowhood — we know it, and that's enough. Keep a sharp look-out upon the widow, therefore, and within the twelvemonth you will catch her tripping — and then the dukedom is your own.'

The nephew was pleased with this counsel, and immediately placed spies round the duchess, and bribed several of her servants to keep a watch upon her, so that she could not take a single step, even from one apartment of her palace to another, without being observed. Never was young and beautiful widow exposed to so terrible an ordeal.

The duchess was aware of the watch thus kept upon her. Though confident of her own rectitude, she knew that it is not enough for a woman to be virtuous — she must be above the reach of slander. For the whole term of her probation, therefore, she proclaimed a strict nonintercourse with the other sex. She had females for cabinet-ministers and chamberlains, through whom she transacted all her public and private concerns; and it is said, that never were the affairs of the dukedom so adroitly administered.

All males were rigorously excluded from the palace; she never went out of its precincts, and whenever she moved about its courts and gardens, she surrounded herself with a body-guard of young maids of honor, commanded by dames renowned for discretion. She slept in a bed without curtains, placed in the centre of a room illuminated by innumerable wax tapers. Four ancient spinsters, virtuous as Virginia, perfect dragons of watchfulness, who only slept during the day-time, kept vigils throughout the night, seated in the four corners of the room on stools without backs or arms, and with seats cut in checquers of the hardest wood, to keep them from dozing.

Thus wisely and warily did the young duchess conduct herself for twelve long months, and Slander almost bit her tongue off in despair at finding no room even for a surmise. Never was ordeal more burdensome, or more enduringly sustained.

The year passed away. The last, odd day arrived, and a long, long day it was. It was the twenty-first of June, the longest day in the year. It seemed as if it would never come to an end. A thousand times did the duchess and her ladies watch the sun from the windows of the palace, as he slowly climbed the vault of heaven, and seemed still more slowly to roll down. They could not help expressing their wonder, now and then, why the duke should have tagged this supernumerary day to the end of the year, as if three hundred and sixty-five days were not sufficient to try and task the fidelity of any woman. It is the last grain that turns the scale — the last drop that overflows the goblet — and the last moment of delay that exhausts the patience. By the time the sun sank below the horizon the duchess was in a fidget that passed all bounds, and, though several hours were yet to pass before the day regularly expired, she could not have remained those hours in durance to gain a royal crown, much less a ducal coronet. So she gave her orders, and her palfrey, magnificently caparisoned, was brought into the court-yard of the castle, with palfreys for all her ladies in attendance. In this way she sallied forth just as the sun had gone down. It was a mission of piety — a pilgrim cavalcade to a convent at the foot of a neighboring mountain — to return thanks to the blessed Virgin for having sustained her through this fearful ordeal.

The orisons performed, the duchess and her ladies returned, ambling gently along the border of a forest. It was about that mellow hour of twilight when night and day are mingled, and all objects indistinct. Suddenly some monstrous animal sprang from out a thicket, with fearful howlings. The whole female body-guard was thrown into confusion, and fled different ways. It was some time before they recovered from their panic, and gathered once more together; but the duchess was not to be found. The greatest anxiety was felt for her safety. The hazy mist of twilight had prevented their distinguishing perfectly the animal which had affrighted them. Some thought it a wolf, others a bear, others a wild man of the woods. For upward of an hour did they beleaguer the forest, without daring to venture in, and were on the point of giving up the duchess as torn to pieces and devoured, when, to their great joy, they beheld her advancing in the gloom, supported by a stately cavalier.

He was a stranger knight, whom nobody knew. It was impossible to distinguish his countenance in the dark; but all the ladies agreed that he was of a noble presence and captivating address. He had rescued the duchess from the very fangs of the monster, which, he assured the ladies, was neither a wolf, nor a bear, nor yet a wild man of the woods, but a veritable fiëry dragon, a species of monster peculiarly hostile to beautiful females in the days of chivalry, and which all the efforts of knight errantry had not been able to extirpate.

The ladies crossed themselves when they heard of the danger from which they had escaped, and could not enough admire the gallantry of the cavalier. The duchess would fain have prevailed on her deliverer to accompany her to her court; but he had no time to spare, being a knight errant, who had many adven-

tures on hand, and many distressed damsels and afflicted widows to rescue and relieve in various parts of the country. Taking a respectful leave, therefore, he pursued his wayfaring, and the duchess and her train returned to the palace. Throughout the whole way, the ladies were unwearied in chanting the praises of the stranger knight; nay, many of them would willingly have incurred the danger of the dragon to have enjoyed the happy deliverance of the duchess. As to the latter, she rode pensively along, but said nothing.

No sooner was the adventure of the wood made public, than a whirlwind was raised about the ears of the beautiful dutchess. The blustering nephew of the deceased duke went about, armed to the teeth, with a swaggering uncle at each shoulder, ready to back him, and swore the duchess had forfeited her domain. It was in vain that she called all the saints, and angels, and her ladies in attendance into the bargain, to witness that she had passed a year and a day of immaculate fidelity. One fatal hour remained to be accounted for; and in the space of one little hour sins enough may be conjured up by evil tongues, to blast the fame of a whole life of virtue.

The two graceless uncles, who had seen the world, were ever ready to bolster the matter through, and, as they were brawny, broad-shouldered warriors, and veterans in brawl as well as debauch, they had great sway with the multitude. If any one pretended to assert the innocence of the duchess, they interrupted him with a loud ha! ha! of derision. 'A pretty story truly,' would they cry, 'about a wolf and a dragon, and a young widow rescued in the dark by a sturdy varlet, who dares not show his face in the daylight. You may tell that to those who do not know human nature; for our parts, we know the sex, and that 's enough.'

If, however, the other repeated his assertion, they would suddenly knit their brows, swell, look big, and put their hands upon their swords. As few people like to fight in a cause that does not touch their own interests, the nephew and the uncles were suffered to have their way, and swagger uncontradicted.

The matter was at length referred to a tribunal composed of all the dignitaries of the dukedom, and many and repeated consultations were held. The character of the duchess, throughout the year, was as bright and spotless as the moon in a cloudless night; one fatal hour of darkness alone intervened to eclipse its brightness. Finding human sagacity incapable of dispelling the mystery, it was determined to leave the question to heaven; or, in other words, to decide it by the ordeal of the sword — a sage tribunal in the age of chivalry. The nephew and two bully uncles were to maintain their accusation in listed combat, and six months were allowed to the duchess to provide herself with three champions, to meet them in the field. Should she fail in this, or should her champions be vanquished, her honor would be considered as attainted, her fidelity as forfeit, and her dukedom would go to the nephew, as a matter of right.

With this determination the duchess was fain to comply. Proclamations were accordingly made, and heralds sent to various parts; but day after day, week after week, and month after month elapsed, without any champion appearing to assert her loyalty throughout that darksome hour. The fair widow was reduced to despair, when tidings reached her of grand tournaments to be held at Toledo, in celebration of the nuptials of Don Roderick, the last of the Gothic kings, with the Morisco princess Exilona. As a last resort, the duchess repaired to the Spanish court, to implore the gallantry of its assembled chivalry.

The ancient city of Toledo was a scene of gorgeous revelry on the event of the royal nuptials. The youthful king, brave, ardent, and magnificent, and his lovely bride, beaming with all the radiant beauty of the East, were hailed with shouts and acclamations whenever they appeared. Their nobles vied with each other in the luxury of their attire, their splendid retinues, and prancing steeds; and the haughty dames of the court appeared in a blaze of jewels.

In the midst of all this pageantry, the beautiful but afflicted Duchess of Lorraine made her approach to the throne. She was dressed in black, and closely veiled; four duennas of the most staid and severe aspect, and six beautiful demoiselles, formed her female atttendants. She was guarded by several very ancient, withered, and gray-headed cavaliers; and her train was borne by one of the most deformed and diminutive dwarfs in existence.

Advancing to the foot of the throne, she knelt down, and throwing up her veil, revealed a countenance so beautiful that half the courtiers present were ready to renounce their wives and mistresses, and devote themselves to her service; but when she made known that she came in quest of champions to defend her fame, every cavalier pressed forward to offer his arm and sword, without inquiring into the merits of the case; for it seemed clear that so beauteous a lady could have done nothing but

what was right; and that, at any rate, she ought to be championed in following the bent of her humors, whether right or wrong.

Encouraged by such gallant zeal, the duchess suffered herself to be raised from the ground, and related the whole story of her distress. When she concluded, the king remained for some time silent, charmed by the music of her voice. At length: 'As I hope for salvation, most beautiful duchess,' said he, 'were I not a sovereign king, and bound in duty to my kingdom, I myself would put lance in rest to vindicate your cause; as it is, I here give full permission to my knights, and promise lists and a fair field, and that the contest shall take place before the walls of Toledo, in presence of my assembled court.'

As soon as the pleasure of the king was known, there was a strife among the cavaliers present, for the honor of the contest. It was decided by lot, and the successful candidates were objects of great envy, for every one was ambitious of finding favor in the eyes of the beautiful widow.

Missives were sent, summoning the nephew and his two uncles to Toledo, to maintain their accusation, and a day was appointed for the combat. When the day arrived, all Toledo was in commotion at an early hour. The lists had been prepared in the usual place, just without the walls, at the foot of the rugged rocks on which the city is built, and on that beautiful meadow along the Tagus, known by the name of the king's garden. The populace had already assembled, each one eager to secure a favorable place; the balconies were soon filled with the ladies of the court, clad in their richest attire, and bands of youthful knights, splendidly armed, and decorated with their ladies' devices, were managing their superbly-caparisoned steeds about the field. The king at length came forth in state, accompanied by the queen Exilona. They took their seats in a raised balcony, under a canopy of rich damask; and, at sight of them, the people rent the air with acclamations.

The nephew and his uncles now rode into the field, armed *cap-a-pie*, and followed by a train of cavaliers of their own roystering cast, great swearers and carousers, arrant swashbucklers, that went about with clanking armor and jingling spurs. When the people of Toledo beheld the vaunting and discourteous appearance of these knights, they were more anxious than ever for the success of the gentle duchess; but at the same time, the sturdy and stalwart frames of these warriors, showed that whoever won the victory from them, must do it at the cost of many a bitter blow.

As the nephew and his riotous crew rode in at one side of the field, the fair widow appeared at the other, with her suite of grave gray-headed courtiers, her ancient duennas and dainty demoiselles, and the little dwarf toiling along under the weight of her train. Every one made way for her as she passed, and blessed her beautiful face, and prayed for success to her cause. She took her seat in a lower balcony, not far from the sovereigns; and her pale face, set off by her mourning weeds, was as the moon, shining forth from among the clouds of night.

The trumpets sounded for the combat. The warriors were just entering the lists, when a stranger knight, armed in panoply, and followed by two pages and an esquire, came galloping into the field, and, riding up to the royal balcony, claimed the combat as a matter of right.

'In me,' cried he, 'behold the cavalier who had the happiness to rescue the beautiful duchess from the peril of the forest, and the misfortune to bring on her this grievous calumny. It was but recently, in the course of my errantry, that tidings of her wrongs have reached my ears, and I have urged hither at all speed, to stand forth in her vindication.'

No sooner did the duchess hear the accents of the knight, than she recognised his voice, and joined her prayers with his that he might enter the lists. The difficulty was, to determine which of the three champions already appointed should yield his place, each insisting on the honor of the combat. The stranger knight would have settled the point, by taking the whole contest upon himself; but this the other knights would not permit. It was at length determined, as before, by lot, and the cavalier who lost the chance retired murmuring and disconsolate.

The trumpets again sounded — the lists were opened. The arrogant nephew and his two drawcansir uncles appeared so completely cased in steel, that they and their steeds were like moving masses of iron. When they understood the stranger knight to be the same that had rescued the duchess from her peril, they greeted him with the most boisterous derision:

'O ho! sir Knight of the Dragon,' said they; 'you who pretend to champion fair widows in the dark, come on, and vindicate your deeds of darkness in the open day.'

The only reply of the cavalier was, to put lance in rest, and brace himself for the encounter. Needless is it to relate the particulars of a battle, which was like so many hundred combats that have been said and sung in prose and verse. Who is there but

must have foreseen the event of a contest, where Heaven had to decide on the guilt or innocence of the most beautiful and immaculate of widows?

The sagacious reader, deeply read in this kind of judicial combats, can imagine the encounter of the graceless nephew and the stranger knight. He sees their concussion, man to man, and horse to horse, in mid career, and in that Sir Graceless hurled to the ground, and slain. He will not wonder that the assailants of the brawny uncles were less successful in their rude encounter; but he will picture to himself the stout stranger spurring to their rescue, in the very critical moment; he will see him transfixing one with his lance, and cleaving the other to the chime with a back stroke of his sword, thus leaving the trio of accusers dead upon the field, and establishing the immaculate fidelity of the duchess, and her title to the dukedom, beyond the shadow of a doubt.

The air rang with acclamations; nothing was heard but praises of the beauty and virtue of the duchess, and of the prowess of the stranger knight; but the public joy was still more increased when the champion raised his visor, and revealed the countenance of one of the bravest cavaliers in Spain, renowned for his gallantry in the service of the sex, who had long been absent, in quest of similar adventures.

That worthy knight, however, was severely wounded in the battle, and remained for a long time ill of his wounds. The lovely duchess, grateful for having twice owed her protection to his arm, attended him daily during his illness. A tender passion grew up between them, and she finally rewarded his gallantry by giving him her hand.

The king would fain have had the knight establish his title to such high advancement by farther deeds of arms; but his courtiers declared that he had already merited the lady, by thus vindicating her fame and fortune in a deadly combat to outrance; and the lady herself hinted that she was perfectly satisfied of his prowess in arms, from the proofs she received in his achievement in the forest.

Their nuptials were celebrated with great magnificence. The present husband of the duchess did not pray and fast like his predecessor, Phillibert the wife-ridden; yet he found greater favor in the eyes of Heaven, for their union was blessed with a numerous progeny — the daughters chaste and beauteous as their mother; the sons all stout and valiant as their sire, and all renowned, like him, for relieving disconsolate damsels and desolate widows.

The 'Magnolia' will be published in the course of the ensuing month, and we shall embrace another occasion to allude more specifically to its separate merits.

'Sebago.' — Many of our readers will remember a tale under this title which appeared in the number of this Magazine for July, 1835. We allude to it now, for the purpose of calling public attention to a large and spirited painting from it, which has been executed by Mr. H. Thielcke, and may be seen at 157 Broadway. The artist — who first saw the tale in a Quebec journal, (into which it had been copied from the Knickerbocker,) and was struck with its susceptibilities — has sketched the scene, as described by the writer, with signal fidelity.

We subjoin the paragraph which embraces the points contained in the picture:

'The savage, though now unarmed, was of such Herculean proportions, that he seemed an overmatch for the young white, notwithstanding the advantage possessed by the latter in his hunting knife. Trained to ride, to box, to fence — schooled in every manly exercise — there was a skill and quickness in the use of his limbs possessed by Pepperell, which made him no contemptible antagonist for the most powerful foe. With his eye fixed on the savage, and every muscle summoned to its guard, he advanced boldly toward the Indian. 'Sebago,' said he, 'you have slain your daughter. There lies your child, murdered by your hand.' The only reply of the Indian was a bound at the throat of the young Briton, with the quickness and spite of the mountain cat. As he threw out his long arms and grasped at the neck of the white, it seemed that he must succeed in throttling his prey. Suddenly, however, he stepped back — the blood spouted from his side. Again he rallied. In this onset, receiving in his body the knife of his antagonist, he succeeded in breaking through his guard, clasped his arms around his body, and bore him to the earth. Yet here the combat continued. The Briton disentangled his knife from the body of the savage, and plunged it to the handle repeatedly

in his side. Meanwhile his own throat was seized with the death-like grasp of his foe. He felt the desperate gripe through his whole frame — the knife dropped from his hand, he thought his fate sealed. At this instant another party rushed in to share in the conflict, and turn the current of the fight. The dog, which, while the combatants kept their feet, contented himself with springing around them in a circle, and filling the forest with his cries, no sooner saw his master borne down by the savage, than the noble brute rushed to the rescue. He seized the Indian's arm in his mouth, and actually tore away the grasp from his master's throat. Then flying at the neck of the former, he sunk his long teeth into it, and rolled the heavy mass from his master's body. Breathless, and nearly exhausted, the latter arose. Feeble with the loss of blood, the Indian was now maintaining an unequal struggle to detach the gripe of the dog. Henry recovered his knife. He flung himself upon the Indian, and with repeated plunges buried the deadly instrument in his side. The last stab reached the heart. Every muscle of the victim relaxed — there was a slight shudder crept over his frame — a groan escaped — and he lay a prostrate and powerless corse.'

The picturesque features of the *locale*, which is previously described, are admirably preserved, while the events above graphically depicted are transferred to the canvass with a truth and force that leave nothing to be desired.

THE DRAMA.

In giving place to the usual communication of our dramatic correspondent, we would not be understood as sanctioning his criticism of Mr. Forrest, in all its bearings. Without being influenced by that gentleman's stern, uncompromising Americanism — for which we confess we especially admire him — we hold it to be susceptible of proof, by abundant testimony, that no actor of our day has equal power in carrying an audience with him — in causing them to enter, heart and soul, into the scenes he is portraying. If to do this successfully requires not 'force of genius' and 'innate talent,' we confess ourselves ignorant of what constitutes a good actor. Eds. Knickerbocker.

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Park Theatre — Mr. Forrest. — We are much inclined to give way to the opinion, that actors, like poets, are more indebted to nature than art for the faculties which they exercise. The *cacoethes ludendi*, like the spirit which prompts the scribbler to inflict his lucubrations upon the public, is constantly exercising its evil influence upon the lives and fortunes of green boys and greener girls, to the manifest discomfiture of suffering philanthropists, whose susceptibilities, (ever-yearning with the noble desire of fostering 'young genius,' whose eagle-wings may be yet but pin-feathers,) are victimized nightly by some aspiring Roscius. This is not the spirit to which we allude. The genius which dwelt in the soul of Kean, was a deep, rich, and abiding inheritance, which nature and not art gave him. It was his first perception; it grew with his growth, and strengthened with his strength. Art added to its excellence — built upon its foundation — increased its power; but the vital spark which illumined the structure, existed from the first, and doubly repaid its borrowings, by making art appear as lovely and attractive as itself. As an actor, Mr. Forrest is the very antipodes of Kean — and yet, paradoxical as it may seem, he has admirers as enthusiastic in their praise, as any that ever wept at the will of that master of passion. Kean had that innate genius which we say is the inheritance of nature. Forrest has it not. We do not mean to attempt a comparison between the two, if such a thing were possible; to effect it, would, under the circumstances, be an act of injustice to both. We only speak of Kean as an instance in proof of the truth of the assertion that actors 'are born, not made.' Kean was indebted to nature for the genius of his art — Forrest is under obligations to the same source, but mainly for great *physical* capacity — for all the *externals*. That Forrest has of late, in all his conceptions, evinced the possession of mind — of a knowledge of nature — of study — is a truth which no one can deny. That he has displayed, in any of his personations, that deep,

intuitive thought, which fastens itself alike upon the delicate and the bold points of character — which searches every feeling, identifies itself with every passion, and paints the expression of each as it is received — which touches the feelings, and not the senses alone — is another truth, which even his friends will not be disposed to argue against. We may not be understood, by those who believe that a passion may be truly expressed without a particle of the ingredients which compose the feeling being for the time even in the thought of the artist. Such materialists should build automaton Hamlets, Romeos of bass-wood, and mahogany Othellos. In such parts as require the display of a fine person, a noble bearing, and great physical power, and where the scenes do not call upon the actor for any particular delicacy of expression — where, as in the 'Gladiator,' the play is characterized by nobility of action — by the bold display of daring deeds, more than by any delicate sentiment — such as love in 'Romeo and Juliet,' or jealousy in 'Othello' — Mr. Forrest is superior to any actor we have ever witnessed. In 'Othello' he fails in expression; in 'Lear' he wants the *soul* of the character. He has all the wheels of the watch, but the spring is wanting; and yet his *Lear* was, in the scenes of angry passion, terribly grand. In these Mr. Forrest showed not only his fine voice and muscular strength, but he satisfied all that he had studied, and *knew* as well the feeling as the words which he expressed. In all his Indian characters, Mr. Forrest is deservedly great. His good sense, study, and his noble person, have made him more than respectable in *Damon*, and other parts of similar character. Whatever he attempts hereafter will either be as highly approved as the best of his previous characters have been, or they will bear the stamp of respectability. He is not a tragedian who will ever make his audience *laugh*. His judgment will always command respect, and his great talents, when properly applied, the admiration of the judicious. Mr. Forrest has greatly improved since he left this country, and he will continue to do so. The same perseverance which has brought him to the elevation which he now occupies, will lift him still higher, and make him a yet greater honor to the profession which he now adorns. There is an occasional extravagance in Mr. Forrest's manner, which we hope he will reform altogether:

> 'His action always strong, but sometimes such,
> That candor must declare, he acts too much.'

This over-acting is the fault of all the pupils of the Forrest school. Imitators generally copy the faults before they do the beauties of their originals. Mr. Forrest is, therefore, especially answerable for the consequences of this defect. Let him *entirely* do away with the habit of rant, by setting the example to his followers. Let him cultivate a chaste and subdued style, casting away every thing which can possibly be construed into a trap for applause; and what was said of Quin may with better justice be applied to him:

> 'Where he falls short, 'tis nature's fault alone —
> Where he succeeds, the merit 's all his own.'

Miss Horton. — After the departure of the Woods, we began to fear that we had listened for the last time to English opera at the Park Theatre; but we have been agreeably disappointed. Miss Horton has appeared: her reception was gracious and just, and her performances, through a short engagement, have been greeted each succeeding night with increased approbation. She possesses a *contralto* voice of extraordinary natural sweetness, and highly cultivated and improved under the efficient instruction of the celebrated Bordogni. Miss Horton has not, we understand, been often before the public, previous to this engagement. Her time has been closely devoted to study, for years past; and the effect is, a rich and finished style of singing, which has not its equal on the American stage, and, with one or two exceptions, no superior on any other. She does not, however, seem to do herself justice. Her voice is powerful — sufficiently so to fill any theatre; but, from timidity, we presume, she does not always

exercise it in its full capacity. She should not hold back one strain from the just measure of her powers, nor deprive her audience of a single tone of her rich and beautiful voice. We do not fear a surfeit from a feast so delicate.

Mad'lle Augusta. — Of this lady, it may for the present suffice to say, that the fame which preceded her in no respect exceeded her merits. She is one of the most graceful *artistes*, in her department, ever seen on the New-York boards; and she comes among us abundantly accredited, as one sustaining a similar prëeminence abroad. She has, in no country, but one rival near her throne; and to be second only to Taglioni, should not only satisfy Augusta, but all who witness her tasteful exhibitions of 'the poetry of motion.' o.

The National Theatre. — This new establishment — second to none in the Union for the richness, beauty, and comfort of its interior appointments — has won upon the public regard, during the short term in which it has been in operation, to an extent which even the enterprising and skilful managers themselves could scarcely have anticipated. Beside the humorous personations of Mitchell, one of the new and clever English recruits of the establishment, the National has already presented to crowded houses the distinguished performances of Booth, the best actor in America; Miss Clifton, but recently returned from abroad, bearing marks of evident improvement, and more effective than ever; Celeste, whose reputation is too well known to require comment; Wallack, 'himself alone' in his line, and always excellent; and Miss Phillips, who has no compeer, now that Fanny Kemble no longer sways the hearts of theatre-goers at her will. Such has been the *opening*, only, of this new play-house; yet, promising as it has been, there is little doubt that it will continue to realize the favorable anticipations of its future course naturally awakened in the public mind.

American Theatre, Bowery. — Beside the attractions of Mr. Hamblin, as *Othello* and *Hamlet*, and of Miss Cushman, a 'talented' *débutante*, the nautical drama of Lafitte — prepared for the stage by Miss Medina, from the novel of 'Lafitte, or the Pirate of the Gulf,' by Professor Ingraham — has been produced at this theatre with a liberal expenditure of superb scenery, and all the varied machinery and adjuncts of similar pieces. That it has merit and attraction, may be gathered from the fact that it crowds the house nightly, from pit to ceiling, with admiring audiences; but in what this merit and attraction consist, we have not yet been enabled to experience. As yet, the play is in too much demand to be visited by one who values a comfortable seat in uncomfortable weather.

Every Man's Book. — It is related of Burke, that being caught one day in a shower, in one of the streets of London, he stepped beneath a temporary shelter, where he encountered a weaver, with whom he soon entered into conversation. When the shower had passed, and the parties separated, a by-stander asked the artisan if he knew who that was with whom he had been conversing. 'Oh, it was some weaver,' was the reply. This circumstance has been often quoted, as an evidence of the familiarity of the great statesman with every species of parctical knowledge. 'Every man's Book' is a work calculated to make the reader as wise as Mr. Burke, in relation to all known professions and trades, of which eighty are briefly but clearly described, and illustrated with a like number of well-designed but frequently very badly-executed engravings. The volume is from the pen of Mr. Edward Hazen, and is beautifully stereotyped by Mr. John Fagan, of Philadelphia. It is designed for the use of schools and families, as well as miscellaneous readers, and is destined to prove a popular additon to the useful literature of the day.

LITERARY RECORD.

EVERETT'S ORATIONS. — This volume is a noble and timely donation to the American public. It contains all the addresses of a public nature which have been given by the author, save those of a political bearing, which are here excluded. Most of the contents of this collection have already appeared in print; and such of our readers as have read them in the form of an ephemeral pamphlet, will need no incentive to their attainment in a collected form. To great fertility of mind, Mr. Everett unites rich and varied classical attainments, a diction elegant and pure, and the advantages of observation, gained in close familiarity with the scenes and events of his own country, and by extended foreign travel. The merits of these compositions are too well known to require praise or comment. We but subjoin their titles: Orations at Cambridge, before the Society of Phi Beta Kappa, August, 1824; at Plymouth, December, 1824; at Concord, April, 1835; at Cambridge, July 4, 1826; at Charlestown, in commemoration of Adams and Jefferson, August, 1826, at Charlestown, July 4, 1828; Address at the erection of a monument to John Harvard, at Charlestown, September, 1828; Speech at a public dinner at Nashville, Tennessee, June, 1824; at a public dinner at Lexington, 1829; at a public dinner at Yellow Springs, (Ohio,) June, 1829; before the Charlestown Lyceum, June, 1830, being the two hundreth anniversary of Gov. Winthrop's arrival; on the Importance of Scientific Knowledge to practical men, and on the encouragements to its pursuits; Lecture on the Working men's Party, before the Charlestown Lyceum, October, 1830; Introductory to the Franklin Lectures, in Boston, November, 1831; Speech before the Colonization Society, in the Capitol, at Washington, January, 1832; at a public meeting held in Boston on behalf of the Kenyon College, (Ohio,) May, 1833; at Faneuil Hall, May, 1833, on the subject of the Bunker Hill Monument; at a Temperance Meeting in Salem, June, 1833; Oration at Worcester, July 4, 1833; before the Phi Beta Kappa Society in Yale College, New-Haven, August, 1833; Address at Brighton, before the Massachusetts Agricultural Society, October, 1833; Eulogy on Lafayette, at Faneuil Hall, September, 1834; Oration at Lexington, April, 1835; at Beverly, July 4, 1835; Address before the Literary Societies of Amherst College, August, 1835; Address at Bloody Brook, in South Deerfield, September, 1835, in commemoration of the fall of the 'Flower of Essex,' at that spot, in King Phillip's War, September 18, (O. S.,) 1675; and Speech on the subject of the Western Rail-road, delivered in Faneuil Hall, October, 1835.

In addition to this volume — which in beauty of execution reflects honor upon the press of the American Stationers' Company of Boston — we are glad to perceive that another will soon be published, containing a selection of the author's Speeches in Congress, and articles written in the North American Review.

MELLICHAMPE: A LEGEND OF THE SANTEE. Owing to an unforeseen lack of space, we are compelled to reserve for our next number a review of this latest work of a popular American novelist; reluctantly contenting ourselves, in the mean time, (if the bull be pardonable,) by a bare hint as to its character, and with commending it, in general terms, to the favorable regards of our readers. It is, as we learn, rather an episode in the progress of 'The Partisan' than a continuation of that romance. The action of 'Mellichampe' begins where the 'Partisan' left off, and the story opens by the resumption of one of the suspended threads of that narrative; but beyond this, there is no connection between the two works. The events made use of are chiefly historical, of which every chapter of the romance, it is believed, affords ample evidence. 'Indeed,' says the author in his preface, 'the entire materials of Mellichampe — the leading events — every general action — and the main characteristics, have been taken from the unquestionable records of history, and — in the regard of the novelist — the scarcely less credible testimonies of that venerable and moss-mantled Druid, Tradition.'

THE ROMANCE OF NATURE. — Unquestionably the most rich and tasteful volume, of the annual class, which has made its appearance in advance of the coming season, is 'The Romance of Nature, or the Flower Seasons Illustrated.' By LOUISA ANNE TWAMLEY. The plates, twenty-eight in number, are engraved, after original drawings by the author, in the finest style of the art, and colored with such perfect truth to nature that the beholder can scarcely help fancying that he sees before him the very flowers themselves — and it needs but a little stretch of imagination, to believe that they even impart the aroma which their originals exhale. There are some two hundred and fifty pages of beautiful letter-press, in verse, appropriate to the various *flowery* subjects which they accompany and illustrate. We hardly look for a more attractive souvenir from the English press, how much soever the laudable emulation of the publishers of these elegant productions in London might lead us to expect. WILEY AND LONG.

RATTLIN THE REEFER. 'Capt. Marryat' is placed on the back of these volumes, and as a heading to the show-bills which announce their publication. Whether the author of 'Peter Simple' be their real father or not, certain it is, that his plastic hand has been busy with the contents, and the real writer, whoever he may be, has imbibed no small portion of his inventive skill, humor, spirit, and unsurpassed power of graphic description. The work is composed of the collected numbers of 'The Life of a Sub-Editor,' which have appeared monthly in the London Metropolitan Magazine, during the last twelve months, as well as in an incomplete form, in the American re-publication of that excellent work. The public are by this time on very familiar terms with Rattlin; and he will now make his way without farther introduction or recommendation.

THE PEARL. — 'The Pearl, or Affection's Gift,' for 1837, is the sixth volume of that popular Christmas and New Year's Present for Youth. It is embellished with six *mezzotinto* engravings, very soft, and highly finished. The contents are varied, instructive, and entertaining. It has evidently been the aim of the several writers — among whom are Miss SEDGWICK, Mrs. SIGOURNEY, Mrs. GILMAN, and others of like repute — to inculcate valuable moral and religious lessons. The letter-press is superior, and the binding rich and tasteful. We take pleasure in recommending 'The Pearl' to parents and guardians, and to all who may desire to interest the imagination and improve the hearts of the young.

THE VIOLET, a Christmas and New Year's Gift, or Birth-day Present, is of the same character as 'The Pearl,' being intended for youth of both sexes. There are six pretty engravings; and the matter is furnished by well-known contributors, among whom, in addition to those mentioned above, are Miss H. F. GOULD, Mrs. HALE, Mrs. EMBURY, and Miss GOOCH. The letter-press and binding are neat and appropriate.

IRVING'S WORKS. — We doubtless confer a favor upon many of our readers, by commending to public acceptance the new and uniform edition of IRVING'S works, now in course of publication by CAREY, LEA AND BLANCHARD, Philadelphia. KNICKERBOCKER'S 'History of New-York,' and 'The Sketch-Book,' are already issued, in a clear, large type, and tasteful binding. Moreover, the price is so reasonable as to place the series in the reach of all classes of readers.

AWFUL EXPOSURE OF 'AWFUL DISCLOSURES.' — A small volume, of an hundred pages and upward, has been laid before us, entitled 'Awful Exposure of the Atrocious Plot formed by certain Individuals against the Clergy and Nuns of Lower Canada, through the intervention of MARIA MONK: with an authentic Narrative of her Life, from her birth to the present moment, and an account of her Impositions, etc.' We have glanced but hastily through the book, and can only speak of its literary merits, which are not of an exalted character.

THE THREE ERAS OF WOMAN'S LIFE. — The attractive title of this work by no means belies the interest which it is calculated to awaken in the mind of the reader. It is, in our opinion, inferior to no English novel of the present day. It displays a familiar knowledge of the various workings of human passion, an accurate acquaintance with correct models of fictitious composition, and an acute observation of the striking or simple scenes of domestic life. Withal, its inculcations are of the best tendency.

GIL BLAS. — The BROTHERS HARPER have issued, in two large and handsome volumes, uniform with their fine edition of 'Tom Jones,' 'Humphrey Clinker,' etc., 'The Adventures of Gil Blas of Santaline: translated from the French of LE SAGE, by T. SMOLLETT, M. D., with a Memoir of the Author, by THOMAS ROSCOE.' To state that the volumes are illustrated by CRUIKSHANK, and printed in the best manner of the publishers, is praise enough of a work which is otherwise beyond encomium.

'GEORGE BALCOMBE' is the title of a new American novel, on the eve of publication by the Messrs. HARPERS. It proceeds, as we learn, from Virginia; and from a hasty glance at some of the sheets, we incline to the belief that the work will at least prove entertaining. Lively and spirited colloquy is the most prominent feature in its style. We shall refer more particularly to the volumes in a subsequent number.

BOOK OF NIAGARA FALLS. — The traveler to the Great Cataract will find 'STEELE'S Book of the Niagara Falls' — the third edition of which, revised, enlarged, and accompanied by maps, has just been published — an important aid to his enjoyment of the numerous points of matchless scenery which it points out and illustrates. It is neatly executed.

CICERO'S SELECT LETTERS. — H. PERKINS, Philadelphia, and PERKINS AND MARVIN, Boston, have printed, on a clear bold type and good paper, *Cicero's Select Letters*, with notes and illustrations in English. For elegant Latinity, easy and vigorous style, condensed fact, and pure sentiments, these letters have no superiors.

PLUTARCH'S LIVES. — A new corrected and revised edition of Plutarch's Lives, translated from the original Greek, with critical and historical notes, and a life of the author, has just been issued by the Messrs. HARPERS. It is executed with neatness, and well bound, in leather.

TO A CORRESPONDENT. — In answer to a correspondent, 'H. W.,' who complains of the occasional solid or scientific articles which appear in our pages, we can only reply — in the words of a work which has attained a just preeminence, not only in Europe but in this country — that 'to be generally useful and entertaining, we mean to suit our periodical to readers of every denomination. It is not solely our intention to paint the manners and the fashions of the times; to interest the passions, and wander in the regions of fancy. We propose to blend instruction with amusement; to pass from light and gay effusions to stern disquisition; to mingle erudition with wit; to allure and please the studious and the grave, the dissipated and the idle. To the former, we may suggest matter for reflection and remark; into the latter we may infuse the love of knowledge; and to both we may afford a not inelegant relaxation and amusement.' All this, with the aid of numerous contributors, of whose varied powers our readers are not ignorant, it will be our aim as nearly as possible to perform. Meanwhile, as an evidence that our labors to these ends have not hitherto been considered altogether unsuccessful, we may mention the gratifying fact, that since this Magazine passed into the hands of its present proprietors, the number of monthly impressions has increased from less than one thousand, to four thousand copies; and at no period has the acquisition of names to its subscription list been so great as between each successive number. This is a substantial proof of public approbation, which we shall relax no effort appropriately and effectually to acknowledge.

The 'Reply' of Rev. Dr. BEASLEY to 'JUNIUS JR.' — unavoidably omitted in the present number — will appear in the Knickerbocker for November.

THE KNICKERBOCKER.

VOL. VIII. NOVEMBER, 1836. No. 5.

THE MARVELS OF CATALEPSY.

'TRUTH is strange — stranger than fiction.' Yes, much that is ascertained to be true, and more that is told as reality, is marvellous, beyond the dreams of fancy. Who could have believed the wonders of galvanism, electricity, or magnetism, if actual experiment had not precluded doubt? Certainly, if a sensible person could have seen the effect, without having been apprized of the cause, he must have considered the needle turning to the pole, or the limbs of a dead man convulsed by the galvanic fluid, and moving as if instinct with life, not less wonderful, nor less beyond the comprehension of the intellect, than the fabled sorcery of ancient days. Wonders are gradually reduced within the rules of science, and become the well-understood phenomena on which theories of philosophy are built; but perhaps in our progress toward perfect knowledge, we shall ever be met with facts to which we yield a reluctant credence, because they are not in harmony with any established system. The power of the snake to charm a bird, so as to make its wings unavailing as means of escape, has but imperfect possession of general belief, although the proofs are numerous; and as to the more wondrous power of the serpent over the human nerves, it is scarcely admitted at all, notwithstanding it is attested by well authenticated instances. The impossibility of seeing or describing any communication between a hazel twig held in a person's hand, as he walks over a field, and a spring of water several feet or yards beneath the surface of the ground, has kept up a general incredulity as to the efficacy of a 'divining rod.' Yet many wells have been dug, and the water actually found, in pursuance of the intimations of this mysterious oracle. The curious facts belonging to the unpopular theory of animal magnetism seem to lie in this same class of *unaccountables*, and therefore to pass as incredible. Whenever these things are understood, as well as the phenomena seem already to be authenticated, perhaps we shall learn something of the existence of a medium of communication more subtle and more potent than the magnetic or galvanic fluid, which we at present recognise as possessing power to produce effects that our ancestors — not very far removed — would necessarily have classed with magic, or rejected from belief, as utterly impossible, in the face of evidence incontrovertible. What this medium of communication may be, we cannot at present pretend to tell; but we have no right therefore to suppose it does not exist. The prodigies of one century became, in the progress of knowledge, the familiar results of scientific experiment, in the next. Great advance has been made in discovery during the last few hundred years; but it seems reasonable

to think that the philosophers of *two* thousand eight hundred and thirty-six, will look back with pity on what they will call the ignorance of those who just now tread the earth. In the progressive victories of science, and until its conquests shall be completed (a far-off day) there must always be something existing in Heaven and earth, as Hamlet says, not dreamed of in our philosophy. The wonders of somnambulism and catalepsy would be altogether beyond the possibility of belief, were it not that other marvels exist that are unquestionable in fact, and yet equally unaccountable.

The somnambulist hears the sound of his own voice, so as to give it perfect modulation, which deaf persons cannot do, but is insensible to any other noise around him. He goes straight to the object of his search, and walks on the brink of a precipice with security, but sees nothing of the friends who watch his progress and cross his very path. Can it be by means of the optic and the auditory nerves that the sense of distance is then conveyed to his perception? It is impossible to believe it, and yet account for the fact that he sees and hears only the things on which his attention is fixed, and not all things that present themselves to those outward senses. Cases of catalepsy are more rare; but there have been many apparently well attested, where a total suspension of the ordinary powers of the senses has seemed to disclose the existence of another means of communion between the understanding and the external world, the mode and limit of which are entirely out of the grasp of our comprehension. The deaf, dumb, and blind girl, at the Hartford institution, is believed to acquire knowledge of many things which seem to require the use of some one of the senses that she does not possess. The faculties of smell and touch do not account for all the information that she gains. These considerations may induce a more indulgent and credulous attention to the accounts of cataleptic patients who exercise an unaccountable power of intelligence; which relations are apt to be treated as mere impostures.

The following curious statement of a case of this kind, is translated from a Paris journal of literature and science, published in Italian and French, entitled 'The Exile.' The case is one of great notoriety, and a current anecdote at Paris embodies a fact more startling than even those here narrated. It is said that a number of persons at that capital, among whom was the great and good Lafayette, determined to put the cataleptic to a severe test, and for that purpose wrote to her attendants to inquire of her, at a particular day and hour, what was passing at a designated place in Paris. The patient was at Bologna, and at the day and hour appointed, was attended by several witnesses, and a notary, whose duty it was to make an authenticated note of all she said. At the same hour and minute the meeting was held in the appointed apartment at Paris, where a notary also attended to take down all they should do. They purposely acted whimsical and extravagant things, such as could not be expected of them; and their notary wrote all fairly down, affixed his official seal and transmitted the paper, sealed, to Bologna—reserving a copy. The cataleptic, at the same moment, described their persons and all their doing; which the notary present wrote down and transmitted to Paris. The two documents passed each other on the road, in the

mails, and were found to correspond precisely — the description given by the cataleptic being perfectly accurate. Can such things be? Certainly not without our 'special wonder.' But it would be more unphilosophical to resist good evidence, than to receive unaccountable facts. Without further preface, we proceed to the account given as before mentioned.

EXTRAORDINARY CASE OF CATALEPSY:

WITNESSED AT BOLOGNA, BY DOCTORS CASINI, AND VISCARTI, AND M. MAZZACORATI, PHARMACEUTIST.

We fear that the facts which we are about to relate will not find credence with our readers; yet we can assure them that we are well acquainted with the persons from whom the narrative comes, and we cannot doubt their sincerity, nor their ability to judge of the evidence on which it rests. A detailed account of the case was sent to one of our most honored associates, from whom we have obtained the following abridgment of it, which we offer to our readers, in the hope that it may prove interesting, by reason of the extraordinary phenomena it describes.

A young woman, aged twenty-five years, on the tenth of September last, fell into a complete state of catalepsy, which recurred regularly for forty-two days consecutively. During the first thirty days, the fit began at noon, and ended at midnight; but afterward, it was of less duration. The patient, so long as the paroxysm lasted, presented the ordinary appearances of catalepsy; that is, an aptness to assume and retain all manner of inconvenient and unnatural postures, and a general insensibility to the most forcible physical impressions. Frequent yawns and sighs preceded the coming on of the fit, and also its termination; and for the last ten or twelve days, just before waking, she would raise the left arm, then the right; then the right and left foot at equal intervals, and let them fall as if they were lifeless. After these motions, she would move her head, open her hands, take hold of the bed — raise her body, fall back again, then place her hands on her head, rub up her hair, and assume a harsh expression of countenance. Her eyes were closed during the first twenty-one paroxysms; the rest of the time they were open as if she were awake. She did not appear to suffer any pain, and when awake, had no recollection of the fit; but during the paroxysm she remembered perfectly, not only what had occurred when she was awake, but also every thing that happened during the preceding paroxysms. She had no medical treatment, as she took pleasure in her malady; and the cure was effected by the efforts of nature alone.

We have said that her body was not capable of feeling the most forcible impressions, nor such as were most calculated to produce pain; but this was not the case with all parts of her body. A most exquisite sensibility remained about the epigastric region, in the palms of her hands, and the soles of her feet. These parts became supplementary organs of the senses, and through them she could receive external impressions, not spontaneously, but only when her attention was roused by the experimenters. At first, it was necessary to speak immediately against the parts that retained their sensi-

bility; afterward it was sufficient if the speaker merely touched any one of those parts; and still later, it was enough if he were in communication, though at some distance, with the person who was in actual contact with those parts. She never spoke unless spoken to. When questioned in the manner described, she answered in the same tone of voice that was used by the one who spoke to her; either high or low, or very high. Her power of hearing through those parts was very extraordinary. If a person touching her stomach with one hand, grasped with his other the hand of a second person standing farther off, and the third and fourth formed in this manner a chain, hand in hand, and the fourth questioned her in the lowest possible tones, she would understand perfectly, and reply in the same tone. The reply continued always so long as the contact was maintained with the parts possessing sensibility, and ceased when that contact was interrupted; but she would resume the discourse when the contact was restored, at the point to which it would have reached if there had been no interruption. It seemed, therefore, that the reply was continued internally; and indeed, when she was asked, in such case, why she had not spoken all the words, she always insisted that she had pronounced them all equally.

After the twenty-first day, she lost the faculty of speech. She continued to hear and understand as before; but she could answer only by breathing forcibly when she wished to affirm positively. Those who were about her then conceived the plan of inducing her to convey her answers in as few words as possible, and to signify those words by a strong breathing, while they pronounced in her hearing the several letters of the alphabet. Afterward, she lost also the power of breathing forcibly; but the experimenters, finding that she could make a slight pressure with the ends of her fingers, availed themselves of that means to receive her answers.

Her eyes, as we have already said, were closed the first twenty-one days; but to be the more assured of their inactivity, the experimenters bound them with a handkerchief well folded; and yet she recognised immediately the color of different bodies that were presented to the parts having sensibility. She could sometimes read in this way, and could always tell the hour by a watch. Afterward it was not even necessary that the objects should be in contact with her body; she could tell them in any part of the room; and it was only requisite for this, that the experimenters who were in contact with her should direct her attention to the proper point. Still later, she recognised and described objects placed in another room, in the street, or at a distance in places that she had never seen.

Being requested to give a description of a convent at Bologna, and of the vaults under a country-house in the neighborhood of that city, of which neither the patient or her interrogators had any knowledge, she described both, minutely; and her description being taken down, was found to correspond exactly with the facts, even including the number and position of the wine-vessels in the cellars.

She was once persuaded by a professor of the University to name the objects that were in a certain cabinet in the college; she complied, and enumerated them exactly. She was asked what was on a certain table there, which was indicated to her: she said 'a book.'

'And what on the book?' She answered, 'A brain.' 'What brain?' She said, 'That of some animal.' 'What animal?' She replied that if he would name several, she could tell him which was the animal, and accordingly she told, correctly, the animal to which the brain had belonged was a leopard. She declared that she saw distinctly; and she certainly described the internal organs of her own body, and those of other persons. Being subjected by the professor above mentioned, to an examination on anatomy, she described, with astonishing precision, the situation of the heart, the pancreas, the spinal marrow, and the nerves — their connections and uses. And when requested by the same professor to examine the internal condition of his female patient, who lived at some distance, she informed him that the disease was in her womb, and was incurable.

A new order of phenomena became manifest during the time when her eyes, instead of being closed and bandaged, were open and motionless. It was found that the axis of the ball had a tendency to turn, as if moved by mechanical force, toward the side where the physicians, or any one else, caused, by any means, a current of the electric fluid. This occurred even when the electricity was excited behind her, or in another room; on which occasions her eye-balls would turn, and her head would follow the movement. The same effect was found to proceed from the presence of a loadstone, or any magnetized body, and also from so slight a galvanic action as might be produced by touching a plate of zinc to a plate of copper.

The witnesses of these extraordinary facts purpose, as we learn, to give a full account of them to the public. We hope they will also be able to explain them. It is for philosophers alone to judge of these marvellous phenomena. E.

HYMN.

FOR THE CONSECRATION OF A CHURCH.

Come to our temple, Light divine!
That erst the chosen people led,
And on the ancient ark did shine,
By guardian cherubs' wings o'erspread.

Come to our temple, Power supreme!
Evoked 'neath Judah's costlier fane,
By blood poured forth in ceaseless stream
From thousand lambs and bullocks slain.

Altar and ark and type are fled,
As fleets the misty veil of morn —
And from lost Zion's humbled head
The queenly diadem is shorn.

But Thou, unchanging Sire and King,
Dost to our praises bow thine ear,
When in a Saviour's name we bring
The incense of our love sincere.

There let thy strength thy priests adorn,
Here shed thy spirit pure and free,
That thousand souls to glory born
May bless the temple rear'd for *Thee*.

Hartford, (Conn.,) 1836. L. H. S.

THE PATRIOTS OF THE TYROL.

A TALE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY—FOUNDED ON FACT.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

THE Tyrol is perhaps the most mountainous and therefore the most picturesque country in the world. It is divided by a lofty and precipitous range of mountains into two sections, whereof the upper, or German Tyrol, is a valley of about one hundred miles in length, and from three to eight miles in breadth, formed by the river Inn, about the centre of which stands Innspruck, the capital. The lower, or Italian Tyrol, comprises the two valleys of Eisach and Adige, through which flow two rivers of the same name. The only road which connects the two districts, passes over Mount Brenner, at an elevation of six thousand feet above the level of the sea.

This territory—successively the property of the Roman, the Vandal, the Hun, the Frank, and the Bavarian—fell, about the middle of the sixteenth century, into the possession of the House of Austria, partly by the marriage of Margaret Moultasche, the only daughter of one of the most powerful of the native counts, to a duke of the Hapsburg family, and partly by purchase and conquest. From that period till the year 1805, the Tyrol continued a dependency of the Austrian government, and a firm and faithful ally of that power. The clemency and paternal regard, remarkable in the Austrian rulers toward their hereditary states, were shown in a conspicuous light in their intercourse with the Tyrolese, who were left in the enjoyment of all their ancient privileges; their diet, or representative assembly, experienced no interference with their deliberations, and their liberal institutions remained unchanged and unmutilated by the hand of Power.

This happy state of affairs was, however, doomed to a melancholy change. The rapid and brilliant campaign of 1805 gave to Bonaparte so vast a command over the humbled house of Austria, that he was enabled to dictate whatever terms his unlimited ambition might prompt. One of the conditions of the peace ratified by the treaty of Presburg was that the Tyrol should be ceded to his ally, the King of Bavaria. This sacrifice the Emperor Francis was compelled to make; and it is easy to judge what must have been the indignation of the hardy mountaineers, when informed of this sudden transfer, effected without consultation with the diet, and in direct opposition to the wishes of the people, who found themselves made over, like a flock of sheep, from one master to another—from a master whom they loved, to one whom, from former acts of tyranny and oppression, handed down by tradition from their forefathers, they had every reason, if not to hate, at least to fear. It is true, indeed, that the king of Bavaria solemnly guarantied to them the full possession of all their ancient rights; but however implicitly they might have trusted these assurances, the true character of their new rulers was not long in disclosing itself. They were soon called upon to witness the suppression of their representative assembly—the seizure of their public funds—the confiscation of their ecclesiastical revenues, and the

levying of new and onerous taxes. Even these oppressions might, perhaps, have been borne for a time in sullen and indignant silence; but the cup of injustice was not yet full. The bold, hardy, and proud race of mountaineers was compelled to submit to the insults of the French and Bavarian soldiery; their prejudices and their virtuous and simple feelings were often outraged by the vicious and brutal conduct displayed by the licentious troops, and their dearest rights were frequently invaded and violated.

These multiplied and galling oppressions were however endured until the year 1808, when it appeared evident that the war between France and Austria was on the eve of again breaking out. This event offered to the Tyrolese an opportunity for throwing off the Bavarian yoke too favorable to be allowed to pass; and secret messengers were accordingly sent to Vienna to intimate the desires of the people, and to offer their hearty cōoperation with the Austrian forces in the war which was now inevitable. These offers were readily accepted by the Archduke John, commander of the Austrian army, and the Tyrolese were soon actively, though furtively, engaged in preparing for the 'coming events.' Never was a feeling so universally diffused among a people as was the hatred now evinced toward their imperious lords. No age—no sex—considered itself exempt from the common duty of giving aid to their suffering land, and never perhaps was that aid which she demanded more promptly, and, for a time, more effectually, bestowed by her bold and hardy children.

CHAPTER II.

THE CONTEST OF SKILL.

From the main valley of the Inn, several smaller valleys branch off, forming beds for the rapid streams which rush down from the snow and 'cloud-capped' mountains by which the whole district is enclosed. These mountains in some places rise abruptly with almost perpendicular precipices from the banks of the streams; in others with a gradual and gentle slope, allowing space for the fields and vineyards of the peasants. In one of these tributary vales, called the valley of the Passayer, stood in the year 1808, and is perhaps still standing, a neat dwelling occupied for several generations as a tavern, where the peasants were wont to resort after the hours of labor were past, or during the many holidays allowed by the Catholic church, to join in the dance, the rude sports of the country, or more generally in ther favorite amusement of practising at a mark with rifles, in which they were exceedingly expert. It is impossible to conceive a more romantic scene than was here presented to the eye. Spring had just begun to spread her rich green carpet over the cultivated slopes, whose color wore double freshness from the sudden contrast afforded by the white snows and glaciers which swept down almost to the tilled lands. Spring there sat at the feet of winter—Luxuriance pillowed her her head upon the lap of Desolation.

At the bottom of the steeply-sloping valley, a foamy stream rushed onward to join the main river by a succession of short falls and rapids. It was now swollen by the melting of the winter snows to an

unusual depth, and with immense rapidity and noise leaped from rock to rock, a rolling mass of foam. On the northern slope of the valley, the bank rose for about one hundred yards above the stream with a steep ascent; then a level space of considerable extent succeeded, like a step cut in the foot of the mountain. On this small plain stood the tavern we have mentioned: it was a neat white cottage, of ample dimensions, well flanked by barns and out-houses, and thickly shaded by trees. Over the door, by way of sign, was suspended the portly figure of St. Leonard, the patron saint of the family. Fields and gardens stretched away behind toward the mountain, on whose ascending sides an ample vineyard lay in the full blaze of the sun, extending its green trellises, tier above tier, far up toward the glaciers. In front of the cottage, seats were conveniently placed beneath the trees for the accommodation of guests, of whom there appeared, on the present occasion, an unusually large assemblage, not only in the immediate vicinity of the house, but also in scattered groups surrounding a target which was erected at some distance. The usually exciting amusement seemed now, however, to have lost much of its charm. Some object of deeper importance appeared to be occupying the thoughts of all; the dance, which was generally an indispensable accompaniment of the holiday recreations, formed no part of the present observance. The song was not heard; even the shrill echoes of the rifle sounded only at distant intervals, the competitors for the prize approaching slowly to their stations, and conversing with much earnestness up to the very moment of taking aim, and seeming more intent upon renewing the dialogue after the bullet had been sped, than watching to see whether it had taken effect. The Merry Andrew or clown of the day, whose office it was to stand beside the target to ridicule the bad marksman and to applaud the good, who was generally chosen as being 'a fellow of infinite jest and most excellent fancy,' seemed to have lost half his wit, and even his best sayings failed to excite the usual accompaniment of mirth. The elders of the village, instead of standing, as was their wont, near the scene of competition, to mark the proficiency of the several candidates for fame, were assembled in front of the tavern, holding deep and important deliberation upon what appeared to be the all-absorbing topic. In the midst of these, sat Andrew Hofer, or Hoffer, the inn-keeper; a man of tall and commanding stature, about forty years of age. His broad, high forehead was surmounted by thick curling hair; but the principal characteristic of his countenance was a full, quick, and intelligent eye, which lighted up as he spoke with much brilliance, and gave to his fine manly face a noble and beautiful expression. His language was more polished than that of his companions, and there might be marked in his general bearing, traces of a higher degree of education, and more frequent intercourse with the external world, than often fell to the lot of the inhabitants of these sequestered valleys. Much deference was yielded to his opinions by the surrounding company, partly on account of his superior education, partly from his being the landlord of the inn of St. Leonard, but principally from his overpowering and convincing eloquence, which, when excited by his subject, he poured

forth with remarkable fluency. Being, moreover, remarkable for the high integrity of his character, and for a stern and rigid observance of all religious duties, his word was almost oracular, and on the present occasion an uninterested spectator might have observed that he experienced little difficulty in swaying the minds of his auditors in whatever direction it pleased him to conduct them. The consultation in which they were now engaged was long and warmly sustained, and it is difficult to say when it would have terminated, had it not at length been interrupted by the approach of the party who had been engaged in the contest of skill with the rifle.

'Well, my brave youth,' said the inn-keeper, rising as they approached, 'have ye so soon decided who is to claim the prize awarded to the best marksman of the Passayer?'

'We have,' replied Martin Esseldorf, a tall, military-looking youth, advancing before the rest, 'we have all performed our parts to the best of our skill, but Hedrick Spechbacker hath pierced the centre of the star, a feat which no one else of our company has been able to accomplish.'

'Marguerite,' said Andrew, calling to him a little girl who was playing with a beautiful hound on the grass near him, 'go to thine Aunt Honora, and bid her bring forth the prize: it is too heavy for thy tiny hands.' Then turning to the victor he added: 'My friend, Heaven grant that thy hand be as steady and thine eye as true, when Tyrol demands thine aid against her foes.'

'Fear me not,' replied Hedrick; 'my single hand can do but little, yet all that it can effect, Tyrol may command.'

'It is well said,' replied the other; 'if all our Tyrolese youth bore so stout a heart as thou, France and Bavaria, leagued, would avail but little with all their numbers and their skill, in our mountain fastnesses.'

As he spoke, Honora stood beside him, bearing a rifle of finished workmanship, together with a powder-flask and belt, the appointed prizes for the best marksman.

'The maiden bears the piece as though she knew how to use it, upon emergency,' observed Hans Haspinger, a middl-aged man who sat near the inn-keeper.

'She will not refuse to try,' replied the maiden, her fine features glowing with animation as she spoke, 'if her country require her services; nor is there a maiden or a matron in the valley but would glory in risking life in such a cause.'

'Hast thou any doubts left, Carl Ritzberg?' asked the inn-keeper, turning to a somewhat aged man near him: 'let us hear no more croaking; if the maidens volunteer to fight for our valley, I will answer for it not a youth from Innspruck to Trent will hesitate one moment after the first French foot treads upon the soil of Tyrol. Thou hast spoken bravely, girl, and to reward thee for thy courage, I will allow thee to present with thine own hands the prize to the victor.'

'Who is the victor?' asked Honora.

Hedrick Spechbacker stepped forward and kneeled before the maiden, who blushed deeply as she handed him the rifle; but it was not a blush of shame which tinged her fair cheeks: it was a thrill of

joy, that he whom secretly she valued as her own life, was worthy to bear away the palm from so many skilful competitors. As he was about to rise, the inn-keeper stepped forward, and placing one hand upon the youth's shoulder, lifted the other toward Heaven. 'Hedrick,' he said, solemnly, 'thou hast volunteered thy life in the good cause of redeeming thy country's freedom; may Heaven reward thee, and give thee success; and may the prize which thou hast this day earned, be in thy hands an invincible weapon against the enemies of the Tyrol!' Then giving his hand to the youth, he bade him rise, and turning to the rest of the young men who crowded round, deeply interested in what was passing, he added: 'and you, fellow-countrymen, will you not also give your strength to your suffering fatherland? The friends of the Tyrol have taken measures to rise in a body the moment it is known that an enemy's foot has touched our soil; even now I expect intelligence that it is time to assemble for our holy purpose.'

As Hofer spoke, a long, loud, shrill voice was heard from a pinnacle of the mountain above them, saying:

'IT IS TIME.'

Each looked at the other for some moments in silence. The inn-keeper was the first to speak: 'My friends,' he said, 'it is the signal agreed upon. Martin, run thou to the river, and mark if there be aught on its surface. Honora, fly thus with the signal to the next hamlet. Who will aid Andrew Hofer to liberate our wretched country?'

An unanimous shout was the reply; and those who had assembled that day without fire-arms, immediately commenced seeking for such weapons as could at the moment be procured:

'Furor minstrat arma;'

Clubs, spades, axes, pruning knives, and whatever else presented itself, was eagerly seized, and in a few minutes some hundred men had assembled under the command of Hofer, ready to advance whenever the word should be given. The inn-keeper meanwhile, bare-headed, was kneeling on the ground at the head of his troop, counting his beads with great apparent devotion, and had scarcely risen from his prayer, when again that clear, shrill voice sent its tones high above the noise of the torrent, 'IT IS TIME!'

'It is time!' replied the inn-keeper; and at the same moment Martin Esseldorf returned, bringing word that the surface of the river was covered with saw-dust.*

'It is the signal,' observed Hofer: 'now let us forward!'

The band was soon in motion, and as they wound their way through the ravines which led up from the Passayer toward the head-quarters of the patriot army, the notes of the following song, chanted by the whole band, came back in echoes rendered fainter and fainter by the distance, to the ears of the few remaining villagers, who were unwillingly detained from the strife of freedom by extreme old age, or weakness, disease, or childhood:

* Three methods were employed to convey intelligence to the distant villages of the proper moment for rising: fires were lighted on the hill tops; saw-dust was thrown upon the rivers, and swift runners were sent from village to village shouting 'It is time!'

I.
From the mountain, from the glen
Tyrol calls her gallant men;
For invaders fierce advance
Bearing ruin in their path,
And Bavaria, leagued with France,
Threatens Tyrol with her wrath;
And our rocky heights they climb—
Rouse thee, Tyrol!—it is time!

II.
From the forest, from the plain,
Tyrol calls her gallant train;
For her sons will not be slaves,
While a spark of freedom glows,
And her soil shall furnish graves
For herself or for her foes:
We will crush the sons of crime,
Or will perish—it is time!

III.
For our land too long hath bowed
To oppressors, stern and proud,
And our sons have bent too long
To the tyrants of the free,
While our daughters weep the wrong
That our sires are doomed to see;
Hark! 'tis Freedom's voice sublime
Calls us forward—it is time!

IV.
'Neath a tyrant's cruel arm
Life for us hath not a charm,
And of death we have no fear,
If that death make Tyrol free;
We can fall before the spear
But not bend the slavish knee:
We will live in Freedom's clime,
Or die freemen—it is time!

CHAPTER III.

THE MOUNTAIN PASS.

A VILLAGE at the foot of Mount Brenner was the place appointed for the general rendezvous, and hither the patriot bands from all quarters immediately directed their march; at first, small in numbers, but receiving additional volunteers of all ages and sexes from every hamlet through which they passed, upon arriving at the place of meeting, their forces amounted to between eight and ten thousand. Andrew Hofer was here unanimously elected to the chief command; and with a considerable body of soldiers, and accompanied by his friend Hans Haspinger, took his way toward the valley of Eisach. Hedrick Spechbacker, to whom he had delegated the important office of second in authority, marched toward Halle, which was then in possession of the Bavarians, while Martin Esseldorf was despatched with a large force toward Innspruck. In all points, the patriot troops were successful. Hofer met the Bavarians in the valley of Eisach, and well did the sure rifles of his followers perform their part in that first battle. The Bavarian forces retreated precipitately, after a short but severe struggle, leaving nine hundred of their number dead, or prisoners in the hands of the victorious peasants. The same day beheld the enemy flying in wild disorder from Halle, before the irresistible attack of Spechbacker and his companions; and shortly afterward, Esseldorf led his compatriots to the gates of Innspruck, which in a few days yielded, notwithstanding the obstinate defence of General Klinkel and Colonel Dittfort, who disputed every inch of ground, and were driven street by street from the city.

It is not my intention, however, to give a detailed account of the struggles of the brave peasants of the Tyrol to recover their lost liberties. I must therefore leave to the historian the task of narrating the minute transactions of that contest, and confine myself to those occurrences in which the actors who have already been introduced were more immediately concerned. I must beg the reader then to suppose some months of active warfare to have passed, and that he now accompanies the inn-keeper to a narrow gorge near

Stertzing, through which the Duke of Dantzic was daily expected to pass with an immense body of picked and well disciplined troops.

At one particular point of this pass, the road winds for some distance between two abrupt masses of rock, which rise nearly perpendicularly on each side; the space between, at the bottom, being not more than twenty or thirty yards across. At the summit of these precipices, Hofer and his followers immediately encamped, and commenced active preparations to meet the enemy. For this purpose, huge trees were felled and rolled to the verge of the cliff on both sides of the pass, where they were secured in immense masses by ropes, and then laden with ponderous rocks. The edge of the precipices in some places was loosened in such a manner that a slight force would displace them at a moment's notice. Having completed these preparations, Hofer ordered his followers to conceal themselves in the clefts and hollows of the rocks, and not to fire or make the slightest noise, until the signal should be given. He then stationed Hans Haspinger on one side, himself remaining on the other, and in this way awaited the duke's arrival. The morning succeeding the completion of their preparations had but just dawned, when a sentinel from a distant height gave Hofer notice of the enemy's approach, by exhibiting for a moment a thin wreath of smoke. The news was whispered round amongst the Tyrolese, and every one was instantly prepared for the desperate struggle.

On came that brilliant and proud array — column after column, winding like a glittering snake between the dark precipices; not a sound was heard save their deep measured tread echoing between the heights like the first low muttering of the thunder-storm, or the short, quick voice of command, as the troops were obliged occasionally, by the unequal nature of the road, now to extend their front, and now to diminish the breadth of the advancing columns. They had expected to meet opposition at this point, and every breath in that vast body was hushed — every eye on the alert to catch if possible the slightest movement — every ear sharpened to detect the slightest sound; but four thousand Bavarians, the flower of the army chosen to lead the van, from their well-tried bravery and coolness, had now entered the pass, and still no circumstance had transpired to cause the slightest alarm. They had even begun to think that their caution had been needless; and now amongst the front ranks might at intervals be heard the careless laugh or the rude jest. The officers, indeed, for a time checked these symptoms of security; but as they still advanced, and still no vestige of an enemy appeared, nor even the slightest apparent preparation to oppose their progress, the whole band by degrees gave themselves up to the unrestrained indulgence of that réaction of feeling which always follows the absence of anticipated danger. The head of the advancing columns had now cleared the narrowest part of the pass, though the rear guard had not yet entered it. Hofer had despatched the surest of his riflemen above and below the pass to fire upon the columns beneath, as soon as the enemy should reach a particular spot which he had pointed out. No sooner had the ringing report of the first shot died away, than a thousand voices were heard in concert, waking the echoes with the following battle song:

I.

Death to the foes who dare
Tyrol pollute,
Death, that they breathe her air;
Death to the base
Daring to place
E'en on her valleys fair
Tyranny's foot.

II.

Death, that they bid to float
Wide on her breeze
Banner and trumpet-note;
Death, that they hope
With freemen to cope—
Heroes to death devote
Cowards like these!

While the notes of this wild song were swelling in the cliffs around from an invisible foe, the invading host were variously affected. The van hastened its march to escape if possible from the pass, and being thus separated from the rest of the army, fell an easy prey to the Tyrolese, who were stationed beyond. The main body endeavored to retire, but being urged on by the numbers behind, were unable to effect their object, and were therefore soon thrown into a state of indescribable confusion. Ere the last words of the song died away, a single loud, clear female voice took up the air with this additional stanza:

Death to the foes who dare
Tyrol invade;
Death by the secret snare,
Death by the free,
By the rock and the tree,
Death by the matron fair,
Death by the maid!

Every eye was instinctively turned in the direction of the voice, and upon a pinnacle of rock, projecting far beyond the regular line of the cliff, and almost directly above the enemy's head, stood a finely-formed female figure, the only Tyrolese yet visible to the army below. As she sang, she stood leaning with her left arm upon a rifle, stretching out her right hand over the enemy, who seemed to regard her almost as a prophetess denouncing wo upon their devoted heads. After the first surprise was past, many a shot from the confused battalions beneath was directed against her; and although the bullets frequently whistled near, she changed not her position until she had finished her song, and then discharging her rifle with a deadly aim at an officer apparently of high rank, she bounded from the rock, and was soon hidden from sight amid the thick foliage which skirted the precipice. A loud shout of joy burst from the patriot bands, and as it died away, the single voice of Hofer was heard above every other sound. 'Hans, is all ready?' 'All is ready!' was the immediate reply.

'In the name of God then, let go!'

Then was heard on both sides first the short, quick strokes of the axe upon the rending cords; and in a moment one wild and tremendous avalanche of rocks and trees rushed down the precipice, roaring — thundering — leaping — crashing — hurling inevitable destruction on the heads of the doomed multitudes below — who, penned up on all sides, were unable to offer the slightest resistance, or to attempt escape. Shrieks, and groans, and wild shouts of impotent rage and terror, mingling with the thunders of the descending masses, increased to tenfold loudness by the echoes from the surrounding precipices, combined to form a scene and an uproar, of which words must in vain attempt a description. No sooner had the

descending ruin performed its office of destruction, than the deadly rifles of the Tyrolese rang sharp and frequent from the overhanging rocks, completing the dreadful slaughter; the females loading the pieces and handing them to the marksmen with the utmost coolness and regularity. Hedrick Spechbacker, who occupied a most commanding station for picking down the enemy, though at the same time somewhat exposed, was observed wielding the rifle which he had won at the contest of skill, with terrible effect, apparently utterly regardless of the incessant fire kept up against him by the more desperate among the survivors of the enemy, until at length reaching across the chasm, on the edge of which he was sitting, to receive from a female near him his prize-rifle which had just been re-loaded, a stone on which his foot rested gave way, and he would inevitably have been dashed to pieces, had he not, with a vigorous grasp, seized the rock above him, where he hung, unable to draw himself upward far enough to obtain fresh footing. His highly-valued rifle had fallen, and was lodged in a cleft several yards below. The women hastened to the edge to endeavor to assist him, but, alarmed by the bullets which now whistled round them with redoubled frequency, they were retreating, when a youth who was seen bounding along the rocks with the speed of the mountain goat, fearlessly approached the spot, seized a rope which had been employed in securing the trees at the beginning of the engagement, and reaching over the precipice, succeeded in passing it under Hedrick's arms. Then, having prevailed upon some of the women to come to his assistance, the sufferer was speedily released from his perilous situation.

'God's benison on thee youth!' exclaimed Hedrick: 'but for thee I had assuredly perished, for my strength was fast failing me. Nevertheless it were but right that I should follow my beloved rifle, if 't were only for the sake of her from whom I received it.'

'I doubt not,' said the stranger, 'that the piece is good enough, and it is a pity that so good a marksman as thou art should have no firelock to use. I will e'en lend thee mine, and try if I cannot fish up the lost one, to which methinks I have taken a fancy.'

Much as Hedrick desired to recover his property, he was very unwilling that his strange deliverer should run into peril to obtain it for him; and he therefore used all his eloquence to dissuade him if possible from the rash enterprise; but all to no purpose: the youth resolutely declaring that he was bent upon the measure, and would accomplish it.

'Well,' said Hedrick, 'women and boys *will* have their way; so if thou art resolved to try, I promise thee thy choice of the booty which falls to my share from yon cowardly rascals beneath.'

The light, graceful, and at the same time well-knit figure of the young stranger rendered him admirably adapted for the perilous exploit which he was about to undertake, while his beardless cheek, and almost feminine softness of expression seemed to give slight promise of nerves strong enough to carry it through. Hedrick once more attempted to change his purpose, but the stripling making him no answer, immediately selected a strong rope, fastened it to the root of a tree over the place where Hedrick's rifle had lodged; then rolled along to the edge of the precipice to prevent the cord from

cutting, and gliding down, succeeded, after a swing or two, in seizing the prize. Hedrick and the women then drew him up, and the youth's modest request to be allowed to use the rifle for the rest of the day, could not of course, with any propriety, be refused.

In the mean time the enemy's fire had gradually become much less galling, and in a short time the Duke of Dantzic, with the main body, retreated, followed by as many of the advanced guard as were enabled to withdraw themselves from the deadly pass, leaving nearly two thousand of their number dead, together with the cannon and nearly all the baggage of the camp. The Tyrolese, who had lost scarcely any of their troops, immediately descended from the heights, and, after securing the rewards of victory, left the pass in pursuit of their foes. A few days afterward, upon an open and fair field, they met the enemy, who had concentrated all their forces, and after an obstinate contest, a brilliant victory crowned the arms of the brave peasants. The result of this action was the immediate evacuation of the Tyrol by the enemy, and the establishment of a provisional government, the direction of which was delegated to the victorious Hofer. Hedrick, for several days after the battle sought for the stranger who had rescued him, but his search was fruitless; no one came to bring back his rifle, or to claim the choice of the booty, which report said was by no means inconsiderable.

CHAPTER IV.

THE REVERSE OF FORTUNE.

The tempest of war had passed, and the valleys and rocks of the Tyrol were again slumbering in the light of peace. Labor had resumed its occupations, and the whole face of the country began gradually to resume its wonted appearance, and to recover from the desolation which always treads close upon the heels of Contest. The little valley of the Passayer had however entirely escaped the ravages of warfare, and the Inn of St. Leonard, with its gardens and vineyards, now purpling in the sun of August, presented the same smiling appearance as when the reader was first introduced to it. Hofer was now absent at Innspruck, busied in the cares attendant upon his elevated office, but the domestic arrangements of the hostlery were well conducted by Edith, his active and energetic wife, and by Honora her sister, whom we have before seen presenting the reward of skill to Hedrick. The sisters were now sitting in a little parlor of their home, engaged in earnest and apparently interesting conversation.

'Thou knowest, sister,' said Honora, 'that I cannot love him. Even were my heart free, it is impossible that I could give its affections to one whom I cannot honor.'

'Nay,' replied Edith, 'thou dost allow thy prejudices to warp thy better judgment. There is no proof that his patriotism is assumed; and now that he stands so high in my noble husband's favor, methinks there is no reason why thou shouldst not listen to his proposals.'

'Sister,' answered Honora, 'thou knowest not Martin as well as

I know him. Urge me no further, but bid Andrew beware of him, and see that he is not nursing a viper in his bosom. I would not wed him, even were my affections disengaged, and were he, who now seeks me as a stepping-stone to his base ends, all that his meanness could contrive, or his ambition paint.' So saying, she left the room.

Martin Esseldorf, the subject of the above conversation, was in truth what the penetrating mind of Honora had foreseen, less a patriot than an ambitious adventurer, such as the excitement of war often calls forth from obscurity. Elated beyond measure at the success of his attack on Innspruck, he had begun to look upon Hofer with a jealous eye, as one who stood in the way of his ambition. The feverish hope to which pride and vanity had given birth was nothing less than the appointment to the chief command of the patriot forces in war, and of their civil affairs in peace. Foiled in the former, he now aspired to the latter, and thought that an union with Hofer by marriage would tend materially to forward his plans: he had therefore made proposals to that effect, which, although well received by the inn-keeper and Edith, who had no suspicion of his ambitious views, were, as the reader will have already gathered from Honora's words, by no means likely to succeed in that quarter where success was the most desirable. Hedrick Spechbacker, who, being a member of the provisional government, was now at Innspruck with Hofer, was not ignorant of the proposals of Esseldorf, but having full confidence in the affection of Honora, between whom and himself an engagement had now for some weeks existed, he took no notice of the pretensions of his rival, but attended zealously to his legislative duties. When the unqualified rejection of his suit was made known to Martin, his rage and revenge knew no bounds. He secretly swore vengeance against the maiden and her whole family, and waited only a proper opportunity to satiate his malice.

Affairs were thus situated, when news was brought to Hofer that the Emperor Francis, after the decisive defeat at Wagram, had consented to sign a disgraceful treaty by which the Tyrol was again to be ceded to Bavaria. All other business was immediately suspended, and the question which now alone occupied the assembly was, whether submission or war were the duty of the Tyrolese. Notwithstanding that the emperor, on one hand, recommended them to yield to the necessity of the times — and Beauharnis, the French Viceroy of Italy, on the other, proclaimed that all who continued in arms should be treated as rebels and brigands — notwithstanding that they knew that Austria was no longer able to afford them assistance, and that the whole might of France would now be turned against them — Hofer and several of his friends determined to make one more effort for liberty. The attempt, however, was considered so desperate, that some who had promised to join the patriot army withdrew, among whom was Martin Esseldorf, of whose movements after leaving the assembly no information could be obtained.

Fortune at first seconded the efforts of the friends of freedom. The French, hearing that Passayer had become the head quarters of the patriots, had marched thither with all expedition, and fell upon the undaunted peasants. Hofer led on his followers, distinguished

from the rest only by the large crucifix which hung at his girdle. The charge was irresistible. The enemy retreated, leaving two thousand of their number dead, wounded or prisoners, in the hands of the peasants. This, however, was the last smile of success. The French poured fresh forces into the valleys, and at every point the brave Tyrolese were defeated. They were driven from hill to hill, from rock to rock, and as the bands by this means became scattered, they were hunted down like wild beasts by the infuriated enemy, whose first defeat seemed to have galled them into merciless frenzy. Winter now approached, and added to the sufferings of the dispersed patriots. They were obliged to conceal themselves in the depths of the forest, in remote caverns and precipices of the mountains. Some laid down their arms — some escaped into Austria — many were taken prisoners by the French, and shot — and at last the indomitable Hofer was nearly deserted by all his followers. An enormous price was set upon his head by the French government, and the most active exertions were made to discover the place of his retreat. His only confident was Hedrick Spechbacker, who, for nearly two months, never failed to supply him and his family with such provisions as were necessary for their support, while at the same time he enjoyed brief interviews with his beloved Honora. He had on one of these visits conveyed to Hofer, in addition to the usual supply of provisions, a rifle, together with some other arms, that the unfortunate exile might possess some chance of repelling his enemies, should his retreat be discovered.

'I feel grateful for thy kindness, my valued friend,' replied Hofer; 'but I am well armed, and I discovered this morning that Honora keeps a firelock in her chamber, ready for use on an emergency. Bring it to me, sister, that I might see if it be in repair.'

Honora, with apparent reluctance, departed, and after a short absence returned, bearing a rifle which glittered in the light of the lamp as she entered, sufficiently proving with what care the rust had been prevented from accumulating on its surface.

'In the name of all the saints, dearest Honora,' exclaimed Hedrick, as the firelock caught his eye, 'where didst thou obtain that musket? It is assuredly the same which the strange youth — my deliverer — recovered for me that morning when we defeated the Duke of Dantzic.'

'It is the same,' quietly observed Honora.

'Then thou hast been more fortunate than I,' he answered: 'I have sought far and near to find the youth, both that I might get back my rifle, and reward and thank the fearless stripling for rescuing me, in the face of the enemy, from a situation whence, without his aid, I should never have been able to recover myself.'

Honora smiled, and asked her lover if he had really never seen him since that day?

'Never, I do assure thee,' he replied, 'though I have sought for him most perseveringly.' He then turned to reply to some remark of Hofer, respecting the battle to which he had alluded, and the maiden, the moment his eyes were turned from her, took down a small hunting-cap from a peg — gathered up her long ringlets with

one hand, and with the other drew the cap over her head, so as to entirely conceal her luxuriant tresses.

An expression of the most unmingled astonishment sat upon the features of Hedrick, as he turned and beheld his mistress, who by this slight change had become metamorphosed into the appearance of the stranger. 'It is the very same,' he at length exclaimed, 'and more than once during that terrible morning a suspicion of the truth flashed for a moment across my mind. By the beard of St. George, maiden, thou art a brave girl! Why, I could almost fancy that it was thou who lengthened our song so gallantly on that same morning.'

'It was she indeed, Hedrick,' replied Edith, 'who so foolishly perilled her life for no adequate end; but in truth, Honora's love for our dear Tyrol is too enthusiastic to show itself by common means. We have reason to thank Heaven that she has escaped.'

Hedrick gave his full assent to Edith's sentiment, and shortly after took his leave. After having proceeded about half a mile, he was not a little surprised and annoyed, on looking behind him, to observe a man, whom by the aid of the gleaming snow he knew to be a priest, tracking his footsteps. Determined if possible to find out whether the ecclesiastic had discovered Hofer's retreat, he waited his approach, and perceived as he advanced that it was Le Père Donay, who within a few weeks had taken up his residence at Passayer.

'Thou art travelling late to night, father Donay,' observed Hedrick, as they met.

'Yea, my son,' rejoined the priest, 'and methinks thou also hast chosen an untimely hour for traversing this lonely mountain path.'

Hedrick promptly replied, 'Since the French have devastated our country, father, we have few means of procuring food, except what the chase may supply. Our traps and snares require early and late attendance, and even then they are not always successful. Thou mayest observe that I have nothing to-night to reward my toil: but what brings thee out to-night, may I ask, father? There are no dwellings in this direction, whose inmates may need thy spiritual visitation.'

'I have sought the silence of this place for meditation and prayer, my son,' replied the priest, and immediately turned off by another path, leaving Hedrick not a little perplexed and anxious; for rumor whispered that neither the vigils nor the penances of father Donay were as rigid as they were wont in the order to which he belonged, and there could be little doubt but that some sinister motive had called him from his home. He retired to rest, therefore, resolving to visit Hofer early in the morning, and advise him to change his place of concealment.

CHAPTER V.

THE TRAITOR.

While Hedrick is tossing on his couch, anxiety for the safety of his friend forbidding slumber to visit him, we must conduct the reader to a small hut erected in a deep hollow near the summit of a precipitous mountain, which rises in sight of the Passayer, though some miles from any cultivated spot. The descent into this dell without a guide is somewhat dangerous — a single narrow and abrupt path, not to be discovered without great difficulty, alone conducting the visiter to the dwelling below. Up the steep acclivity which led to this hollow, a strong and well armed detachment of soldiers were now winding their toilsome way. It was considerably past the noon of night, but a waning moon was still above the horizon, and the white snows reflecting her rays gave sufficient light to the party to prevent them from experiencing much difficulty in tracing the path. After several short halts, they stood upon the brink, and paused to take breath ere they commenced the perilous descent, while their guide, a tall figure enveloped in an ample cloak, sought the entrance. This was soon found, and the whole party in single file, slowly, cautiously, and silently effected their precipitous descent. In this way they at length approached the dwelling and enclosed it; when the guide, turning to the officer who led the party, said in a tremulous voice, 'I have now conducted you to *your* prize — you are witness that I have now earned *mine*.' So saying, he rapidly retraced his footsteps up the steep path, and was soon lost to sight beyond the rocky barrier.

The inmates were now awakened from their slumbers by hoarse voices without, exclaiming, 'Traitor, come forth!'

The hero instantly knew that he was betrayed, but his firmness did not forsake him at this trying hour. Hastily throwing on his clothes, he seized a rifle which stood near, but as he was about to discharge it through the window at the soldiers without, he paused; a violent struggle was passing in his mind — his decision was taken. 'For myself,' he muttered, ''t were more glorious to sell my life dearly — for my wife and family, 't were better to yield myself to the tender mercies of my enemies. I must save them.' As he said this, he threw down the firelock, opened the door, and baring his breast to the company of grenadiers drawn up in front of the hut, he exclaimed: 'I am Andrew Hofer!' Frenchman, fire on me, but for the love of Heaven, spare my innocent family!'

The soldiers rushed upon him, and having loaded him with chains, led him away, followed by his beloved wife, and Honora leading his two children; the boy, about twelve years of age, imitating his father's example, restrained his tears, and attempted to offer consolation to his weeping relatives.

Hedrick, who had found it impossible to rest while there was a possibility of his friend's retreat being discovered, had arisen, determined to return to the mountain immediately, and inform Hofer of his interview with the priest. Alas! he was too late. The dawn was just breaking as he had accomplished half the ascent, when on looking upward he perceived a tall figure approaching him muffled

in a cloak; as he advanced, the figure evidently sought to avoid him, but found it impossible to effect his purpose. Hedrick, from his intimate knowledge of the different paths, was enabled to cut off the stranger's retreat, and on turning the abrupt angle of a rock, they met face to face. Hedrick's surprise may be well conceived, when on looking into the countenance of the stranger, he recognised the features of Donay!

'He is betrayed then!' exclaimed the indignant peasant; false priest, thou hast betrayed him! — and by all the saints, he who has dared to deliver Andrew Hofer to his enemies, shall smart for his crime, be he who he may: defend thyself!' 'Wouldst thou, sacrilegious man,' replied the other, trembling with rage and conscious guilt, 'wouldst thou lift thy hand against one who is protected by the sacred habit?'

'Yes, coward, if the sacred habit conceal so cursed a traitor!' So saying, he sprang forward, and with the strong cudgel which he had used to assist his steps up the mountain, he aimed a deadly blow at the priest's head. The latter, stepping back a pace or two, drew a pistol from his bosom, but ere he could discharge it, the club of his strong antagonist had laid him senseless upon the snow. The stick fell from his hands, and he advanced in great alarm; for although, in the first moment of ungovernable rage, he had thought of him only as the betrayer of his own and his country's friend, now that he saw him apparently lifeless before him, all the religious feelings of his people took possession of him, and the idea of having caused the death of a minister of God, filled his mind with dismay and horror. He therefore applied himself earnestly to revive his victim, and with unspeakable joy soon perceived him to evince some signs of life. He was still busily employed in this way, when the long lines of soldiers who were guarding Hofer appeared slowly winding down the mountain toward him. He at first thought of seeking safety by flight, not doubting but that he should be arrested for attacking a priest; but on seeing his friend Hofer in chains among the band, he became regardless of consequences, and silently awaited their arrival.

On reaching the spot, the officer ordered his troop to halt, and demanded of Hedrick an explanation of what he saw. The latter was about to reply, when Donay, slowly opening his eyes, beckoned the officer to approach: 'I would speak with your captive.'

The soldiers led their prisoner forward, and Donay thus addressed him: 'Andrew Hofer, your betrayer is before you, and in that betrayer behold Martin Esseldorf! Deep was the wound inflicted by your haughty sister, and deadly has been my revenge.' Overcome by the excitement of his feelings, the traitor fell back exhausted; but after a pause of some moments, he resumed in a feeble voice: 'My senses fail — I am dying — O God! what have I done? My friend betrayed! — my country betrayed! Pardon — pardon! Andrew Hofer, your betrayer implores your pardon.'

'I forgive you,' replied Hofer, 'as freely as I hope to be forgiven; may God forgive you also!'

Donay continued: 'I have assumed this disguise, the better to effect my purpose; it is my last request that no punishment may

await Hedrick Spechbacker for the deed which he has committed; I deserved it all.' It was with great difficulty that he pronounced the last few words; a hoarse rattling in his throat impeded his speech, and in a few minutes he ceased to breathe. Hedrick was immediately seized, and some of the soldiers bearing Martin's dead body, the whole company advanced toward Meran, thence the prisoners were conducted to Botzen, and thence to Mantua, which was already crowded with their unhappy countrymen.

As the soldiers were leading them forth from the gates of Botzen, Hofer was informed that his family were not allowed to accompany him any farther. He made no reply — but turning toward them, where they stood weeping by the gate, he embraced and kissed each affectionately, bade them an eternal farewell, and turned to depart. Alas! he had borne up bravely until this moment against all his misfortunes; but as he turned to behold for the last time all who were dear to him on earth, his strong heart was crushed, and it was mournful to see in that bitter hour how the warrior sobbed like a child as he embraced his faithful Edith. Even the hard soldiers around were seen to weep, 'albeit unused to the melting mood,' and the officer who commanded the escort hid his face as he gave the order to advance.

CHAPTER VI.

CONCLUSION.

A COURT-MARTIAL of French officers was assembled, immediately after Hofer's arrival at Mantua, over which General Bisson presided. Hofer's bravery, and his humanity toward those who had fallen into his power in battle, pleaded strongly in his favor, and inclined the French officers to propose that a limited confinement should be the extent of his punishment. There were a few among them who even dared to vote for a full acquittal. The court-martial, however, was intended merely for a display of justice, and ere sentence could be pronounced, a command from Paris, conveyed from Milan to Mantua by telegraph, directed that the prisoner should be condemned and shot within twenty-four hours. The decree of the servile court was given accordingly, and the following morning at sunrise appointed for carrying the sentence into effect. Spechbacker, who had also been tried for the death of Esseldorf, was acquitted in compliance with Martin's dying request, and was allowed to spend a few hours with Hofer on the evening preceding the execution, when the two friends took solemn leave of each other, after which Hofer's confessor was admitted, and the whole of the night was consumed in religious exercises.

The dawn of the following morning beheld the principal square of Mantua thronged with thousands eager to look upon the last moments of a man who had battled for freedom so long and so nobly. Their curiosity was not long unsatisfied. The roll of the muffled drum was soon heard advancing along the street, and about half an hour before sunrise, Hofer appeared, strongly ironed, attended by his confessor and Hedrick, and guarded by a small body of chosen men, on each

side of whom marched a regiment of grenadiers: these, on entering the open space, formed themselves into three sides of a hollow square, with Hofer and his attendants in the midst. Here the prisoner's irons were knocked off, and a soldier approached to bandage his eyes.

'No!' exclaimed the patriot, indignantly: 'Andrew Hofer has faced your arms too often to fear them now.'

The commanding officer was appealed to, and the ceremony was dispensed with. He was then led to the open side of the square, and again joined for a short time with his confessor in devotion. As he arose from his knees, he took from his breast a small packet, carefully sealed, which he handed to Hedrick, saying: 'You will soon behold Edith; give her this: it contains a lock of her husband's hair — the last proof of affection which he is now able to bestow; tell her, and tell the dear children and Honora, that Andrew's last thoughts were divided between them and Heaven.'

The two friends then embraced again for the last time, and Hedrick and the confessor retired on one side. A firing party of twelve grenadiers then stepped forward — the signal was given — the sharp volley echoed from the surrounding buildings — and the patriot of the Tyrol was no more! The first rays of the rising sun shone brightly upon the warm heart's blood of one of the bravest men that earth ever produced.

Hedrick Spechbaker hastened to Botzen to convey to the afflicted widow and orphans the poor consolation of knowing that a splendid military funeral had been assigned to the murdered victim, and that his body had been conveyed to its resting place on the shoulders of the French soldiery.

Hedrick was united a few months afterward to his beloved Honora, and the last we have heard of him is that fourteen years afterward he and Hans Haspinger, together with four others of Hofer's companions in arms, by the command of the Emperor of Austria, had the melancholy gratification of bearing the patriot's honored remains to the cathedral church of the Holy Cross in Innspruck, where they were interred with great pomp, having been conveyed from Mantua at the emperor's expense. The broad brimmed peasant's hat which Hofer was accustomed to wear, and the hero's sword, borne upon the coffin lid, forcibly recalled the figure of their brave leader to the remembrance of many a veteran among the immense concourse of Tyrolese who followed him to his second interment.

A liberal pension was assigned by the Austrian government, shortly after his death, to the family of Hofer, and his descendants are now enrolled among the nobility of the empire, by a decree of the emperor; but the blood which flows in their veins is their best and surest patent.

J. H. C.

SLEEP.

——— 'Sleep, gentle sleep,
Nature's soft nurse.' SHAKSPEARE.

I.

HAIL 'Nature's soft restorer, balmy sleep!' —
To thee for refuge fly the sons of wo,
When through the veins Disease's poisons creep,
Or Sorrow's clouds across the spirit throw
Their gloomy shadows, and the cheerful glow
Of the heart's sunlight fades before the blast
Of disappointed hopes: thou dost bestow
A short, but soft oblivion to the past,
And round impending cares a shadowy mantle cast.

II.

How like to death thou art! I have ere now
Gazed on my boy as motionless he lay
In childhood's slumber; softly o'er his brow
Swept his fair tresses, and the winds in play
Lifted them gently, and then passed away;
But yet he moved not; and so still his breath,
That for a moment I believed the ray
Of life had yielded to the gloom of death:
Such thy mysterious power when childhood slumbereth.

III.

Manhood yields not so fully to thy sway:
Hopes, passions, memories, and cares unsought,
Which so absorb his waking mind by day
Are busy when he sleeps; they slumber not,
But revel wildly in the dome of thought,
Seated on Reason's abdicated throne,
And fill him with wild fancies which have caught
Color from recent scenes, but add their own
Wild combinations there, till thy sweet calm hath flown.

IV.

Or else, perchance, he lays him down in pain,
And dreams of pleasure — or he sleeps in care,
And the night visions bring him peace again —
In hunger, and he sups on sumptuous fare,
In thirst, and gushing fountains fill the air
With coolness round him — or in weariness,
And then he deems soft hands a couch prepare
For his stiff limbs — in sorrow and distress,
And round him rise and swarm visions of joy to bless.

V.

Though all the scene without around him lie
In gloom and desolation, thou dost spread
A glorious world before his mental eye,
And kindly deck with fairy flowers his bed;
Pillow on gossamer his aching head,
And throw a gorgeous veil round Sorrow's form,
Leading her forth so gemmed and garlanded,
That e'en *her* leaden eye grows bright and warm,
And in thy magic light her very frowns may charm.

VI.

Strange wizard thou! — waving above the brain
Thy potent rod, the lines of Nature wear
A new expression — and then come a train
Of wild, mysterious visitants, who bear
Resemblance to reality, yet dare

To mix with truth so much absurd and strange
And e'en impossible, which *seemeth* fair,
That the changed sense consents to every change,
And sees, without surprise, thee nature disarrange.

VII.

What though the mosque of Sultan Achmet stand
Where riseth, or *should* rise, the trophy stone
O'er Bunker's bloody field? What though the band
Of Alaric invade the British throne?
What though, by thee directed, the tall cone
Of Himmeleh o'erlook the Atlantic wave,
Or exiled Miguel boast the world his own?
Reason starts not, but nods with aspect grave,
As visions wild as these light up thy magic cave.

VIII.

I woo thy gentle power, for night hath brought,
Instead of thee, strange fancies to my brain,
And Care is busy in the house of Thought,
And hath invited there her sister Pain:
Spread thy oblivious shadows, and restrain
Their ghastly revels, or to Lethe chase
The demon sprites, and lay the spectre train,
Like some star-read enchanter, and their place
Fill with more gentle guests, moving in light and grace.

Dorchester, (Mass.,) September, 1836. C.

THE PORTICO.

NUMBER THREE.

'Intir sylvas Academi querere verum.'

We purpose to devote this number of our desultory disquisitions in the Portico, to an investigation of the advantages which will redound to our country, from the institution for the diffusion of useful knowledge among men, which, in execution of the will of Mr. Smithson, a descendant of the illustrious family of Piercies in our mother country, and Dukes of Northumberland, is proposed to be established at Washington, through the agency and under the supervision of our federal government. Nothing could more strongly recommend this scheme to the American patriot, as well as to every person interested in the progress of science, than the consideration, that it coalesces with a proposal of General Washington, who long ago projected the plan of founding a great university in our capital, and selected one of the squares of that city as its site, beside afterward urging its erection upon his fellow citizens, in repeated messages to Congress. Reference to the same topic was repeated with equal solicitude by many of his able and enlightened successors in the presidential chair, and if the illustrious citizen who now occupies that seat, has ceased to call the subject to the recollection of our federal legislature, this circumstance, no doubt, has arisen, not from less liberality of thinking, or less ardent approbation of the enterprise, but from a sheer disinclination again to renew an appeal to which no attention had hitherto been paid, and which had been followed by

no beneficial action of Congress. It is not my intention, at present, to inquire into the motives which have hitherto operated upon the minds of the members who compose that august assembly, and prevented them from digesting and adopting some measures for enhancing the honor of our nation, and raising it to the highest point of elevation, by lending their aid toward the encouragement of science, literature, and the arts. I cannot bring myself to believe, that those numerous and enlightened statesmen, who, on many occasions, discover so much reach of understanding, comprehension of the maxims of political wisdom and of powers of oratory, are insensible to the benefits which would result to their country, from her elevation to a distinguished rank in science and literature. The sensibility they discover, when her literary pretensions are attacked and disparaged by foreigners, affords sufficient evidence, that they are not indifferent to the honors which are to be reaped, and the glory to be acquired, in this high career of competition and aggrandizement. An established character in science and letters, is undoubtedly all that is requisite to give a finishing to the structure of our great republic, and place a capital upon the glorious column of our national greatness and superiority. We are not among the number of those writers who undervalue the pretensions of America in this respect, or allow that she has not honorably acquitted herself in the strife of intellectual greatness: so far from it, we maintain, that when all the circumstances of her recent origin, her long colonial subsistence, her arduous struggle for independence, and her situation in a new and uncultivated wilderness are rightly estimated, she has not only accomplished wonders in the improvement of her lands, in the extension of commerce and manufactures, and in the introduction and increase of all those arts and accommodations that civilize and refine a community, but she has furnished her full supply of illustrious men, who have elevated themselves to imperishable fame in every department of honorable exertion. During the short period of her existence as a nation, she has supplied her full quota of philosophers who have unfolded the mysteries of nature, of statesmen who have enlightened and swayed her councils, of orators who have adorned the bar and pulpit, of writers who have displayed all the powers of genius both in poetry and prose, and of artists who have exhibited most finished specimens in statuary and painting. How many centuries had England subsisted, before she was entitled to the honors reflected upon her during the celebrated ages of Elizabeth and of Anne, and France before she could boast of the similar distinction she obtained in the era of Louis the Fourteenth? Nations, as well as individuals, must pass through the ages of childhood and youth before they arrive at full maturity and venerable age. It cannot be reasonably expected that in our republic, the established laws of the moral world should be contravened.

Nor let it be alleged to the discredit of our country, as has sometimes been done, that as our situation and circumstances have been different from those of old countries in Europe, the results should be different — that we have not, like England and France, arisen out of the savage and barbarous state, and been compelled to pass through the usual stages to civilization and refinement; but that, deriving our ori-

gin from a flourishing and enlightened nation, we ought at once to imbibe all her arts, sciences, laws, and refinement of manners. Our intercourse with England and France, no doubt, confers upon us inestimable advantages, and greatly accelerates our progress toward the prosperity and perfection of the social state. But our connection with no European state can supersede the necessity of that bodily activity and exclusive devotion to the pursuits of business, which are indispensable to the operations of agriculture, manufactures, and commerce, the practice of the useful arts, and the general accumulation of wealth. Before a nation can possibly attain the opulence and leisure which are indispensable to the cultivation of science, she must pass through that process by which those advantages are attained. Of what importance is it to her, that the richest products of industry, and all the luxuries of civilized life, are in possession of her neighbor, if her poverty compels her to deny herself their indulgence, or that the brightest lights of science are beaming above her head, if, delving in the soil, and absorbed in the maintenance of themselves and families, her citizens are unable to comprehend and enjoy them? The United States, then, are at this time precisely in that condition, and those habits, both intellectual and moral, in which the true philosopher and nice observer of human affairs would expect to find one of the most lively, active, and enterprising people that ever inhabited the earth. Our country exhibits all the features of a Hercules in his infancy, and if, like that renowned hero of antiquity, she has vanquished the enemy who attempted to strangle her in her cradle, like him also, in her full maturity and vigor, she will astonish the nations, and fill the world with the renown of her exploits and acquisitions.

After having thus exhibited the just claims of our country, and enthusiastically exulted in her opening prospects, let us now endeavor to animate her in the career of scientific and literary distinction. She can arrive at eminence in this respect through no other path than that through which it has been reached by her predecessors and contemporaries; which is, by calling into active and efficient operation all those agents which stimulate mankind to scientific and literary exertion. To this end, ample rewards must be provided for men who achieve eminence in any branch of learning, or produce any exquisite specimens in the arts of painting, statuary, and architecture.

There are many beneficial results to be anticipated from the establishment of a literary institution of the kind contemplated at Washington, upon a large and liberal foundation. In order that it should supply a real desideratum in our country, at this time, and effectually meet our scientific and literary exigencies, it should be so elevated in its structure, as to be raised out of the sphere of competition with any of those excellent seminaries which are already in operation throughout the several states. These perform important offices for the public, and minister inestimable services in their respective districts; and this great federal establishment, instead of superseding their labors, or interfering with their claims, should be so arranged as to operate in accordance with them, and carry forward and consummate that system of discipline and instruction which had been left

incomplete in their course. Pupils issuing from all other subsidiary colleges, should here commence their studies anew at the points in which they had terminated; and, placed under the care of efficient professors in all the departments of learning, should be borne through more adequate routines of study, initiated into the deepest mysteries of science, and required fully to explore those fields of discovery and disquisition which they had before been able to contemplate only in dim and indistinct vision. Beside conducting their pupils through higher and more recondite fields of inquiry and speculation, lectures upon the most important branches of science should be habitually delivered to them, and their understandings enlarged and taste refined by every practicable method of intellectual nurture, and by perpetual references to the finest models of writing, natural and moral philosophy, all the higher branches of the mathematics, metaphysics, or the science of the human mind, natural theology, international and municipal law, the constitution and jurisprudence of their own country, history, and the belles-lettres, political economy, a more extended perusal of the Greek and Latin, English and French classics, together with continued exercises in eloquence, and composition both in prose and poetry, should here become objects of close application and sedulous attention. In order to make ample preparation for modelling the young men's modes of thinking, communicating eloquence to their conceptions, and refinement to their principles of taste, a library embracing every important work of genius, and an extensive philosophical apparatus should be collected; the most exquisite specimens of painting and statuary should be opened to their visitations; a lawn and tasteful walks should be provided for their intellectual recreation; societies instituted in which, after they have attended to the debates of congress, they should endeavor to form themselves upon the model of the most eminent statesmen and orators of their country, and in a word, every expedient tried to fit them, at a future day, to become the lights of the republic, the guardians of her laws and liberties, and the pillars of her safety and prosperity.

The establishment of an institute upon this large and liberal foundation would not only afford considerable support for a large number of professors and fellows, who would dedicate their whole time and talents to the promotion of knowledge, but under the auspices of the great legislative and executive councils of the nation, would give a new and unheard of impulse to American intellect, rouse it from its present dormant and discouraged condition, and tend to remedy the greatest of literary evils now subsisting among us, the inchoate condition of the public taste, the low and imperfect standard of education prevalent in our seminaries, and the circulation of those crude and miserable productions, which now almost exclusively occupy the attention of our readers. Nothing can be more evident to the scholar and philosopher, than that in our country the public taste wants to be refined, raised, and perfected; and the only practicable or conceivable method by which this great purpose can be accomplished, is to detain our youth until greater maturity of understanding under the discipline and habits of collegiate life, and convey them through a more full and complete course of instruction. There is scarcely an intelligent man throughout our country, who

does not feel and lament the superficial character of our collegiate education, and its utter incompetency to the production of accomplished scholars. After leaving our seminaries, if we desire to become thoroughly versed in any of the branches of learning, we have not only, as in other countries, to carry forward and complete the structure we had commenced, but to reconstruct an unfinished foundation, to recommence our labors from the outset, and rectify the erroneous taste we had contracted by a more thorough acquaintance with the most finished models. This is an evil to which no inconsiderable remedy would be applied by a great federal institution. A continued succession of finished scholars would from hence be annually supplied to their country, who would not only be more eminently qualified to fill with dignity all the offices of church and state, but would soon communicate a new tone to the public sentiment in matters of literature, elevate our style of writing and literary reputation, and check the progress of that flood of wretched productions which is now inundating our land. It would really appear, as if our presses, instead of promoting the circulation of solid and useful works, whether derived from home or abroad, and by this means forming the minds of readers to greatness and virtue, were occupied solely in catering to an already vitiated taste, and thus not only defeating the great ends for which publications are intended, instruction and rational amusement, but aggravating the diseases of which we complain. The lightest productions of genius, frivolous pieces in prose and poetry, flimsy disquisitions, whimsical attempts at philosophy, wretched specimens of gallimaufry, or hotch-potch collections, in which tit-bits of all the sciences are mingled in rank confusion, gaudy scraps of eloquence, and mawkish attempts to recommend the maxims of wisdom by sugaring the solid viands they furnish with the sweets of unnatural fiction and exciting tales, as Martinus Scriblerus was taught his Greek alphabet by eating gingerbread; these constitute the sole aliment, which is now too generally administered to satiate the appetite for reading, prevalent in our community. In devotion to the perusal of this trumpery, the greatest productions of the human mind, those which would form our understandings to close thinking, accurate investigation, and sound knowledge, and fill our hearts with the noblest sentiments of virtue, are allowed to rot in libraries, or sleep upon the shelves of booksellers. Works composed with unsurpassable excellence, and whose reputation has been consecrated by the sanction of learned and refined ages, are superseded by those in which the pertness of paradox takes place of an earnest quest of truth, tinsel elegance of style and diction makes amends for solid materials and just conceptions, and vastly exciting details and distorted representations, for the correct delineations of truth and nature. Americans, for the most part, although with honorable exceptions, display all the symptoms of having reached only their boyhood and juvenility in matters of literature; and of the propensity for its sugar-plums, whip-syllabub and nick-nacks, our printers know but too well how to avail themselves to the uttermost. Let us, for the sake of our honor and dignity, as well as our future fame, adopt the best measures to retrieve our past losses, rectify our errors, and gain a more enviable distinction in the elegant pursuits of science.

That a great institute placed at the seat of our federal government, and supplied with pupils emanating from all the different states in the Union, would tend to cement the bonds which bind the republics to each other, was maintained by the illustrious Madison in one of his messages to congress, and cannot be doubted for a moment by any one capable of comprehending the course of human events, or tracing the concatenation of causes and effects. No ties, save those which arise out of the relations of blood and marriage, are more powerful in their influence upon the human heart, than those by which collegians are connected to each other. The cause of this result, which all feel and acknowledge, arises partly out of the native ardor of youthful affections, and the humanizing operation of science upon the mind, and partly out of the intimate and undisguised intercourse which takes place among youth thus circumstanced, the kind offices naturally interchanged in such society, the acquaintance contracted with each other's virtues, which removes prejudices and conciliates esteem, and the generous competition for superiority in noble pursuits, which, while it awakes into action the liveliest sympathies, excites an attractive influence that unites mankind together. Would not the friends here formed in youth, from the North and South, East and West, be likely to retain the tenderest recollection of each other through their future lives? Would not the sacred sentiment of friendship save them from those alienations, conflicts, and animosities which are apt to be produced among statesmen and politicians by the heats and collisions of party? Would not men who had previously lived in habits of intimacy, and were softened by affection for one another, whose prejudices and antipathies had been subdued by a thorough knowledge of each other's worth, be less inclined to drive political warfare to extremities, and sever the bonds of their federal union? Would not college companions be among the most reluctant of mankind to be brought into deadly hostility?

But beside the friendships contracted in a seminary of this nature, there would be another source of concord and unity to our states, arising out of the assimilating moral force exerted by the habits and pursuits of this kind of life. Being subjected to the same discipline, nurtured in the same principles, and conducted through the same gradation of study, they would carry with them to their several states similar modes of thinking, congenial feelings and concurrent views of the national policy. No circumstance could have a more happy influence than this, in preventing those collisions of opinion and convulsions of party, that so often agitate and shake the republic, and endanger its peace and safety.

But perhaps the greatest and most inestimable of all the benefits which would redound to us from such an institution, is the security which it would communicate to our union, and the stability it would contribute to furnish to our present constitution and laws. Young men educated at our national seminary, rendered familiar with the proceedings and measures of our national legislature, deriving all their advantages from national resources, and breathing, if I may speak so, a national atmosphere, could not fail to imbibe a strong and unconquerable attachment to the federal republic, and become the

active friends of union, and implacable enemies to every attempt at a disruption of the ties that bind the states together. With minds enlightened too by the highest attainments in learning, and familiarly conversant with the history of their race, with the rise and fall of empires, the prosperity and happiness of free states, and the blighting effects of tyranny, in whatever portion of the earth it may have reared its horrid form and extended its iron sway, they would necessarily be found the decided champions of liberty, and most efficient opponents of despotic and irresponsible power. We touch upon this last point with the more solicitude, as upon a brief and superficial view of this subject, an institution such as we have before depicted, might in the imaginations of some assume an aristocratic shape, and be supposed to lead to an undue elevation of one portion of our community over the other, and give rise to those distinctions among the citizens, which might awake ambitious hopes and break in upon that admirable simplicity and perfect equality which at present so happily pervade all classes of society, and form the basis of those liberties which we enjoy. Were there any danger of consequences of this nature to our country, no one would more fervently deprecate the introduction of so baneful an establishment, than we should. Heaven protect my country from any measures which would lead to an alteration in the spirit of our present inimitable forms of government, or to the corruption of our present manners! But nothing can be more certain than that an institute of this kind would not only produce no consequences unfavorable to our free institutions and laws, and incompatible with their spirit, but would become one of their ablest supports and firmest pillars. If we review the history of man, throughout all ages, we shall invariably find, that learning and learned men have been the boldest opponents of tyrants, and most successful advocates of freedom. From the very nature of things, it must be so. The very character of their pursuits requires the exercise of freedom. Freedom is the wholesome atmosphere in which learning and philosophy live and flourish, and tyranny of all kinds is to them pestilence and death. The pursuits of science instruct men in their native rights, and enable them more keenly to descry the slightest encroachments upon them. Philosophy, too, while she invigorates the powers of the mind, and elevates the views and sentiments of men, augments their detestation of oppression, and their fortitude to resist it. Accordingly, what have been the facts presented to us in the history of the human race, and amidst the endless revolutions of government? Have not the wisest and most learned men been uniformly the most efficient leaders in advocating the cause of freedom, and the most formidable enemies of tyrants? What but the indulgence of free opinions filled for Socrates the poisoned bowl, and banished other philosophers from Athens? What but resistance of military misrule brought Cicero to an untimely end, and drenched Rome with the blood of her wisest and best citizens? Have not learned men, in modern Europe, broken the shackles of Papal despotism, scattered the shades of superstition by the lights of science, overturned the thrones of tyranny, and prescribed limits to monarchical rule both in England and France, while in

their works they unfolded to their subjects their native and unalienable rights, and established their liberties upon immoveable foundations of natural law and immutable justice? Who but their sages and learned men excited the French revolution, rode in its storm and conducted it to wholesome issues, and have since divested the thrones of England and France of those overwhelmning terrors which once encompassed them, and freed their subjects from intolerable thraldom? It is science and its cultivators that have changed the whole face of Europe in recent times, reformed and purified the church, broken the yoke of bondage in the state, and which at this moment is advancing by a steady progress toward the universal predominance of liberal principles and the sway of truth, justice, and humanity. We cannot, therefore, raise up among us more devoted friends to our free institutions and laws, or more able defenders of our rights and liberties, than will be furnished by a seminary, which will prove the nursery to able scholars and sound philosophers. Let us, then, unite in our endeavors to accelerate the process, by which such benefactors will be supplied to the republic.

We often hear the remark repeated in conversation, that our country has not yet arrived at that state of opulence and maturity, in which she would be fitted for the advancement of science, and cultivation of letters and the arts. Lord Bacon observes, that nations are at first war-like, then literary, and finally, both literary and warlike. If the laws of nature inevitably conduct a state through these stages of existence, we trust that ours will soon reach the scientific and literary condition, without depreciating in physical strength and military power. No opinion can be less founded than that which supposes that we have not sufficiently advanced in wealth to reach the highest distinction in the arts and sciences. New-York alone possesses ample means, did she feel the inclination, and would she but direct some of her activity and enterprise in so noble a channel, to raise the sciences and arts to as high perfection as they ever attained in any age or country. If the single family of the Medici could accomplish such wonders in Florence, what might not be effected by the united exertions of the wealthy in that large and flourishing capital? Any of the men of wealth and influence, who shall engage in this laudable undertaking, will crown themselves with unfading honors, and confer substantial benefits upon their country.

The property destroyed by the late desolating fire, would have filled our great emporium of commerce with all the most precious monuments of art from Europe — furnished ample encouragement to men of genius from all quarters — collected the largest library now known upon earth — and have erected institutions which would have given an irresistible impulse to literary industry, and in time have adorned our country with her Newton, her Locke, her Milton, her Shakspeare, and her long list of those venerable names whose labors and talents are the richest treasures of a nation, and confer upon her a desirable immortality. And can it be, that with a country so rich and flourishing as ours, so distinguished by activity and intelligence, devoted to every useful pursuit, and capable of so many magnificent enterprises, we could not make adequate provision

for the progress and highest advancement of the sciences and arts? No opinion could be less founded in truth. Give us but the zeal which is requisite in such matters, and we should soon rival the states of Europe in letters, as we now do in arms, government, political wisdom, and in agricultural and commercial property.

MARIGOLD.

NAPOLEON'S PROPHECY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'GUY RIVERS,' 'THE YEMASSEE,' 'THE PARTISAN,' ETC.

It is said by Dr. O'Meara, in his 'Voice from Helena,' that Napoleon conversed much upon the probability of a revolution in France. 'Ere twenty years,' said he, 'have elapsed, when I am dead and buried, you will witness another revolution in France. It is impossible that twenty-nine millions of Frenchmen can live contented under the yoke of sovereigns imposed upon them by foreigners, and against whom they have fought and bled for nearly thirty years. Can you blame the French for not being willing to submit to the yoke of such animals as Moncheme?' The verses which follow were written soon after the famous 'three days.'

I.

And deem'st thou that France, in her free shining valleys,
And the people so gallant in peace and in war,
Shall slumber supinely when Liberty rallies,
And waves her proud ensign of triumph afar?
Content in their chain, and unconscious of glory,
Untroubled by shame, and unfit to be free,
Shall the people, already immortal in story,
To the tyrants they 've fought with so long, bend the knee?

II.

Believe it not, stranger, though now they dissemble,
Since weaken'd by fight and by fraud overthrown;
They will rise in their might and the tyrants shall tremble,
Who for thirty long years they have fought with alone.
Then who shall resist the fierce strength of that power,
When her millions of freemen in might shall advance,
With one spirit imbued, at the same glorious hour,
To strike for the honor and freedom of France!

III.

Believe not that long 'neath the shroud of dishonor
Her national spirit shall slumber in shame;
Already the day-star is bursting upon her,
And guiding her feet back to freedom and fame!
No stain on her shield, and no blot in her story,
No chain on her wrist, and no grief on her brow,
I see her arise in the bloom of her glory,
As if its warm lustre shone over me now.

IV.

She will blush for her shame — she will rise with the terror,
The wrath and the ardor of freedom, alike;
And dearly the tyrant shall pay for his error,
And firmly and fairly shall Liberty strike;
No lip shall reprove them, no power may subdue them,
No folly mislead them, but firm as the shore,
They will rise for their rights, and the nations shall view them,
Asserting their freedom, and taking no more!

THE OLD CHURCH.

ANOTHER GROUP FROM 'STILL LIFE:' BY THE AUTHOR OF 'OUR VILLAGE.'

THERE stands an old church in the village of B——, which is one of the dearest mementos of my remembrance. It has held itself firmly up beneath the weight of a century, and looks as venerable as Time itself. It is just apart from the compact portion of the village, surrounded by the inspiring objects that nature often produces. It is also buried in the depth of a majestic grove, ancient as itself, whose foliage twinkles to the least breath of summer air. The grove is all alive with the songs of the birds, and they cluster around the eaves of the old edifice, as if they loved it with more than human affection. The spire shoots lightly out from the green branches of the trees, and is surmounted by a cock, sitting up as prim as a maid of forty, watching, as it were, the whereabouts of the villagers. It has been declared by the sexton that the cock was invariably in the habit of spreading its wings and crowing as the week ended, at twelve, on Saturday, at midnight; but the deacon always said there was some doubt about *that*. The interior was also remarkable for its age, and the very organ appeared to have a trembling tone of antiquity. There were initials cut on the walls many years ago, by those whose names may be now found carved in the burying-ground. I have paced its aisles, and listened to the pensive melody of the autumn crickets, for they haunted and loved the spot. I have heard the chattering locusts about it in the silent August noon, and the whippoorwill oft visited the spot in the twilight of the early morning.

How many hours I have mused upon that spot! There was the chorister — he who officiated half a century in that capacity — combining the avocations of sexton, Sunday-school teacher, bell-ringer, sweeper, grave-digger, and the thousand other duties that linger around a church. 'Alas! poor Yorick!' — his modest little grave-stone is the only record left of him. He was called '*Simon*.' Simon! how familiar it sounds! Morning, noon, and night, he was to be seen bustling about the edifice. He was a particular man. He took more pride in his bell-rope than in all other objects whatever; and what is worthy of remark, he had it beautifully painted from end to end. He once drowned a sacrilegious cat for daring to walk through the sanctuary; and even the flies were not permitted to hum around the building. His vocal music has never been equalled. He kept one string in his nose which produced a twang that stands entirely unparalleled. Methinks I see him now, standing erect, with his book in hand, his spectacles on the tip of his nose, his eyes closed, dragging moderately through an old psalm — his voice growing weaker and weaker, as sleep gently descends upon him. And then, as he walked through the middle aisle, and delivered a note to the minister, there was an air of business depicted on his countenance — a responsibility — a smile of familiarity when he delivered his charge — a something that cast a breathless silence over the congregation, and attracted every eye toward him. Simon endeavored to be a pious man, but he *once* took 'the name of his God in vain,' and he was never known to smile after. The truth may as well out, and this was the cause: Some rude boys, instigated by Satan, no doubt,

one cold Saturday evening, turned up the mouth of Simon's bell, and charged it with water. During the night it became congealed, and on the following morning was a solid blue mass of ice. Simon appeared as usual, shook out his rope, and commenced preparations; but there was no sound. He started, for he was superstitious. He resolved to ascend into the belfry; but a second thought warned him against such temerity. Spirits might be hovering there, and *his* tongue, too, might lose its locomotive power. Away he ran, through the village, declaring that Satan, or some other power, had taken possession of the church-bell. He immediately raised a body of twelve armed men to march to the rescue. After much bustle, they arrived, and declared the bell to be frozen into silence, and hinted that Simon was the sole cause of it. Simon denied it. 'You admit the doors were locked on your arrival — it must be charged upon you,' said one of the band to the sexton. 'No, by my soul,' replied he. They persisted, and Simon persisted, until the latter, in a whirlwind of passion, said, 'he'd be d — d if he did!' and that settled the matter. That was a sad day for Simon — a day which ruined him temporally if not spiritually. But methinks, like the first oath of Uncle Toby, the 'recording angel dropped a tear, and blotted it out forever.'

Few now recollect Simon. Those who looked upon him in his official capacity, have long since gone to sleep, as well as himself. Many of the mounds in the little yard around his own were raised by his hand; and many is the breast that Simon has silently sodded down. It was a school which taught him much, and the effects of which improved his life, until the same good office was done for him which he had so often performed for others.

There, too, was old father Brewer. For forty years he occupied one particular seat. Neither summer's heat nor winter's cold kept him from the church. There he sat in the corner, round and heavy, his head naked, save a few white locks that fluttered thinly around his temples. When he passed away, there was a vacancy in the whole house. Something seemed wrong. He had so long been an object — a something during a weary discourse, to fix your eye upon, and find rest. It was long before *that* vacuum was filled, and in fact, it only gradually healed, like a desperate wound. 'Father Brewer' received his title from the circumstance of his being one of the fathers of the village. He was one of those who knew the day when the spot was a forest; when the wolf howled far and wide; when the Indian walked forth like a king, clad in the wild romance of his tribe; and only here and there the smoke of the white man curled among the green branches of the trees. He was instrumental in raising the little church in the shadows of the wilderness, and lived to behold that wilderness melt around it like the April snow, and stand forth, as it does now, in the sunshine of the blue heavens. His death was as quiet and tranquil as the sinking of the evening star, which vanishes in purity and silence. He was not cut down, but gathered. Father Brewer, too, is gone!

Parson Johnson was a peculiar man. He was one of those divines who practised, as near as poor human frailty would allow, what he preached; and this was all he sought in the ways of his beloved little flock. There was nothing boisterous in his manner, as he stood forth

in the pulpit; but all was calm and gentle as the whisper of a seraph. I see him now, arrayed in his modest attire, the heavy wrinkles arching his brow, his locks whitened by the snow-flakes of seventy years, standing before me in the little desk he occupied so long. I see him affectionately persuading and entreating his people, to 'choose the better part'—to forsake the gaudy and glittering tinsel of wealth—to grasp after those immortal flowers that know no blight of winter, and to 'lay up for themselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal.' He looked like a being more than human—a sentinel, as it were, upon the narrow bridge that divides time from eternity. Every body loved Parson Johnson. The very children of the village would forsake their parents, and hasten to meet his embrace, for his way 'was as simple as a child's.' There was a treasury of anecdote in him, and many is the fireside that has been charmed by his presence. There was nothing sour or morose in his manner: the beauty of *his* religion consisted in a great measure in the felicity it conferred on man here below. Who ever looked on Parson Johnson, and thought not better of christianity? Who ever suspected for a moment that the Father of the universe was not with him? It would have been sacrilege! His opinion on any subject was weighed as closely as though it were holy writ itself. When his master on high called him to his bosom, the little flock stood silent. Their shepherd was no more. It was a bereavement too deep to be soon forgotten. He lingered long in their memories, even as the death of a fond parent remains green in the recollection of his children.

But what rendered the old church more sacred to me, was the fact that a long line of ancestors had loved it before me. There were traces of my own mother's hands throughout the interior; and her form was cold many long years ago. This gave a pleasing solemnity to every object around, and threw me into a deeper and holier train of meditation.

But I must not forget Deacon Miller's dog. That dog of the deacon's was the most sanctified animal it has ever been my fortune to encounter. He always made his appearance about the commencement of the sermon, (probably having an aversion to prayers,) and after pushing the front door one side with his cold nose, he would curl up his tail as round as a hoop upon his back, and trot up the middle aisle with all the importance of a lord. After making the circuit of the church a few times, by way of preliminary, he would couch himself down at the pew-door of the deacon, and fix his eyes upon Parson Johnson with the most intense attention during the remainder of the discourse. He was a pattern to many of the biped race; and although he undoubtedly did wrong in habitually appearing at so late a period, his demeanor was unexceptionable after his arrival; and when the services were concluded, he retired with decent solemnity, doubtless as much edified as many of the congregation. The deacon thought much of the animal; he lived to a ripe old age, when rheumatism set in, and after a couple of years, carried the favorite to his grave. The deacon proposed that the sexton should toll the age of the departed to the village; but that worthy peremptorily refused, and a dispute arose on the occasion, which rendered them enemies forever afterward.

Doubtless this old church will stand when the writer of this is no more. If it does, then let it also remain a lesson to others, as it has been to me. I am not among that misanthropical class who look upon such works of stability *only* to ascertain my own frailty. There is an eloquence in those gray and silent objects, that should not be forgotten — a solemn voice, it is true, but it has about it nothing dark nor gloomy. It is sweet and pensive, like the tones of its own bell echoing soberly among the hills and valleys that surround it. One may read a lesson where Time has written his characters in the green and slippery moss upon its eaves. There is a homily in the silver thread of the spider that trembles suspended from its columns. Wherever you turn your eye, in this ancient and holy spot, there is a volume of instruction. It is to be looked upon as we gaze upon the October forests, when, in the silent and smoky noon-day, the leaf turns into gold, and the hills stand up in one full blaze of dying splendor. As you would walk forth on the autumnal hills, and identify yourself with the great phenomena of nature — as you would pause at the rustle of a leaf, or smile at the sweet and mellow serenity of nature — go, oh! friend and companion of my youth! and linger about this old church: if you are a cheerful man, it will purify your cheerfulness; and whatever you may be, you will return 'a better and a wiser man.'

H. H. R.

Mrs. H. H. Riley

LINES TO A FRIEND

ON BEING REQUESTED TO SING 'OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT' BEFORE A FASHIONABLE EVENING PARTY.

Oh give not to the heartless crowd
That pensive, thrilling song!
'Tis felt not by the cold, the proud,
Of Fashion's giddy throng.

The pathos of that melting lay
They have not soul to feel;
Unknown to mirth and spirits gay
The grief those words reveal.

Sing it to sooth the wearied heart,
Pained by the callous world;
That oft has found its joys depart —
Its hopes to ruin hurled.

Oh! sing it not in bright saloon,
Or halls of pride and power;
But breathe it when the crescent moon
Illumes the evening hour.

And shouldst thou e'er, with care-worn heart,
On childhood's green haunts gaze,
Then sing, while memories sad impart
The 'light of other days.'

At 'stilly night,' should memory bring
The loved, the lost to mind,
Hush thy deep sighs, and gently sing —
Thus shalt thou solace find.

Then waste not on the giddy throng
Those tones to sorrow dear,
But sacred keep that thrilling song,
The drooping heart to cheer.

G.

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

'God made the country — man made the town.'

I HAVE recently come to New-York, as thousands have come before me, to seek my fortune. Whether I shall fill my purse with money, or be benefitted otherwise by the change, time alone can determine. I have walked up and down the streets, traversed every lane and alley, and penetrated all quarters of this great and growing metropolis. I have surveyed its architecture, viewed the curiosities of art with which it so magnificently and munificently abounds, and strange as it may appear, have been as much absorbed in thought, as much isolated in mind, as when wandering alone in the forests and the wilds of the 'far west.' In my rambles to and fro, I have sometimes found myself unconsciously hurried along by the current of population which rolls through the streets with a tremendous tide.

It is not my intention to go into an elaborate discussion of the comparative influence of town and country life upon the moral and physical condition of man. I leave this to the theologian and the physician — to those who are better qualified for the task.

Doubtless all of us have at times experienced difficulty in recollecting *distinctly* conversations had in the street, and what we have seen and heard in town. This is caused by the rapid succession of objects not affording time for that which precedes to make a permanent impression on the memory, before it is effaced by what follows. Hence a residence in the city rather tends to weaken than to strengthen this faculty. I take this, likewise, to be the case with *all* the faculties of man, moral, intellectual, and physical.

It may be said that those who reside *permanently* in the city, are in a great measure unconscious of what is going on around them — that they become familiarized to it — that all the hurry, and noise, and excitement in the town, have no more effect upon a citizen, than the lowing of the herds, the singing of the frogs, or the music of the groves, have upon a countryman. I think otherwise — and my opinion is founded upon a residence of nearly twenty years in the city. It does seem to me that I never can become insensible to this kind of influence. It still annoys me — nay, at times it is intolerable. But I am aware all men are not alike, and that possibly I am an exception, in this instance, to the rest of mankind.

The result of my observations and reflections upon town life is, that great cities are not, to the mass of their inhabitants, favorable to the growth of virtue, and the consequent increase of human happiness. The stir, and noise, and excitement with which they are filled — the anxiety and care with which the mind appears to be loaded — is exhausting, and eminently calculated to disturb the tranquillity of the soul — prematurely to wear out and destroy the constitution of man. But in all this there is something exceedingly fascinating, particularly to the juvenile mind — something that addresses itself so forcibly to the external senses, that few have the moral power and courage to resist its influence. Our senses and our passions usurp the authority and place of our judgment. So much splendor and show dazzle the mind, and fill the imagination

with visions of prospective happiness and earthly glory, and thus set at naught the sober deductions of reason. No wonder, then, that youth from the country are generally led astray by first impressions, on entering one of our large and crowded cities, and sigh to exchange their quiet and peaceful abodes for a residence amid the bustle and noise of the town. It was the opinion of the celebrated Dr. Rush, that human life was abridged ten years, at least, by a residence in cities—and I concur with him. Perhaps a certain degree of excitement is necessary, to awaken and to call into action our mental and physical powers. Excess, however, wastes and destroys both. The case of the inebriate illustrates my position. That abode and that society which presents the most attractions to sense, arouses passion, calls into play the selfish principle, and thus strengthens it in man, is hostile to virtue, and of course destructive to happiness. In large cities this is emphatically the case. In them the population is almost to a man employed in trade, and constant dealing gives rise to duplicity, and attempts to overreach one another. The love of gain absorbs every other consideration. It is the ruling passion of nine-tenths of the inhabitants of popular cities. With them it appears to be the only desideratum. To amass this world's treasure, is the grand point at which all aim, and to which all devote their time, and direct their untiring energies. To accumulate a fortune as speedily as possible—to be able to retire and live upon the income, at ease and in splendor—is deemed a consideration worth all others. Men, hence impelled by this powerful passion, are not always scrupulous about the means, and those selected are not always honorable nor honest. Unfortunately, in the opinion of the great majority of mankind, the end justifies, and even sanctifies, the means.

I am aware that the spirit of gain also abounds in the country; but *there* it is not a passion universally prevalent; *there* it has not acquired such potentiality as in the city. It is confined within reasonable bounds. *There* the obligations of morality and religion have not wholly yielded to its dominion and power.

It will not be denied, that where there is most temptation, there is the greatest danger, and that in cities there are more incentives to vice than in the country. To balance this evil, we are told, that in cities there are constant demands upon our charity, and thus are presented the finest opportunities for the manifestation of our sympathies; that here the loftier and holier principles of our nature are perpetually called into requisition, and thus man is made a better instead of a worse being. But frequent appeals to one's sympathy rather tends to blunt the moral sense, and harden the human heart, than to awaken emotions of tenderness, or call forth a display of generosity.

The closer the proximity of men to one another, the more likely to stir up the angry elements of human nature. In cities they come too often into collision to cherish feelings of brotherly regard.

Beside the love of gain, which predominates universally in cities, pride and vanity spring up in rank luxuriance in these hot-beds of vice and immorality. There are few young men of the present day, who would not feel themselves degraded by carrying a bundle through our streets; and to be compelled to wheel a barrow along the pavement, as the illustrious Franklin did, would cause profound

pain and mortification to the dandies of the town. Such, however, is the effect of city life upon the rising generation.

A citizen feels his consequence, and is apt to institute invidious comparisons between the town and country — to speak of the latter, its intellect, attainments, and manners — with supercilious contempt. Frequently we hear them boast of the superiority of their talents, the extent of their acquirements, and the polish of their manners. With many this is a theme of repeated discussion, and a perennial source of self-gratulation and enjoyment. I know this is not the case with all. It is the practice only of those whose intellects are barren, whose minds are contracted, whose vanity is unbounded, whose upstart insolence and haughty bearing toward their fellows is precisely in the inverse ratio to their lack of merit. Having risen from the dunghill, these fellows, like chanticleer, strut and crow, as if they were the legitimate lords and sovereigns of the earth. Far be it from me to sow the seeds of jealousy, or awaken unkind feelings in the country against the town. I rejoice to see them fraternize; it is essential to their mutual prosperity and happiness. But to return.

Give me the country for my residence, with its pure water, its invigorating atmosphere, its golden fields and green meadows, its shady forests and mountain scenery, its 'calm and solemn quiet' — for these are friendly to humility — these foster sound morals, promote health, are propitious to intellectual improvement, and furnish the immortal mind of man with rational, substantial, and enduring enjoyment. The quiet of the country speaks to my ear a language far more intelligible, in tones vastly more solemn — breathes into my soul a religion infinitely more holy — than was ever within my hearing proclaimed by the tongue of mortal man.

Possibly some of my readers may think I have been too censorious in my remarks upon the demoralizing tendency of city life, and animadverted with too much severity upon that nondescript animal, the dandy of the town. I appeal, however, for the truth of what has been said, to the tribunal of fact, and am perfectly willing to abide by its arbitrament. If I have done him injustice, there will not be wanting advocates, able and willing enough, to point out my error, by demonstrating the fallacy of my arguments. P.

SONNET.

ADDRESSED TO THE EVENING STAR.

Hail, thou bright evening star! I fix my gaze
On thy calm beauty, brilliant, but serene:
The dazzling king of day, and her bright rays
Who rules the night, can never, never wean
My eyes from thee, inestimable gem!
Thou fairest in the heavenly diadem.
Their gaudy grandeur pains my aching sight;
I may admire, not love them; but I dwell
On thy calm lustre with supreme delight,
Increasing ever still. The sun shall tell
God's glory, and the moon his goodness; thou
His purity shalt symbol. I worship now
His hand who fixed thee there, and claim his promise sure,
To purify my soul, as he himself is pure! W. J.

October 15th, 1836.

'KNOW THYSELF.'

'E coelo descendit γνῶ θι σεαυτὸν.'—JUVENAL.

THE Greeks were the only people who studied wisdom. Among other nations, and in other times, its pursuit has been the monopoly of the few. In the earlier ages of the several republics, their lawgivers and statesmen were also the instructors of those whom they governed. They guided by example and precept, and inculcated moral and political knowledge by daily conversation. From the beginning, and in all ages, the Greeks were imbued with an instinctive love of learning. They were governed, both nationally and individually, by a maxim or an apothegm. The seeking of wisdom was a part of their religion. In times of doubt or danger, they always courted the interposition of divine direction through the responses of their oracles.

There was a political philosophy, plain, simple and practical, which preceded the metaphysical subtleties of the schools. Traditionary and sententious, that wisdom is still popularly in vogue, but how different is its application! The maxims of Solon once governed Athens and enlightened Greece: they now constitute the copy-scrawl of the unthinking school-boy; and if, perchance, in after years he should remember the golden precepts of Grecian wisdom, they are eternally associated with the reminiscence of his painful progress from 'pot-hooks' to 'joining-hand!' The 'seven wise men' rank with the seven champions of Christendom, and their learned labors form perhaps a part of the nursery-code, but certainly do not constitute an item in the modern education of later years. The human mind is now of the growth of centuries; and the first lessons of lisping infancy are gleaned from the master-pieces of ancient learning. The lessons of the great fabulist were written for the instruction of men, but modern discipline devotes them to the entertainment of children. And yet it was so, even in the palmy days of Roman education.

The early wisdom of Greece forms a part of our common stock of knowledge, but its apothegms are received rather as abstract truths, than as the practical and practicable lessons of experience. Like virtue, '*laudatur et alget.*' It may not be unpatriotic, even in these times of utility, to regret that the *economical* precepts of Franklin are better suited to the genius of his countrymen, than those more elevated prototypes recorded by Plutarch.

The sententious philosophy of early Greece exercised an important effect upon the manners and morals of the people. Its precepts possessed the efficacy of laws, and were written upon the public mind as well as inscribed upon their temples. Of these one of the most celebrated and familiar is contained in our present motto. Its character of divine origin is supposed to have been derived from the circumstance of its being engraven upon the Temple of Apollo, at Delphos. Dr. Johnson, in one of the numbers of the Rambler, regrets that history does not inform us whether this celebrated sentence was uttered as a general instruction to mankind, or as a particular caution to some private inquirer; whether it was applied to

some single occasion, or laid down as the universal rule of life. There can be no doubt that in the primitive eyes of the Grecian states, the condensation of wisdom into such brief and popular sentences was intended for political purposes. It was a part of the patriarchal machinery of a government which strove to enlighten the minds and morals, as well as regulate the conduct, of its citizens. The recitation of maxims of political and general wisdom formed a part of the competition of the public games; and the wise were accustomed to assemble together for the purpose of concerting such precepts as should be promulgated for the public benefit, and to these was insured a publicity equal to that given to the laws themselves. Pliny says that his contemporaries granted to Chilo, one of the reputed authors of our motto, a fellowship with the oracles, by the consecration of three of his maxims, in golden letters, to the Temple at Delphos. These considerations would seem to remove all difficulty in regard to the origin and purpose of the precept now in question.

It might be presupposed that in the progress of mental philosophy man would soon learn a proper sense of the importance of self-knowledge. But, alas! even in the present era of improvement, as in the degenerate age of the Satirist, we may equally exclaim:

'Ut nemo in sese tentat descendere: nemo!

It is the unchanging fate of humanity, that its only teacher shall be experience; and self-knowledge is the last lesson of experience.

The precept 'know thyself' is sufficiently comprehensive to include the whole life, conduct, and pursuits of mankind:

——'Spectandaque rebus
In summis, minimis; etiam cumpiscis emeter.'

But although of such general application, it is only as an individual rule, and when applied to particular cases, that it can be made available and useful. What then is its definite meaning and philosophy? It refers both to our good and our evil qualities. It means not simply that we should understand and control our errors and weaknesses; but it also teaches us to ascertain, appreciate, and develope, the virtues and capacities with which we may be endowed.

Self-knowledge must, necessarily, always be an individual acquisition, and yet it is also the trait of a class. It is an attribute of *genius*, and must accompany its efforts, in whatever sphere they may be exerted. It is, indeed, the very foundation of its success; for however the '*divinus afflatus*' may assist in the progress of a work, still the project, in its inception, must be based upon a correct appreciation of the varied powers which are to be tasked in its accomplishment. What avails imagination, even in the fine arts, unless assisted by knowledge and self-knowledge? The 'prophetic eye of taste,' and the 'learned spirit' in 'human dealings,' are not alone sufficient for the conception and execution of the immortal productions of the poet and the orator. That deep-felt consciousness of power which renders all the faculties of mind subservient to the will, is equally required. The self-knowledge of genius is not only thus necessary to the effectual action of the intellectual agents, but it is also boastful and prophetic in its anticipations. We frequently hear of the

innate modesty, the shrinking sensitiveness, supposed to be uniformly associated with distinguished talents. These qualities may have been exemplified in the *lives* of many, for the true artist forgets himself in his art; but where is the evidence of their existence in the immortal *products* of the mind? They are the attributes of life, not of immortality. The fears of humanity may have affected the man, but they touched not his mind. The soul was all confidence, and exulted in the full consciousness of its destiny. '*The non omnis moriar*' has been echoed and rëechoed by all who share in the fulfilment of its prophecy.

Could our precept but find its way to the consciences of that servile band who live upon the petty larcenies of literature, what a revolution might be accomplished! How many skilful manipulators, the scissor-bearers and filchers of small wares, to whom the corps editorial are too often the guilty receivers, would be transferred from their patch-work operations to the more congenial employments of humble utility! But, alas! this may not be. The troop of jackalls must follow the footsteps of the lion; not feeding upon relinquished garbage, but preying upon the very vitals of the monarch. Man has been defined to be the 'imitative animal;' and certain it is, that many always have displayed, and ever will exhibit, this generic trait. As of old, there must be modern Fanii who, '*ultro delatis capsis et imagine*,' continue to usurp even the chosen seats of the temple, until they are scourged out with many stripes.

But beside the numerous tribe of poetasters who are afflicted with the imitative cacoethes, there is another class to whom self-knowledge would be peculiarly useful. There are many who have the misfortune to possess the feelings of the poet, without the gift of that expressive power which can hallow the recorded miseries of existence, and lend a meritricious beauty even to folly and depravity. These are they, of whom some mistake taste for talent, the impression for the impressive power, and others who, under the delusion of excitement, voluntarily

> 'Sit at the altar which they raise to wo,
> And feed the source whence tears eternal flow;'

whose only hope is despair; who cultivate Byronic pangs, and die, in print, of 'delicate distress.' How happy, could they but know the unreality of their misery! But this species is the creation of a particular influence, which, in this respect at least, is fortunately on the wane. The clouds and mists have passed away from Parnassus, and gladdening sunshine rests upon its summit. May it be perpetual!

Indolence, that canker of the mind, is not always attributable to the constitutional temperament of the individual. It is sometimes the offspring of ignorance — the effect of a deficiency of self-knowledge and self-appreciation. How often does the full tide of genius pour through the untaught mind, wasting its freshness, and drying up with the fountain whence it springs, undiscovered by the individual, unsuspected by the world! With the eye fixed on vacancy, the dreamer muses idly upon the fairy shapes and hues which glow through the 'wild universe' within; he turns his eye inward to revel on 'thick-coming fancies,' and feels conscious of the beautiful pageantries which glitter in his mental eye; but he understands not the

source of their creation; he knows not how to fix the fleeting shadows as they pass; and the gorgeous day-dream vanishes like the dim vision of the night. Knowledge has not entered the fairy microcosm of his fancy: it is yet an Eden, with the fruit of power untasted and untouched. He knows not that his lonely musings are emanations of the creative power of that genius, which of all earthly qualities is 'likest God's,' and which is, indeed, the first attribute of Divinity. He is what the world calls *idle;* but let the rude touch of reality change these dreaming hours, and rouse the spirit into action; let ambition call forth the hidden energies of mind; let the *knowledge* of his untried capacities come in whatever form it may—and he stands forth the image and similitude of intellectual energy; he strikes the Orphean lyre with the full tone of inspiration, or fulmines over the heart with the resistless sway of eloquence.

Mental indolence often arises from the want of a proper self-appreciation. We magnify the power of others, and underrate our own capacities, because self-knowledge has never taught us the mode in which that power is evolved. We have never descended into the mental laboratory; we are too much accustomed to think that the sublime conceptions and brilliant fancies of the orator or the poet are the free and spontaneous effusions of taste and genius. Blinded and dazzled by the brightness of the scintillations, we heed not the fervid and ponderous strokes, the *hammering of the mind*, by which they are struck off.

We should look within ourselves, and revolve the answer of Demosthenes to the reproach of Pytheus, who told him, tauntingly, that 'all his arguments smelt of the lamp.' We should remember, that if we would become laborers in the rich mine of intellect, we must delve unceasingly by the pale light of the solitary and 'conscious lamp,' ere we may hope to grasp the prize which will reward our toil—the talisman which is to transmute even our own words into the breath and accents of that fame which constitutes the meed of the present and the inspiration of future ages. We must steadily persevere in that long and painful course of previous study and patient thought, which alone can entitle us to join in the triumphant prophecy of Horace, or prepare us for the struggles, and the glories of that hour, when, like Demosthenes, we may be 'invoked by the common voice of our country to speak for her salvation.'

Should such opportunity be never realized, or should we fail in our high-directed efforts, we will still retain the ennobling consciousness of meritorious exertion, and derive heart-felt comfort and renewed hope from that consolatory reflection, '*in magnis voluisse sat est.*'

W. H. R.

GENIUS.

Genius! — oh didst thou know its fate,
Thou 'dst wish not to possess it;
Thou little know'st how envious Hate
And cold Caprice oppress it:
How slow Fame lends her sunny ray,
And oh! how fast it fades away!

M.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

It is the season when the yellow leaves,
Mingled with red, are seen along the woods,
And the wild, scentless flowers bloom lavishly,
And the long grass has reached its utmost height,
Forming a covert for the grasshopper,
And merry cricket, piping constantly
Through the mild sunny day: when evening comes
Cooler and damper through the reddening sky,
And stars shine brighter, and the nights are still
And chilly in their length'ning hours: it is
The solemn, holy Sabbath of the year.

A calm and lovely morn! I sit within
A chamber looking to the warm south-east;
The mild October sun is pouring in
Upon the floor a chequer'd light, that waves
As by my window waves the trembling shrub,
No longer fresh with summer foliage.
It is a sweet and silent time! I hear
The frequent and the varied sounds of morn
Ring through the blue, half-misty air: and hark!
The gushing melody of birds awakes,
As if it were the first bright day of Spring.

There is a change on the fair face of earth:
The forests in their undulating range
And silent depths have listen'd to the voice
Of nature, and are changing fast their robes
Of living green for a rich garniture
Of mingled teints, to meet the dying year
That waneth to its end. And now the earth
Is calling down the leaves: see! one by one,
Slowly at first, then faster, they obey,
And go like weary children after play,
Home to their mother's breast, to seek repose.
List to the song of earth, while thus she calls:

'Come to my bosom, come!
Leaves of the summer, come to my warm breast;
Come, frail and wither'd ones, and find a rest,
A tranquil home!

Long have ye woo'd the sky—
Long have ye moved in music to the breeze;
Long have ye sung your chorus in the trees,
How joyously!

Gay revellers! the hour
Is o'er when ye breath'd gently in the night,
Or danc'd amid the cool and sparkling light
Of summer shower.

No more, in silence stirr'd,
When the cool night-wind whispers dreams of peace,
Bidding each tumult of the breast to cease,
Your voice is heard.

No more, in summer's day,
Shall ye look down upon the wearied one
Who sought your shade when his stern toil was done,
And sleeping lay.

For ye are withering fast:
The frost hath touch'd you with his magic wand—
Before his silent power ye may not stand
The sighing blast.

Come to my bosom, come!
The bird hath left his cradle in the tree,
The summer breeze and showers their harmony —
Come to your home!

Come, find a tranquil rest!
Hark! the chill north wind stirs among the boughs —
The cold, white frost holds o'er the mountain brows
His gleaming crest.

Come to your winter home!
And I will hide you in the warm south vale,
Where ye shall never feel the wintry gale —
Come, children, come!

Come to your mother's breast!
Earth that hath given, must e'en now call away;
Heaven cannot charm you now — ye cannot stay —
Come to your rest!'

Mortals! doth not earth call to you? Like leaves
Silently falling in the frosty air,
Or while the sun smiles warmly down once more,
Or when the fitful winds come rushing through
The patient boughs: like these frail, fading leaves
Ye too are falling: *ye* too find your graves,
Whether the sun be warm, or wild winds blow,
Or nipping frosts steal o'er the countless throng
Of men. Death cometh in his might to all,
And many a bright hope scatter'd, vanisheth.

So teach me, Father of our destinies!
To number every day thou lendest here,
That when the hour of dissolution comes,
Like autumn leaves — as calmly, and as bright,
And beautiful — I too may pass away,
And the mild sun still shine upon my grave,
And the sweet spring of youth still come to man.

C. P. C.

THE FLYING DUTCHMAN.

A SKETCH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'JACK MARLINSPIKE'S YARN,' 'THE ESCAPE,' ETC.

The sun was setting in a sea of clouds, while his yellow beams glared forth through their many embrazures like the rays of some mighty conflagration through the walls that enclosed it. Huge masses of heavier and darker vapor were piling up to windward, and lighter scuds were seen hurrying wildly across the heavens. The sea grew blacker, and dashed against the firm sides of the Great Frederick with a deep, hollow hoarseness, and the breeze came fresher and colder across the agitated expanse. Still the gallant ship continued to move along under her top-gallant canvass, and it was not until every thing indicated a heavy and instant blow, that the veteran skipper concluded to take another reef in the top-sails.

There was one fair being on board the ship who had never before beheld the elements in so terrible a convulsion. Leaning on the arm of her father, she stood upon the quarter-deck, listening with awe to the roaring of the wind, as it howled through the cordage, and the thunders of the deep, as each wave rolled over its precur-

sor. At times, a vivid flash from some overcharged cloud would light up the scene with terrible splendor; and it was then that all the fearful magnificence of the tempest became apparent; and the fair girl would tremble with affright, as she saw each giant wave above her threatening to all certain destruction in its descent.

'We are now off the Cape of Good Hope,' said the father, 'and it is in these latitudes that one of our unhappy ancestors is doomed to cruise until the last day.'

The daughter shuddered at the recollection of her mysterious relative, and only grasped her parent's arm in reply.

All this while the Great Frederick had been before the wind, dashing onward at a tremendous rate. The commander himself was at the wheel, watching each coming wave with anxiety, and disposing the rudder to receive its shock without prejudice to the huge fabric it guided. The braces were kept manned fore and aft, so that in case the ship broached to, she might be restored to her former course with the necessary promptitude. The pumps, too, were rigged, the hatches battoned down, and, in short, every precaution was taken which the safety of the ship required. At length the gale increased to a perfect hurricane, and the commander determined to bring the ship by the wind, as he was fearful of her being brought by the lee, which must have proved her immediate destruction. This delicate manœuvre was successfully performed, and the Great Frederick was now placed with her huge bows toward the direction of the wind and sea, in comparative security for the remainder of the night.

One of those long-continued gleams of lightning, that seems to make every thing as brilliant as itself, flashed over the heavens, and discovered to the startled crew another and a heavier ship to windward, and close aboard. The information was conveyed by twenty voices at the same moment, and every one strained his vision to observe more closely the form of the stranger. Four or five successive flashes showed her to be a heavy Dutch East Indiaman, under her main-top-sail, close reefed, fore-top-mast, stay-sail, and mizzen. It was observable, too, that her construction was of a more ancient order of naval architecture. Her stern rose unusually high from the level of the sea, and her bow-sprit had a more than ordinary steeve; but what most added to the surprise of those on board of the Great Frederick, was seeing a boat push from the side of the stranger, and row in the direction of their own ship, although the sea was running with a fearfulness that threatened certain destruction to those who, in so frail a thing, should dare attempt to cross its surface. Every moment was looked for as productive of death to those in the boat; but the little vessel rose and fell with safety, and in a few moments was seen pulling up under the quarter of the Frederick. Not a word had been spoken on board of the latter, so intense was the astonishment and anxiety of every one; but now, the commander gave the order: 'A line there for'ard for the boat!' and twenty dark forms moved to obey. The ready cordage was cast and caught, and a tall form sprang from the stern-sheets of the boat, and ascended the gangway. The stranger, on gaining the deck, paused for a moment, and by the light of the side-lanterns, it was observed that he was attired in a costume as antique in fashion as the construction of the

ship to which he belonged. His features were perceived to be dark and stern, although but imperfectly seen, as he wore a slouched hat.

'Where are you bound?' asked he, in a deep and hollow voice.

'To Amsterdam,' answered the commander of the Great Frederick.

'Will you do me the favor to deliver this packet at Amsterdam?'

The captain replied in the affirmative; and taking the proffered bundle, invited the stranger below.

If there was any thing appalling in the features of the stranger, as seen by the dim and transient glare of the lanterns on deck, it was rendered doubly so by his removing his hat, and exposing them to the glare of the cabin lamp. His eyes were black and glowing, though sunken far in his head, and his face was of a bluish tinge: his whole countenance was supernatural, and each feature betrayed excess of sorrow and fatigue. The father started back aghast, and the daughter shrieked in terror. The commander of the Great Frederick, too, retreated apace, and looking alternately from the stranger to the packet which he still held, exclaimed, in a voice of horror:

''T is Vanderdecken, and we are lost!'

The mysterious visitant spake not a word, but uttering a deep sigh, lifted the fainting maiden, and gazed long and earnestly in her face. At length he spake, in a voice soft yet sepulchral:

'That face,' said he, 'was just like *her's* when I left her long, long ago. That dark hair, her very tresses—and those blue eyes, by my soul! were hers.'

The stranger paused a moment, as if retracing the records of memory: at length, shaking his head as if he had been disappointed in the search, he asked the terrified maiden her name. She replied, and the mysterious inquisitor started as if a thunder-bolt had fallen at his feet. A softer expression came over his brow—and gazing earnestly at her features, he seemed to read with avidity each line of her countenance. Long and anxiously he gazed; and at length, stooping down, he said: 'Ellen, I am your ancestor, and have one favor—one blessing—to ask of you. I am doomed to a horrible destiny, but you may save me.'

'What shall I do?' asked the terrified girl.

The stranger was about to reply, but a fierce growl of thunder rolled across the heavens. Again he essayed to speak, but the same fearful warning interrupted him. He wrung his hands for a moment in agony, and listening until the last reverberation had died away, turned once more to address the shrinking maiden: but now, crash after crash of heavy thunder broke above their heads, flashes of blue lightning sported through the skies, and the wind howled with tenfold violence through the cordage.

'I come! I come!' shrieked the stranger: and turning a last look of melancholy fondness toward the lovely being before him, he seized the packet which he had given the commander of the Great Frederick, and rushing up the ladder, threw himself into his boat, and was a moment after seen rising and sinking with the motion of the billows.

Suddenly the sea went down—the rain ceased—the wind abated—the clouds broke up in the heavens, and the elements were again at peace.

R. B.

SATURDAY EVENING

IN THE COUNTRY.

I.

Soft twilight, with a gentle power,
  Falls lightly o'er the earth —
Droops with her dews each blushing flower
  That sends its fragrance forth;
Slow moving down the sloping hills
  In winding lines, is caught
From flocks and herds the bell that fills
  The pensive man with thought.

II.

Amid this solemn silence, hark!
  As yonder waters go,
And leap the cliff 'mid shadows dark,
  Down to their pool of snow —
Hark to the anthem, as it swells
  Along the silent air!
The music which in rapture tells
  Of Him who guards them there.

III.

Far through the dim, uncertain light
  The giant mountains stand,
Their summits melting in the night
  Which links the sky and land;
These are the thrones which Nature built,
  And baptized in the flood;
The thrones unspotted — free from guilt —
  And all aloof from blood.

IV.

Amid the mist that floats on high,
  In circles gliding round,
The speckled night-hawk holds the sky,
  And wheels at his own sound;
While, with a sweet and solemn tone,
  The modest whippoorwill
Sings to the listening earth alone,
  From yonder wooded hill.

V.

Cool is this twilight: the pure air
  That wanders lightly by,
Is all perfume — it seems to bear
  The sweets of earth and sky:
The wild rose and the clover bloom
  Their fragrance here have wed,
With zephyrs from the pine-grove's gloom
  Upon yon mountain spread.

VI.

Surely, this hour was never made
  For heart of hollow mirth —
There's something in the evening shade
  That is not of the earth;
A voice of eloquence — a hymn
  Of sweet and soft control,
Which, like the harps of seraphim,
  Lifts up the glowing soul!

H. H. B.

A SERIOUS ARGUMENT

AGAINST THE USE OF CLOTHING: ADDRESSED TO TAILORS.

'Some were for the utter extirpation
Of linsey-woolsey in the nation.' HUDIBRAS.

I TRUST I shall not be suspected of the purpose, in this paper, of putting an insult upon the respectable fraternity to whom it is addressed. On the contrary, I have hopes, built upon the justice of my object and the purity of my wishes, to win them over to the view I intend to take, and to convince them that a refined and nice moral sense, as well as a lofty and philosophical comprehension of the fitness of things, requires at their hands an immediate abandonment of the profession in which they are at present engaged. I trust to be able to prove to them that it is their duty to break in pieces their lap-boards, take down their signs, give their iron geese the wing, and bid a long farewell to skein and needle.

Beside the urgent necessity resting upon them to restore themselves, physically, to that erect posture from which they have fallen, I shall bring before them reasons more purely addressed to their understanding.

It is clear, then, in the first place, that tailors came in with the fall. Adam, in his primitive condition, ennobled by the complete development of every power of the mind and nerve of the body — a profounder philosopher than Bacon — superior (in all probability) in imagination to Shakspeare — as a musician, sweeter than Mozart, and in fact, as a universal handicraftsman, to all the world since — Adam — what was the secret or at least the development of all his power? HE WENT UNDRESSED! If I may so speak, without irreverence to the founder of our family, he was the Great Shirtless.

His descendants degenerated. They were trowsered and coated. And this was the first sad symptom of the fall. Had not pantaloons been introduced, there had been hope for man. The downfall was not complete — the destruction was not irremediable — the last chain was not irrevocably bound upon us — 'till Adam drew on his first pair of indispensables. Of immorality

— 'the primitive tradition reaches
As far as Adam's first green breeches.'

In making up the account of our depravity, we must halt here. Farther backward we cannot journey.

Adam, before this, might have perpetrated the indecency of talking Dutch in the garden: but we have no records — no authentic history of that absurdity. We begin with the surmounting of the articles set forth in the couplet.

He drew them on, not like a modern juvenile, with exultant eyes and eager limbs, (though they were his first suit,) but with sorrowing and tears. Through the two narrow vistas down which his legs descended, as through the tubes of a telescope, he saw the degradation of his race. Bloody-visaged War and hypocritic Peace, Pestilence

and Famine, Disease and Death, peered at him through those twin openings.

Oh! had that fatal suit never been donned, how glorious a spectacle would this our world present! It would have swarmed with tall and pure intelligences, 'only less than the angels.' But, mark the consequences! Cain becomes a butcher, and Abel a huckster: afterward, the first a vagabond, the second a carcass.

Such were the disgraces which the first clothing put upon our humanity. Every age, since the ejectment of our first parent from his territories, has seen their renewal. If man had remained to this hour unclothed and unshirted, he had been still pure and happy. But misery and dress go together—they are natural yoke-fellows. Whenever I see a pair of breeches, I think of original sin, and small clothes remind me of total depravity. A frock coat is to me the exponent of damnation, and a tight-bodied one the sign and token of eternal torture.

Is it not our duty, then, to put away from us these mementos of our shame?—to cast to the winds these daily slaves of Phillip, whose ever business it is to babble in our ears—'Thou must die!' Shall we endure these provocative monitors?—shall we put up with these woollen impertinences?—manufactured disturbers of peace?—these hangers-on?

I think not. Better visions dawn upon me. I see the Naked Age approaching. I see the time when tailors' bills shall be no more, or become mere matters of history—remembered, only to be classed with the witches and goblins which affrighted our ancestors.

The argument against clothing assumes (if possible) a still more serious aspect, when examined in its connection with the *dignity* of man.

It must be confessed, that all objects are pure, in proportion as they are free from contingents and adjuncts. The diamond only when cleaned from its imbedding earth exhibits its full lustre, and the pearl shines not forth in its clear, native whiteness, till disinterred from the coffining oyster. Sir Isaac Newton was of opinion that the only sorts of chaste matter on earth were certain fine particles, or impenetrable, finite atoms, and that all other matter was a mere mongrel. He considered the pure existence of atoms to be in a state of undress. I agree with the venerable author of the pippin (sometimes called the gravitating) philosophy. Man is among the corruptible—the adulterated—the impure.

There is something to me ludicrous in the very physical structure of man. He *is* a 'forked radish.' It always seemed to me some strange error or accident in his formation, that he was divided and cleft at the bottom. It would better fulfil my notions of symmetry, if he were fashioned column-like, and progressed with *one* leg. By having two, it would seem as if, in some convulsion of nature, he had *split up*.

My notions of a perfect being, gentle reader—to let thee a little into some new mysteries—is (abandoning the columnar doctrine,) as a shapeless and invisible cloud, containing in itself the power of motion, and floating about, guided by mere impulse. I would have it possess a full source of harmony, and capable of breathing music and

sweet sounds at will. It should journey to and fro, in company with the seasons; it should rest under the shadow of a mountain in Greece, and melt into crimson and golden hues in our own far west. Sometimes it should glide noiselessly amid the flowers, the rare and pleasant flowers of England, or over the famed war-fields of old France. It should possess the perfect power of metempsychosis or transition; at one time it might cool, far up in the ether, into all the delicious freshness of snow, and at another dissolve in all the sweet, summer tenderness of rain.

But mark me: it should be no common cloud, this perfect creature, this paragon, this phœnix of mine. It should bear about in the heavens no semblance of garments. It should figure forth to the clown or the school-boy's brain no rude monster bedighted in fantastical apparel; no celestial Dutchmen; no well-breeched harlequin; no valorous chieftains, with black cocked hats, made of wind, with swords of vapor. No: But there, pillowed on the air, my human cloud, my immortal fragment of ether, my animate and beautiful substitute for man, should sit and become intellectual with thought.

> 'Beautiful cloud! I would I were with thee
> In thy calm way o'er land and sea:
> To rest on thy unrolling skirts, and look
> On earth as on an open book!'

Enough of this rhapsody of a theorist. By looking at your next neighbor, you will soon see that he is no such thing as my perfect and symmetrical being. You will not only see that he is a little toy, moulded of clay, but that he is also tricked out in that inhuman absurdity styled dress. From the chin to the heels, he is a tailor's ape. What an abasement! — how desperate a degradation!

Man, it seems, cannot be man without this pitiful adjunct; he is a tree that blooms not without this foliage. And yet it irks him: it is a bondage to him, to be cased up thus within wooden walls. His soul lives in a double prison; it is egg within egg; first a shell of clay, and next an outer covering upon that of cloth. How is it possible for orators and divines to reach this doubly-defended nucleus? Can a refined sentiment make its way through broadcloth? — or will a pointed thought or fierce denunciation pierce the solidity of a Petersham?

Man goeth about bearing his own shame as a burden upon his back; and yet he aspires to mate with the angels. Think you *they* stoop to these appendages? That they walk the 'starry pavement of the skies,' cultivating the cock of a hat, or staking the happiness of their immortal natures on the roll of a collar? No: the higher we ascend the scale of intelligence, the less do we find of this vain incumbrance.

Even the brute has a lesson for us here. The horse — does he wear aught over his leathern jerkin? And have I not seen Sir Goat strut forth with only his mohair cloak cast over his shoulder, with much of native and dignified simplicity?

Let us sift our notions nicely, then, and with candor, and we shall speedily learn that we have an instinct within us which preacheth against clothing — at least against the modern modification of that vileness.

Perhaps we may conceive, with some show of reason, of Alcibiades promenading our Broadway with a cane and whiskers, or the Emperor Otho arranging his curls in faultless mirrors; but what say you, reader, to Socrates in the Portico philosophizing in a round-about, or Cicero walking the Forum (forecasting an oration against Cataline) in a pair of top-boots? — or Plato in nankeens? — or Pythagoras in a swallow-tail? — Hercules in small-clothes? — or Homer (pauper though he was) in a dicky?

It is beyond you — is it not?

Post Scriptum.— When I had laid the first timbers, as it were, of the above essay, I mentioned my views (such as I expected to set forth, and have set forth here,) to a bosom friend of mine, confidentially. I think he must, in some failing moment, have broken his trust. It appears the tailors have 'got wind' of the forth-coming argument, and are beginning to take steps to prevent the dissemination of its doctrines. The following I take from an evening paper:

'Notice. To Tailors. The tailors of the City of New-York are respectfully invited to attend a meeting of the trade, to be held at Jefferson House, on Monday evening next, *when business of importance will be laid before them.*'

The mark at which this points is palpable. I am farther corroborated in the belief that some movement is on foot among the Thimbles, from the circumstance that when the other day I was taking my customary afternoon's walk, I was met by a tailor's journeyman, who, in the usual hobbling style, was hurrying home with a coat on his left arm. As I passed him, the fellow, who by some mode or other had become acquainted with my person, put his unemployed hand into his 'hind pocket, and shook out his coat-tail deliberately in my face!

C. M.

PÖESY.

'Was ich ohne dich wäre, ich weiss, es nicht.' Schiller.

My soul is sad within me! Come once more,
With healing in thy beams, oh! blessed star,
That shinest 'mid the darkness from afar,
Yet brighter and more radiant, like some shore
Where early light hath fall'n, while space more near,
Is wrapt in misty mantle, chill and drear.
Come, messenger of peace! for thou canst thrill
Life's stagnant waters, till they gush and flow;
And catch from thy pure glance such magic glow,
That he that doth his spirit with them fill,
Shall often turn through life's continued link,
And at thy pleasant fountain freely drink,
Until these words shall come spontaneously,
'What would I be without thee, Pöesy?'

Charleston, (S. C.,) 1836. M. B. L.

LIFE IN FLORIDA.

NUMBER TWO.

SAINT AUGUSTINE AND ITS ENVIRONS.

THE approach to St. Augustine from the ocean is guarded by breakers, as far as the eye can reach; the white, foaming, roaring surges extend a considerable distance from the shore, and the pilots feel their way with poles over the bar. Its channel often shifts after or rather during storms, and is very narrow. It is often impossible to enter the harbor; and when this is the case, vessels must lie off and on the coast for days together — a disagreeable necessity, especially to an invalid. However, as far as my observation extends, a consumptive patient is better off at sea, even during a storm, than on any land whatever. It may seem strange, but it is a fact, that a friend in a consumption, who could hardly walk a rod when we sailed, gained strength and flesh while all others lost both. From this I should infer, that a voyage to the Pacific in a whale ship would be the best course for a consumptive patient to pursue. But let us go on shore.

In approaching, you see piles of sand, several feet high, irregularly drifted, like snow-banks; and, scattered wide apart, may be seen here and there a solitary live-oak, disrobed of its leaves and moss by storms, and holding up its brawny arms, as if defying the thunderbolts of Heaven. Bleak and desolate, to the last degree, the coast appears. I could not help exclaiming, 'Is this indeed Florida? Where are its flowers?' It seemed as bald as the head of hoary Time. But the air and waters were full of life. It appeared to be the place of resort for all sorts of birds and fishes — away from the haunts of man — for the city was some distance back, and around a point of the sand island which is between it and the ocean. Ducks in large flocks, and gulls, mounting and darting in regular curves past each other, seemed to fill the air like summer insects, while the heavy, sluggish pelicans would come down the stream in regular rows, close to the water, and with heads awry — so that when they saw a fish they might pounce upon it — turn almost over back foremost, in pouching one large enough for a man's dinner: then they would go and stand up like small children, along the beach. As to the fish, there was no end to them; they whitened the river with foam in some places. Many kinds of the finny tribe abound here; sheepshead bass, of a most excellent flavor, and mullet, by thousands; porpoises appear as if rolling along after them; and sharks which can dart like a bird, and even render it questionable whether a bird could really leave them behind in a race, have here no rivals but men and birds of prey. Oysters, clams, crabs of a delightful flavor, as well as the common kind, are here, and every thing calculated to render life easy, if we except a fruitful upland soil.

On turning a point of the sand island, in front of the city, a regular built fort, of the old Spanish times, 'looks black defiance' to any enemy that may approach. It has its glacis, towers, fosse, and drawbridge, and all that the art of war demands in regular fortifications. It is said to have cost so much money that the king of Spain, under

whose reign it was built — I forget whose — sent to know of the engineer if he was building it of solid gold. The cannon are all planted on the top, and fire through embrasures and not port-holes, as in the forts about this city. The town stands on a tongue of land, with salt water flowing all around the top of it, and this fort is on the root of the inland cape. On approaching the place, the eye seeks in vain for the appearance of a city. You may see one or two — perhaps at times three — vessels at the end of a long tier of round palmetto logs, and back of this an antiquated looking hamlet; and you may fancy you see an old Spanish picture on the proscenium of a theatre; but city there is not. Ruins may be seen in all directions, as if there might have been, at some former time, more legitimate pretensions.

There is a square of about an acre, with an old court-house in a falling condition, facing the sea, and a Catholic church, with its three bells in open niches in the front wall; on the opposite side a small new Episcopal church, and in the centre of the square a meat market, which, however, is not used to hang meat in, but as the market places of old were, for men to meet in, to discuss politics, health, and by association, perhaps, we have heard the classics mentioned there. The streets — if streets the lanes and alleys can be called — are not paved, nor do they appear much like Broadway. One passenger of whom we heard, went up the long wharf, and through the square, and when he reached the centre of the city, he asked the way to St. Augustine. When told that he was in the principal street, and in the heart of the place, he turned on his heel, and retired to his cabin, sulkily refusing to go on shore again. This was in consequence of the glowing descriptions he had received. But for my own part, I was very much pleased, both with the place and the inhabitants, who were very civil, and happy to oblige strangers. I liked the unique appearance of all I saw. Orange trees, as large as half grown apple-trees, shooting their branches over walls of a peculiar kind of yellow shell stone — by the way, the only kind of stone to be seen — gave a very singular effect, and so far as the orange trees were concerned, a beautiful one, especially to a northern eye, accustomed to consider such trees as great ornaments. The houses of far the greater number of the inhabitants are very small. You might move two or three of them, roof and foundation, into some of our parlors. These stand on very narrow lanes, some too narrow to allow a northern cartman to drive through. You would imagine them the abodes of utter wretchedness and vice — but no mistake could be greater. The people by whom these miserable lodgings are inhabited, are very orderly and virtuous indeed. They are descendants of Minorcan ancestors from the Mediterranean, and these constitute the majority of the people. There are a few Spaniards, and the remainder are principally of the 'universal nation,' we will not say 'who go about seeking whom they may devour,' lest it should be said that in jest we approach too near the truth, and incline some to give us secret thrusts. But they jest upon each other there. On one occasion, one of the finest old gentlemen in the world, belonging to the East, called to a young man of an agreeable appearance: 'Come hither, you young yankee! I wish to introduce you to a friend

of mine.' He came along, laughing and blushing, and on being introduced, said it was too true he had some yankee blood in his veins; one of his parents was a yankee, and he acknowledged that although kind and good to him, he was ashamed of nothing in the world so much as the fact of his parentage. Here was a retort courteous to the full-blooded marino. In truth, the yankee name is in rather bad repute with some at the South. I one day heard a Spaniard cursing some man who had injured him, and after all other bad terms failed, he called him a 'yankee, and no American'—'for,' said he, 'no American would ever have been so mean.' As it happened, the very men he appealed to as his friends to bear him out in his assertion, were themselves from the land of steady habits, and we were ready to die of suppressed mirth at their knowing winks.

The Minorcans, who, to judge by their dwellings, we should take to be poor and miserable, are, on the contrary, in some cases rich and almost always happy. From the doors whence we might expect nothing but misery to issue, well-dressed, innocent girls would come, and they are for ever dancing. They seem to meet and have balls every night. In the carnival time, especially, (for they are Catholics,) they seem to go mad with mirth. Dancing and masquerading is the order of every day, while this season lasts. They go out into the streets, and enter every house, and turn all the furniture, where they find any, up side down, and do every thing but real injury—and then, with all sorts of instruments, not forgetting the tin pan, depart in peace. Thus they keep it up. They have also what they call the 'posey dances,' which we think not so bad, and the trick might not be out of place in Gotham, in dragging many an old bachelor out of his shell of snapping turtle. It is this: Some lady—how the first one is chosen I know not—has a bouquet of flowers with which she dances, and she is considered the queen of the evening; but toward the last, she fixes her eye on some bachelor, and with a great deal of grace and archness offers the flowers. He knows what it means, and that he is bound in all gallantry to accept the gift, and make some other queen for some other evening, which his favorite may appoint. The wherewithal comes from the new king, of course. Thus is the ball kept up, and many are the sly tricks resorted to, to bring wary old rats into the trap. The graver they are, the more sport they make. They make it a point not to have them expensive, and there appears to be no difficulty to find some one always willing to accept the honor—but old bachelors or widowers are most desired. There is a great deal of primitive simplicity and poetry in the manners of these people, with which I was much pleased. One thing struck me forcibly—namely, their mode of disposing of their dead children. Instead of calling forth the most painful emotions by gloomy hangings, the heart-breaking shroud, and all the soul-sickening paraphernalia of the tomb, as we do, their lost treasures are surrounded by fresh flowers, the windows are closed, and candles are ornamented and placed at the head and feet. The effect is beautiful and poetic, beyond any thing I ever witnessed. The grief exhibited is subdued, and proves, in these primitive people, an acquaintance with feelings which many a money-making Crœsus might envy, in his chambers of gilded cornices and

glittering chandeliers. Their conceptions of the tomb are not mixed with despair and horror.

The fair sex of the Minorcans are not fair, but very brown, and they appear in the streets in full dress without hats or bonnets of any kind. The young men are very jealous of the dandies of the North, who go there with sick friends — and altogether, they are rather clannish; but not perhaps without good reason, for they are more virtuous, in general, than an equal number of our best educated young men would be found to be, on a fair trial; at least, so they appeared to me.

Among the most melancholy sights to be witnessed here, is the number of consumptive invalids who crawl about the place, with the hand of death upon their unresisting frames. Oh! how frequently does the wish arise, that we might stretch forth a hand, and command health to return to their emaciated forms! If there be acute misery in the world, it must be in witnessing the chords of life snapping, one by one, until the last tendril breaks, and leaves the mourner desolate in a land of strangers. The young friend who went out with me for health, could not afford the expense of a companion: he was very low when he sailed, and it fell upon me, a stranger, to see to his wants; and even now, I cannot remember his case without emotion — how he failed day by day, until at last he was told he must arrange his affairs — write his last letter to his widowed mother — and die! His eye assumed a new lustre; he could yet walk slowly about; his mind was perfectly clear, and his look seemed to indicate that he felt like one who had made every arrangement for a long journey, and was about to quit his native land forever. I know not if many can sympathize with such a case as this; but having myself been so situated as to give up the expectation of life, I could understand his feelings better. The vault of Heaven appears to contract; the earth, the whole ball, seems to shrink to a size not larger than could be made by the hands of man, and the light of the sun casts a strange, sickly hue; yet this is not the least remarkable thing that happens, when we have received our sentence. Thus my friend bade adieu to the earth and all things in it. I was not by him at the hour of his death, and I never desire to witness the 'last agony,' of any, if I can avoid it. I would much rather suffer 'sudden death' myself, than watch the protracted demise of one to whom I may be strongly attached.

As to the air of St. Augustine, I found it delightful. It was happiness to live and breathe it. The inhabitants thought it cold, and wore cloaks and surtouts, but I was very warm in summer clothes in midwinter, when I first arrived in the country. Subsequently, there were two or three cold winters there, which killed all the orange trees. The salubrity of the air is however unquestionable, for there is a sandy soil, and no bad swamps to engender miasma in the neighbourhood, while the trade-winds are almost constantly blowing on the coast. Where there are no local causes of disease, and there is an abundance of pure air, it is as conducive to health under the line as any where on the globe. However, I believe that in every place where men exist, they say it is healthy. I have been where the inhabitants did not seem to dare to venture out of doors

after night-fall—for I have walked about until my usual hour of retiring, without meeting a single white man in the town, and hardly any blacks—and yet they said their place was very healthy! But St. Augustine is certainly so. It is a very excellent place for a seat of learning for southern youth—who have reason to fear our northern winter winds, or an acclimation on their return to the South—and I hope the hint may be acted upon. It may save many valuable lives, and restore the fading honors of this venerable place.

The ruins I saw seemed to indicate that the best buildings of former times are dilapidated. But there is nothing in the surrounding country, at present, to make this either a commercial or manufacturing place, and there is no hope of a resurrection of its honors, except by making, beside its climate, literary and scientific attractions. At the time I was there—if I remember aright—the post arrived only twice a week, and then a pair of saddle-bags answered for a mail-bag. From this one may judge of the business of the 'city.'

But of all cities and towns I ever beheld, those of Florida show largest in the map, and smallest when one sees them. Amelia Island has also a city, by charter, which has a right to a mayor and corporation. This city stands at the mouth of the St. Mary's river; and it shows that the Irishman's curse,—'May the grass grow before your door!'—is no trifle. Grass grows before the doors of all the rookeries in the place, and is the strongest evidence of dissolution a deserted city can exhibit. There are not enough inhabitants in the place, if they were to elect each other as aldermen, to form a quorum. However, there would be none to protest against their proceedings, should they vote to bring in pure and wholesome water without appealing to the people. The deserted wooden shanties stand on a very handsome hill, and indeed this is one of the finest places in the territory for a gentleman's seat. It was chosen as a place of export for cotton, during the last war. The inhabitants were a lawless gang of smugglers, who bought cotton for little or nothing of the planters, and sold it at enormous prices to the foreign cruisers. It is said by some who were there at the time, that no man would stand up and sit down again for less than a dollar. So well are the wages of iniquity generally paid, while it is too often the case that virtue and patriotism starve.

But not to conclude with a reflection so melancholy—for after all, 'virtue is its own reward'—I will repeat one of the stories of a traveler on horseback, which I heard from the hero himself. He had a journey to make between the two famous cities just mentioned, and it was reported by the post-rider and others that there was a fierce robber on the road, whom he escaped only by furious driving. Our hero was under the necessity of going, and he had—a rare article in Florida—money to take with him. Not being inclined to meet an unknown enemy unprepared, he procured a dirk and a brace of pistols, and the largest and fleetest horse in the place, and off he started. After travelling some miles, he reached the suspicious neighborhood just about night-fall. Like many a soldier, he felt brave by day-light, but in the dark, not a frog croaked, or a dry limb snapped, but he grasped his arms convulsively, checked his horse, and lis-

tened earnestly; then he would spur his steed on again. He had just descended a short hill, and crossed a bridge formed of small unhewn pine trees and rubbish, when his horse stopped short and snorted fearfully. What was to be done? In the thick bushes, almost within pistol shot, he saw the outline of the murderer. The hair of his head stood on end, and his flesh crawled. His horse, catching the infection of his rider's fear, wheeled short round, and flew like lightning back. He ran thus some two or three miles, before he thought what he was doing. Knowing if he returned without firing a shot, after all his preparations, that he would be bored for life, he checked his Rosinante, returned, and cocking his pistol, advanced at a good round trot, charged within pistol shot, and fired on his cool and determined enemy. Without waiting for a bidding, his horse turned again and flew back, as at first, like the wind. Checking himself sooner than before, however, he reloaded his pistol, advanced the third time, and discharged it again, and again fled — but not with like success; for when he reached the bridge, down it went, and 'the horse and his rider,' and logs and rubbish — an undistinguishable mass — were all in the muddy stream together. He felt the murderer on his back, holding him down, and expected every moment to have a Spanish knife drawn from ear to ear. He cried aloud for mercy, but all was in vain; the villain was astride his back, while he begged for his life, and offered to deliver up every cent. But no answer was returned. Making a sudden desperate effort, he threw off his enemy, and found it was nothing but logs and rubbish! Then he asked himself, rubbing his eyes, and wide awake, 'Why did he not follow, and fix me while I was down? I must have finished him!' With this persuasion, he went back very softly, peering to the right and left, stopping and going on again, taking care all the time not to break a dry branch, or make any noise, until at last he approached, like an Indian, to within striking distance of his ambushed enemy, when, as he was just about to take ample vengence with his dagger, he found he was no match for — an old gray stump! How he gathered up his courage after this, and helped his charger out of the mire of the creek — was his own business. But not to leave the contempt upon the memory of our hero, I will show that if he could only fairly have seen his enemy, he was no coward; for on another occasion this very man, single-handed and alone, took five desperate runaway negroes prisoners at once. They were armed with two or three guns, axes, and large knives, and were out in the woods when he met them. Seeing them first, he approached cautiously, and placed himself in the way they were proceeding, and at a fortunate moment sprang out and told them to throw down their arms, and march to the right about, or he would give the word of command to his men in the brush to shoot every one of them down in an instant. Not suspecting any man would dare to act thus without the means of enforcing his threat, they did as they were commanded, and he walked up and took their guns, and marched them all before him into town. An exploit like this I have heard of having been performed on some Hessians, by an Irishman in the revolution; and when General Washington asked him how he, a single man, could capture five, he could only account for it by saying that he 'surrounded them!'

There was a time when all about the lines of Florida and Georgia there were wild border men, of a desperate character; and it was often the case that as sure as a negro put his head outside of the gates of St. Augustine, he was seized, carried off, and sold. But since the Americans have obtained possession, outrages of this kind rarely or never happen. In another article I may say something respecting the state of the laws and means of securing justice in the territory, but more, at present, 'this deponent saith not.' ORSON.

THE SKY.

'THE sky we look up to, though glorious and fair,
Is looked up to the more, because Heaven is there.' MOORE.

FAIR sky! — what hast thou in the time of spring?
Birds, borne along on the joyous wing;
Feathery clouds and fleeting showers —
Odors, breathed up from the fresh-blown flowers;
Echoes of voices and song on earth,
Of the child's light laugh, and the peasant's mirth;
Blue gleams, bright from the sun-rays' kiss,
And trembling as if from excess of bliss.

And what is thine in the summer's eve,
When the full bright sun hath taken his leave?
Clouds, that are rich as young Hope's dreams —
Rainbow coloring, and amber beams;
Flushes of crimson glory, growing,
Like a maiden's blush, more intensely glowing
Beneath the ardent gazer's view —
Purple twilight, and fragrant dew.

What hast thou in the depth of night?
Grandeur, and beauty, and calm moonlight;
Stars, bright stars, on their thrones on high,
Making their voiceless melody.
Prayers, sent up from the sleepless bed —
Sounds of the weary sentinel's tread:
Murmurs of forests, by light winds stirred,
And melting music from night's own bird.

What is below thee? — a land of sin,
Where sorrow and death have entered in;
Where tears have darkened the brightest eyes,
And the rosiest lip breathes forth sad sighs;
Where the sunny curls blanch with the hand of time,
And the purest spirits are tinged with crime:
Where the flowers, and the trees, and the birds must die,
And all things tell of mortality!

What is beyond thee? — a world where the power
Of time cannot wither a single flower;
Where the earthly stains of our human clay
In the streams of mercy are washed away;
Where there comes not a shade o'er the tranquil brow;
Where the voice never sounds in one tone of wo.
Fair sky! we forget half our sorrow and care,
When we gaze upon thee, and think — Heaven is there! M. A. B.

THOUGHTS ON LORD BACON AND HIS PHILOSOPHY.

THE memory of the great and the good of past times is a precious trust committed to mankind for safe keeping. It seems to be the least that we can do, to watch tenderly over their posthumous fame, and by repelling the oblivious influences of time, dissipating the misapprehensions of ignorance, or combatting the severity of prejudices, to pay something of that immense and uncancellable debt of gratitude which the world owes to the illustrious spirits of elder time. Although dead, they yet speak to mankind in accents of matchless eloquence and persuasive virtue: they are constantly acting toward us the part of friends; they are accomplishing for our minds, by their noble thoughts and resplendent examples, what cannot be accomplished by any other conceivable means. Should not *we* be eager to exert ourselves for *them*, in the only way in which we are now permitted to manifest respect, by cherishing and honoring their names? In executing this sacred office, we are not called upon to indulge in fulsome panegyric, or indiscriminate praise; we need not become the extenuants of crime nor the apologists of error. It is unjust to any human being, however high his characteristics, to make him out a demi-god, or deny his participation of those moral infirmities which seem to be the necessary adjuncts of humanity, because they form the conditions of its progressive development in wisdom and virtue. Impartiality of judgment, accuracy of conception, exactness of remark, are all that justice requires of him who makes his estimate of the character of men, whether living or dead. So far is a suspension of these qualities pardonable in the mind that casts its inquiring glances over the character of the departed, that their exercise here is even more sternly demanded, by the consideration so strong to the generous mind, that if our sentence be unjust, the unfortunate subject of its severity is beyond the possibility of explanation or self-defence.

The will of Lord Bacon contained the following remarkable words: 'For my name and memory, I leave it to other men's charitable speeches and to foreign nations, and to the next ages.' This declaration could not have sprung from any other than a lofty soul. It indicated the existence in the mind of its author of a sentiment which is perhaps peculiar to large and generous intellects — an intelligent consciousness of merit, not at once appreciable by their fellow men, and a noble confidence in the *ultimate* justice of mankind. Indeed, Bacon had much stronger reasons than the divine dictum of our Saviour, ('a prophet, etc.,') and the voice of philosophy, for commending his memory 'to foreign nations and to the next ages;' since even in that age his fame was greater, and sounded louder abroad, than at home in his own nation. He was evidently much underrated, and his philosophy both misunderstood and despised, by his own times; of which the saying of one of his royal contemporaries — we think it was Charles the First — in regard to his most illustrious work, (the Novum Organum,) 'that it was like the peace of God, that passeth all understanding' — is a bona fide illustration. This most preposterous and beetle-blind decision of kingly authority was not much unlike that which the poet Waller delivered himself of, when he spoke as follow-

eth: 'The old blind schoolmaster, John Milton, hath published a tedious poem on the fall of man; if its length be not considered as a merit, it hath no other.' If such was the début of the proudest of all the proud products of pŏesy, at a later era, what other than it did actually experience could have been the initiative of a new and bold philosophy which was at variance, at so many points, with the prevailing prejudices and notions of the day?

But Bacon was prëeminently 'the servant of posterity,' as well as its confiding creditor. His mind was too far reaching, to rest its hopes on the verdict of his own unpropitious age and country. His prophetic glance shot ahead, beyond the darkened and prejudiced atmosphere that enclosed his immortal labors, and rested even then with proud satisfaction, on the glorious hemisphere of light that was soon to be the revealing theatre of their unsurpassed merits and unending triumphs. Of his great work he thus expresses himself: 'I am persuaded that it *will gain* upon men's minds in age — *after some time* to be passed over.' This strong confidence in the final adjudication of posterity was something very different from the presumptuous and ridiculous anticipation of success which springs from ignorance and vanity. It was the modest estimate of a truly learned and exalted man, who loved the truth for its own sake — who coveted nothing so eagerly as the enlightenment of humanity, and was modestly but deeply conscious of being 'in advance' of his age. As additional evidences that neither Lord Bacon nor his philosophy was appreciated in the age which gave them birth, we may mention that Queen Elizabeth is said to have believed him to be 'a man rather of show than of depth,' and that Sir Edward Coke, who, according to D'Israeli, was 'a mere great lawyer, whose mind had little of the breadth of intellectual attainments, and no depth of philosophical taste or discernment,' treated the pursuits and works of his illustrious compeer with marked contempt. But in spite of the short-sighted views and narrow philosophy which baricadoed his way, and met his propositions with the flippant opposition of ignorance or the freezing apathy of pride and self-sufficiency, the great pioneer of science did not lose his courage — did not falter in his bright career, or give way to the palsy of despondency. His confidence in the inherent dignity of knowledge, and the real capacities of the human intellect, was too strong to break down under the puny blows and insignificant weapons of a superannuated philosophy. It is evident from many observations scattered through his works, and repeated in various forms, that he did not build on present anticipations,' but looked forward to the time to come, both for the fruits of his labors and the security and amplitude of his fame. There is no doubt that Bacon's mind was immeasurably ahead of his own generation; but still, actuated by the true impulse of benevolence, it felt little joy in rushing forward, in its solitary greatness, while every step created a wider chasm between itself and the vast multitude that were plodding on or halting behind. Hence his assiduous labors to diffuse the knowledge which irradiated his own mind, and overthrow those baseless fabrics whose tottering foundations and worthless materials his sagacity early penetrated, and now longed to expose. It was one of the leading objects of his new philosophy to unfold the proper motives for pursuing, and the proper mode of investigating,

and arriving at the truth, or knowledge, with which, in Bacon's verbology, it was always syonymous. He detected various errors in the mode of pursuing science, prevalent in his day, which impeded the progress of knowledge. The principal of these originated in 'mistaking its end and scope,' and 'from handling it by parts.' He accordingly finds fault, not only with 'those who have sought knowledge for itself, and not for benefit, or ostentation, or any practical enablement in the course of their life,' but with those too 'who have propounded to themselves a wrong mark, namely, satisfaction, or causes of things that tallied with their own anticipative notions, with little or no regard to their conducement to practical purposes, or farther discoveries.' According to Bacon — which indeed every one must acknowledge to be a just representation — 'the true end, scope, or office of knowledge, does not consist in any plausible, delectable, reverend, or admired discourse, or any satisfactory arguments, but in effecting and working, and in *discovery of particulars not revealed before, for the better conduct and help of man's life.*' Here is presented, in one luminous statement, the grand object of Lord Bacon's labors; the converging point of all his achievements; the final realization of which was spread out before his mental vision in one brilliant perspective, cheering his mind under the pressure of its cares, and inspiriting it onward to more vigorous efforts in the field of its arduous exertion.

The peculiar grandeur, prophetic depth, as well as confiding sanguineness of his views of the future progress of knowledge, cannot be better illustrated, than by the following striking passage found in his tract styled 'Valerius Terminus, or the Interpretation of Nature.' 'It is true that there is a limitation rather potential than actual, which is when the effect is possible, but the time or place yieldeth not the matter or basis whereupon man would work. But notwithstanding these precincts and bounds, let it be believed, and appeal thereof made to time, with renunciation, nevertheless, to all the vain and abusing promises of the alchymists and magicians, and such like light, idle, ignorant, credulous and fantastical wits and sects, that the new-found world of land was not greater addition to the ancient continent than there remaineth at this day a world of inventions and sciences unknown, having respect to those that are known, with this difference, that the ancient regions of knowledge will seem as barbarous, compared with the new, as the new regions of people seem barbarous compared to many of the old.' How splendidly have these anticipations been realized by mankind since Bacon's time! We certainly have reason to believe that *large* encroachments have been made on the terra incognita of possible inventions and improvements, within the lapse of the last thirty years. The steam-boat, the cotton-gin, and the rail-road — the profound discoveries of modern chemistry, of natural history, and of the arts in general — attest the rich capabilities of the human mind, and the almost inexhaustible resources of nature. They show us not only what man has done, but what he may do, and make it perfectly credible, that the future is richer than the present, as the present is richer than the past, in all that contributes to the multiplication of human power over the elements of nature, and their reduction to the purposes of human civilization and happiness. It would be interesting to inquire to

what extent the world is indebted to the great master of the inductive philosophy for the present flourishing state of the arts and sciences, and the glorious advances that have been made in them during the present century, in their applications to the wants of humanity. But the inquiry would be as difficult as it would be interesting. No mortal mind could come to a satisfactory conclusion, by attempting to reason it out. But Conjecture might innocently employ herself in the task, and come to no very wild conclusion, should she declare, that no tongue could tell or imagination conceive the priceless benefits that have already resulted, and are still to result, from the labors of that illustrious friend of mankind.

We have already adverted to the blessings which Lord Bacon has conferred on our race. They are diversified, numerous, and invaluable. If we should attempt to calculate their numerical extent, we should find them defying all arithmetical analysis; for Imagination herself might well retreat from a task that would send her abroad to interrogate the wide dominion of art, and the almost limitless world of intellectual life. But she would come back with answer of eloquent and most satisfactory fulness. What a glorious procession of mighty thoughts, of brilliant inventions, and of beautiful illustrations, would pass in review before the eager gaze of a truth-loving and curious eye! Nor would such a review be superfluous or unnecessary. Men have, it is true, cherished the name of the great inductive chief with some respect. They have styled him the 'father of experimental science,' 'the Columbus of the philosophical world' — and so far it is well. But who will assert that reverence *enough* has been paid, or probably ever will be paid, to so great a benefactor?

Ingratitude is, after all, too often the infirmity of man, whether considered as an individual or as a member of society. Notwithstanding our natural susceptibility of grateful emotions, it is still true, that without a constant care and recollection on our part, this susceptibility will lose its vigor, and fail to discharge its legitimate office. It is a necessary result of our physical and mental organization, that we should cease to have a vivid sense of things when they have passed beyond our cognitive perceptions, and when other objects have begun to occupy the immediate notice of the senses. It is owing to this imperfection and constituted treachery of memory, that benefits and benefactors are so soon forgotten. They give way before a jostling multitude of present objects, rushing in at the various avenues of the soul, destined in their turn to be driven forth, and to sink like lead into the ocean of forgetfulness.

All profess to admire the genius and labors of Bacon; but how much of our homage is more than mere lip-service! It is easy to learn the *language* of laudation, but not so easy to use it intelligently and feelingly. We may do so, without knowing or caring to know a single characteristic that makes it just. But to *feel* a genuine admiration, we must have a sight of the object — we must view it long and steadily; otherwise, our conceptions of its real nature will remain partial and unsatisfactory, and our pretensions to criticism, and our notes of praise, be equally contemptible.

The name and character of this illustrious man surely ought to

be dear to every lover of science, and every friend of his race. So large, various, and rich were his offerings at the shrine of knowledge; so immense his contributions to the cause of truth; so vigorous the touch by him communicated to the human mind; that his worship should be found cōextensive with the limits of humanity. If then we would pay acceptable service to his memory, let us recollect that it can be done in no other way than by studying his immortal works, and gazing on the image of his character there mirrored forth. By so doing, we shall gain a correct and an exalted impression of his moral and intellectual qualities. In the solemn magnificence of his style, and manner both of expression and illustration — in the majesty of his thoughts, and the elevation of his sentiments — we have a sort of *loquens pictura* of the man from whose capacious intellect they burst into existence. His views of things, of knowledge, and of nature, are grand and impressive. They were evidently the views of a feeling, thoughtful, and somewhat enthusiastic mind, and as far removed from the sordidness of a selfish and venial spirit, as earth from Heaven. No reader can faithfully peruse his essays, or the 'Advancement of Learning,' or even almost a single fragment bearing the impress of his hand, without inhaling a particle of that divinity, goodness, solid wisdom, and deep veneration for the great interests of humanity, with which they are every where richly impregnated. But yet Lord Bacon was not faultless. He was sometimes wrong in his philosophy, and many of his opinions were evidently tinged with superstition, while others were superficial and unjust. He had, it is true, broken the chains of scholastic babble and time-honored dogmatism; but the rust that he could not remove, and the stiffness they had necessarily imparted to his intellectual motions, even when freedom from their galling embrace was fully attained, were the impediments that retarded, though they did not prevent, his onward march — they precluded the universality, but did not check the certainty, or eclipse the glory, of his triumph. The virtues and faults of such a man cannot but be an intensely interesting subject of inquiry. He who occupies so proud a niche in the temple of fame, must of necessity acquire, even for the minuter features of his character, a closer inspection than they probably deserve. The fact, however, that they were the characteristics of one of the intellectual sovereigns of the human race, invests them with an accredited title, if commendable, to a warmer, a louder praise — if censurable, to a severer, and of course a more public, reprobation. At least, such is the practice of the world — whether just or not, is another question. It is familiar to every one, that the character of Lord Bacon, considered in this important aspect, has suffered under severe, and it cannot be said entirely unjust, imputations. Charges of extensive corruption, in the discharge of his high duties as Lord Chancellor of England, were made against him, and partially established, in consequence of which he was degraded from his high dignities, and for a while plunged in deep disgrace. Yet we cannot but think that he has been condemned in a spirit too stern, and in terms too harsh and unsympathizing. That his reputation has suffered far more than the established facts of the case warrant, is an opinion which has long been held by a few, and which, as it is said, is so well supported

by statements recently brought forward by Mr. Basil Montague, in a late work on the life of Lord Bacon, that it is likely to become universal. 'It is clearly shown,' says Lord Brougham, in a note appended to his recent theologico-philosophical performance, 'that he was prevailed upon by the intrigues of James I., and his profligate ministry, to abandon his defence, and sacrifice himself to their base and crooked policy. One thing, however, is undeniable—that those who so loudly blame Bacon, overlook the meanness of almost all the great statesmen of those courtly times.' It is nothing but common justice, that in our estimation of his character, we should remember the '*vitia temporis*,' as well as the '*vitia hominis*.' The former do not, it is true, excuse, but they often extenuate the latter. They increase the temptations and facilities, while they lessen the guilt, of their commission. Lord Bacon is reported by one of his earliest biographers — Dr. Rawley, his chaplain — to have said that 'he was frail, and did partake of the abuses of the times;' upon which this writer proceeds to remark as follows: 'And surely of its severities also. The great cause of his suffering is to some a secret. I leave them to find out by his words to King James: I wish as I am the first so I may be the last sacrifice in your times, and when your private appetite is resolved that a creature shall be sacrificed, it is easy to pick up sticks enough from any thicket, whither it had strayed, to make a fire to offer it with.' It is not our purpose, at present, to pursue this question *in extenso*. Many additional facts might be stated, and much more be said, but this is not the place. We may observe, however, that the well-known lines of Pope have probably done more than any thing else toward circulating and perpetuating exaggerated impressions of the moral delinquency of this foremost of wisdom's children.

> 'If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shined,
> The wisest, brightest, *meanest* of mankind.'

This is giving him a 'bad prëeminence' with a vengeance. Surely if poetry may be a splendid vehicle of truth, it may also be made a base instrument of slander and falsehood. For it is *not true* that Bacon was 'the meanest of mankind.' *Why* was he the meanest? Was it because, in the tumultuous whirl of public affairs, in the distracted moments of pecuniary embarrassment, in the weakness of private sympathy, he erred, and momentarily strayed from the enclosures of judicial rectitude? — which fault too, was contrary to every avowed and admitted principle of his character, and the whole spirit and tenor of his writings. Bacon's course did exhibit a deflexion from duty, but it was only the "stoop of the eagle from his lofty flight."

No: these famous lines do not tell *the truth*, because they tell more than is true. They are unjust to the memory of a very good and a very noble-minded man. It may be true that he whose glory they asperse, because they unworthily exaggerate his guilt, was 'the wisest and brightest,' but that he can with any propriety be handed down to posterity, as 'the meanest of mankind,' is a doctrine which historical accuracy and logical discrimination equally condemn. Poetical adjudications, however, are perhaps generally to be received with several grains of allowance. Truth is a creature

sometimes handsomely panegyrized, sometimes brilliantly adorned, but not unfrequently, also, very roughly handled by the sons of Parnassus. Her fair features are often discolored by the bold brush of fancy, and her faultless form distorted by the rack, or suited to the Procrustean dimensions of a laboring invention. The calumnious couplet just referred to is both an exemplification and a proof of this remark. H.

A WHISPER OF DEATH.

'Have I not pray'd for life —
I that am so belov'd, that love again,
With such a heart of tendrils?'

'A fearful thing that love and death may dwell
In the same world.' Mrs. Hemans.

'Tis past! and yet methinks I hear it still,
That low, electric tone, that on my ear,
Stole in that hour when joy my soul did fill,
Awakening up a strange mysterious fear.

Was it thy voice, O Death! that like a spell,
Cast this dark shadow o'er my buoyant mirth?
Was it thy voice that bade me say farewell
To the deep music of this laughing earth?

I had forgot thee! *Once* there was a time
When thy chill presence could supremely bless;
And long I call'd, but in thy distant clime,
Thou wouldst not heed my spirit's weariness.

But now a change has come. Strong Love hath wrought
A golden thread within my life's array,
And nerv'd by pinion'd Hope, my tireless thought,
Like a thing dressed in sunbeams, sports away

In the far, boundless future: flushing all
The distant landscape with its mystic gleam,
And stirring hidden springs, until they call,
In the bewildering cadence of a dream,

And bid me hasten onward. Wherefore then
Wouldst thou thus cast thy dark, mysterious veil
Across my young life's path, and wake again
Thy boding whisper in the passing gale?

Away! I claim thee not. Canst thou not find
Some fitter guest to grace thy still abode?
Some unprized being, that hath ceaseless pined
To lock in thy safe realm existence' load?

Enough, enough there are: oh! pass not by
Yon narrow prison-house, where day and night
There sits, with fetter'd limb and listless eye,
An unresisting victim. See! the light

That sickens in his cell hath sadly told
Of what from him is hidden, and with cry
Of wild despair he clasps the iron cold
Unto his bleeding heart, and prays — to die!

Yet will not *one* suffice? Then haste away
And wrap thy ready garments round that chill
And withered form that like a ruin gray,
Amid the waste of years, seems ling'ring still;

As if to add one trophy to the train
Of the invidious spoiler. How the frost
Of retrospection keen hath chok'd each vein
Of love within him, and he seems quite lost

Amid the stranger faces that move on,
Nor heed the stricken pilgrim, till his soul
Sinks 'neath a restless dread, that he alone
May fail to reach the long-expected goal.

Thou lingerest still! Say dost thou rather prize,
As offerings to thine ever-growing shrine,
Some brighter jewel that imbedded lies
Still in the depths of strong affection's mine?

Thou seekest not in vain! Throw off thy garb
Of fearfulness and awe, and softly steal
Unto yon cradled-one, and plant thy barb
So gently, that perchance it will not feel

The blow that tears the fragile web of life
It scarce can call its own; but thou mayst see,
E'en as a beam that with the cloud holds strife,
A smile, half-shadowed, as it turns to thee.

But come not *here*, O death! *I* may not brook
Thy sullen domination, for I move
Amid a picture-world, and joyous look
Through an unclouded atmosphere of love,

And life, and beauty; and this heart doth bear
Within its crystal depths, e'en as a source
Arch'd o'er by clustering boughs, the image clear
Of *one*, that is the day-star to its course.

Yet why that bitter glance? Oh! question not
This bosom's child-like trust. It may not be!
We that have twined together; whose fair lot
Hath been a wealth of sunshine; on whose sea

Of life, one sail hath flutter'd; and who, out
Of one mind's urn have drank; say, is there aught
Like change could come between us, or foul doubt,
To which e'en death itself were almost nought?

My soul grows faint within me: yet I love,
Still love to fond excess: oh! ruthless one!
Stay for awhile thy dart, and should I prove
A victim to this passion, hasten on,

And I will joy to meet thee, and will clasp
Thine icy hand in mine, and yield my breath
Unto thy slightest bidding, while I grasp
Thy full and opiate cup, and bless thee, Death!

Charleston, (S. C.,) Oct., 1836. M. L. L.

MAJOR ROCKET.

MINE is an awkward nature. I have never been apt at taking the tide of fortune, even when setting most auspiciously in the true direction. Some how, I invariably see the chance when too late, put off its employment, and linger until the ebb, and then, when the effort is of no avail, I plunge incontinently forward. As you may suppose, my course then is entirely up-hill, or, to continue the figure, up-current — full of *riffles*, *snags*, and *sawyers*, like that of a Mississippi steamboat. In large and little matters, all the same, it is never my good fortune to take advantage of the opportunity. I can see it well enough after it has gone by, and when there is no recall — but not before. Looking back upon the past time, and enumerating to myself the lost chances, their name seems to be legion, and they stand before me like so many living and mocking commentaries upon my dilly-dallying and sluggish disposition. The misfortune is, that I can neither complain of others nor of myself — were I to do the one, I feel that I should be unjust; and there is no necessity for the other. They anticipate my self-reproaches; and in this respect, at least, they serve me, and save me from a world of trouble. Nor is my knowledge of my own failing confined to myself; my friends and enemies are alike acquainted with it, and the nickname of 'Topic, the Unready,' which they have given me, pursues me in every quarter, and keeps pace with my destiny. The stage and steamboat are always sure to leave me just as I arrive out of breath; the show has just closed or is gone before I look upon it, and there is sure to be some acquaintance at hand, at the unlucky moment of disappointment, to exclaim, 'Ah, Topic, my dear fellow — as usual — just in time to be — too late!'

This is the curse! — I came into the world by half an hour too late, and after the proper time. I have tried through life, but in vain, to recover that lost half hour. In all things I feel its loss — in trifling and important concerns I suffer by it equally — and whether I love or hate — whether I come to woo or fight, I am still sure never to be in time; I am always 'Topic, the Unready.' It is true that my friends ascribe my misfortunes to another cause, and insist that my inveterate habit of talking, in illustration of which they have given me the first part of my title, is the sole occasion of my various mishaps; but either I do not know myself, which would be strange indeed — or they are studiously bent to misrepresent me. I never talk out of season, though, I confess, I frequently come too late to talk with any hope of success. Some other confounded fellow has 'used up' all my arguments, or the audience is just gone as I begin to lay them down. Every body admits, however, that I talk well; yet they contend, and most strongly too, that there is no necessity for me to talk at all. Every body insists that I am always in too great a hurry — yet they clamor that I am never in time. My friends are continually asking my opinion, and provoking me to argument, yet they are sure never to listen to me out, or acknowledge the justice of what I say; and I am mortified to death, daily, to discover that they are invariably inclined to agree in opinion, after all I have said, with some green-eyed man sitting in a corner, who has only shaken his head and said nothing!

But let me be more particular, that my misfortunes may be the better understood. There was Emily Postlethwaite — a girl among a thousand. My love affairs with her may not inaptly illustrate the general difficulties of my situation. I was just half an hour too late with her. But you shall see. I loved her — I most certainly loved her — and used to talk with her for hours — and though, it is true, I never said to her a word about love, I yet thought, and think still, that I had made a favorable impression upon her heart. I was always at her residence — and I talked with her father, her mother, her grandmother, great-grandmother, and thirty-six cousins, all in turn, and all at a time, and it is generally admitted that I talked admirably well to all of them — so admirably that they all preferred infinitely to hear me talk to saying any thing themselves, and this I hold to be the most conclusive evidence. To Emily, however, I was devoted; I escorted her here and there, and followed her every where. I wrote song and sonnet in her favor — some of them published in the magazines, and acknowledged to be very pretty. I spoke to her, and sung to her — rode with her, and walked with her — danced with her, and dined with her — in short I did every thing that the most familiar lover might with propriety do, except, perhaps, the one thing most necessary of all — though I talked with her incessantly, I never talked of the one and only subject — I never popped the question.

But I had meditated the matter often, and I had at length come to the resolution to do so. I decided that the time had arrived, and I thought I had sufficiently paved the way for the introduction of the momentous subject; and, one evening, when my thoughts had been prepared with previous thinking, and my spirits provoked by previous champaign, I sallied forth from my lodgings, almost in bridal trim, and took my way to Mr. Postlethwaite's fashionable residence in Chestnut-street. The family was all at home, and Emily herself looked lovelier than ever. I felt myself unavoidably growing eloquent as I surveyed her, and felt that I should make my proposals after the most graceful and effective manner; but I struggled and kept myself from premature speech, and determined to loiter among the company, quietly in waiting, but still earnest and impatient for the desired opportunity. I had evidently some time to wait, as there was something of company present. There was a poet and a painter, and several other persons given to such trifling pursuits! I was, to speak with due modesty, the only philosopher in the room; and I was something more than surprised to find my fair one devoting much more of her time to my neighbors than it struck me was altogether consistent with good sense and a proper understanding. Above all, I was vexed to find her so attentive to my how-d'ye-do acquaintance, Bill Walton, whom, in order that he should properly judge of the merits of my chosen, I had myself introduced to her acquaintance. But this attention to him, upon second thought, I set down entirely to her regard for me.

Some fine engravings from Helvetian scenery lay upon the table before us, to which Walton had called her attention.

'We have no such achievements from the hands of our artists, Miss Emily,' said he — 'indeed we have not the material — we want the scenery itself. Such wondrous indications of her power nature does not often exhibit to our eyes in this country.'

It was then the fashion, and is too much now, to deny and to disparage the wonderful beauties, natural and moral, and, indeed, every thing which is peculiar to our country; and Emily, to my great disquiet, readily adopted the sentiment of Walton. Her reply annoyed me, and there was something in her look at Walton, while she spoke, which added to my inconvenience a little.

'None, none,' she replied, in a tone of disappointment and regret, coupled at the same time with an air of abstraction, which, however, seemed to disappear as Walton, in a whisper, concluded his remark.

Mr. Cambridge, a member of Congress, a gentleman of some pretension and appearance, interfered:

'We are not deficient, however, in the objects of moral contemplation,' he said, with an air of the schools, 'though we may lack,' he continued, 'some few of the natural wonders which are here delineated. Has not 'Liberty' made an effort, and are not her exhibitions in America upon a scale as magnificent as these rude rocks, and shows, and 'shelvings down?' Her achievements in our land, which, by-the-way, I must take occasion to say, is just as well as supplied with stupendous and striking scenery as any other, I have thrown into a just obscurity the mere external and natural wonders of the old world. Our moral and political stature,' ——

Here I interposed. I saw what was coming, and could not forbear exclaiming, while falling, unhappily for myself, into the very error of habit I was seeking to reprove: 'Nay, my good Sir, let us have no more of this same *ad captandum* about what we are and what we may be. That would do very well for a Whig or Tammany Hall meeting, and would admirably suit and split the ears of the groundlings, but cannot very greatly enlighten or amuse the intellect of a fashionable young lady. What does Miss Emily care whether 'Liberty' prefers ours to all other countries or not? The thing affects her in neither one way nor another. Besides, freedom is a word not known in the vocabulary of a modern fair one and fashionable. Liberty is democratic and vulgar, and rich merchants and fine ladies have nothing to do with it. The ladies have no right even to talk or dream of it, since they toil for empire, the proper increase of authority. Their business is conquest and captives. Talk to them of bonds rather, of dungeons in the arms of love: of chains, though they be made of flowers; and servitude, though it be in the gardens of beauty, and in the cultivation of those plants which are the favourite of that worst of tyrants, love! Tell them of bands of roses, and shackles of jessamines and honeysuckle, and prisons of moon-lighted and leaf-covered bowers: any thing but liberty. We have no liberty. Neither you, nor I, nor any of our sex. We are slaves to some despotism or other; and obtain our emancipation from one, only to run headlong and blind into another of even worse character. If we are not slaves of women, we are of men, and *vice versa*. We have no liberty. We are as much in bondage as any people under the sun. In fact, there can be no freedom for the great mass. They were never intended to be free. Take from them that restraint, which, if it be not chains actually, is nevertheless so in effect, and they are the veriest brutes and savages that walk. There are some men born expressly to be slaves — liberty would be poison and death to them, as

poison in some cases — that of Mithridates of Pontus for instance — is healthful and nutritious.'

'Dear me, Mr. Topic, how long you can talk on so tedious a subject. I 'm sure I have not heard a single syllable of all you have been saying, except one pretty sentence about jessamines and honeysuckles. Your speech has been like a wild wilderness, into which, being a lover of steril solitude, you have, with a niggardly hand, admitted but a few flowers, and those more for the sake of contrast than for their own beauty and the relief which they might bring.'

So spake a lively little girl whom I had not before remarked, so earnestly had I been engaged in my observations.

'And you, miss,' I replied, 'have been the industrious bee to ferret and find out those few flowers, without regarding the whole wilderness you speak of beside. Yet is that wilderness — though it forms so trifling an object of our contemplation — spread out in all its variety and loveliness, as, at any time in our country, we may behold it, as abundantly stored with the *materiel* of the sublime, as this bungling and confused succession of clouds and mountains, which, for the last ten minutes, you have all been so gravely admiring.'

'Oh, how can you think so?' exclaimed the lady. 'I 'm sure these are so *pretty*.'

'What an epithet for a view like this!' whispered the painter, almost audibly in my ear. The young girl, whose admiration, like that of many fashionable people where the arts are concerned, was artificial, seemed herself conscious of her *faux pas*, and the malapropos phrase of which she had been guilty, and the blush that suffused her cheek was a sufficient atonement for the offence. She sidled off to an opposite corner, and I proceeded in my address to the fair Emily; but, to my surprise, discovered, for the first time, that she was not in hearing, but at the farther end of the room, in company and close conversation with Walton. To be caught and to catch myself in a soliloquy, as had really been the case so far as she was concerned, was horrible, and I hastily advanced to apologize; when, suddenly retreating, she left the apartment. 'Confusion worse confounded!' What could this mean? I turned for explanation to my friend Walton, who, soon enough for civility, and quite too soon for my impatience, thus satisfied all my inquiries.

'My dear Topic, I owe you a thousand thanks.'

'For what, Bill?'

'You have done me a most gracious and friendly service.'

'Ah — how!' was my wondering reply. He proceeded.

'You have proved yourself not more friendly than judicious.'

My wonder kept me silent. He continued.

'I can well understand, and shall ever appreciate, your friendship. That long speech of yours was admirably put in. It gave me an opportunity of which I have been very desirous, and for which, as you may well imagine, I had been long anxious. In short, while you spoke, I spoke. While you speechified the rest, I said the difficult words to my sweet Emily in the opposite corner; and to you, my dear fellow, as my best friend, and one who has so greatly assisted me in this, I am bound to say that all is as we could wish it. She

has consented to make me happy, and I have only time and breath to say that you must get yourself in readiness to assist me through the ceremony, which takes place on the ensuing Monday night, precisely at eight o'clock. Once more, Topic, my dear fellow, accept my thanks for that judicious and well-timed speech, and for the admirable and well-employed opportunity which it afforded me.'

I was astounded, as well I might be. Could any thing possibly have been more astounding. I felt it in my heart to knock him down. I grew wolfish as I surveyed him; and, but for the approach of the company and his own general innocence of look, I might have done some brutal and improper act on the spot. But I continued to keep my temper. What I muttered to him in reply I know not. It was something or nothing, and that, in my excited state of feeling, means every thing. I did not linger long at Mr. Postlethwaite's that evening, but hurried home to my lodgings, mortified to the soul, that, in that, as in every leading particular in my life and fortunes, I had found myself too late.

The story got abroad, and I was waited upon by a *soi disant* friend. He had heard it, and he came to me full of sympathy and sulphuric acid. He was a fire eater — a regular blunderbuss of valour — a man who made no more of a brace of bullets, hair triggers, and seven moderate pistols, than I did of a cucumber in cholera time. He shook my hand warmly.

'I am sorry for it,' said he — 'it 's a bad business.'

'Sorry for what, Major Rocket.'

'Why, is it not true that you have been bamboozled by Walton? It 's all about town.'

I explained — I told the true story.

'He 's a d — d rascal. You must make him toe the mark. He has behaved shamefully, to take advantage of the confidence of a friend.'

'But I did not tell him of my intentions, major.'

'No matter. He should have known them. He was bound to know them, and I make bold to assert that he did know them, else how should the opinion be so general about town that he did, and had made use of you.'

'Made use of me?' I exclaimed, furiously.

'Ay, made use of you — that is the phrase — none other. You must fight him — you must put a bullet through him, Mr. Topic. You must give him a leaden lesson of good manners, which he may digest at leisure.'

'Do you think I must?' I asked of my d — d good-natured friend.

'Think — it must be done — there is no help, unless you would expose yourself to the laughter of the whole city. Chestnut-street, already, is all agape; and the expectation of the public that there will be a fight, shows the absolute necessity of the thing. I doubt not that the evening papers will have an *on dit* about it, and Walsh, in to-morrow's 'National,' will more fully enforce the necessity, by quoting Cicero and the fathers on the subject — *pro* and *con*. It is inevitable, not only that you should fight, but that you should kill

him. No courteous forbearance in this. You are bound in honor to blow his brains out, if you do not desire that the impression should go abroad that you have none of your own.'

I could not exactly understand the force of his reasoning, but the absolute force of necessity was quite another thing. I was not to be driven out of the community by public opinion. Better die than that.

'Major Rocket, will you serve me?' I demanded. The major was overjoyed at the requisition — he was happy to be my friend.

'You shall take my challenge to Mr. Walton.'

'I will.'

'I will at once proceed to write it.'

I did so. The challenge was peremptory. It called for redress, not explanation. Rocket was delighted.

'That's right,' said he; 'no mincing such matters. I hate your alternatives. This mode of accounting for, and explaining — of not meaning to do what you have done, and of regretting the commission of that which you have committed in perfect coolness, and after just deliberation — is weak and unwholesome. There is but one way in a difficulty, and that is, to fight it out. To try to untangle is only to get into new entanglements — the knot of Gordius is only to be unloosed by the sword of Alexander.'

Major Rocket had a knack of saying fine things; and before he was done talking, and before I was done talking that night, I became desperately bent upon shooting Walton through the head. Rocket was too old a stager, and loved such sports too well, not to move upon his mission with alacrity; and at the conclusion of the first bottle, he set out for the lodgings of my traitorous friend Walton.

If I had been surprised and astounded by the sudden and quite unlooked-for success of Walton with Emily, I had the satisfaction of knowing from Major Rocket that he was not less so on receiving my message. His surprise, indeed, as Rocket assured me with infinite satisfaction, was so positively unrestrainable, as to be unbecoming and discreditable. He started and trembled under his annoyance and apprehension.

'Why, what the d — l is the matter with Topic?'

'Mr. Topic, if you please,' said my *friend* for the nonce, with an air of precision which had its object, and was not without its due effect upon the nerves of Walton.

'Well, Sir,' he said impatiently, 'Mr. Topic, to oblige you; though, as my most intimate friend, I hold it perfectly excusable to drop the usual prefix.'

'Not so, Mr. Walton, if you please.' 'Familiarity breeds contempt.' When men come to address or to speak of each other, and omit the usual terms of courtesy which convention has established, they open the door for all sorts of rudeness. All tyrannies begin moderately enough, — if they did not they never would make any headway. They take liberties by degrees, till they usurp the possession and control of all liberty. Vulgarity begins in this way in most cases; and, to prevent vulgarity from becoming insolent, you must check it on the threshhold. Let it once get its head in, and the shoulders inevitably follow. Pardon me then, Sir, if I insist that, in speaking to

me, Major Pertinax Rocket, or in speaking of my friend, in my presence at least, you omit none of the usual terms of civility.'

This was cool and consolatory enough. Poor Walton was dumb for several minutes, and perfectly bewildered. Rocket grew impatient.

'What answer to my friend, Sir?' he demanded.

'I will see Mr. Topic for myself, Major Rocket.'

'You cannot, Sir.'

'How — cannot?'

'No, Sir.'

'And why, I pray you?'

'Because he cannot see you, in the first place; and, in the next, because I will neither suffer him to see you nor you to see him.'

'Ha! Sir.'

'Just so, Mr. Walton; and, let me add, that the desire which you have expressed to thrust me, his representative, aside, and go to my principal, conveys a reflection upon my honor, and a doubt of my integrity, which are personally offensive, and must be atoned for. At present, however, I defer my claim to satisfaction to that urged by my friend, to whom I beg your immediate answer.'

Rocket was a man not to be trifled with, and Walton soon discovered that. Rocket was too courteous and considerate by half to waive his own claim to honor in place of mine; but he meant honorably, and did it for the best. Walton saw that there was no alternative, and referred my second to his friend, Lieutenant Thompson, of the Piscataqua Volunteers: and Major Rocket, who lost no time in a business of so delicate a texture, immediately proceeded to wait upon the referee.

'Well, what are the terms, major?' I demanded of my friend, as he entered my chamber the next morning.

'Glorious! grand!' were the superlative words in which he replied.

'When are we to meet?' I next asked.

'On Wednesday next at *Oxley's* Farm. I endeavoured to get it fixed for Monday, but the d — d milksop insists, like a fool as he is, upon getting married first — a condition which will be very apt to carry off much of the courage which he has left.'

'Why, do you think that will affect him?' was my inquiry.

'Yes — so long as the condition is new. A year hence he might not be so reluctant to a fight — indeed, I have known such an event rather a desirable one to most husbands after such a period.'

Rocket was a decided bachelor; had been jilted once, and turned woman-hater ever after. I could readily see that his prejudices had somewhat impaired his judgment. I proceeded with my inquiries.

'The distance?'

'Ay — that is the fortunate hit — he insisted upon five paces, thinking to bully us, as he knew my favourite distance was seven; but he was mistaken in his man. I took him up at the word.'

'What! five paces!' I exclaimed, in horror — 'why, my dear major, there is no sort of chance — we shall both be killed.'

'To be sure you will,' he answered, with exemplary composure, 'unless one kills the other with the word. Quick shooting is safe shooting, and every thing depends upon your promptness. On that head I must give you some lessons, and the sooner we go out to practise the better.'

That very afternoon we went out to practise, and the major soon put me in the way of line-shooting, with such precision, as to make it a *caution*, as they say in Kentucky.

'It is well,' he said, among other things, 'to acquire a perfect knowledge of the pistol-handle — the grasp is very important; but I do not think it advisable to practise at any fixed distance, where you are the challenger, until the distance is prescribed at which you are to fight. Men who practise at a given distance habitually, are apt to be disquieted with any change; and to be a dead shot at ten paces is sometimes apt to interfere with good shooting at seven. I would rather that my principal should not know how to shoot at all until the time comes, and after the distance is prescribed. In three days I can put him in the way of doing mischief; and, unless his opponent is a very thirsty and anxious one, three days will be allowed at least.'

We had three days — and we practised successfully. Before that time was ended I could cut my bamboo between two joints, seven inches asunder, at every shot.

'This will do,' said Rocket. 'We shall have rare sport. Better shooting has not been seen for a long time; and, if you do not put your bullet alongside of his third button, I shall be monstrous mortified. But come — I will sup with you to-night, that we may the better talk over our preparations for the morrow.'

'We go out at eight to-morrow morning, said Rocket to me, while our supper was getting ready. 'You must meet me at seven, in order that we may lose no time. It would be horrible not to be there before them.'

'Horrible!' I exclaimed, unconsciously, for my thoughts were busy elsewhere.

'Let us see that our watches agree,' was his suggestion. Mechanically, I exhibited mine. They did agree within two seconds. It was by both of us a few minutes short of six o'clock. At half past six on the ensuing morning I was to meet him at the boat. This matter settled, we next proceeded to supper.

"Eat moderately,' was his direction — one, by-the-way, which he did not himself follow.

'Eat moderately. It is an ugly thing to have a bullet come into a crowded stomach. It mortally increases the crowd, and provokes a singular and most unpleasant excitement in the neighborhood.'

'It will do that any how,' was my response, while I laid the breast and wing of a roast duck upon my plate — 'it will have that effect whether I eat much or little.'

'By no means,' he cried, quickly; 'the difference is material, I assure you. A bullet after a hearty supper, in the domestic territory, is almost always certain to be fatal; and I must beg that you will confine yourself to the wing of that duck alone — put the breast on my plate — it looks tempting — and, as your affair is to be settled before I can possibly enjoy mine, I think I may venture upon it with safety.'

'Your affair!' I exclamed, in astonishment. 'What affair?'

'With your Mr. Walton. I gave him to understand, you will remember, that I held his wish to put put me aside and refer to you, when I waited upon him with your message, as a direct personal injury, evidently conveying a doubt of my integrity, as it seemed to question my commission and agency. I only waived my claim in deference to yours. When yours is over, and should he be in a proper condition to atone to me, I shall take your place, and I request you now to serve me then in mine.'

'Are you serious, Major Rocket?' I asked, in astonishment.

'Serious, Sir!' he exclaimed, looking at me with an expression almost ferocious.

'Serious — I'll thank you to pass that sherry.'

He deigned me no other answer to my impertinent inquiry; but that was enough. I was about to fill my glass with the same liquor when he arrested my arm.

'Stay!' he said; 'your temperament is sanguine — not bilious — not nervous. I prefer that you should drink porter to any thing else to-night. Porter is the only beverage before battle for your sanguine temperament. It neutralizes the excess of blood and vivacity, and secures the true equilibrium. An overflow of vivacity is quite as bad as a deficiency. Extremes meet; and an excess in your case would bring about a rëaction which would show like timidity. Take porter; it is an admirable stuff for your sanguine person. The German would go mad with his imagination but for the sedative beer which he drinks, and which gives him solidity.'

I drank porter to please him; and, having completed our preparations; he took charge of my pistols and left me for the night.

What a night that was to me! How full of dreams, and thoughts, and fancies, of every form of annoyance. Certainly, the idea of going out the next morning to mortal combat was excessively unpleasant. Beside, such an engagement will admit of no excuse. A party of pleasure, of almost any other sort, could be interrupted by cloudy weather; but when we go out to meet a friend in honorable fight, even a storm is of no service. I thought over the matter in a thousand ways. It appeared to me that Rocket had been quite too hasty. After all, I had never confided my secret to Walton — nor had he abused my confidence. I began to feel kindly toward my old friend, but then — my honor; — and, as Rocket said, all Chestnut-street was full of it. The thing was now unavoidable, and to get through with it manfully was now the only help. I took my position before the glass. I threw my legs apart, after the French mode; but, though giving great solidity, the straddle seemed to increase terribly the extent of surface for his aim. I contracted my legs, threw the heel of the left foot in against the ankle joint of the right, and surveyed narrowly the effect of this position. The left knee was protruded greatly to its undue exposure. While I tried thus the comparative advantages of several positions, I was struck, for the first time in my life, with the unhappy and singular distension of my corporation. Really, I had never before suspected myself of being so important a personage in the community. But the growth of a region which would have fairly entitled me to a seat among the fathers of the city, in the capacity of an alderman, was decidedly unnecessary to one about to fight a duel;

and the difficulty on the part of this obtrusive member excited all my apprehensions. I tried to contract and constrain, by every process of shrinking known to me, the objectionable region. But I found that a contraction on the front only produced an equal and corresponding obtrusion in the rear; and each added moment of care and consideration brought with it newer forms of difficulty; so that I retired, at length, in no very gratifying mood, to dream of the morning's dangers, and to prepare for them as I could.

At first, when I awakened, I was alarmed, for the hour seemed late; but looking at my watch, I discovered that I had time enough. I proceeded to make my toilet, which I did with infinite care. It might be the last time that I should ever perform this office for myself. The idea made me melancholy. Was all my future shrunk to this little measure? Was the long life before my imagination, and the thousand pleasant dreams and hopes that came with it, to be thus suddenly lopt short by the infernal shears? I dared not think any longer. I felt that my heart was growing softer every moment. I had some letters to write, which I set about instantly. I had my will to make — some little things to leave, and some kind thoughts and good wishes to bequeath along with them. Even a bachelor has his cares and comforts of his complexion. These letters were only to be sent in the event of my falling. They did not take me long. When they were finished I thought of Emily Postlethwaite. 'Emily, Emily!' I exclaimed, in the bitterness of my heart — 'wherefore art thou Emily!' — or rather, 'wherefore art thou Emily Walton now, and Emily Postlethwaite no longer?' She had been married the previous night, and he, my false friend, he had revelled upon those lips which I had so fondly looked to have called my own. The thought roused and enraged me.

'But no matter!' I exclaimed aloud; 'no matter. He shall not enjoy them long. I will put a bullet through his head, the villain. I will tomahawk and scalp him. I'll kill him if he had a thousand wives, and each of them as fond of him as she!'

With elegant determination I felt my anger return, and I now became exceedingly anxious to look my rival in the face. But it was not yet time. The hours seemed to move slowly. My watch was short of six by several minutes. I was to meet Rocket at half past six, and we were to be on the ground at seven. There was more than time enough. Yet, better too soon by an hour than late by a minute. With this proverb I determined to set forth to join Rocket at his lodgings. I took one more look at the glass. It was a satisfactory glance. I was never in better trim, and I could not avoid the unpleasant reflection which forced itself upon me at that moment, that my fair, handsome face, and newly-trimmed luxuriant whiskers, might a few hours hence be soiled in the unbecoming sands of the Jersey shore. Such thoughts are unpleasing, if not unbecoming. I made an effort to dismiss them from my mind, and supply their place with those which were more pleasant. Another glance at the mirror suggested them. What could have possessed Emily Postlethwaite to

prefer the sallow phiz of Walton to the becoming red and white of mine. Such villanous taste on her part half reconciled me to her loss. But it was not that she preferred him — it was that she did not hope for me. The girl was modest, and I — I was too slow. My unready habit lost me the opportunity, which, if employed, must have found me successful. The thought vexed me, and I was reminded to look at my watch for fear of being too late now. 'I will be in time for my revenge, at least,' was the involuntary soliloquy. The hour was still short of six — time moved slowly for my impatience, but I was bent to be in season. I hurried down stairs, but met with an interruption ere I got to the bottom. There was my landlady.

Mrs. Jenkins, good morning. You are bright and busy, I see, madam, as usual.'

The dear old damsel answered with a pleasant chuckle.

'Ah, yes, Sir, I am always busy; but it 's many a long year since I could be called bright. I 'm dull enough now-a-days, and it was only yesterday that I tried my best to thread a coarse needle, but I could not find the eye for the life of me, no more than if I had none of my own.'

I condoled with her; but the old lady, who was an inveterate talker, did not want condolence so much as somebody to talk to or at; and she would have kept me, I verily believe, for three mortal hours at the foot of the stairs, the brush in her hand, moved at intervals by way of apology over the steps at my feet, while she inflicted upon me a long history of her troubles in the domestic world. Like most of our ladies, she loved to complain about the servants — the insolent negroes, and the stupid Irish, and the swinish Swedish, and the dingy Dutch — topics which are never-failing in the mouths of some housekeepers in the cities of Brotherly Love and Gotham, and, by the suggestion of which, they contrive to excuse their own parsimony, want of hospitality, and perfect indifference to the claims of society and the stranger. I heard her with some impatience; and, while listening to the old story, I remembered she had a claim upon me. The poor old creature would want money in a few days, and a bullet through my abdomen would be as distressing to her, unless I paid her bill beforehand, as it would be annoying and inconvenient to me. Abruptly enough, therefore, I insisted upon her making it out at once. The demand suggested to her jealous apprehension a new and unlooked-for evil. She apprehended now the loss of her lodger.

'Bless my old soul, Mr. Topic — why, what's the matter? You do n't mean — you surely can't intend to leave me. I hope I have done nothing to give offence. Perhaps the servants — ah, Mr. Topic — don't let them trouble you. Richard has been giving you impertinence, I see it now — he is a vile wretch, and I will instantly turn him off. He will drive me mad; or, perhaps it is Betty, the chambermaid — it can be no other. The impudent hussey, she has been saucy to you — there 's no bearing with her any longer, and I 'll not sleep again 'till I have her out of the house. She shall never darken these doors again so long as I am the proprietor. The trollop, to insult my boarders — a wretched baggage — you would not have believed it, Sir, but I picked that wench up in the street, Sir — a poor, half-starved creature — a mere skeleton, and you see her now. She is

as fat as she can go, and this is the return I get for my kindness. Six dollars a month, Sir, she has had from me for the last five months, and now to insult my lodgers. But she shall tramp, and Richard shall tramp — they shall all tramp, Sir, I assure you, rather than you should leave the house on their account. Here — Richard, Betty, Jane, Lucilla.'

Was there ever such an old goose? I stopped her in the midst of her howlings, though with monstrous great difficulty.

'Mrs. Jenkins — I am not going to leave your lodgings, unless I die before I come back, which I shall probably do in the course of the afternoon. But, whether I live or die, I am desirous of paying up my little bill; and if you will only sit down and give it me in the course of a few moments, you will infinitely oblige me.'

'Dear me, Mr. Topic, but it's very early; you need n't be in any hurry.'

I looked at my watch. It was not yet six. There was time enough, it is true, but I still hurried her. Better soon than late. Mrs. Jenkins, however, was not a lady to be easily hurried. She had a speech to make for every item.

'Three weeks and three days — twenty-four days, Mr. Topic, at one dollar by the day —'

'Is twenty-four dollars, Mrs. Jenkins.'

'Right, Sir, exactly. Then, sir, a friend on the 7th is . $0 50

'A friend on the 9th 0 50

'A friend at supper on the 10th is 0 50

'Two friends on the 13th . . . . . 1 00.'

I tried to stop her.

'Say the whole amount, Mrs. Jenkins, — do n't mind the items. The amount total.'

In vain — the old lady feared to cheat herself, as she had been rather more rapid in making out her bill than usual; and no expostulation or impatience on my part could move her a jot. She proceeded to enumerate friends on this day, friends on that — wine, so many bottles — boot-cleaning, so many weeks — lamps and oil for so many weeks — and heaven only knows how many items of charge, industriously put together by an ingenious and experienced landlady, educated in her art in Philadelphia. I got away at last, having satisfied my conscience by paying her bill in full. I dreaded lest I might be too late for my engagement, for it seemed to me, in my impatience, that I had spent an hour in this idle controversy with Mrs. Jenkins; but, looking at my watch, I found that I was safe — that it was still short of six o'clock.

When I got to Rocket's lodgings, to my great surprise, I found that he was already gone. What a restless and impatient fellow. I looked at my watch, and found, to my great satisfaction, that I was still before my time, and that no blame could possibly be attributed to me. But I saw through Rocket's intentions. He was such a monstrous fire-eater, that I felt confident he had hurried off in order to get a first shot with Walton in advance of me. This was unkind. I certainly had the prior claim, though, when I reflected how great a pleasure it was to Rocket, I could not find it in my heart to reproach him. Going down to the pier, where I purposed to take a

boat, an urchin came to me to sell morning papers. I bought a Gazette and an Inquirer, at sixpence each, but the lad could not change the Mexican which I gave him until he had run a hundred yards off, and kept me waiting ten minutes. While he was gone I engaged a boat, and bought some peaches. Between the peaches and the papers I amused myself well enough until I crossed the river. I then took a hack, and bade the fellow drive to Oxley's Farm, only five miles distant. While we rode I read. The papers amused me, and I had half forgotton the business I was bent upon when a sudden crash, and dash, and splash, aroused me from my unconsciousness. Our hack was utterly demolished, and I found myself scrambling out of it and into a ditch, in which it partially lay. The vile old vehicle, a Jersey transaction, had actually gone to pieces; and the journey was only half performed.

'Great Heaven! driver, what are we to do? I shall be too late!'

'Not a bit!' said the rascal, surlily enough.

'Why, how do you know any thing about it?' I asked, angrily, chafed at the fellow's insolence.

'Guess you 're guine after no good!' he said, contemptuously, in reply. I could have brained him where he stood, but I had no time. I had two miles to walk, but, looking at my watch, I found that I was still in season. It was not yet six o'clock. I thrust my remaining peaches and papers into my pocket, and hurried away as fast as I could; glad to find that, in spite of all my mishaps and delays of the morning, I should still be in time.

In less than an hour I arrived upon the ground. This was excellent walking on a Jersey road. There, sure enough, I found all the parties. Rocket was the first to receive me. His countenance boded bad weather. His mood was evidently soured by something. His first words were scarcely civil.

'Well, Sir! what the d—l has kept you from your appointment?'

I felt disposed to answer him sharply; but as we were in the presence of our opponents, I tried to be as calm and gentle as possible.

'Kept me, major? I have been detained and delayed — that is true — but, thank Heaven, I am punctual in this particular to my appointment.

'Punctual to your appointment? — the d — l you are!' exclaimed he, with a savage countenance. 'I should like to know how you make that out? You were to meet me at half past six, and we were to have been upon the ground at seven.'

'Well!' I exclaimed, coolly pulling out my watch, 'here I am; and, as you see, it is not even six yet. Look!'

'Why, what the d — l sort of a watch is that, Mr. Topic?' was the exclamation of Rocket. 'Not six? — why, Sir, it is after seven!'

I put my watch to my ear, and was aghast. She had run down. I had neglected winding her up, as was my usual habit, during the previous afternoon, and she had stopped within a few minutes of six. She had kept time with a vengeance! She had wasted none! But I — I was, as usual, just half an hour too late!

I may well say so. Rocket had grown impatient at my non-appearance, and some casual remark from the acting friend of Walton had so chafed him, that he remembered that he too had a claim upon

that gentleman. He silenced the cavilling second very soon, and after a fashion of his own.

'We are ready, Sir, if you please. Your complaint is misplaced and quite unnecessary. Some difficulty — we know not what — delays my principal — but I am here, not only to serve him as second, but, if need be, to fill his place.'

'Oh, no necessity for that, Major Rocket. We will willingly wait a while,' said the other, in a conciliatory manner.

'To be sure we will wait,' said Rocket in reply; but we will not wait idly. Let us to business. Your principal will recollect that I have a small claim on his regards, which I purposed, through motives of friendship, to waive in behalf of Mr. Topic, as I esteemed his injuries to be more serious than mine. Whether they were or not, however, matters little. As he does not appear, he cannot reasonably complain, Sir, if I put his business aside for a moment, and pay some little attention to my own. With your leave, therefore, Lieutenant Thompson, I will take my position, and you will place your friend. Your eye and hand to pistols and position will satisfy me — the distance I also leave with you, and will only, with your permission, reserve to myself the word, as I am not accustomed to the peculiar tone of your voice.'

'But, my dear Major Rocket,' said Thompson, 'my friend has no affair with you.'

'I have with him, Lieutenant Thompson, if you please,' was the cool response.

'But, Sir, I cannot permit this,' said the other.

'Permit what you please, Lieutenant Thompson, you will not suffer your friend to submit to, or provoke indignity,' was the significant response of Rocket.

'Surely not,' responded Thompson; 'and if you insist upon his fighting you, the claim of course must be allowed, in order that he may avoid and prevent indignity; but you will, at least, before I suffer this matter to go on, inform me of the ground of issue.'

'Certainly — nothing more reasonable. Your friend, Sir, when I waited upon him on behalf of Mr. Topic, actually thought to put me aside, and would have proceeded to my principal, but that I placed the matter before him in the most peremptory form. You will understand readily, Lieutenant Thompson, as a gentleman honoured with an epaulet, the necessity of checking and punishing any disparagement of an acting representative in an affair of this nature. The delicacy, Lieutenant Thompson, which should characterize parties to a personal contest, renders this concern our duty.'

Thompson was struck with the argument, and acquiesced.

'I am truly sorry — how could Mr. Walton err after this fashion? — but, if you insist, Major Rocket?'

The major simply bowed, looked excruciated, and put his right hand on his left breast, as much as to say,

'It touches me nearly, lieutenant — the thing is unavoidable.'

Poor Walton, of course, had not a word to say in all this business. He was utterly silent — in the hands, and at the disposition, of his friend.

The preliminaries were soon arranged — distance seven paces —

the word to be given by Major Rocket himself. On this point he explained himself apologetically to Lieutenant Thompson after the following manner: the validity of the reason given is scarcely obvious enough:

'My ear is wonderfully nice, Lieutenant Thompson — morbidly nice. A sound, however slight, which is unmusical, I turn from involuntarily — it disturbs — it disquiets me. I have remarked that the louder tones of your voice are rather harsh, and there is a ringing sharpness at the close of your utterance which does not altogether accord with my organs of tune. It would doubtlessly throw me out a little. If you prefer it, however, you may substitute the sign for the sound, and the dropping of your handkerchief will answer the purposes of the word.'

Thompson waived the point, however, and Rocket assured him that the words should be spoken in tones at once full, distinct, and harmonious — intelligence, no doubt, highly gratifying to my friend Walton.

'I will not hurt the gentleman seriously, Lieutenant Thompson,' said Rocket complacently — 'not seriously, for I cannot forget that in so doing I might prevent the affair from proceeding between our mutual principals — an interruption for which, I fear me, I should not readily receive the forgiveness of either party. I should be loath, certainly, to interfere in this respect with the contemplated enjoyment of my friend; but I owe it to myself, Lieutenant Thompson, to wing Mr. Walton, at least, though I shall be careful not to trouble his pistol-arm.'

'Do your best, Major Rocket,' said the other, somewhat proudly; 'I shall instruct my principal not to trouble his aim with any such nice considerations.'

'That is right, Sir — you are kind. I am in place; and, whenever you tell me that your friend is ready, I shall be bound, instantly, to solicit his fire.'

The day was cloudy, and there was no necessity to choose ground with any reference to the sunlight. This matter was soon settled, and it was signified to Rocket that he might give the word as soon as he thought proper. His tones were indeed musical, and were not well articulated before the ball of Walton went through the lapel of his waistcoat.

'Rather a good shot for a level, but not so well for a line,' was the calm remark of Rocket, whose bullet at the same time inflicted a flesh wound upon the left arm of his opponent — a wound which he studiously took care should be a slight one.

'You are satisfied, Major Rocket?' was the inquiry of Thompson.

'For myself — yes. The privilege of a second shot lies with your friend, *par courtesie*.'

This was waived, and the affair had been just settled, when I came upon the ground.

And now came my turn. There was no getting off; and, evidently dissatisfied with my delay in coming, yet delighted that he was not to be altogether disappointed in his desire for sport, Major Rocket proceeded to make his arrangements, in concert with Thompson, for

the proper progress of the affair. Meanwhile, Walton and myself stood eying each other with great coolness and civility at a little distance. We had exchanged bows, and there was to be no more communication betwen us till our exchange of shots. While I looked upon him my heart relented. How long had we been close friends? How intimately associated — in how many boyish frolics — in how many youthful pleasures! Was I now, in reality, the seeker of his blood? My conscience smote me with the reflection. I had no sort of enmity against him — no ill feeling. I could not convince myself that he had played me unfairly in the matter of my courtship and his own. But, then, the public thought so — the wise, the discriminating, the nice, all-judging, unobtrusive public — they thought my injuries enormous, and clamored lustily that I should have redress. The newspaper editors also cried aloud with a mighty voice, though I well knew that, if I shot my man, they would, the very next day, denounce me as a murderer, and invoke the mob for my punishment. This public opinion is a strange thing. It is something beyond the laws — expected to redress where the laws cannot; and yet, when public opinion becomes public action, which it is very apt to do, and the mob pulls down the monster, what an outcry is then made by the journalists. How they exhort, and chide, and lament. What homilies do they put forth for months after. But, all on a sudden — let their rulers offend them, or let their laws offend them, then they call once more on the same public opinion to put itself in action, raise its vigorous hammer, destroy the tyrant, and ridicule the laws into nullity. Sweet journalists — wise public opinion — gentle mob! But Major Rocket waits.

'Major, take a peach,' I said, taking half a dozen from my pocket, and offering them to that personage.

'I thank you, Mr. Topic; but I never permit myself to eat fruit in cloudy weather. Fruit is always unwholesome in a humid atmosphere; and the digestive organs, at such a period, seldom do their duty properly. Fruit, Sir, let me say to you, is only to be eaten in daylight and sunshine. It is unwholesome at all other periods.'

'We are ready, Major Rocket,' said Thompson.

'Pardon me, Sir, I take shame to myself that the intimation did not come from us,' said Rocket, with an air of chivalric mortification. Continuing, he turned to me with his final directions.

'Remember, Mr. Topic, the word and line are every thing. With the utterance of the one make sure of the other, and all is right. D —— n your mere levels in pistol shooting.'

We were placed, and in waiting for the word. The weather suddenly grew uncomfortably warm. I never experienced a greater change. I looked at Walton, and his pistol muzzle had been enlarged to the size of a twenty-four-pounder's, and covered every possible inch of my body. He, too, seemed to have undergone a most unnatural change. He now looked as red and fierce as a salamander. I began to feel very uncomfortable, when the word — an awful sound, was given, and we both elevated our weapons. Old thoughts inspired me as I did so; and though, in that first and only glance which I

then took of my pistol and of my enemy, I had dead aim in a certain line upon his bosom, I yet felt forgiveness, and ancient friendship come over me like a heavy and rebuking cloud, and I purposely varied the range of the weapon, and spared his life. His bullet went wide; and Rocket saw that I had thrown mine away. He was about to expostulate with me as he approached, but was interrupted in his remarks in a manner exceedingly distressing to him. Nature was not to be withstood nor mistaken. As if by a natural instinct, the moment after our shots had been exchanged, both Walton and myself threw down our weapons, and, without a word rushed into each other's arms.

Rocket was aghast! What a violation of decorum — of propriety — of all rule and practice.'

'Mr. Topic!' exclaimed the major.

'Mr. Walton!' exclaimed Thompson, who was also something of a martinet.

'What have you done, gentlemen?' was the cry from both.

We justified, or sought to justify, ourselves.

'But public opinion, gentlemen' — said Thompson.

'D —— n public opinion!' cried Walton.

'Really, Mr. Topic,' said Rocket, 'this is a melancholy departure from the laws of honor. It will awaken the indignation of all honorable men from Maine to Mexico. What will the world say?'

'Ay, what will the world say?' said Thompson, in echo.

'What an example to future ages!' said Rocket.

'There will be no redress against indignity and outrage!' said Thompson.

'Certainly, there will be no need of practice,' said Rocket; 'and really, Lieutenant Thompson, to leave the field without some little serious injury, is only to seem like triflers. This is a melancholy business; it does look childish in the extreme. Suppose' —

He paused, and twirled the handle of his pistol with a feverish anxiety.

'Suppose what, Major Rocket?' inquired Thompson, civilly.

'I was thinking — the fact is, Mr. Thompson, all Chestnut-street will laugh at this business. So much for befriending the sons of Quakers. It is highly discreditable. Suppose' —

'He again paused for a few seconds. Thompson looked blank and anxious, but said nothing. Rocket proceeded.

'Pardon me: I would have given you the opportunity of making this suggestion, but as — through like feelings of delicacy, I presume, you have also forborne, you will pardon me for thus taking the word.'

'Proceed, major,' courteously responded the other.

'Suppose then, Sir, that we take the places which those gentlemen have left. A single shot will be all that we shall require, in order to give a dignified aspect to our meeting. It will otherwise seem to have been a mere bravado — a boyish, braggartly proceeding, which would be shockingly annoying.

Thompson was phlegmatic. He was willing to assist in getting his neighbor shot at, but was minded quite too philosophically to feel desirous of incurring any such idle risk himself. He declined the

invitation with some rapidity. Rocket put away his pistols in great chagrin, and much did he declaim about the decline of chivalry in the land. Meanwhile, Walton asked us all to sup with him and his new wife that night. Thompson and myself readily accepted, though I felt exceedingly disquieted at the idea of seeing Emily as the wife of any body but myself. It was too late now, however, to give my thought to this matter, and I resolved to bear with my privation, and behold his joys, with as little anxiety and envy as possible.

Rocket did not so readily reply to the invitation. He had a condition preliminary; and this was, that no manner of reference should be made by either of us to the affair, which, in his notion, had terminated so unhappily. In particular, he begged that, should it be spoken of by the public, no reference should be made to him as the acting or even present friend of either party.

'It would be very unpleasant,' said he, 'to be spoken of as the friend and second of one who could cut a bamboo, yet throws away his lead. Pardon me, Mr. Walton, — I have no hostility to you, believe me; but public opinion required that Mr. Topic should at least have winged you: and I am doubtful if it will not say that he should have blown out your brains.

'Thank you,' said Walton, kindly, in reply. 'But will you sup with us, major?'

'Do you accept my conditions?' was the response.

'We do — we do — most heartily. We shall be as secret as mice on the subject for our own sakes. The matter would not tell so readily in favor of either of us.'

'You are right, Mr. Walton,' said Rocket, gravely. 'You sup, you say, at nine. I will come. Pray have a steak for me — rarely done — with a sauce of the gum fœtida. I shall be a little out of spirits, I fear, — this cloudy weather, and the disappointment — and, excuse me, Sir, but I will come.'

Rocket gave me a seat with him, and we all set off at the same time for home. At night we met again at Walton's, where we saw, and where I looked, with no small philosophy, upon my Emily as another man's wife. The most wonderful point of all was that, on this occasion, I did not come too late. I was punctual to the appointed moment. Emily raised her finger at me — why? — perhaps because I did not come to the wedding. Poor thing — she was happy, according to her notion. Would she have been so, think you, if she had only known what had been my intentions? She had been just as much too precipitate for her happiness, as I was, possibly, too late for mine.

A PORTRAIT.

She was a lovely creature! — such a one
As poets love to dream of, artists paint.
Eyes of that tender darkness, whose soft beauty
Steals most upon the soul; dark waving hair,
That clustered o'er a brow of ivory; cheeks,
Whose deep roses struggled with the lilies,
In sweet contention; and soft lips that smiled,
Like rose-buds kissed to life by the warm sun.

ELD.

'I have been young, but now am old.'

I.

Life's second twilight gathers round me now;
I stand in the calm evening of my days,
Like to the traveler on some mountain's brow
Yet gilded with the sun's declining rays,
And watch the thickening shadows as they flow,
Purpling the distant vale that lies in peace below.

II.

Far, far behind me, a long line of light
Stretches in silvery whiteness, like the wake
That seamen tell us in a starless night
Follows the course the steady keel doth take;
And forward, in the golden-tinted west,
Opens the glorious home of the unsinning blest.

III.

Think not old age is moody! It hath joys
All unbeknown to infancy and youth,
Nor heedeth it the tumult and the noise
That overpower the modest voice of truth;
It hath no flatterers to infest its path —
It meets no smiles that glow only to compass wrath.

IV.

How eloquently speaks its chastened tongue!
How pure the morals of its softened heart!
How holy is the fascination flung
Around a spirit that must soon depart —
Waiting to cast its cumbrous shadows down,
And burst away and seize its bright immortal crown!

V.

A glory lingers round the setting sun,
And glory hallows man's declining age;
O when the busy work of life is done,
And closed the volume of its pilgrimage,
If that we knew and did our Master's will,
With what high rapture must the exultant bosom thrill!

VI.

Gently has time matured my fruitful years,
Though grief oftwhile hath wrought me much annoy:
In the cold grave, with many bitter tears,
I laid the head of my warm-hearted boy;
And from my side a tenderer friend was torn,
Leaving the withered tree of leaf and bud all shorn.

VII.

Yea, mine has been the common lot of man:
Hope's full fruition, and despair's distress;
But well I know that He who woundeth, can
Make bitter herbs bear flowers of happiness;
Though my bowed head be with death's blossoms deckt,
Warm in the smile of God my spirit walks erect.

VIII.

Pass a few days, I shall be young again,
And with the first-born choir its anthem swell,
And bear a part in that exalted strain
The great apostate led, ere yet he fell!
Age shall but add new powers unto my tongue,
I shall be young again!—I shall be ever young!

J. H. B.

'THY WILL BE DONE!'

It is a short and simple prayer, but 't is the Christian's stay,
Through every varied scene of care, until his dying day:
As through the wilderness of life, calmly he wanders on,
His prayer in every time of strife, is still 'Thy will be done!'

When, in his happy infant years, he treads midst thornless flowers,
When pass away his smiles and tears, like April suns and showers,
Then, bending at his mother's knee, play-tired at set of sun,
What is the prayer he murmurs forth? — 'Father! thy will be done!'

When the bright summer sky of time, cloudless, is o'er him spread,
When love's bright wreath is in its prime, with not one blossom dead —
While o'er his hopes and prospects fair no mist of wo hath gone,
Still he repeats the first-taught prayer — 'Father! thy will be done!'

But when his sun no longer beams, and love's sweet flowers decay,
When all hope's rainbow-colored dreams are sadly swept away,
As a flowret bent beneath the storm still fragrantly breathes on,
So when dark clouds life's heaven deform, he prays, 'Thy will be done!'

And when the winter of his age sheds o'er his locks its snows,
And when his weary pilgrimage is drawing to a close —
Then, as he finds his strength decline, this is his prayer alone:
'To Thee my spirit I resign — Father! thy will be done!' M.

LOAFERIANA.

NUMBER TWO.

'Doth companye displease?
Yea, surelye, many a one:
Where doth Desire delight to live?
He loves to live alone!' VERE.

Scarce a league to the north from Monument Mountain, which the sweet muse of Bryant has made classic ground, lies one of the most fairy and picturesque lakes that mirror the green hills of New England. Its eastern margent of snow-white sand curves gradually away to the sunny slopes of meadows and cornfields of wavy luxuriance; while the western shore is still bounded, in part, by dark groves of lofty beeches, and still loftier pines, and partly by a broad and rocky glacis of a neighboring mountain, which rises abruptly from the bosom of the lake. Adown this bushy declivity, and ever along these sloping forests, dances many a merry brooklet to the piping of its own wild music, till it throws itself at last into the embrace of the quiet waters beneath, like a play-spent child into the lap of a gentle mother. Not a human habitation is in view on either hand — nothing even to remind one of man, his passions and pursuits, except the little skiff moored in yonder shadowy cove, the cultured fields which bloom around, and the flocks and herds grazing peacefully upon the distant hills. All else is nature, in her free, wild, and unadorned loveliness.

'Beautiful scene!' — murmured the dreamy loafer, as his thoughts wandered away from the sunset charms of the Battery, to that lovelier haunt of other days — 'thou risest before my imagination like a vision of paradise! Years of toil, and care, and change, have passed over me since I used to gaze upon thy witching loveliness; but Memory has been faithful to her trust, and in her blessed tablet I gaze upon

thee still — not a tint faded, not a feature darkened, not a charm dispelled. In thy ideal presence, the stern realities of city life are scarcely remembered or regarded. The smoke, and dust, and tumult, of these busy thoroughfares, are superseded, for the time being, by the breezy coolness, the flowery sweetness, the pleasant warblings, and the delicious repose, which Nature bestows so lavishly upon those who court her smiles amid the green and peaceful hills. Beautiful scene! — even from my lonely attic, I can look away through the starless midnight, as through a magic vista, and feast with eye unobscured on all thy visioned charms. Fancy annihilates both gloom and distance, and through her gay prism thou smilest upon me then with the same tinted beauty which wooed and won my boyish idolatry. But hush thee, dull Prose, and list a murmur of the 'scallop shell:'

THE LOAFER'S APOSTROPHE.

How fain from scenes of proud display,
Of hollow pomp and heartless glee,
My truant thoughts oft steal away,
Sweet lake, to thee!

There 'neath the tall Æölian pine,
Whose tapering shadow spans thy breast,
On tufted moss I soft recline,
In dreamy rest:

Such sweet repose as boyhood's hour
Oft courted in that fairy spot,
Or ere the dreams of wealth or power
O'ercast my lot.

Blest hours! and blest be Fancy's power
That steals me from the walks of men,
And seats me in that whispering bower,
A boy again!

Where in each wilding flower and tree,
Each bird, and brook, and crag above,
Some sweet familiar form I see
Of early love.

No charm of all so richly given,
Hath blight assailed or years estranged;
Thou art the same blest type of heaven —
Calm, bright, unchanged.

Still lingers long the cloud that strays,
Enamored, o'er a scene so fair,
As if it could not choose but gaze
Forever there.

Still brighter seems the summer's bow,
The autumn woods, the evening skies,
When, mirrored in thy heaven below,
They charm mine eyes.

Still near the base of yon slant cliff,
Whose bald scalp tops the towering pine,
The old blind angler moors his skiff,
And casts his line.

Around, in many an airy ring,
The social swallow twittering steals;
While far above on poisèd wing
The heron wheels.

And as his circling shadow glides
Athwart the sheen that wraps thy rest,
The startled wild duck plunging—hides,
Deep in thy breast.

Sweet lake!—so tranquil, pure, and bright,
So like the Eden of the blest,
Still image to my earth-dimmed sight
That home of rest.

And when my last of breathing hours
Has sunk in time's o'erwhelming deep,
Beneath thy soft green marge of flowers,
Be 't mine to sleep;

In that calm trance of contrite trust,
That, when the thrall of death is o'er,
Heaven shall remould this erring dust,
To sin no more.

As the loafer pronounced the last stanza, he leaned quietly back against the tall sycamore that curtained the green turf upon which he was reclining, and gazed musingly on the sunny bay outspread before him, as if in its beautiful presence he beheld the image of that lovely lake so fraught with the hoarded memories of boyhood. His dress, though marked with the wear and tear of years, was tidy and decent; and, attracted by the pleasant cadences of his poetical reverie, I edged nearer to him along the form upon which I chanced to be sitting during his dreamy improvisation. Altogether, there was an air of venerableness about the wrapt visionary, blended with an expression of habitual benevolence, which seemed calculated to win the notice of even a casual observer. He was, apparently, of that desolate few who have approached the lonely bourne of life's 'three score' years; yet their many ills had not been chronicled in gloom upon his lofty brow. There was nothing of the querulous acerbity of hoary misfortune in his quiet aspect; all there was sunshine, albeit the sunshine of declining day, chastened and mellowed by the melancholy loveliness of approaching eve. He had outlived the chances and changes of more than two generations; yet, like the hardy pine of his native hills, the storms of many winters had not stripped him of his evergreen vigor. His thin locks were indeed gray, but not from the potent and bitter alchemy of grief. His brow was indeed wrinkled, but time, not care, had thus furrowed that tablet of the soul. His clear blue eye, however, shone out undimmed and bright, amidst the crow-feet etchings of time, which seemed to have been formed less by the touch of years, than by the wreathings of habitual smiles. His faded cheek and well-turned mouth still retained traces of the rounded chiselling and warmer coloring of perfect manhood; nor had the grasshopper as yet become a burden, for his form was erect and elastic; and the firm and sonorous voice with which he modulated the simple stanzas above, proved that with him 'the daughters of music had not yet been brought low.' In fact, time seemed to have forgotten him for the last twenty years, so numerous were the visible tokens of his green old age; or, if indeed the arch destroyer had remembered him, it was with that rare partiality which occasionally permits his favored minion to bear on, undespoiled, the graces and

energies of fifty, even beyond the verge of 'lean and slippered' senility. With the sinews and buoyancy of incipient manhood, (I 'm not yet a bachelor, fair lady,) I might perhaps have distanced him in a long race, or outwinded him in a Scotch reel; but I would not have stood foot to foot with him, with right arms crossed, for the guerdon of a golden gauntlet. I have too keen a regard for the unrainbowed integrity of my optics, ever wantonly to incur the fate of Dares pitted against the indurated brawn of unseared eld.

Such was the singular personage before me; and emboldened by his quiet, cheerful countenance, I moved still nearer to him, with the desire of making his acquaintance. My immediate proximity recalled his attention, and as his eye was turned to mine, it seemed to inquire with the kindliest expression, if it were in his power to do me the slightest favor.

'Pardon my incivility,' said I, not a little embarrassed, 'for presuming to intrude on one who seems to find such agreeable companionship in his own pleasant musings.'

'I should rather thank you for the courtesy,' he replied, with a melancholy smile, 'since I am not of that favored few whose blameless lives would excuse them for preferring their own self-communion even to the society of friends. The generality of men know themselves too intimately, to court such soliloquies at all seasons, particularly when the charm of the present invites to a forgetfulness of the past.'

My best bow acknowledged the gracefulness of the compliment, and he proceeded.

'I cannot say with Law, that I 'know something worse of myself than of others,' but at the same time I must plead guilty to many errors and many foibles, the remembrance of which is not so agreeable as the converse of the companionable.'

'Yet is that remembrance not devoid of benefit,' I observed, 'if pondered with a right spirit.'

'By no means,' he continued; 'but it must not always be pondered. The Egyptian's monitory skeleton was placed only at his occasional banquet, not at his every meal. The past cannot be amended, but the passing hour may be improved. Still it is well, nay a duty, that the mind should often retire into its inner sphere, and survey the changes it must witness there. Over the desolation which shall there surround it — over the ruins of baseless hopes — over the wrecks of noble resolutions — over the broken images of truth and innocence — over the shattered idols of affection — over the priceless and untold sands of misspent hours — yea, over the oft trampled and unextinguishable beacons of divine conscience — it cannot choose but weep; but its tears shall be balmy and remedial — the earnest, perchance, of early and lasting reform. And when the melancholy task is ended, the spiritual troglodyte must go forth again to the outward world, to expatiate in its sunshine — to wrestle with its storms. Thus shall its powers be unfolded and invigorated, amid the changes of its own proper sphere. Temptation shall test its prudence, suffering its forbearance, and the harsh discipline of wrong, the meek wisdom of forgiveness. The sublimest virtues are not exhibited amid the dreary cloister or lonely hermitage; but in the great theatre of busy life,

where mighty and multitudinous passions have free scope to mingle in fiery collision. It is there that the soul is best developed and inured to the rugged and bleak scenes to which its probation is allotted. But pardon my idle garrulity: age, methinks, would play the oracle, even though Apollo graced the tripod.'

'Though you moralized less wisely,' I remarked, 'it were becoming that my younger experience should listen to the teachings of riper years. But by the favor of your courtesy, I would fain ask if you do not, at times, become weary of that same busy world, and long to steal away forever from its boisterous and dusty haunts, to some green, quiet, untrampled scene, like the Eden of that sweet lake, for instance, which you so feelingly apostrophized just now?'

'Time was,' he replied calmly, 'when I used to indulge such anticipations. It was in other days, when in the most thronged of yonder noisy thoroughfares, I was actively engaged in the pursuit of wealth. Then, as I watered the sickly plants which pined in my gloomy windows for the fresh dews and balmy air of their native fields — as I thridded the sultry and obscure streets, or looked forth from my narrow counting-room upon the cumbrous walls which lie, like a dark incubus, on the smothered verdure of this once leafy isle — walls whose dusty and smoke-stained summits shut out the free breeze and blessed light of heaven — then, I say, fond was the hope that, after I had borne the burden and heat of busy manhood in the service of worldly care, fortune would transport me and mine, to enjoy the evening of life's feverish day amid the peaceful scenes of my own native valleys. The feeling is natural, and if to indulge it be a weakness, few men, I believe, are exempt from at least one foible. Years passed on, till at last my wealth took wings, and left me but a bare competence. One after another of my household nestlings was snatched from my embrace, till at last the grave closed over my dearer self, and I stood alone, a bowed and bruised reed, amid the sullen waters of affliction. It was then that

> 'I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft
> In life's morning march, when my bosom was young;'

but my wounded heart found not there the healing balm for which it yearned. The elm-shaded cottage of my fathers still looked out upon the bloomy lawn, but where were the home-faces which once watched and welcomed my coming? The swallow still twittered from its roof, and the oriole sang blithely from the bough which rustled against its casement; but where were the familiar voices within? Where the fireside melody of kindred hearts, ever vocal with sympathy and love? Alas! hushed was the harp of home, and the silence of the grave had settled forever upon its broken chords. I turned away to the groves whose shadowy and green recesses were so dear to my boyhood, but the axe of the speculator had prostrated their leafy magnificence, and I listened in vain for the light step of the squirrel, and the merry warblings of the woodland choir. I turned to the streams whose pleasant banks in my schoolboy days had been the scene of so many truant steps, when, in summer, their bright waters lured me to their cool embrace, or when, in winter,

> I bound the smooth skate to my buoyant heel,
> And whirled and gambolled on the giddy steel,

while the ribbed ice rung cheerily beneath the dash of my merry mates, and the mountains echoed and rëechoed our boisterous glee; but the hand of the utilitarian had not been idle upon their borders, and the music of those sweet waters was lost in the clack of the noisy shuttle, and the clang of the smoky forge. I looked around for those companions of my careless hours, but they had been scattered to the winds, and their places were filled by a younger brotherhood, who knew me but by name. With these I had no common associations — no partnership of life's morning memories; and while my presence excited their curiosity, and the rumor of my misfortunes their sympathies, the aching void in my lonely heart lost none of its bitter poignancy. A change, indeed, had passed over all the scenes of my childhood, peopling the old familiar haunts with strange forms and features which bore no semblance to the shrined archetypes of memory, and leaving the returned pilgrim to wander, like one lost, even in the home-paths around his father's cottage. In the revulsion of my feelings, the aspect of that placid lake seemed less bright and less lovely than in earlier years, though the rude hand of improvement had not yet profaned its sylvan beauty; and after a few rambles upon its peaceful borders, I turned to the city again, as to a retirement less fraught with regret, and far more profound, than my native wilds could promise or bestow. Talk as we may of the country's seclusion, there is no solitude so deep, as the solitude of a great city — no hermitage so inviolate, as that of a retired attic in some obscure street. No where else does the sense of loneliness strike so forcibly to the heart, as in the noisy thoroughfares of a mighty metropolis, amidst whose motley multitudes one hears no familiar voice, feels no pressure of a friendly hand, and gazes on no face but the face of a stranger. The intensity of this feeling is rarely, if ever, experienced by him whose home is in the country, for there the spirit of nature is around and above him, and the demonstration of her living presence is written on all outward things as with the beams of the noon-day sun. It smiles on him with the gentle witchery of untold flowers which haunt the wild with sweetness and with beauty; it whispers to him in the rustling of fragrant leaves, and in the breathing of summer winds; it murmurs to him in the liquid cadences of tuneful streams, and the hum of happy insects which sport above their waters; it sings to him with the winged lyres whose varied minstrelsy fills the woodlands with gladness and sweet echoes; it speaks to him in the blast which strips the forest of its green garniture, and in the voice of the mountain cataract, whose solemn harp sounds on untired, when day has sunk to rest, and nought but night and her vestal stars are listening to its deep-toned anthem.'

'And is not this soothing communion with nature,' I inquired, 'sweeter to the soul, and more to be desired, than the deepest seclusion which the city's wilderness of men can offer?'

'Doubtless it would be,' replied the philosopher, 'but for the annoyance of curiosity. In the country, where the population is scarcely fifty to the square mile, each is known to all; and in the leisure which waits upon their lingering occupations, each finds opportunity to scan the prospects, habits, and even domestic arrangements of his neighbors. As the postman brings no daily budget of wonderments

to their retired dwellings, their curiosity, like Crusoe's, is left to seek for whatever of gratification its own little island may chance to afford; and as strange incidents must necessarily be scarce in such a sphere, their value is proportionally enhanced and benevolently reciprocated by the whole community. There is no monopoly of the marvellous there, but all are partakers of its grateful bounty. The lovers who plighted their troth at midnight in the hush of the moonlit grove, may think themselves peculiarly fortunate, if they are not waked in the morning by the rumor of their approaching nuptials. A whisper in secret places takes the 'rising inflexion,' and presently is heard reverberating on all sides like the report of a culverin. If a stranger appear upon the hills, the dwellers of the valley go up to the house-tops to take an observation of his bearing; if in the valley, the mountaineers lean over the ledges, to see what new-comer has entered the lowlands. The man in the iron mask, yea, he of 'the claret-colored coat,' could not have maintained their incognito a single week, in the searching focus of rural curiosity. There is no 'great unknown' in the country.

'But in the city, the selfish, man-made city, it is all the reverse. Here every individual feels himself just clever enough to manage his own concerns, and just benevolent enough to leave his neighbors the enjoyment of the same privilege. His appetite for news is never doomed to the horrors of a country lent, for thousands are catering marvels in his behalf, and at every turn the gazette and the bulletin, the penny-post and the placard, invite him to the full-furnished banquet. The only wonder is, that he does not become surfeited with the never-ending repast, and that purblind philosophers should have left it to my modest sagacity to give the first true definition of man; namely, a sempiternal devourer of prodigies. Now as these vital commodities are amply provided in the metropolis, the citizen may concentrate his whole mind on other wares and cares which swell the invoice of his bustling life. And thus absorbed in the microcosm of self, what wonder if the mighty and multitudinous world around him heaves to and fro the while as uncared for as the man in the moon? Perchance not one in thousands could upbraid him for his unfeeling abstraction, without a ready replication from the divinity within. Each has his gloomy familiar in the demon of care, invisible yet ever present, engrossing his every thought, and paralyzing all the sympathies which tend to associate his being in kindly reciprocation with the kindred hearts around him. With introverted eye, he passes on amid the crowds that pass him with equal inobservance, each forgetting each, or remembering but to illustrate the truth of that old maxim, which teaches that 'there is no friendship in trade' — no cordial sociality in the greetings of the market-place.

'Now it is not this amiable exhibition of humanity that leads me to prefer a residence in town to one in the country; but the opportunity afforded me by the self-concentration of the busy multitude, to loiter along the pilgrimage of life, unannoyed by curiosity, unknown and unobserved — the hermit of a crowd. The country, with all its groves and grottoes, affords no solitude like this. No foot but my own ever crosses the threshhold of my lonely attic, except on the eve of the new-moon, or when I chance upon some forlorn creature,

whose wretchedness of destitution my humble hospitality can for a while alleviate. My immediate neighbors, including my landlord of fifteen years, know me but by externals, and take no note of my loiterings; and I much doubt if Hays himself could syllable my name, or point the way to my hermitage. I have no occasion for the 'magic robe' of Prospero; for the deep guise of poverty renders me invisible at noon-day, even to those who once lived on my bounty; and I pass on through the crowd unquestioned and unnoticed, yet scanning with thoughtful curiousness its living phases. No one stops me to inquire whence I came, or whither I go. No one knows, or cares to know, the quality of my bread and butter, or whether I eat my egg from a tumbler, or have a penchant for a silver fork. No one points me out to his wondering neighbor as an ungrateful anathematizer of the blessings of a bountiful Providence, or an epicurian abuser of those same multifold blessings.

'Therefore commend me to a city life, for as solitude consists not so much in loneliness as in being let alone, it is here that loaferism, which is but another name for the philosophy of enjoyment, finds its amplest charter, its calmest, sunniest, and most congenial home. Yet, think not I despise the dwellers of the country, or am ignorant of their many excellencies. Though I like not their reciprocal inquisitiveness, and the consequent mutuality of knowledge which is too prone to gossip of the fire-side concernments of every household, I do like their simplicity of manners, their keen moral sense, their expansive community of sympathy, their cordial interest in each other's welfare, and the visible assurance of peacefulness, innocence, and content, which beams from the general aspect of rural society. Yet is there no hermitage within that quiet Eden for him who would commune with meditation alone. But in the city, every dwelling is a cloister, and its inmates, to all but a favored few, are as a different caste of anchorets, as inaccessible and uncompanionable to all others, as the Brahman to the Pariah. Here he may be a recluse indeed — as forgotten of the world around him, as if it had bathed in the waters of Lethe, or fed on the fabled mandragora whose taste was oblivion.

'Did you observe,' inquired the eremite, after a momentary pause, 'that gentlemanly person who just passed up the avenue?'

'I did,' said I, and I noticed that he kept his eyes averted the while, as if he did not care to look on the face of strangers.'

'Stranger!' repeated the old man, with a brief, sad smile, 'it is even so. Yet that same genteel stranger in my sunnier days, I took from the alms-house an outcast and anonymous foundling, gave him a home and a name, clothed, educated, and at last established him in honorable business, and every thing has flourished with him, as you see, except the grateful memory of a stranger's kindness: that has faded inversely with the bloom of his prosperity, till at length it has vanished in such utter forgetfulness of his benefactor, that to recognise me now, would seem marvellously like a miracle. And after all, had I the mnemonic power of an upbraiding conscience, I would not seek to rëestablish myself in his memory. My wounded pride indeed prompts me at times to disquiet the obliviousness of those who have had cause to remember my friendship; but I soon soothe

the importunate passion with the assurance, that their recognition would but disturb the calm enjoyment of that solitude which is dearer to my heart than the favor of princes. Surely, I ought not to blame those whose slumbering memories serve only to enhance the happiness of my closer seclusion. *Experti sumus ego ac amici;* and since indigence and affluence are rarely boon companions, let us hope we may meet rarely, and part speedily, or, in the language of Shakspeare, I do desire we may be better strangers.'

'And can it be,' said I, 'that you thus stand aloof from *all* with whom you once associated in friendly intimacy?'

'It is not I that stand aloof from my former companions, but rather they from me. There are, however, among the many thousands of this metropolis, three of my early mates whose companionship I still cherish as the sweetest solace of my darkling age. We were all once classmates at the university; in after years all equally affluent; and still later in life, all reduced by a kindred misfortune to that fellowship of indigence so conducive to the best development of friendship. The wreck of our former affluence left us still the means of a humble competence, and having none left to toil for, each bade adieu to the excitements of ambition, and retired to the quiet seclusion of an attic. Naturally drawn together by mutual sympathies and associations, we soon after united ourselves in a sort of club, which meets on every new moon at some one of our quaternian cloisters. On these occasions, each throws aside at the threshhold the pack of cares which the last month may have accumulated on his shoulders, and brings in for the evening's entertainment only the flowers and fruits it has been his fortune to gather during the last stage of his pilgrimage. And while the song is sung, the tale told, or the essay read; while the aroma of Cuba mingles its sweet effluence with the rosy breath of Madeira; we who there luxuriate, if not venerably wise, are at least innocently merry; and when the hour of retiring comes, the shadow of a guilty conscience never darkens the path to our peaceful dwellings. The world calls us loafers, and not dissatisfied with the appellation, we have styled our fraternity the 'Loafers' Club.'

'Would that a youthful stranger,' said I, inquiringly, 'might be admitted to your feasts of reason and flow of soul.'

'This may not be,' was the expected reply: 'our magic circle is impassable to all but that grim Phantom, whose advent none can bar. Since, however, your frequent loiterings of a summer afternoon in this our chosen paradise, prove you not devoid of the leaven of loaferism, we may grant you this questionable favor, to examine at leisure the record of our motley communings. It is a kind of literary blotter, where I have jotted down the minutes of our 'sayings and doings' — tales, essays, translations, glimpses of biography and topography, dramatic adumbrations, excerpts from our college portfolios, songs, sonnets, and other symptoms of prose run mad — interspersed with criticisms, and garnished with quotations. The perusal of this odd medley is not interdicted to so promising a brother Easy as yourself. So come to my sky-parlor in —— street, whenever your curiosity prompts you to enter upon the unpromising task.'

'Thanks to your generous confidence, I will do so this very even-

ing,' I gratefully replied, 'and with the hope moreover, that you will permit me to make an occasional extract for the public eye.'

'Be that as you will,' smiled the quiet dreamer, evidently pleased with the suggestion; and after a warm pressure of the hand, I left him to the wrapt enjoyment of those auroral visions of fame, those bright, brief meteors of the mind, which play so illusorily with the ready credulity of untried authorship. Alas, human vanity! in what one bosom of all earth's many millions, hast thou not an altar and a home!

New-York, August, 1836.

AN AUTUMN LAY.

In life's proud dreams I have no part,
No share in its resounding glee —
The musings of my lonely heart
Are in the grave with thee. OTWAY CURRY.

Away! — away, from book and pen!
I cannot coin my brain to-day;
I cannot be the slave of men;
I cannot be their —— What care they!
The mind this mortal frame may wear
With constant effort — Thought may plough
Its furrows in the ample brow,
And dim the eye, and bleach the hair —
The heart that dares but to aspire,
May burn as with a quenchless fire —
The body lose its manly prime —
The limbs grow feeble ere their time,
And Age come long before we're old:
We may be great, and wise, and good —
In times of peril, may have stood
And struggled with the strong and bold —
At Virtue's shrine we may bow down,
And seek in Virtue's paths renown —
Thought ever on the wing may be,
Careering wide eternally —
Yet, *if we heap and hoard not gold*,
The high — the lordlings of the earth —
Regard us as of little worth,
And marvel why we had our birth:
To them, the measure of mankind
Is wealth of purse, not wealth of mind.

Away! — from book and pen away!
I cannot be their slave to-day:
What glory robes the plumed hills
That rise above our noble river!
What music gushes from the rills
That tinkle down their sides forever!
Away! — I should be with them now,
To calm my breast, and cool my brow.
I sicken, when I think of men —
Of what they are, and what should be —
And dare not trust my feeble ken
One moment on futurity:
The Past has had so much of strife,
The present hath so much of gloom:

'Tis but the mockery of life!
Where ends it? — only in the tomb.

The tomb! dear mother, unto thine
How oft my wandering feet incline!
And pausing by the fresh-heap'd earth,
Unconscious of surrounding mirth,
The many lessons thou hast given
Throng up, like whispered words from Heaven;
And better feelings come again,
Dispelling thoughts of wrong and pain.
Mother — dear mother — me forgive,
If ever in my wandering mind
Thy last, best lesson do not live —
'Love as thy brethren all mankind!'
Oh! many a weary year may come,
Ere I with thee shall have my home;
And many a tempter throng my way,
To lead my guideless steps astray;
And many a time my breast may feel,
Neglect hath sharper edge than steel:
Oh! then how greatly I shall miss
Thy guiding hand, and healing kiss!

Mother — dear mother — from my heart,
Oh may thy lessons ne'er depart!
I feel that I shall need them long,
While threading life's bewildering path,
And jostling with its motley throng:
The heartless sneer and frequent wrong
Soon make the feeble spirit strong,
And torture, till it turns in wrath;
And vengeance now is cheaply got:
But if mine e'er its strength essays,
Oh, let thy 'voice of other days'
Command it, *not!* command it, *not!*
A faint voice whispers me that, now
A disembodied spirit, thou
Art with me in these silent shades,
Threading with me their lone arcades.

Mother — dear mother — it may be!
I feel a presence, as of thee —
A tone of mind, till now unknown —
A wrapt but soothing tone of mind:
And in the sad, low autumn wind,
Which lulls me with its fitful moan,
A long-familiar voice I hear —
A voice, heard last when many a tear
Beside thy bed of death was streaming,
And thou, already blest, wert dreaming
And muttering of that home of bliss,
Whose glory even now was beaming,
To light thy way from this.
Mother, that spirit-voice is thine,
More soft and heavenly grown;
Joy! joy! — though wildering paths be mine,
I tread them not alone:
I feel that thou wilt ever be
A guardian angel unto me!

Cincinnati, October, 1836. W. D. G.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE MAGNOLIA FOR 1837. Edited by HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT. pp. 352. New-York: BANCROFT AND HOLLEY.

WE have already spoken in terms of deserved praise of this last and yet *first* of the American annuals for 1837. As our encomiums, however, were expressed in general terms, we may be pardoned for offering a few running comments upon the merits of the volume, both in a pictorial and literary point of view. There are eleven plates, from the hands of native painters and engravers of acknowledged skill; and they present an aggregate of excellence not before reached in this country. We proceed to glance briefly at a few of them. 'Esperanza,' the first picture, is not misplaced. It is a face of a serene and heavenly beauty, from the pencil and graver of CUMMINGS and CHENEY. Its execution could not be improved; but to our eye there is manifested a sin against taste in the extra profusion of side-curls. The vignette, designed and engraved by CASILEAR, is neat, well drawn, and tasteful. 'The Rover's Triumph,' painted by CHAPMAN, and engraved by OSBORNE, has but one fault — it is too light, or indistinct. 'Castella,' a portrait, engraved by PARKER, is from a painting by INMAN. It needs no farther laud. Exquisitely soft, and admirable in all respects, is 'Sunset on the Hudson' — heretofore noticed in these pages — painted by WEIR, and engraved by ROLPH. This last-named artist is winning for himself deserved repute. 'Storm Coming On,' is a vivid picture of the scene indicated by the title, and exhibits the artist (H. INMAN) in a very favorable light, as a landscape painter. It is a near and palpable communion with nature. To the 'Wrath of Peter Stuyvesant,' by DURAND, we have before referred. The burly trumpeter is to the life; and in the two remaining portraits, the artist has been true to the expression as well as the want of it. Mr. CASILEAR has done good justice to the engraving. 'The Freshet,' by CHAPMAN, is worthy his reputation. It is well conceived and well executed; nor has the engraver, Mr. HINSHELWOOD, failed in his portion of the performance. 'The Lake of the Dismal Swamp,' by CHAPMAN, required just such an engraver as Mr. SMILLIE to transfer its beauties to the steel. Of all the productions of both artists, we do not remember any thing more highly creditable to either.

The literary contents of the 'Magnolia' are of a superior character. 'Three Days from the Life of Cavendish the Rover' is marked by those graphic touches and stirring incident, which distinguish nearly all the productions of the writer's pen. His language is always nervous and well chosen, and his conception of dramatic effect correct and forcible. But for the intimate connexion between the several parts of the extended narrative, we should be tempted to justify our opinions by liberal extracts. 'A Winter's Tale' is the title of a story by GRENVILLE MELLEN, wherein is woven much of exciting and romantic adventure, together with the reflections of a poetical and sensitive mind, unweaned from that childhood of the soul which is the true elixir vitæ. 'An Unsolved Riddle,' by Miss SEDGWICK, who touches nothing that she does not ornament, will remind the reader of IRVING's 'Stout Gentleman,' though written in a somewhat different vein. 'Maria Jeanne,' by THEODORE S. FAY, is a charming sketch, the incidents of which we remember to have seen in the original French. It

is replete with startling scenes and strong contrasts. 'Conrade Weickhoff,' by Simms, is a tale of *diablerie*, after the German models. It is constructed with ingenuity, and has neither lack of power nor want of invention. It is altogether a very felicitous coinage of the fancy. There is not a more interesting tale, nor one better calculated to awaken and fix the attention of the reader, in the volume, than 'Daniel Prime,' by the author of 'Redwood.' An extract is annexed. It follows a point in the story wherein is affectingly described the banishing of a daughter by a stern, inexorable father, because she had married contrary to his wishes:

"We pass over the rage of the wronged father. We have no space to record his reiterated vows — too faithfully kept — that he would never again speak to his child, and that never a penny of his should pass into Daniel Prime's hands. He made a will at once, and published it, formally disinheriting his daughter, and devising his property to various public institutions. Dorset tried to appear as cheerful as was his wont, for he was a proud man, and loth, even tacitly, to confess his dependence on any human being; but nature was too strong for him, and when he was alone, walking over those fine, fruitful fields whose tansmission to his posterity he had so often contemplated as a sort of self-perpetuation, his disappointment would break forth in audible groans. And when he returned to his home, and missed his gentle, patient child, who had always anticipated his wants, and endured his impatience without a murmur, his parental tenderness would find its way in tears. But after the first ebullition of passion, never a word of complaint or regret escaped him. He went on, as if nothing had happened, enriching his farm, and dispensing liberally from storehouses always full.

"In the mean time, Submit, born to be a thrall to whatever power might be over her, faithfully kept her vow of allegiance to her new lord, though her heart in secret pined for the ease, abundance, and cheerfulness of her old home. Her father's temper was gusty, but the storms were short, and succeeded by sunshine and a healthy atmosphere. Her husband's disposition was of the brooding, forecasting sort, that hangs like a leaden sky and pestilential fog over the domestic scene. He was not severe or unkind to her; as the means of attaining the great end of his life, she was inestimable to him. But he was anxious and restless till that was secured. He never, for a moment, believed that her fitful, impulsive father would persevere in his disinheritance of his only child; but there is no passion keener than avarice, and he was continually forcing her on active measures to recover her father's favor. This embittered her life. She could endure and suffer to the end of the chapter; there was no limit to her passive virtue: but to execute what her husband planned — confront her storming father — to attempt to subdue his resentment, was an enterprise for Submit equal to that of a nervous person, who should attempt to pass under the sheet of water at Niagara.

"In obedience to her husband, she repeatedly wrote to her father. The letters were returned unopened. She even, like a trembling victim, went to his house again and again. The good-natured servants — they were slaves, for our story dates before the revolution — gathered about her with their honest, hearty welcomes; but her father passed by her without one glance of recognition, and if she ventured, in a half stifled voice, to address him, he gave no sign of hearing her. Thus matters went on for three years. Aunt Marah, whose whole life was devoted to that most teasing domestic alchymy, by which one man's shilling can be made to go as far as another man's dollar, was a continual thorn in Submit's side.

"At the end of three years, the light broke in upon her dreary existence. She had a child — that best of heaven's blessings — that ray of celestial light which penetrates the intensest darkness that can encompass a mother's soul. A child! who could be miserable with such a treasure! — a gift that enriches every other possession — that is riches to poverty; meat and drink to the hungry and thirsty; rest to the wearied; health to the sick; an immeasurable present joy, and an infinite promise!

"Our poor mother's soul was kindled with new life; her home was no longer a waste and desolate place. She turned her eye from the dark spirit brooding in her husband's face, and felt the smiles of her child warming her heart. She listened to the first, sweet sounds from its lips, and was deaf to aunt Marah's eternal stories.

"'You say your father likes babies,' said her husband. 'Sybil begins to take notice — the child had been warily named Sybil Dorset, after its maternal grand-parents — dress her up in her best, and take her to your father's; don't be scared away by the first frown — stay a while — he 'll come to at last — an old dog don't turn for the first whistle.'

"Submit obeyed with alacrity, because with hope. She believed her child irresistible, and longed to see it in her father's arms. The little girl had arrived at the prettiest stage of infancy; she was fat and fair, and bright, and dressed in her prettiest. No wonder her mother walked with a light step up the narrow lane that led to the only place her heart called home. She was humbly making her way toward the kitchen door, when the old house dog sprang upon and licked the baby's hands. Dorset stood, unseen, at a window, stealthily watching the approach. The baby, instead of crying, clapped her little hands in reply to the dog's caress. An exclamation of pleasure

escaped from Dorset. Submit, unconscious of the auspicious omen, proceeded. The door was opened by Juno, an old negro matron. She summoned her daughters, Minerva and Venus; and the three goddesses exhausted on the child every epithet of endearment and admiration in their vocabulary. The doors communicating with the dwelling room were open, and there was the grandfather, all ear.

"'My!' cried Juno, 'what pretty black eyes; for all the world like master's.'

"'That's well!' thought Dorset; 'no black eyes among the Primes — gray, squint, or wall-eyed, every d — l of them.'

"'Dear! what a cunning little cherry mouth!' said Venus.

"'Dan Prime's mouth is like a wolf's!' murmured Dorset.

"'This beats the Dutch — master's peaked ear!' exclaimed Minerva; 'and on the left side, too.'

"'I saw, when I first looked at her, she favored father,' said Submit, tremulously; 'I suppose it was thinking of him so much?'

Dorset longed to take mother and child to his heart; but the remembrance of his rash vow checked the impulse. A project by which he might, in part, evade its consequences dawned upon him. He went into the kitchen. Juno — experience made her the boldest — Juno held the baby up to him — 'Is n't she a beauty, master?'

"'Put out your hands, *Sybil Dorset*,' said the trembling mother. The little girl, instinctively eloquent in her own cause, stretched out her hands, smiled, and jumped toward her grandfather. He caught her in his arms, looked steadily in her face for a moment, exclaimed, 'all Dorset, by Jupiter!' and then giving her to the servant, and his eyes blinded with tears, he made his way back to his apartment, slamming the doors after him, as a sort of expression or echo to his feelings. Poor Submit, after lingering in hope till the day closed, was obliged to return to her disappointed, sullen husband.

"Two years and a half after this first meeting, as Dorset was returning home, he saw a little girl tottling along the road-side, picking dandelions. His old dog Cesar sprang upon her, and threw her down. She patted him, calling him 'naughty Cesar.' They were familiar friends. 'It is she!' thought Dorset, and he quickened his steps, and gave her his hand, to help her up. She grasped his, and retained it. The pressure of a child's soft, chubby hand, is an electric touch to the heart.

"'A'n't you my danfather?' said Sybil.

"'Yes.'

"'Then do you come and live with us. Mother tells me every day I must love you, and how can I love you if I do n't see you?'

"'I can't go to live with you, child — but would you like to come and live with me?'

"'With you and Cesar! — yes — if mother will come too.'

"'And your father?'

"The child started at his changed tone of voice. 'No, no — not father — let father and aunt Marah stay at home.'

"Dorset conducted the little runaway to her own premises, went home, passed a sleepless night, and the next morning sent the following note to Prime's:

"'To Daniel Prime and Wife:

"'If you will send me your child, Sybil Dorset, and sign a quit-claim to her, and you, Daniel Prime, promise, under oath, never intentionally to see, and never to speak with her, during my life, I, in return, will take her as my own child; and will endeavor so to bring her up that, when come to woman's estate, she 'll not quit me for any rascal on earth. Signed, John Dorset.'

"This proposition was rather more than Prime could at once submit to; but, after a little reflection on the precariousness of Dorset's life — how very uncertain other men's lives seem! — his cupidity prevailed over his pride and every manly sentiment, as well as over his affections. 'We must look out for the future,' said aunt Marah; and many a case did she recount of breaches healed by the intervention of grand-children. So little Sybil was to be sent to serve the purpose of patent cement, and make the broken parts adhere more firmly than ever.

"The weakest, most timid animal will turn to defend her young; and Submit, for the first time in her life, when she heard her husband's decision, resisted. To give up Sybil, was to resign all that made existence tolerable to her.

"'I *cannot* consent to this,' she said, with unprecedented vehemence. 'All the land on the round earth would not tempt me; no, not all my father's money, ten thousand times told.'

"'You talk like a fool, wife.'

"'Oh, Daniel Prime, I think there is no folly like that of craving for more and more; you are always toiling, and selling, and gaining, and it all does no good to any one, and least of all to you. Are you happy?'

"'No: I am not; but I have been disappointed, balked. I shall be happy,' he stretched his hand toward Dorset's, 'when I get that farm."

"'No, Prime; there is neither good nor happiness to those that forget the laws of God; and you are breaking his tenth commandment — but,' she added, raising her voice, — 'you will never get it. I cannot part with Sybil. I was taught never to give away the least trifle given to me, and can I *give* away God's gift? No, never.'

"Prime would at once have enforced obedience, but he feared that his wife, driven to extremity, might fly to her father, and remonstrate; he therefore, let her exhaust her courage, and then urged compliance as a duty to her father. At this point she was vulnerable. From her child's birth, and the simultaneous burst of parental feeling in her own breast, she had — a very common case — experienced a new sense of filial duty, had lamented her infidelity to her father, and ventured to express her remorse in Prime's presence. She had now, her husband urged, an opportunity to atone for her fault, and this foregone, would be lost forever. Her father was old; more children she might have, never another father. And when she ceased to answer, but still wept, he suggested that her father's terms might be softened; he might consent to her seeing the child; and finally, and more than all, Sybil must prove a successful mediator between them.

"Submit at last yielded, so far as to write to her father. The letter was modified by her husband, blotted with her tears, and sent. The following reply was immediately returned:

"'The mother and child may meet as often as is reasonable; but Daniel Prime must be to Sybil as though he were not. Let no more be written or said about it. Send her — on these conditions, mind ye! — to-morrow.'

"Sybil was sent, and her mother left to solitude and pining. She saw her child often. She found her always affectionate and kind, but there was little sympathy between them. Sybil was a healthy, bright, stout-hearted girl, living and laughing in sunshine, and unable to sympathize with her weak, drooping mother, who had no pleasure in life but her meetings with her child, and those embittered by Dorset's unrelaxing adherence to his vow."

The denouément involves details of even more stirring interest, and the whole is managed with fine dramatic effect.

'The Creole Village,' by Washington Irving, is so characteristic and admirable, that we cannot resist the temptation to transfer it entire:

THE CREOLE VILLAGE.

A SKETCH FROM A STEAM-BOAT.

"In travelling about our motley country, I am often reminded of Ariosto's account of the moon, in which the good paladin Astolpho found every thing garnered up, that had been lost on earth. So I am apt to imagine, that many things lost in the old world, are treasured up and perpetuated in the new; having been continued from generation to generation, since the early days of the colonies. A European antiquary, therefore, curious in his researches after the ancient and almost obliterated customs and usages of his country, would do well to put himself upon the track of some early band of emigrants, follow them across the Atlantic, and rummage among their descendants on our shores.

"In the phraseology of New-England might be found many an old English provincial phrase, long since obsolete in the parent country; while Virginia cherishes peculiarities characteristic of the days of Elizabeth and Sir Walter Raleigh.

"In the same way, the sturdy yeomanry of New-Jersey and Pennsylvania keep up many usages fading away in ancient Germany; while many an honest, broad-bottomed custom, nearly extinct in venerable Holland, may be found flourishing in pristine vigor and luxuriance in some of the orthodox Dutch villages, still lingering on the banks of the Mohawk and the Hudson.

"In no part of our country, however, are the customs and peculiarities, imported from the old world by the earlier settlers, kept up with more fidelity than in the little, poverty-stricken villages of Spanish and French origin, that border the rivers of ancient Louisiana. Their population is generally made up of the descendants of those nations, married and interwoven together, and occasionally crossed with a slight dash of the Indian. The French character, however, floats on top, as, from its buoyant qualities it is sure to do, whenever it forms a particle, however small, of an intermixture.

"In these serene and dilapidated villages, art and nature seem to stand still, and the world forgets to turn round. The revolutions that distract other parts of this mutable planet, reach not here, or pass over without leaving any trace. The inhabitants are deficient in that public spirit which extends its cares beyond its horizon, and imparts trouble and perplexity from all quarters in newspapers. In fact, newspapers are almost unknown in these villages, and as French is the current language, the inhabitants have little community of opinion with their republican neighbors. They retain, therefore, their old habits of passive obedience to the decrees of government, as though they still lived under the absolute sway of colonial commandments, instead of being part and parcel of the sovereign people, and having a voice in the legislation.

"A few aged men, who have grown gray on their hereditary acres, and are of the good old colonial stock, exert a kind of patriarchal sway in all matters of public and private import; their opinions are considered oracular, and their word is law.

"The inhabitants, moreover, have none of that eagerness for gain, and rage for improvement, which keep our people continually on the move, and our country towns incessantly in a state of transition. There the magic phrases, 'town lots,' 'water privileges,' 'rail-roads,' and other comprehensive and soul-stirring words, from the speculator's vocabulary, are never heard. The residents dwell in the same houses in which their forefathers dwelt, without thinking of enlarging or modernizing them, or pulling them down and turning them into granite stores. They suffer the trees, under which they have been born, and have played in infancy, to flourish undisturbed; though, by cutting them down, they might open new streets, and put money in their pockets. In a word, the almighty dollar, that great object of universal devotion throughout our land, seems to have no genuine devotees in these peculiar villages; and unless some of its missionaries penetrate there, and erect banking houses and other pious shrines, there is no knowing how long the inhabitants may remain in their present state of contented poverty.

"In descending one of our great western rivers in a steam-boat, I met with two worthies from one of these villages, who had been on a distant excursion, the longest they had ever made, as they seldom ventured far from home. One was the great man, or Grand Signior of the village; not that he enjoyed any legal privileges or power there, every thing of the kind having been done away when the province was ceded by France to the United States. His sway over his neighbors was merely one of custom and conviction, out of deference to his family. Beside, he was worth full fifty thousand dollars, an amount almost equal, in the imagination of the villagers, to the treasures of king Solomon.

"This very substantial old gentleman, though of the fourth or fifth generation in this country, retained the true Gallic stamp of feature and peculiarity of deportment, and reminded me of one of those provincial potentates, the important man of a petty arrondissement, that are to be met with in the remote parts of France. He was of a large frame, a ginger-bread complexion, strong features, eyes that stood out like glass knobs, and a prominent nose, which he frequently regaled from a gold snuff-box, and occasionally blew with a colored handkerchief, until it sounded like a trumpet.

"He was attended by an old negro, as black as ebony, with a huge mouth, in a continual grin. This was evidently a privileged and favorite servant, and one that had grown up and grown old with him. He was dressed in creole style — with white jacket and trowsers, a stiff shirt collar, that threatened to cut off his ears, a bright madrass handkerchief tied round his head, and large gold-earings. He was the politest negro I met with in a wide western tour; and that is saying a great deal, for, excepting the Indians, the negroes are the most gentlemanlike personages one meets with in those parts. It is true, they differ from the Indians in being a little extra polite and complimentary. He was also one of the merriest; and here, too, the negroes, however we may deplore their unhappy condition, have the advantage of their masters. The whites are, in general, too free and prosperous to be merry. The cares of maintaining their rights and liberties, and of adding to their wealth, engross all their thoughts, and dry up all the moisture of their souls. If you hear a broad, hearty, devil-may-care laugh, be assured it is a negro's.

"Beside this African domestic, the signior of the village had another no less cherished and privileged attendant. This was a huge dog, of the mastiff breed, with a deep, hanging mouth, that gave an air of surly gravity to his physiognomy. He walked about the cabin with the air of a dog perfectly at home, and who had paid for his passage. At dinner time he took his seat beside his master, giving him a glance now and then out of the corner of his eye, that bespoke perfect confidence that he would not be forgotten. Nor was he — every now and then a huge morsel would be thrown to him, peradventure the half-picked leg of a fowl, which he would receive with a snap that sounded like the springing of a steel trap — one gulp, and all was down; and a glance of the eye told his master that he was ready for another consignment.

"The other village worthy, traveling in company with this signior, was of a totally different stamp. He was small, thin, and weazen-faced, such as Frenchmen are apt to be represented in caricature, with a bright, squirrel-like eye, and a gold ring in his ear. His dress was flimsy, and sat loosely on his frame, and he had altogether the look of one with but little coin in his pocket. Yet, though one of the poorest, I was assured he was one of the merriest and most popular personages in his native village.

"Compere Martin, as he was commonly called, was the factotum of the place — sportsman, schoolmaster, and land surveyor. He could sing, dance, and, above all, play on the fiddle, an invaluable accomplishment in one of these old French creole villages, for the inhabitants have a hereditary love for balls and fetes; if they work but little, they dance a great deal, and a fiddle is the joy of their heart.

"What had sent Compere Martin traveling with the Grand Signior I could not learn; he evidently looked up to him with great deference, and was assiduous in rendering him petty attentions; from which I concluded that he lived at home upon the crumbs which fell from his table. He was gayest when out of his sight; and had his song and his joke when forward, among the deck passengers; but altogether Compere Martin was out of his element on board of a steam-boat. He was quite another being, I am told, when at home, in his own village.

"Like his opulent fellow traveler, he too had his canine follower and retainer — and one suited to his different fortunes — one of the civilest, homebred, most unoffending little dogs in the world. Unlike the lordly mastiff, he seemed to think he had no right on board of the steam-boat; if you did but look hard at him, he would throw himself upon his back, and lift up his legs, as if imploring mercy.

"At table he took his seat at a little distance from his master; not with the bluff, confident air of the mastiff, but quietly and diffidently; his head on one side, with one ear dubiously slouched, the other hopefully cocked up; his under teeth projecting beyond his black nose, and his eye wistfully following each morsel that went into his master's mouth.

"If Compere Martin now and then should venture to abstract a morsel from his plate, to give to his humble companion, it was edifying to see with what diffidence the exemplary little animal would take hold of it, with the very tip of his teeth, as if he would almost rather not, or was fearful of taking too great a liberty. And then with what decorum would he eat it! How many efforts would he make in swallowing it, as if it stuck in his throat; with what daintiness would he lick his lips; and then with what an air of thankfulness would he resume his seat, with his teeth once more projecting beyond his nose, and an eye of humble expectation fixed upon his master.

"It was late in the afternoon when the steam-boat stopped at the village which was the residence of my fellow voyagers. It stood on the high bank of the river, and bore traces of having been a frontier trading post. There were the remains of the stockades that once protected it from the Indians, and the houses were in the ancient Spanish and French colonial taste, the place having been successively under the domination of both those nations prior to the cession of Louisiana to the United States.

"The arrival of the signior of fifty thousand dollars, and his humble companion, Compere Martin, had evidently been looked forward to as an event in the village. Numbers of men, women, and children, white, yellow, and black, were collected on the river bank; most of them clad in oldfashioned French garments, and their heads decorated with colored handkerchiefs or white nightcaps. The moment the steam-boat came within sight and hearing, there commenced a waving of handkerchiefs, and a screaming and bawling of greetings, and salutations, and felicitations, that baffle all description.

"The old gentleman of fifty thousand dollars was received by a train of relatives, and friends, and children, and grandchildren, whom he kissed on each cheek, and who formed a procession in his rear, with a legion of domestics, of all ages, following him to a large, oldfashioned French house, that domineered over the village.

"His black valet de chambre, in white jacket and trowsers, and gold ear-rings, was met on the shore by a boon, though rustic companion, a tall negro fellow, with a long, goodhumored horse face, which stood out in strong relief from beneath a narrow-rimmed straw hat, stuck on the back of his head. The explosions of laughter of these two varlets on first meeting with each other, and exchanging compliments, were enough to electrify the whole country round.

"The most hearty reception, however, was that given to Compere Martin. Every body, young and old, hailed him before he got to land. Every body had a joke for Compere Martin, and Compere Martin had a joke for every body. Soon his little dog appeared, to partake of his popularity, and to be caressed by every hand. Indeed, he was quite a different animal the moment he touched the land. Here he was at home; here he was of consequence. He barked, he leaped, he frisked about his old friends, and and then would skim round the place in a wide circle, as if mad.

"I traced Compere Martin and his little dog to their home. It was an old ruinous Spanish house, of large dimensions, with virandas overshadowed by ancient elms. The house had probably been the residence, in old times, of the Spanish commandant. In one wing of this crazy, but aristocratical abode, was nestled the family of my fellow traveler; for poor devils are apt to be magnificently clad and lodged, in the cast-off clothes and abandoned palaces of the great and wealthy.

"The arrival of Compere Martin was welcomed by a legion of women, children, and mongrel curs; and, as poverty and gayety generally go hand in hand among the French and their descendants, the crazy mansion soon resounded with loud gossip and light-hearted laughter.

"As the steam-boat paused a short time at the village, I took occasion to stroll about the place. Most of the houses were in the French taste, with casements and rickety verandas, but most of them in flimsy and ruinous condition. All the wagons, ploughs, and other utensils about the place were of ancient and inconvenient Gallic construction, such as had been brought from France in the primitive days of the colony. The very looks of the people reminded me of the villages of France.

"As I passed by one of the houses, the hum of a spinning wheel came issuing forth, accompanied by a scrap of a song, which a girl was singing as she sat at her labor. It was an old French chanson, that I have heard many a time among the peasantry of Languedoc; and the sound of it brought many a bright and happy scene to my remembrance. It was doubtless an old traditional song, brought over by the first French emigrants, and handed down from generation to generation.

"Half a dozen young lasses emerged from the adjacent dwellings, reminding me, by their light step and gay costume, of scenes in ancient France, where taste in dress comes natural to every class of females. The trim boddice and colored petticoat, and little apron, with its pockets to receive the hands when in an attitude for conversation; the colored kerchief wound tastefully round the head, with a coquettish knot perching above one ear; and then the neat slipper and tight drawn stocking, with its braid of narrow ribbon embracing the ankle where it peeps from its mysterious curtain. It is from this ambush that Cupid sends his most inciting arrows.

"While I was musing upon the recollections thus accidentally summoned up, I heard the sound of a fiddle from the mansion of Compere Martin, the signal, no doubt, for a joyous gathering. I was disposed to turn my steps thither, and witness the festivities of one of the very few villages that I had met with in my wide tour, that was yet poor enough to be merry; but the bell of the steam-boat summoned me to rëembark.

"As we swept away from the shore, I cast back a wistful eye upon the moss-grown roofs and ancient elms of the village, and prayed that the inhabitants might long retain their happy ignorance, their absence of all enterprise and improvement, their respect for the fiddle, and their contempt for the almighty dollar. I fear, however, my prayer is doomed to be of no avail. In a little while the steam-boat whirled me to an American town, just springing into bustling and prosperous existence.

"The surrounding forest had been laid out in town lots; frames of wooden buildings were rising from among stumps and burnt trees. The place already boasted a court-house, a jail, and two banks, all built of pine boards, on the model of Grecian temples. There were rival hotels, rival churches, and rival newspapers; together with the usual number of judges, and generals, and governors; not to speak of doctors by the dozen and lawyers by the score.

"The place, I was told, was in an astonishing career of improvement, with a canal and two railroads in embryo. Lots doubled in price every week; every body was speculating in land; every body was rich; and every body was growing richer. The community, however, was torn into pieces by new doctrines in religion and in political economy; there were camp-meetings and agrarian meetings; and an election was at hand which, it was expected, would throw the whole country into a paroxysm.

"Alas! with such an enterprising neighbor, what is to become of the poor little creole village!"

The poetry of the 'Magnolia,' taken in the mass, is very superior. Mrs. ELLET, Mr. HERBERT, GRENVILLE MELLEN, 'FLACCUS,' with others of kindred celebrity, have contributed to this department. We subjoin a tender, affectionate offering, from the pen of the author of 'Guy Rivers:'

'MY SISTER.

'My brother!'
'Said, before me, a sweet maid,
Who looked a sister spirit from her eye—
And thereupon I wept—for I had none,
Brother nor sister—and my way of life
Has been among the hills, and where the waste,
Sandy, and like the ocean-plane, spread out,
Pains the sick eye with gazing. I, alas!
Have known no brother's, felt no sister's love,
Drank fondly of no blessings, such as make
A cottage fireside a home like heaven,
Where all is peace and truth. Yet less I've sought
Of love, than of permission but to love—
The right to choose from out the hurrying crowd
My thing of worship. I have none to love—
None, for whose single good my heart may hope;
None, for whose choice delight, my form may care,
Bringing home dear enjoyments. Mine has been
The life of want—a sister had supplied
That other self—sole, sweet, most singular,
To whom, as to an altar of high thought,
My heart could turn, when otherwise denied,
Secure of comfort.

'You may hold it weak,
That thus I wept, hearing that maiden call
The youth who stood beside her. What had I
That moment given to have thus been called!
Had she but placed her hand upon mine own,
And looked into my face, and bade me hold
Her, henceforth, as my 'sister;'—I had made
That girl my deity in after life,
And given her all my heart in offering.'

We cannot take leave of 'The Magnolia' without yielding our thanks to the editor for the ability with which he has discharged the duties of his station. His own contributions are numerous, yet they are creditable to his taste as well as his genius; and the evidences of a mind fraught with education and a knowledge of correct models of composition, are not alone visible in the portions of the work which proceed from his own hand. The binding of 'The Magnolia' is fair — and its typographical execution, we should not neglect to add, is unrivalled, and reflects the highest credit upon the well-known press of Messrs. G. F. Hopkins and Son.

'The Doctor, etc.' In two vols. 12mo. (Two volumes in one.) Harper and Brothers. Second Edition.

We take up these volumes again, not for the purpose of regular criticism — for the character of the book sets that well nigh beyond possibility — but to institute a short investigation into their authorship. The rëimpression of the two first volumes in England, the publication of a third volume, and the announcement of a fourth, together with the fact that one American edition has been exhausted, and that another has been demanded, indicate pretty decisively such a degree of interest in the work among the reading community of both countries, as to warrant an inquiry in regard to its source.

Excepting the letters of Junius, we do not remember any publication, in modern times, which has commanded, in any considerable degree, the popular attention, concerning which there has long been much doubt as to the author. Matthias, to the last hour of his life, denied any participation in the 'Pursuits of Literature,' but we imagine that there are few who entertain any doubts upon that subject. The claims of Scott to the title of 'Author of Waverley,' derived, in the popular estimation, very little additional force from his own formal acknowledgment at the Theatrical Fund Dinner. No one had the least hesitation about the matter before. Mr. Adolphus' admirable 'Letters to Richard Heber' established, from coincidences in thought, expression, and feeling, between the poems and the novels, that the writer of both was, beyond all question, the same. Bentley says, in respect to some phrase in one of Cicero's orations, '*Ego vero Ciceronem ita scripsisse Ciceroni ipsi affirmanti non crediderem*;' and we apprehend that most of those who read those letters, would have been inclined to say, in a similar spirit, 'If Scott were to say that Scott did not write 'Waverley,' I would not believe Scott himself.'

Upon the same principle, we are abundantly satisfied, after a cursory comparison of 'The Doctor' with the published writings of Robert Southey, that to that 'most book-ful of Laureates' is to be ascribed the paternity of the singular production before us. As we have heretofore, in these pages, expressed doubts in relation to this matter, we proceed to lay before the reader some of the facts upon which we ground our present opinion.

We are surprised that the name of Hartley Coleridge should have been mentioned among those of the possible authors. A very slight acquaintance with his 'Biographia Borealis' would have shown to any one such discordances of thinking between him and the author of 'The Doctor,' as to settle his pretensions at once. Hartley is an ardent whig, an admirer of the modern systems of education and politics, and a panegyrist of Brougham; while the other is a strenuous tory, a man thoroughly wrapt in the old forms of feeling, and at the opposite pole of sentiment, as to politics and the instruction of the people, from the ex-Lord Chancellor. Would Hartley

Coleridge have written these passages, sneering at a father for whom it is evident, from his volumes of poems, that he bears such tender and profound affection? 'A metaphysician, or as some of my contemporaries would affect to say, a psychologist.' (*Doctor*, i., 76.) 'Is it Coleridge? The method indeed of the book might lead to such a suspicion — but then it is intelligible throughout.' (*Doctor*, ii., 86.) Would a *bachelor* have penned this sentence? 'A bachelor, a single man, an imperfect individual, half only of the whole being which, by the laws of nature and of Christian polity, it was intended that man should become?' (*Doctor*, ii., 61.) Or, on the other hand, would the author of 'The Doctor' — a churchman, and a conservative, indeed, in whom there is no flinching — have expressed such opinions as are contained in these passages by Hartley Coleridge? 'We cannot but think that a yearly thanksgiving for the invention of printing might be very advantageously substituted for certain courtly services in the liturgy, which were always base and blasphemous, and are now utterly unmeaning.' (*Biog. Borealis*, 131.) 'Greek was an innovation, and liable to the same plausible and prudential objections which apply to innovations in general. (*Ibid.*, 344.) Or would this unknown — brimful and overflowing as he is with knowledge of the old English writers — have had occasion to add in a note, after quoting a short sentence from Fuller: 'Such at least is Fuller's meaning and illustration. I am afraid I have not quoted his words exactly, for, to tell the truth, I know not in which of his works to look for them. But I recollect reading the sentiment in 'Lamb's Selections?' (*Biog. Borealis*, 322.) We apprehend that he who wrote 'The Doctor' is not in the habit of being indebted to Lamb's nor to any one else's 'selections' for his acquaintance with the old worthies. Is not this sentence more in keeping with the character of 'multo-scribbling' Southey, than with that of an author who has published only two very narrowly-circulated works? 'I have oftentimes had the happiness of seeing due commendations bestowed by gentle critics, unknown admirers, and partial friends upon my pen, which has been married to all amiable epithets; classical, fine, powerful, tender, touching, pathetic, strong, fanciful, daring, elegant, sublime, beautiful.' (*Doctor*, i., 39.) The following passage has no propriety as coming from Hartley Coleridge, whose excursions upon Pegassus have been in a very regular way, while it exactly and most felicitously describes the poetry of Southey, which is chiefly upon the wildest subjects and in the wildest measures. 'Tell me not of Pegassus! I have ridden him many a time; * * high and low, far and wide, round the earth, and about it, and over it, and under it. I know all his earth paces and his sky paces. I have tried him at a walk, at an amble, at a trot, at a canter, at a hand gallop, at a full gallop, and at full speed. I have proved him in the *manége* with single turns and the *manége* with double turns, his bounds, his curvets, his *pirouettes*, and his *pistes*, and his *croupade*, and his *balstade*, his gallop galliard, and his capriole.' (*Doctor*, i., 25–6) The writer of this book is manifestly a much older man, and a much more practised writer, than Southey's nephew, and accustomed to deliver his opinions with far greater authority than can attach to the sentiments of one so little known.

Mr. Southey has always been distinguished for an affected use of certain uncommon words, some obsolete, some new-coined; and there is scarcely one of these verbal peculiarities which does not occur very frequently in 'The Doctor.' Such are, the verb 'worsen,' (*Southey's 'Essays,'* i., 85.; ii., 23.; ii., 237. *'Colloquies,'* i., 46.; i. 59.; i. 236.; ii. 273. *The Doctor*, ii., 142, 186.) the adjective 'worser,' the noun 'dispatsey,' (*Colloquies*, i., 18. *The Doctor*, ii., 118.) and many others of a similar stamp.

Southey, in his notes to the poem of 'Roderick,' (and elsewhere when he uses the word,) always writes 'Mussulmen' as the plural of 'Mussulman,' instead of the correct and general expression, 'Mussulmans;' and we remember that when 'Roderick' appeared, this deviation was animadverted upon by the reviewers in the 'Christian

Observer.' As Southey, however, has continued the custom, we presume that he does it on conviction of its propriety. Now the author of 'The Doctor' adopts the same unusual fashion: 'The English might have been 'Mussulmen,' (*Doctor*, i., 198.) 'Remarks which are not intended for Muesulmen,' (*Doctor*, i., 92. Contents of the Interchapter.) Throughout the work, we find continued traces of Mr. Southey's personal feelings; in the high praise of the unpopular Walter Landor, and the despised Sir Egerton Brydges, both being the Laureate's particular friends, and the latter having scarcely ever been quoted by any body else: in the sneers against Lord Byron, Mr. Jeffrey, and others who have given him occasion of offence, and whom, like the 'portentous cub' of old, he has always pursued with scorn; for the warmest admirers of Mr. Southey must allow that, if he never forgets a friend, he never forgives an enemy. In the parliament of 1817, there sat a certain Mr. William Smith, who insulted Southey, by calling upon the attorney-general to prosecute him for publishing 'Wat Tyler,' and whose worthless carcass Southey hewed in pieces in a most terrific 'Letter.' Who is there now, in all England, except the author of this letter, who would have retained recollection enough and feeling enough about this Mr. Smith, to have made him the object of the sneer which we find in the second volume of 'The Doctor?' And, what is remarkable, we find the same topic of reproach urged against him in Southey's 'letter' and in this book — the reproach of having the feelings of a dissenter:

'Is it Smith? which of the Smiths? * * There is Sidney, who is Joke Smith to the Edinburgh Review, and William, who is Motion Smith to the dissenters, orthodox and heterodox, in parliament, having been elected to represent them — to wit, the aforesaid dissenters — by the citizens of Norwich.' — *The Doctor*, ii., 87.

'The poem may possibly have been honored with a place in Mr. William Smith's library, *as* it received the approbation of all the dissenting journals of the day. It is possible that *their* recommendation may have induced him to favor 'Joan of Arc' with a perusal.' — *Southey's Letter to Smith.*

In the same chapter, where the author is speculating about the persons to whom his work will be attributed, we find this singular sentence about Porson: 'And Professor Porson, if he were not gone where his Greek is of no use to him, would accept credit for it, though he would not claim it.' (*Doctor*, ii., 85.) To explain this, it must be remembered that Southey, in conjunction with the late Mr. Coleridge, wrote a poem called 'The Devil's Walk,' which, while it was anonymous, Porson recited so frequently and mysteriously, that during his whole life he was supposed to be the author of it, and he never denied the honor: 'he accepted credit for it, though he would not claim it.'

Southey, in the early part of his career, went to London to study law, and, like most persons who do not study it profoundly, imbibed a most hearty hatred both for its theory and practice — a hatred which is constantly appearing in his writings, and which equally belongs to the author of 'The Doctor.'

'But no suggestions could ever have induced Daniel to choose for him the profession of the law. The very name of lawyer was to him a word of evil acceptation. He knew that laws were necessary evils; but he thought they were much greater evils than there was any necessity that they should be; and believing this to be occasioned by those who were engaged in the trade of administering them, he looked upon lawyers as the greatest pests in the country.' — *The Doctor*, i., 136.

'The most upright lawyer acquires a sort of Swiss conscience for professional use; to resist a rightful claim with all the devices of legal subtlety, and all the technicalities of legal craft: I know not how he who considers this to be his duty toward his client can reconcile it with his duty toward his neighbor.' — (*The Doctor*, ii., 60.) See the whole of page 60 and page 61.

'You employ lawyers to express your meaning in a deed of conveyance, a marriage settle-

'Law-craft, if not a twin fiend with priest-craft, is an imp of the same stock; and perhaps the worser devil of the two.' — *Southey's Coleq.*, i., 108.

'He who may wish to show with what absurd perversion the forms and technicalities of law are applied to obstruct the purposes of justice which they were designed to further, may find excellent examples in England.' — *Colloquies*, i., 8.

'The worst grievance that exists — the enormous expenses, the chicanery, and the ruinous delays of the law.' — *Essays*, ii., 29.

'We venture to ask whether it be absolutely necessary that so many loop-holes should be left for the escape of guilt? Whether the purposes of justice are not sacrificed to the technicalities of law, which is sacrificing the end to the means? and whether the weight which is allowed to flaws and informalities in the practice of our courts, and the importance which is attached to things so utterly insignificant in themselves, be a whit

ment, or a will; and they so smother it with words, so envelope it with technicalities, so bury it beneath redundancies of speech, that any meaning which is sought for may be picked out, to the confusion of that which you intended. You ask for justice, and you receive a nice distinction — a forced construction — a verbal criticism. By such means you are defeated and plundered in a civil cause; and in a criminal one, a slip of the pen in the indictment brings off the criminal scot free.' — *The Doctor*, i., 181.

more honorable to the profession of the law, than the grossest quackery is to the science of medicine.' — *Southey's Essays*, ii., 177.

He goes on to give instances of criminals escaping by a verbal error in the indictment.

We subjoin other coincidences in opinion, and similarities in thought and expression:

'The auxiliaries *must*, *have*, and *been*, which enabled Whitaker, of Manchester, to write whole quartos of *hypothetical history* in the potential mood.' — *The Doctor*, i., 98.

'Whitaker, the hypothetical historian of Manchester.' — *Southey's* 'Vindiciæ Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ,' 225.

'Whether the children went to seek school or not, it was his wish that they should be taught their prayers, the creed, and the commandments, at home. These he thought were better learned at the mother's knees than from any other teacher.' — *The Doctor*, ii., 186.

'The rudiments of religion are best learned at our mother's knees.' *Southey's Essays*, ii., 144.

'The habits of religion which a boy learns at his mother's knees.' — *Southey's Colloquies*, 294.

'The child should receive from her its first spiritual food, the milk of sound doctrine.' — *The Doctor*, i., 186.

'Fed with the milk of sound doctrine.' — *Southey's Essays*, ii., 143.

'They must be fed with the milk of sound doctrine.' — *ibid.*, 225.

'But he had a wise heart, and the wisdom of the heart is worth all other wisdom.' — *The Doctor*, i., 69.

'The richness of his mind, and the wisdom of his heart, for in the heart it is that true wisdom has its seat.' — *Vindiciæ*, 6.

'The wisdom of the heart is wanting there.' — *Colloquies*, ii., 264.

'In the wisdom of the heart he was far beyond that age.' — *Colloquies*, i., 168.

'A metaphysician * * if he were at all master of his art babblative.' — *The Doctor*, i., 76.

'Professors of the arts babblative and scribblative.' — *Colloquies*, ii., 48.

'The soporific sermons which closed the domestic religiosities of those melancholy days.' *The Doctor*, i., 69.

'A feverish state of what may better be called religiosity than religion.' — *Colloquies*, ii., 102.

Both of our authors believe in ghosts, and there is some similarity in their mode of defining their belief:

'You believe then in apparitions,' said my visitor.

'Even so, sir. That such things should be, is probable *a priori*; and I cannot refuse assent to the strong evidence that such things are, nor to the common consent which has prevailed among all people, every where, in all ages.' — *Colloquies*, i., 11.

'My serious belief amounts to this: that preternatural impressions are sometimes communicated for wise purposes; and that departed spirits are sometimes permitted to manifest themselves.' — *Ibid.*, i., 11.

'The belief in apparitions, which was all but universal a century ago, is still, and ever will be held by the great majority of mankind. Call it a prejudice if you will.'

'What is a universal prejudice, says Reginald Heber, but the voice of human nature?' — *The Doctor*, ii., 180.

'That the spirits of the departed are permitted to appear only for special purposes, is what the most credulous believe in such appearances would probably admit, if he reasoned at all on the subject.' — *The Doctor, ibid.*

In strongly advocating the culture of bogs and waste lands, Southey and the author of 'The Doctor' agree:

'Give them employment in public works; bring the bogs into cultivation.' — *Essays*, ii., 442.

'It will not always be the reproach of this kingdom that large tracts of land are lying waste while thousands are wanting employment, and tens of thousands owe their chief means of support to the poor rates.' — *Colloquies*, ii., 274.

'Surely it is allowable to hope that whole districts will not always be suffered to lie waste while multitudes are in want of employment and bread.' — *Essays*, ii., p. 25. See also, *ibid.*, i., 113. ii., 99.

The cultivation of bogs 'is the readiest way in which useful employment can be provided for the industrious poor. And if the land so appropriated should produce nothing more than is required for the support of those employed in cultivating it, and who must otherwise be partly or wholly supported by the poor-rates, such cultivation would even then be profitable to the public.' — *The Doctor*, i., 163.

'Is it fitting that this should be, while there are fifteen millions of cultivable acres lying waste? Is it possible to conceive greater improvidence in a nation, greater folly, etc.' — *ibid.*, i., 162.

They accord, as well, in thinking that much may be done by individuals in relieving the grievance of the poor-laws:

'It should be well understood how large a part of the evil arises from causes which are completely within the power of the local magistrates, and how much might be accomplished by the efforts of benevolent individuals which cannot be reached by any legislative enactment.' — *Essays*, ii., 116. Same sentiment in *Essays*, ii., 106.

'Let parishes and corporations do what is in their power for themselves. And bestir yourselves in this good work, ye who can! The supineness of the government is no excuse for you. It is in the exertions of individuals that all national reformation must begin.' — *The Doctor*, i., 162.

Here are other opinions wherein the two do 'marvellously agree:'

'The multiplication of ale-houses is not less surely the effect and the cause of an increased and increasing depravity of manners.' — *Essays*, ii., 117.

'For the laboring man, the ale-house is now a place of pure unmingled evil.' — *Ibid*, ii., 120.

'Your manufactories have produced a moral pestilence unknown to all preceding ages.' — *Colloquies*, i., 50.

On this point see Southey, *passim*.

On the evil of newspapers. See *Essays*, i., 120, and ii., 170.

'They were plain people, who had neither manufactories to corrupt, ale-houses to brutalize, nor newspapers to mislead them.' — *The Doctor*, ii., 182.

'Were the children catechized in the church at stated seasons, according to the good old custom, a few trifling rewards to the children themselves, and a few marks of encouragement to those parents who deserved it, would produce greater and better effects upon both, etc.' — *Essays*, ii., 144-5.

In his Essays, he supposes the case of a parish as it should be:

'The children of the other inhabitants would be examined in the elements of religion on stated days in the church, and receive from the clergyman, after the *final examination*, some little reward proportioned to their deserts; some remuneration *of that kind which is acceptable to all*, being, however, distributed to *all* who had attended regularly, without distinction, as the means of rendering attendance, a thing desired by the children themselves.' — *Essays*, ii., 148.

'During the summer and part of the autumn, he followed the good old usage of catechizing the children after the second lesson in the evening service. Once a week during Lent he examined all the children on a week day: the *last examination* was in Easter week, after which *each* was sent home happy with a homely *cake*, the gift of a wealthy parishoner, etc.' — *The Doctor*, ii., 186-7.

'The dispersion of families and breaking up of family ties.' — *Essays*, ii., 114.

'There is evil, great evil, in this disruption of natural ties,' (by the separation of families.) — *Colloquies*, ii., 230.

'The disruption of natural ties.' — *Vind. Oec. Arg.* 293.

'The dispersion *of families* and the consequent disruption of natural ties.' — *The Doctor*, ii., 197.

'Hence those shocking instances of persons dropping down in the streets, or crawling to brick-kilns, and dying from inanition, cases which could not happen in a country where so many laws have been enacted, and such heavy imposts are raised for the relief of poverty, unless there were something radically erroneous in the system of administering that relief, something that increases the evil that it was intended to remove.' — *Essays*, ii., 170.

'I say nothing of those who perish for want of sufficient food and necessary comforts, the victims of slow suffering and obscure disease; nor of those who, having crept to some brick-kiln at night, in hope of preserving life by its warmth, are found there dead in the morning.' *Colloquies*, ii., 259.

'With all this expenditure, cases are continually occurring of death by starvation, either of hunger or of cold, or both together; wretches are carried before the magistrates for the offence of living in the streets, or in unfinished houses, when they had not where to hide their heads; others have been found dead by the side of lime-kilns or brick-kilns, whither they had crept to save themselves from perishing with cold.' *The Doctor*, i., 168.

'So long as men in trade are actuated by selfishness, which is the spirit of trade, and as competition, which is the life of trade continues unrestrained, so long will a manufacturing country be liable to the distress that arises from having overstocked its markets.' — *Essays*, ii., 268.

'In the competition of trade, one ill principle sometimes counteracts another, and yet both being ill, work for ill.' — *Colloquies*, ii., 246-7.

'Trade itself had not then been corrupted by that ruinous spirit of competition, which, more than any other of the evils now pressing upon us, deserves to be called the curse of England in the present age.' — *The Doctor*, ii., 195.

'The intellectual atmosphere had received its taint; and as an *influenza* beginning in Tartary travels from China, throughout the whole inhabited part of the old continent, so was this moral pestilence to run its course.'— *Essays*, ii., 74.
'The moral influenza of methodism.'— *Colloquies*, ii., 204.

'As if scorn had been the influenza of the female mind that morning.'— *The Doctor*, i, 29.
'Such preachers have never failed to appear during the prevalence of any religious influenza.' *The Doctor*, i., 25.

'Did you ever, Sir, meet with the 'divine visions' of Hans Engelbrecht?' He not only went to the place of torments, like Drithelm, and smelt the stink of the infernal pit, but brought some of the stink back with him, to convince his friends that he had been there.'— *Vindiciæ*, 187.

'The soul of Hans Engelbrecht not only went to hell, but brought back from it a stench which proved to all the bystanders that it had been there.'— *The Doctor*, i., 25.

'But let this folly pass.'— *Vindiciæ*, p. 48.

'But let this quackery pass.'— *The Doctor*, i., 187.

'With this I conclude a letter which may remind the reader of the chapter concerning owls in Horrebow's Natural History of Iceland.'— *Vindiciæ*, 57.

'And here Horrebow, the Natural Historian of Iceland — if Horrebow had been his biographer — would have ended this chapter.'— *The Doctor*, i., 229.

Both of these gentlemen revenge themselves on the bulk of Rees's Encyclopædia, by docking it of the initial *En*:

'Would have filled more volumes than Dr. Rees's Cyclopædia.'— *Vindiciæ*, 101.

'He would have filled more volumes than Rees's Cyclopædia.'— *The Doctor*, ii., 116.

'A feeling, of which Lord Byron had no conception, would have withheld me from animadverting in that manner upon his conduct.'— *Southey's second Letter concerning Lord Byron.*

'Which Lord Byron is as incapable of understanding, or even believing in another, as he is of feeling it in himself.'— *The Doctor*, ii., 61.

Argument against Southey might be thought derivable from the sneering use of Wynn's name on page 146, vol. 1. — Wynn being one of Southey's oldest and dearest friends — to whom both 'Madoc' and the 'Vindiciæ' are dedicated. But there is a passage in the Essays which not only affords precedent for this use of Wynn's name, but may be considered as the germ of the idea in 'The Doctor.' The coincidence is very striking. He is speaking of Catholic emancipation:

'How is the Marquis of Lansdowne to agree with his Irish tenants and with Captain Rock in this matter? Earl Gray with Joseph Hume? Mr. Grant with Dr. Doyle? Lord Plunket with Mr. O'Connel? Mr. Williams Wynn with Cobbet and Jack Lawless.'— *Essays*, ii., 370.

Speaking of the bells to be rung for the triumph of the Catholic cause: 'And to commemorate the extraordinary union of sentiment which that cause has brought about between persons not otherwise remarkable for any similitude of feelings or opinions, they might unite two or more names in one bell, and thus, with a peculiar felicity of compliment, show who, and who upon this great and memorable occasion, *pulled together*. In such a case the names selected for a peal of eight tunable bells might run thus:
'1. Canning O'Connel. 2. Plunket Shiel. 3. Augustus Frederick Cobbet. 4. Williams Wynn. 5. Burdett Waithman. 6. Greenville Wood. 7. Palmerston Hume. 8. Lawless Brougham.' *The Doctor*, i., 146.

St. Thomas Aquinas, 'a man whose extraordinary powers of mind few persons are competent to appreciate.'— *Vindiciæ*, 329.

'The angelic Doctor, St. Thomas Aquinas, the greatest of the schoolmen.'— *The Doctor*, ii., 115.

'With the wise and the thoughtful.'— *Colloq.*, ii., 178.

'An eloquent and wise and thoughtful author.' *The Doctor.*

'You surely do not expect that the millennium is to be brought about by the triumph of what are called liberal opinions, nor by Sunday schools, and Religious Tract Societies, nor by all the portentous bibliolatry of the age.'— *Colloq.*, i., 35.

'Hopes scarcely less delightful than those which seemed to dawn upon mankind with the discovery of the gases, and with the commencement of the French Revolution, and in these latter days with the progress of the Bible Society.'— *The Doctor*, i., 54.
'Sunday schools, which make Sunday a day of toil to teachers, and the most irksome day in the week to children.'— *The Doctor*, ii., 186.
'Long before Sunday schools — whether for good or evil — were invented. Patrons and patronesses of Sunday schools, be not offended if a doubt concerning their utility be here implied! The Doctor entertained such a doubt, and the why and the wherefore shall in due time be fairly stated.'— *The Doctor*, ii., 55.

Southey was a republican in his youth, and is a tory in his manhood, and thus has contrived to get abused by both parties: and it seems, strangely enough, that the unknown 'Doctor' shared the same fate:

'All the abuse and calumny with which, from one party or the other, Anti-Jacobins or Jacobins, I have been assailed.' — *Essays*, ii., 30.

'A spirit of Anti-Jacobinism was predominant, which was as unjust and as intolerant, though not quite as ferocious, as the Jacobinism of the present day.' — *Ib.*, ii., 10.

'Your dealers in public and private scandal, whether Jacobins or Anti-Jacobins, the pimps and panders of a profligate press.' — *The Doctor*, i., 41.

The peace of Utrecht galls both of them:

'England never had so much in her power as during the conferences at Utrecht, and never did she appear in so degraded and disgraceful a character. * * The faction which then, for its own sinister purposes, betrayed the interests of Europe.' *Essays*, ii., 66.

'Hartley, who betrayed Europe at Utrecht.' — *Hist. of the Penins. War*, ii., 58.

'Hartley, famous for his library, and infamous for the peace of Utrecht.' — *The Doctor*, i., 55.

Chimney sweeping. 'Children cannot be compelled to learn it, frightful and perilous as it is, without cruelty: it induces a peculiar and fatal disorder, so common as to be called the chimney sweeper's disease; and the boys who escape the disease, and are neither killed by filth nor hard usage, outgrow the employment when they shoot into manhood, and find themselves adrift upon the world, without any means of getting a livelihood.' — *Essays*, i., 225.

'Did Lord Lauderdale know that children inevitably lacerate themselves in learning this dreadful occupation? that they are frequently crippled by it? frquently lose their lives in it by suffocation, or by slow fire? that it induces a peculiar and dreadful disease, and that those who survive, have at the age of seventeen or eighteen to seek their living how they can in some other employment, for it is only by children that this can be carried on.' — *The Doctor*, i., 90.

Both have noticed what I do not remember to have seen observed elsewhere — that by English writers — Swift, Sidney, and others — 'Stella' is erroneously employed for a female name.

'Cleon serving for a name feminine in French, as Stella has done in English.' — *The Doctor*, ii., 110.

'Is Sidney, the first person who used 'Stella' as a female name? He must have known it was a man's name among the Romans.' — *Southey's Letters to Brydges — Brydges' Autobiog.*, ii., 282.

'The law would not allow him to marry his brother's widow; a law, be it remarked in passing, which is not sanctioned by reason, and which, instead of being in conformity with scripture, is in direct opposition to it, being in fact the mere device of a corrupt and greedy church.' — *The Doctor*, i., 37.

'No extenuation can be offered for these prohibitions, which were not more unwarranted by the laws of God and man, than they were unreasonable in themselves, and vexatious in their operation.' — *Vindiciæ*, 235.

He says *(ibid.)* that the object of the Romish church in making these prohibitions was to increase its revenue by the prices of permission — which explains the word 'greedy.'

We have thus placed in juxtaposition some passages, (and we might easily double their number,) which seem to us to afford decisive proof of proceeding from the same author. The peculiarity of the sentiments is as worthy of notice as their coincidence. On both sides a *tory* is seen condemning the peace of Utrecht, and arguing for law reform, two things which tories are not used to do: both seem to have suffered from Jacobin *and* Anti-Jacobin abuse — and where is the man, beside Southey, to whom that answers? Both condemn manufactories, ale-houses, and newspapers: both strongly argue the cultivation of waste lands, and condemn competition in trade; both, being religious men, oppose Sunday Schools and Bible Societies; both advocate catechising: both argue that the poor-laws are so administered as to enhance the evil they were designed to check, and the imagination of both has been singularly impressed with the circumstance of poor persons dying in brick-kilns; both are anxious to remove the evil of children sweeping chimneys; both ridicule phrenology; and by both authors is displayed an unlimited command and use of the stores of Italian, Spanish, and old English literature. The author of 'The Doctor' quotes and praises Southey; but not more frequently, nor otherwise, than Southey does himself. In short, there are innumerable points of agreement between them — not one of discrepancy; and

there are not two distinct authors, or two distinct men, living, of whom this can be said: either the 'hands' or the 'voice' would differ.

We add one circumstance which we think admits of no rebutter, and fixes the authorship, beyond skepticism, upon Southey. The author of 'The Doctor' says, (vol. ii., p. 80.) 'Lord Brooke, who is called the most thoughtful of poets, by the most book-ful of Laureates.' *Where* does Southey give Lord Brooke this title? In a letter to Sir Egerton Brydges: 'Lord Brooke' who is the most thoughtful of all poets.' (Autobiography of Sir Egerton Brydges, ii., 278.) A tolerable familiar acquaintance with Southey's writings enables us to say, with entire confidence, that he applies this phrase to our English Lycophron *no where else*. Now 'The Doctor' was published early in *January*, 1834 — the Autobiography of Sir Egerton, which first gave the letter to the public, not till late in *June*, 1834: so that here was the *author of* '*The Doctor' quoting a composition of Southey's a good half year before it was published.* 'If that be not proof, speak?'

If our readers have not been able to penetrate the meaning of the words on the last page but one of 'The Doctor,' (p. 219., vol. 2.) we have the satisfaction of giving them the clue. The words are composed of the first syllables of the names of the author's friends, and of the author himself:

Isdis, - -	*Isr*ael *D'is*raeli.
Roso, - -	Robert Southey.
Heta, - -	Henry Taylor.
Samro, - -	Samuel Rogers.
Theho, - -	Theodore Hook.
Heneco, - -	Henry Nelson Coleridge.
Thojama, - -	Thomas James Matthias.
Johofre, - -	John Hookham Frere.
Wala, - -	Walter Landor.
Venarchly, -	Venerable Archdeacon Lyell.
Verevfrawra, -	Very Rev. Francis Wrangham, etc.

PAULDING'S WORKS. VOLUME NINE. THE DIVERTING HISTORY OF JOHN BULL AND BROTHER JONATHAN. By HECTOR BULL-US. In one vol. New edition. pp. 193. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

THIS is an old friend, who comes before the public most opportunely at the present time, with additional claims to the renewal of an ancient and cordial friendship. Those who remember the finely-tempered but pungent satire of this work — the light, vivacious spirit by which it is animated — and its tendency to diffuse a proper national respect and pride — will need no incentive to its re-perusal. The playful wit and keen sarcasm of the renowned 'Hector' has been additionally employed, in the edition before us, to bring down the course and opinions of 'John Bull' in relation to his 'Brother Jonathan' to our own immediate era. From the later portions of this truly 'diverting history' we select a characteristic chapter:

"WHEN Corporal Smelfungus got over to Jonathan's farms, that hospitable young fellow feasted him heartily, and showed him every attention, as was his custom toward strangers, of whose good word he was apt to think more than it deserved.

"But the corporal was determined beforehand to be pleased with nothing, being, as I said before, set upon undeceiving Mrs. Bull and the squire's tenantry, and rescuing them from Brother Jonathan's seductions. He maintained the former was no better than she should be, and the latter a parcel of drivellers, to think the squire could learn any thing worth knowing from such a snivelling, mint-sling rum-jockey, who had no more manners than a bear, and no more morals than a pickpocket.

" He went about raking up all the old stories that had been hatched against Brother Jonathan for a hundred years past, and invented as many more as he could; but it was not a great many, being rather a dull fellow, with more illnature than wit, and more malignity than invention. The truth is, he was not a little put to it to find matter for running down Jonathan. His tenants were so well off, their rents so low, and they had such a plenty to eat and drink, that the corporal did not know exactly where to take hold of him, and was obliged to turn up his nose at the merest trifles, for want of something better.

" One day, being at breakfast at a tavern, he luckily saw a mustard pot upset on the table, upon which he noted it down carefully, that Jonathan could never eat his meals without upsetting all the mustard, and did not know how to behave like a gentleman.

" The next thing he did was to find fault with the great size of Jonathan's beefsteaks, which he swore were as big as newspapers, and enough to take away a man's stomach to look at. But what was worse than all this, he had no silver forks at his table, and none but barbarians could eat without silver forks.

" Happening to see a young fellow, who was an officer in the militia, in his everyday clothes, wearing a dirk to show he was a soldier, the corporal put it down in his memorandum-book that all Jonathan's tenants wore dirks, and did not mind killing a neighbor any more than they did murdering the squire's English, as he called it. Every man he saw that had but one eye, he concluded had been gouged to a certainty; and if any one happened to ask him the hour, instead of pulling out his turnip and answering him in a civil manner, he set him down as an impertinent, guessing, inquisitive Yankee, as Jonathan's tenants were commonly called. But he did not tell them so to their faces, for fear of being gouged.

" There was an old joke, got up in a good-humored way, about some of Jonathan's tenants away Down East selling wooden nutmegs, and playing other such pranks upon the people of Southlands; this the corporal got hold of, for he was very industrious in picking up such things, and thereupon set down the people Down East as a parcel of rogues.

" Sometimes he employed himself whole days counting how many times the people spit; at others he would stand with his watch in his hand, calculating how many minutes they were in swallowing their dinner, and how many times they drank at their meals; or in listening to the free, off-hand talk of the tenants, to find out whether they spoke good grammar; and whenever he got a chance, he would pimp into the bed-chambers, to see if they had any clean towels, combs, wash-hand basins, and proper conveniences under the bed. Happening to find a dirty napkin one day in a miserable tavern, in a room without a comb, he snapped his fingers in triumph, and swore Jonathan's tenants did not know what clean napkins were, and combed their hair with currycombs. When he could find nothing to set him going, he scratched his pate, and passed his time grumbling about democratic licentiousness and universal suffrage. All this he called speculating, generalizing, and philosophizing.

" Having a great taste, like most of Squire Bull's tenants, for seeing people hanged, he went all through Jonathan's farms to find out a gallows, and being disappointed in his search, relieved his mortification by putting down in his memorandums that there was no such thing as punishing a criminal, and that it required great interest to get hanged there. All this time he was feasting and carousing it lustily among the tenants, who little thought they had an illnatured, grumbling, tattling curmudgeon among them, spying out their little oddities, and inventing scandals when he could not find any ready made to his hands. Once or twice, indeed, he got taken down pretty handsomely. The first time was when he attempted to walk over a dinner-table, to show his breeding; and the next when he undertook to sprawl himself at full length on a sofa, among some of Jonathan's ladies. These little rubs only made him ten times the more spiteful, and he paid poor Jonathan off in his memorandums.

" When he had collected together all the scandal and tittle-tattle, and pumped out of the old women all the private anecdotes they had stored up for fifty years past, he went back to Bullock Island, chuckling at his great success, and thinking to himself how he should stump Mrs. Bull and the drivellers, who had been seduced by Brother Jonathan into an admiration of his parts, and an imitation of his Yankee notions.

" ' Well, corporal,' cried the squire, as soon as he laid his eyes on him — ' well, my fine fellow, have you dished that rebellious rogue, my son Jonathan — hey, baby? come, let 's see what you have got; out with it, my hearty!' and he rubbed his hands, in expectation of a high treat from the corporal's muster-roll.

" Corporal Smelfungus thereupon pulled out a whole bundle of smutty paper; for he was rather a dirty little fellow, and always carried his snuff in his breeches-pocket, and began to read off what he had set down in a pompous manner, as though it had been well worth hearing, the squire all the time rubbing his hands, snapping his fingers, and drinking the corporal's health every two minutes.

" ' Body o' me!' he would cry out every now and then, ' body o' me! what will Madam Bull say to that, and what will those great blockheads, my tenants, think of this. By cox-body, corporal, but I think this will do the business, and put an end to Master Jonathan's seductions.' Then would he strut about the room, the corporal following,

take place at Methodist camp and conference meetings, but will yield a ready assent to the truth of the above quotation? Is it an uncommon thing, in these latter assemblages, to see females borne from the scene, in a state of bodily and mental exhaustion, or total prostration? We have seen this occur during the summer that has just passed, in a close and crowded assembly, when the thermometer was at fever heat, and the lungs of a hundred vociferous 'inquirers' were hoarse with their agonizing efforts. Will it be contended that all this is not injurious to health? And even worse effects are produced by means of clerical denunciation, and the 'arrows of terror,' as they are termed by the religious ultraists of the day. Not long since, in a sister state, five individuals were introduced in one week to an asylum for the insane, who were made crazy by protracted meetings. The 'arrows of terror' had sunk into their souls. Every cheerful thought had been arrested, as a suspicious personage, and brought to a rigid account of itself. Fear had been permitted to perform, unchecked, its deadly work. It was in view of such abuses, we have no doubt, that the work of Dr. Brigham was penned. It is evident that he uses the word 'religion' in its general sense, as indeed, it seems to us, he should employ it. Dr. Reese has doubtless heard of the religion of the Greeks, the Romans, the Druids, etc. The ceremonies of these, or some of them, Dr. Brigham would condemn, and doubtless all other ceremonies, which are injurious to health.

Our reviewer professes a great regard for the truth: yet he does not hesitate to distort his antagonist's meaning — to misquote him in numerous instances; and then he falls to abusing him for asserting what he has never uttered! And, what is more, these quotations are so essential to the reviewer's argument, that they appear — to use no harsher word — to have been *intentional*. We will instance but one example. On page 124, and again on page 125, of 'Fruits of Phrenology,' Dr. Brigham is charged with saying that 'Insanity *invariably* and *uniformly* arises from moral causes.' He says nothing of the kind. He only asserts what all writers of authority — as Esquirol, Rush, Pritchard, Georget, etc., do — namely, that *generally*, this disease is caused by moral commotions. In other instances, where the reviewer pretends to quote his author, he alters his words. We give one example out of many, mainly because it is short. He repeatedly asserts, that Dr. Brigham says 'that the brain is the organ *on* which the mind acts.' There is not such a phrase in the book. It is a nonsensical substitute of the reviewer's, for 'the brain is the instrument *by* which the mind acts.' Such acts as these *may* be all very well in a Christian critic; but in our humble judgment, they are as deserving of rebuke as the conduct of many who are 'getting out stone' on a neighboring island, by permission of the Recorder.

Dr. Brigham says — and it is what all physiologists assert — that 'excitement of the mind increases the action of the brain' — meaning thereby, of course, the vascular action. Dr. Reese affects to believe that he means that the brain acts of itself, independent of the vascular system — when the merest tyro may see, by the cases he has quoted, that he meant vascular action. 'Action of the brain' is thus used by all medical writers, and — what is laughable enough — by the reviewer himself, who speaks of 'letting the brain rest.' If it does not *act*, we would ask, how can it *rest*? The task of criticism is difficult enough, at the best; but without truth for a guide — with nothing but the disposition to injure, without the ability — it is a thankless office indeed.

We venture to say, that no work published within the last twenty years, of the size of the one under discussion, contains more of vituperation and abuse — of such epithets as are never employed by those who have truth and reason for their object and guide. Such terms as 'degraded beneath contempt,' 'total absolute ignorance,' 'foul moral delinquency,' 'superlatively ludicrous,' 'malignity,' 'superlatively stupid,'

'manifest ignorance,' 'superlative folly,' etc., may be found on nearly every page. Throughout the volume, in short, the reviewer appears to oscillate between abuse of his antagonist and distortion of his meaning; and in a coarse style, the offspring of acerbity of feeling, egotism, and dogmatism, he employs himself either in direct, palpable misrepresentation, or in disingenuously diverting, with small pebbles, the stream of truth into devious channels.

Let us not be misunderstood. We are no advocates of phrenology, as a science, to the extent claimed by its friends and professors. We yield to none in a sincere respect and reverence for that religion which our Saviour practised, and which he was sent into this world to teach. But equally sincere and fervent is our detestation of intolerance and fanaticism; while we lack words to express our disapprobation of that spirit which would prompt a Christian controversialist — the paradox will be pardoned — to rear a reputation for ability in his vocation on a foundation upon which a less 'shining light' would consider it dishonorable to build.

GEORGE BALCOMBE. A Novel. In two volumes. pp. 601. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

THIS is the second novel published by the Harpers this season, the authors of which remain at present unknown, although we venture to predict it will not be long before the public curiosity is gratified by a revelation of their names. They need not be ashamed to acknowledge their offspring, for they will do them nothing but honor. The author of 'Sheppard Lee' — the other anonymous work to which we allude — has given to the world a most lively, entertaining, and let us add useful work, exhibiting an extensive as well as accurate acquaintance with life and manners, as they exist at this moment among us, most especially in our cities, coupled with a capacity for deep and philosophical observation. He has happily managed a difficult fiction, and carried it through with brilliant success. In point of style, too, it deserves almost unqualified commendation, being equally free from affectation and effort. It is easy, graceful, and sprightly; it is sufficiently harmonious, without the appearance of study, and where the subject requires it, vigorous without labor.

'George Balcombe' belongs to the same school, which, we regret to say, seems lately to have been lost sight of amid the rude rabble of romantic fictions which has sprung up under the fostering example of the once 'Great Unknown,' and overrun the civilized world with specimens of barbarism. It is a tale of real life, founded on existing manners, and the actors in its scenes, though many of them carrying the stamp of genuine originality, belong to our country and to the present age. It commences with life on the western frontier, of which it exhibits the most striking features, and ends with delineations of life and character in the ancient dominion of old Virginia.

Among the actors in the drama, the person who with great propriety gives name to the story, George Balcombe, we confess is our especial favorite. Combining the habits of his early life, which is spent among the cavaliers of old Virginia, and the acquisition of knowledge which a good education enabled him to obtain, with the fearless gallantry, frank independence, and habits of hardihood common to a backwoodsman, he exhibits the phenomenon of an original creation, without a single feature of extravagance or absurdity. He is brave without ostentation; polite without effeminacy; and possesses that unerring sagacity which can only result from the union of a clear head with an honest, fearless heart. He is generous, too, in the highest sense of the word; but all these fine qualities are exhibited with such careless indifference to the sacrifices they perpetually require, that unless the reader analyzes them, he is scarcely aware of their exercise. He is a man of the highest order of in-

tellect and virtue; and we confess this is a great charm in our eyes, for we are somewhat sick of the cut-throat heroes and gigantic monsters of turpitude we see every day held up to our admiration in the poetry, romance, and drama of the present day. Surely, a glowing picture of virtue appeals far more powerfully to our feelings, excites more agreeable sensations, and offers a finer moral, than those daring freebooters, magnanimous outlaws, heroic highwaymen, and unhappy wives, who, having sacrificed their virgin affections on the altar of wealth and rank, end with immolating their own honor, and the happiness of their offspring, at the shrine of adulterous love.

There is another character in this work, equally original, though not of the same class. Keiser is a rare combination of shrewdness, roguery, and gratitude. From a long residence on the outskirts of civilization, where, from the absence of legal restraints, every man, as in the days of chivalry, necessarily becomes the righter of his own wrongs, Keiser partakes in no small degree of the habits and character of an ancient borderer. His notions of rights and duties are somewhat latitudinarian; he is his own avenger when wronged; his rifle is his jury, judge, and executioner. His sagacity is wrought to the finest edge, by his long habit of coping with the cunning Indian, and instinctive wild beast, and within the sphere of his vision he sees a thousand times clearer than those who attempt to penetrate the distant obscurity. Under the influence of gratitude to Balcombe, he becomes associated with his higher qualities, is employed in virtuous actions and honorable pursuits, until by degrees the example of his benefactor operates gradually to qualify him in the end for a pretty decent sort of civilized man.

The actions and conversations of Balcombe and Keiser occupy a considerable portion of these volumes. They are both equally appropriate to the actors and speakers. Balcombe is bold, original, and acute; Keiser is keen, cunning, and equally fearless. The language of the one is clear, forcible, and terse; that of the other strongly and naturally savors of the peculiar style, as well as imagery and associations, of the backwoodsman. They are finely contrasted, and bring us back to the times when such things were thought of by the Cervantes, the Fieldings and Smollets— when Don Quixotte had his Sancho, Tom Jones his Partridge, and Roderick Random his Strap.

The other characters, though drawn with sufficient strength and discrimination, are distinguished by slighter degrees of originality, and we shall pass them by with merely observing, that they speak and act each in their proper sphere. Of the story itself, we have not sufficient space for a full analysis, and shall therefore confine ourselves to saying, that it possesses sufficient interest throughout to create an anxiety for the ultimate triumph of virtue over villany; that it abounds with incidents naturally arising out of each other, and that it is skilfully brought to a close, without the agency of ghosts, goblins, or monsters, and without the aid of impossible events, or startling improbabilities.

We confess, we repeat, that we are pleased with the appearance of 'Sheppard Lee' and 'George Balcombe,' and desire to shake hands with their authors. The age of chivalry is no more, and the chivalrous romances have had their day. There was a time when the mysteries of Mrs. Radcliffe's novels excited an interest and curiosity almost painful from their intensity. But in process of time the tribe of imitators, whose name is legion, so deluged the reading world with mysteries, that even chambermaids and children in the nursery refused any longer to be frightened by an accumulation of horrors, that erewhile would have made their hair stand on end, and banished sleep from their eyes.

It is thus, if we may judge from our own feelings, with the school of modern chivalry, where bandits and freebooters, bullies and knights of the post, figure as in a Newgate calendar, and rob and murder through some two or three vo-

lumes. We confess that we are tired of this bastard brood of heroes, and cannot by any effort bring ourselves to feel any thing like excitement at their greatest atrocities. We stand unmoved as a rock, at bloodshed and murder; the *faux paux* of married women are become so common in romances and fashionable novels, that they scarcely titillate the most liquorish fancy; and such is our indifference to such trifles as robbery and murder, that we have almost come to think it a pity they should be punished. The heroes of many of the novelists of the present day have almost converted us to the belief that there is no moral incompatibility between a criminal and a judge, and that a series of violations of law is no obstacle to a man attaining fame, fortune, and honor. Truly, we have become sophisticated by these dangerous productions, and begin to be seriously of opinion, that if most modern libraries were subjected to the inquest of the curate and barber, like that of Don Quixotte, there would be fewer robberies and murders, and a great falling off among the pupils of the quarter sessions.

We therefore cordially welcome 'George Balcombe' and 'Sheppard Lee' as the harbingers of the revival of the good old school of domestic novels, founded on existing habits and manners, appealing to our better feelings, and presenting to our contemplation examples of virtue or vice, applying directly to our situation, and within the reach of our imitation or abhorrence. We earnestly hope the success of these two works will be such as to encourage others to follow in the footsteps of nature, whose fields are never exhausted, rather than pursue the beaten track of chivalry, which has become so worn out as to afford no novelty, except through the medium of extravagant and most absurd improbabilities.

Mr. Midshipman Easy. By the author of 'Peter Simple,' 'Jacob Faithful,' etc. Philadelphia: E. L. Carey and A. Hart. In one vol. pp. 274.

Let not the reader start. It is not our intention to inflict upon him an elaborate dissertation on the merits of the work whose title is given above. A book, three editions of which have mysteriously disappeared from the shelves of our book-sellers in the short space of three weeks, must have had such general judgment passed upon its attractions, as to render our poor blazon quite unnecessary. For the enlightenment, however, of the distant admirers of Captain Marryatt, who may not yet have obtained from the sea-board his latest production, it may be proper to remark, that in 'Midshipman Easy,' to an equal degree with the other works of the author, ingenuity and wit find an alliance with nature and an unmatched power of invention. The style of 'Peter Simple' itself is not more terse and nervous, nor did it insure more deserved applause, than will the varied history of 'Mr. Midshipman Easy.'

The Parlor Scrap Book. Edited by Willis Gaylord Clark. Philadelphia: Carey, Lea and Blanchard. New-York: Wiley and Long.

This is a large quarto annual, comprising sixteen engravings, with poetical and other illustrations. The pictorial portions of the work are of distinguished excellence. In addition to the prose illustrations by the editor, a gifted American lady — Mrs. E. F. Ellett, of South Carolina — has contributed numerous articles in verse, which are well calculated to sustain, if not to enhance, her reputation.

EDITORS' TABLE.

MUSIC — MR. RUSSELL. — Perhaps there is no one thing, at the present day, in which there is more affectation and humbug, than in what is termed 'music,' by common courtesy. Oratorio and opera-goers will sit for hours listening to, and pretending to admire, *strains*, to execute which requires so much exertion, that if the hearers were as honest as Dr. JOHNSON, they would wish were not only 'difficult' but 'impossible;' for all the while, their hearts are not touched with a single emotion, such as genuine melody is capable of producing. Foreign music-masters and professors, with their shakes, trills, and whiskers — 'difficult passages' and moustaches — diamond rings, self-conceit, and quavers — have succeeded in imposing upon the Atlantic cities a 'fashionable taste,' in relation to music, which the good citizens have received with due deference to the opinions of crowned heads and petty dignitaries, before whom the operators — as they say — have sung, and by whom they have been applauded. Now and then, however, we have a gratifying evidence that this taste has a very loose hold upon the regards, and none upon the affections, of our people. One touch of nature — one exhibition of the simpler melodies, by a competent master, who knows what he professes, and professes no more than he knows, takes the public ear captive — and the heart, its trammels of fashion thrown off, really feels without prompting, and enjoys without dictation.

These thoughts have been suggested by hearing Mr. RUSSELL, of Rochester, who recently made a casual visit to this city, execute a few of his favorite airs at an oratorio, and in private society, before a select circle of friends. This young gentleman has eschewed all attempts at taking the public by storm, on his first arrival in this country. Although his musical education has been of the best description, and his powers are of the very first order of excellence, he makes no especial parade of either. He takes up his abode in a flourishing and public-spirited western town, and by natural superiority, unaided by 'flourish,' he soon stands at the very head of his profession. Such is the career, in this country, of one whose equal as a melodist we have never seen in America. His voice is round, full, and rich — capable of high elevation and deep depression, without losing either its sweetness or its softness. His execution is chaste, simple, and faultless, beyond the reach of the disciples of the 'difficult' school. We thought we saw, in the countenances which glowed with emotion as the notes of 'The Old English Gentleman,' 'Wind of the Winter Night,' etc., — both composed by Mr. RUSSELL — fell on delighted ears, sufficient proof that it needs only a proper direction to the public taste, to place it above and beyond the influence of the elaborate Italian school, which has already begun to decline abroad.

We cannot hope to convey to the reader an idea of the descriptive power which characterizes Mr. Russell's execution of the closing stanzas of the following spirited and beautiful song, which now appears for the first time in print. So distinct was the singer's enunciation, and so perfectly adapted his voice and manner to the event which he was portraying, that we remarked an involuntary shudder — a general 'holding of the breath for a time' — in the hushed listeners around him. The shipwreck was before

the eyes of every hearer: the grating keel — the crash of the fallen mast — the flapping of the storm-rent sail — all were present:

'Wind of the winter night! whence comest thou? —
And whither, oh! whither, art wandering now?
Sad, sad is thy voice on the desolate moor,
And mournful, oh! mournful, thy howl at my door:

'Say, where hast thou been on thy cloud-lifted car?
Say, what hast thou seen on thy roamings afar?
What sorrow impels thee, thou boisterous blast,
Thus to mourn and complain, as thou journeyest past?'

'I have been where the snow on the chill mountain peak
Would have frozen the blood in the ruddiest cheek;
And for many a dismal and desolate day,
No beam of the sunshine has brightened my way.

'I have come from the deep, where the storm in its wrath
Spread havoc and death on its pitiless path —
Where the billows arose, as the lightnings flew by,
And twisted their arms in the dun-colored sky:'

'And I saw a frail vessel all torn by the wave,
Drawn down, with her crew, to a fathomless grave;
And I heard the loud creak of her keel, as I passed,
And the flap of her sail, and the crash of her mast!

'But it smote on my ear like the tocsin of death,
As she struggled, and strove with the waters for breath:
'T is her requiem I tune, as I howl through the sky,
And repent of the fury that caused her to die!'

The 'Old English Gentleman' — which we are glad to learn will hereafter appear in the *New-York Mirror*, with the music, as arranged by Mr. Russell — is of a similar descriptive character. It is remarkable alike for picturesque beauty, feeling, and pathos:

'I'll sing you an old ballad, that was made by an old pate,
Of a poor old English gentleman, who had an old estate:
He kept a brave old mansion, at a bountiful old rate,
And a good old porter, to relieve the old poor at his gate —
Like a fine old English gentleman, all of the olden time.

'His hall so old, was hung around with pikes, and guns, and bows,
With swords, and good old bucklers, that had stood 'gainst many foes;
And there his worship sat in state, in doublet and trunk hose,
And quaffed a cup of good old wine, to warm his good old nose —
Like a fine old English gentleman, etc.

'When winter cold brought Christmas old, he opened house to all,
And, though three-score and ten his years, he featly led the ball;
Nor was the houseless wanderer then driven from the hall,
For, while he feasted all the great, he ne'er forgot the small —
Like a fine old English gentleman, etc.

'But Time, though old, is strong in flight, and years roll'd swiftly by,
When autumn's falling leaf foretold this poor old man must die!
He laid him down right tranquilly, gave up life's latest sigh,
While heavy sadness fell around, and tears bedewed each eye —
For this good old English gentleman, all of the olden time.'

Let us hope that the follies of fashion, in the matter of music, will ere long be cast aside — that, to adopt a striking passage in Paulding's 'Backwoodsman:'

——'the bright day is dawning, when the West
No more shall crouch before old Europe's crest;
When men who claim thy birth-right, Liberty,
Shall burst their leading strings, and dare be free;
Nor, while they boast thy blessings, trembling stand,
Like dastard slaves before her, cap in hand —
Cherish her old absurdities as new,
And all her cast-off follies here renew.'

DR. BEASLEY TO JUNIUS, JR.

My Dear Sir: If in that brief controversy which is waging (not being waged) between us, there should appear no probability of awakening on either side that bitter sentiment which has been aptly denominated the *odium theologicum*, or any harsh invectives, I trust it will not be ascribed, upon my part at least, to any deficiency of zeal in the cause which I espouse, but rather to its true and more inoffensive reason, an utter repugnance to the indulgence of any kind of 'odium' whatever. Christianity never yet gained any advantages, and never will gain them, by the display of bigotry, intolerance, and a spirit of violence and denunciation, in her advocates. She addresses her doctrines to the understandings and the hearts of men, and if she cannot by a fair contest in the field of argument obtain the mastery of the first, and, by the suasive influence she exerts gain prevalence over the second, her task must remain incomplete, and her benevolent purpose be defeated. It is related of two learned men by the name of Reynolds, the one a Protestant, and the other a Roman Catholic, that after carrying on a correspondence in regard to the distinctive claims of their several churches, each presented to the other so forcible an appeal in favor of his own creed, that they both changed sides, and became converts to the opinions against which they had been contending. I have no apprehension that this will be the result in our case; but this much I will promise, and I should like to exact the same concession from you, that if, conformably to Dr. Johnson's rustic definition of eloquence, which would apply more properly to logic a part only of eloquence, you can knock down my argument and put yours upon its top, I will yield my understanding to your superior skill, and become a disciple of your school. Pledge yourself to me that you will proceed with similar candor, ingenuousness, and love of truth, and I will proceed to furnish you with what I deem a conclusive argument upon this subject. I pause for a reply. As I can hear none, I must presume your consent, and pass onward in my course of reasoning.

It will be allowed on all hands, that the subject of miracles is of fundamental importance, and lies at the very foundation of christianity. Miracles and prophecies form the two-fold seal which Heaven annexes to the revelation of its will to mankind, and by the first of these alone can any one who makes pretension to supernatural communication expect to produce conviction in the minds of others. Miracles are the only authentic credentials of a divine mission. Upon this ground both Moses and the great Founder of the Christian faith rest their claims to credit. In the old and new Testament such extraordinary powers are ascribed to both, and the whole Jewish and Christian world, after mature and thorough examination of the evidence, have assented to the declarations of the holy volume. The question then arises between us, supposing a sufficient number of eye-witnesses to have been satisfied, that the miracles recorded in the gospel have been performed, can human testimony, under any circumstances, and sustained by any corroborations, furnish evidence of such facts which should convince a rational mind? M. Hume and you deny that it can, and found your objection upon the argument, that the evidence which is afforded by human testimony in favor of miracles must always be weaker than that which we have in favor of the established laws of nature, as the first rests upon a variable experience of its truth, and the last upon an invariable experience of their permanence and immutability.

Now you cannot and have not denied that, as I asserted before, the whole force and truth of M. Hume's argument lies in this simple proposition, that the truth or credibility of human testimony *always* rests upon a variable experience, as mankind are capable of falsehood and imposture. If this proposition cannot be substantiated, his whole superstructure falls to the ground. If it can be shown, that the truth of human testimony does not *always* rest upon a variable, but sometimes an invariable experience, surely his reasoning is infected with a fatal fallacy, and must be disallowed. Now, to proceed, have I not in my former articles completely exposed the fallacy of this assumption of M. Hume? Have I not demonstrated, that human testimony may be so corroborated by circumstances, and its own intrinsic evidence, that, when thus sustained,

it is liable to no uncertainty, and never was found false in the whole history of man, and amidst the endless vicissitudes of human affairs? Courts of justice are every day listening to testimonies upon which they ground their most important decisions — decisions that vitally affect the fortunes and lives of their fellow men — which they regard as liable to no shadow of exception, and the conclusive force of which they would not allow to be brought in question with any patience or toleration. And these kinds of testimony, too, which our judicial tribunals deem so satisfactory, in its evidence is far below that which was furnished by the evangelists and apostles in reference to the gospel miracles. I say, then, that by a conclusive train of reasoning I have before demonstrated, that M. Hume's principle is false, that all human testimony rests only upon a variable experience of its truth, as there are some kinds of testimony so strongly fortified, that they were never found deceptive from the formation of the world to the present moment. This is a view of the subject, allow me to say, which you have not attempted to invalidate, and the force of which you do not appear rightly to have apprehended. You have either not applied your attention to it so closely as to obtain a just comprehension of it, or attempted to evade its force, by taking refuge in the general declaration, that testimony can never be so accumulated as to outweigh invariable experience. With all due respect to your logical powers, this is not the point at issue between M. Hume, you, and myself. In a refutation of his much-vaunted argument, the question to be solved is, not whether testimony can ever be so strongly confirmed as to outweigh invariable experience, but whether testimony must itself always be subject to the deficiency of resting upon a variable experience. This is the genuine subject of this controversy, and it is a matter of subsequent investigation to determine, whether of the two degrees of evidence, each of which may sometimes amount to certainty, the one or the other is to be preferred. The philosopher can never be disposed to doubt, that we may attain to natural if not mathematical certainty, in regard to the constitution and laws of nature, as well as to matters proved by competent testimony; and a difficulty arises only when these two kinds of proof come in collision with one another, or, in the language of Mr. Locke, when the reports of witnesses clash with the ordinary course of nature.

From this more extended view of the subject, I trust you will discern not only the cogency of the argument by which I attempted to refute this objection against miracles, but also the exact aptitude and analogical proof of the illustration by which I enforced it, derived from the fable of the father upon his death bed delivering an admonition to unity among his sons by his bundle of rods. Of this representation you say, without any color of reason, 'The force of the illustration appears to me to be just this, and no more: as a number of sticks are stronger than one stick, so is the testimony of a number of witnesses stronger than that of one witness. That it is so, no one can dispute; but the question then recurs, can testimony be so accumulated as to outweigh invariable experience? M. Hume thinks not, because the ignorance, prejudices, passions, and falsehood of mankind render testimony variable and uncertain in its character.' Now, with all due deference to your philosophical discernment, this illustration was neither introduced to show that 'as a number of sticks are stronger than one stick, so is the testimony of a number of witnesses stronger than that of one witness,' since it would have required a Solomon to deduce this inference, and we pretend to no rivalry with the wisest of mankind; nor was it intended by a recurrence to this fable to prove 'that testimony may be so accumulated as to outweigh invariable experience,' since the strength of a Sampson must have been put in requisition to lug such a weight into that field of argument. But the simple and sole purpose of that illustration — a purpose which I presume it has completely answered — was to detect the latent fallacy of M. Hume's reasoning, which infers the general conclusion, that all testimony is supported only by a variable experience of its truth, because some species of testimony are liable to that charge of deficiency. To draw a general conclusion from a partial collection of facts, and more especially when many contradictory facts may be alleged against it, is not only opposed to all ordinary rules of logic, but directly in the teeth of the Baconian

method of inquiry, which imperiously demands that our conclusions shall keep exact pace with the facts upon which they are founded. M. Hume maintains, that no human testimony can authenticate a miracle, because human testimony always rests upon a variable experience. I deny the truth of this premise, and assert that only some kinds of testimony are liable to this charge, but that others may be so strongly confirmed as to be found invariably true in the course of human affairs. In support of this affirmation, I introduce the father, his sons, and his bundle of rods, and show that M. Hume's reasoning is as if these sons had told their father that since these rods may be separately broken, so also they must be frangible when all united. Do not these symbols aptly denote the archetypes to which they refer? Reduce the reasoning of the sceptic to syllogistic form, and see how it will stand the test: Testimony is sometimes doubtful and deceptive; that which is sometimes deceptive must always be so; therefore testimony is always deceptive. Would not this inference be a *non sequitur*, and resemble an attempt to prove that all mankind are liars and rogues, because some among them are found to be so? From these considerations, I think you cannot fail to perceive, that the father would neither 'trick his children,' when he admonished them as in the fable, nor when he reasoned with them as in the illustration.

In regard to the great affair of the authenticity of miracles, since in this discussion you will bring us to that inquiry, I would decidedly maintain, with the greatest masters of reason that ever lived, that there is a degree of certainty to be derived from human testimony, which will overbalance all that certainty which may be derived from the most invariable experience of the uniform course of nature. M. Hume is not so entirely an original in the invention of the argument about which we are now contending, as you may be inclined to think. Locke speaks of a difficulty arising in the proof of miracles, from the consideration that in these cases testimony is made to clash with ordinary experience. And the very circumstance, that they are denominated signs and wonders in the scriptures, and that the witnesses of those which are recorded are described as so reluctant to believe them, is decisive proof, that even in those days mankind were by no means insensible of the full weight of that evidence which lay against them. The ingenuity of M. Hume, which I am willing to allow consisted in discovering a plausible argument to show, upon philosophical principles, why this difficulty in their proof from testimony must always be insuperable, and in detecting a vitiating property in human testimony, which renders it incompetent to the purpose of authenticating these violations of the laws of nature. Are, then, the miracles recorded in the gospel sufficiently authenticated? When you descend to compare them with the stories of witches and witchcraft, or the idle accounts having currency among the ignorant, about the wonderful feats of impostors who practice upon popular credulity, if I could suppose your mind really affected by a difficulty of this kind, and unable from a confusion of ideas to make a ready discrimination between them, I could only turn physician, and recommend as a remedy for this disorder, a mixture composed of a few ounces of good sense, some grains of philosophy, and a few scruples of moral worth, to purify the intellectual faculties, and restore the diseased action of the mental system. Have ridiculous fooleries of this kind any similitude to that sober, chastened, and well-digested detail of facts recorded in the gospel, the truth of which is not only attested by credible witnesses, but whose testimony is confirmed by every circumstance which can be conceived to recommend it, as well as by permanent institutions reared in their commemoration, which serve as monuments to perpetuate their memories, and the real recurrence of the facts to which they refer, through all future ages? During the progress of every season, and even every Sabbath day, you behold the Christian churches engaged in the promulgation of doctrines, and the celebration of rites and ceremonies, founded upon miraculous facts. Account for their origin, if you can, without having recourse to the assumption that those facts were really and truly exhibited in the history of mankind. I know that M. Gibbon has attempted this, but I know also that he has failed in the proof of it.

Let us now, in as few words as possible, institute an exact balance between the evi-

dence afforded by testimony in favor of miracles, and that furnished by our invariable experience as individuals against them, and see which scale ought to preponderate.

First, then, we have in favor of the miracles recorded in the gospel, the following corroborated and accumulated evidence. They are proved by a competent number of credible witnesses, apostles and evangelists, who sustained through life characters for the most consummate purity and unimpeachable integrity. These witnesses, in confirmation of their reports, bore attestation to facts so simple and intelligible that they could not have been deceived about them; they, in consequence of their adoption of the system of theology founded upon these facts, changed all their former opinions, discarded the inveterate prejudices of education, entered upon new habits of life, and subjected themselves to the control of a novel and more rigorous discipline. Nor is this the sum of the whole argument. These witnesses, besides embracing a new faith from conviction of mind, evinced the sincerity of their belief by encountering all kinds of labors, privations, sufferings, humiliations, persecutions, and at last the most horrid deaths. And to complete the proof afforded us of the truth of their testimony, not one among them ever recanted his new opinions, but, adhering to the declaration of them even amidst the pains of martyrdom, not only did they all incontestibly demonstrate their own sincerity, but had the happiness to carry conviction to the minds of their contemporaries, demolished the venerable structure of the Jewish hierarchy, and bore the banners of the cross over the ruins of that pagan idolatry and superstition which had been receiving strength from immemorial antiquity, and had gradually incorporated itself into the mighty trunk of the Roman Empire, which at that time extended its limbs, and maintained its uncontrollable masterdom over the known world. Place the evidence thus furnished in proof of miracles by the side of your story of the Salem witches, and let me hope that you will blush with ingenuous shame for having ventured upon the comparison.

Having displayed that corroborated testimony which amounts to the highest degree of moral certainty, let us now endeavor to ascertain the exact weight of that evidence which is to be thrown into the scales against it. This is drawn from our uniform and invariable experience of the laws of nature. No philosopher will deny that this consideration presents a great difficulty in the case of miracles, which presuppose violations of those established laws, and all intelligent men acknowledge that more than ordinary evidence is requisite to render them credible. In this argument, I do not presume that my antagonist has run into the extremity of Spinoza, denying the possibility of miracles because the order of nature is immutable, but that, supposing miracles to be achievable by omnipotence, he maintains we can never have sufficient evidence from human testimony that they have been performed. Under this aspect, let us nicely scrutinize the subject. You and I have had invariable experience that water cannot by the word of man be converted into wine; that the winds and sea do not submit to his order; that he cannot instantaneously heal incurable maladies; nor, above all, raise a dead body in which putrefaction has commenced. This knowledge of the laws of nature would lead us justly to treat with contempt and ridicule the pretensions of such persons as Matthias the impostor, and his stupid followers. This course is reasonable, and sanctioned by every man of sense. But how far should we extend our sceptism and incredulity in such matters? To determine this point, we must ask ourselves, what is the degree of evidence which we derive from the course of nature, tending to show that this order admits of no alterations? It is clear that, in regard to the constitution and laws of nature, we can neither attain to intuitive or demonstrative certainty. If we could do this, the affair would be summarily settled, and no room left for doubt. We should then be as sure that a dead man could or could not be raised, as that the three angles of a triangle are equal to two right angles. But Science allows that she is in possession of no proofs which will enable her to decide this point, or even that the sun will rise to-morrow, or the tides will flow in our rivers. The inhabitants of Lisbon, a moment before the earth opened and swallowed them, were as certain of their safety as they had been

for centuries, and yet their knowledge of nature deceived them. But you will say, that these events arise out of the operation of natural causes, and come within the compass of established laws. And who can show you that the coming of the Son of Man, and the miracles he performed, may not by the Almighty have been incorporated into the frame of nature?

Again: You and I have from experience discovered the uniform course of nature, and justly conclude that, as it now subsists, its laws are never violated; but we never had any observation of them as they were displayed in the times of the apostles, when the whole moral world was in a state of degeneracy and corruption, and stood in need of great reformation. The King of Siam was no philosopher, and reasoned without his host, when he concluded, from the phenomena exhibited in his tropical climate, that the Dutch ambassador falsified, when he alleged that in Europe water was converted into a solid substance by the action of cold.

Farther: You will perceive from what has been alleged, that all the evidence we can derive from the course of nature, amounts only to strong probability, and what we may denominate natural or mechanical proof, which is a degree of certainty, very remote from demonstration. This, then, is the certainty of which you speak as resting upon invariable experience, and which, if you repose too unbounded trust in it, you may find oftentimes very treacherous, and a fixture from which your foot may slip. To this we oppose the very highest degree of moral certainty, based upon apostolic testimony, and as our experience cannot properly be said to extend to nature as it appeared in their day, we cannot but conclude that the proof of the facts which they relate is satisfactory. M. Hume endeavors to propound an infallible standard by which, in all cases, we may test the credibility of a miracle. He says we should not believe a miracle, unless it would be as great a violation of the order of nature that the testimony which sustains it should be false, as that the fact reported should be true. If we could penetrate into the thin and impalpable structure of moral nature, and ascertain precisely the established laws that regulate it, I am not sure that we need object to this maxim. I am inclined to think that it would be as signal a violation of the established laws of moral nature, that the testimony furnished by the evangelists and apostles should be false, as it would be of the order of physical nature, that all the miracles they have related should be true.

You will remark, then, in conclusion, that in the case of miracles, the balance of evidence lies between different degrees of probability — that probability which in both its kinds ordinarily amounts to perfect certainty, but when they come in collision, the one or the other must preponderate, according to its superior force of evidence arising out of the nature and circumstances of the facts. Suppose you and I should hear that the city of Philadelphia had been swallowed by an earthquake. Such report would appear to us very improbable from our past experience, and our knowledge of its situation, soil, and every circumstance which can secure it against disasters of this nature; and yet should we doubt the fact, if related by credible witnesses? But you will say that earthquakes are common in some parts of the earth, and the agents which produce them are known to exist in nature. True; but they are violations of those uniform laws of nature, with which we have become familiar, and which preserve matter in just equipoise, and prevent violent convulsions; and as to the observation that the agents which produce them are known to subsist, the same is the case in reference to miracles, as the omnipotence of God is always exerted, and all that we have to demonstrate is, that in a specific case, this power has been exercised. I am aware, that there is a difference in the cases, and that the one presumes an action contrary to the laws of nature, and the other in conformity to them; but, inasmuch as it cannot be denied that in both cases a cause adequate to produce the effect subsists in the system, I cannot conceive why we should so readily allow the one, and pertinaciously refuse assent to the other, when it is proved by adequate testimony. The great difficulty in these matters arises out of the uncongeniality or want of homogeneousness in the kinds of evidence — that which depends upon testimony, and that which depends upon experience. They cannot be reduced to a com-

mon measure, and therefore can never have their relative value precisely determined. This is an evil inherent in the very essence of the thing; and perhaps the Creator may intend that christianity should be offered to us in this shape, dealing with us as moral agents, whose assent to its doctrines is not coerced by mathematical demonstration, but left to the free and unconstrained exercise of our intellectual and moral powers. This, too, is the condition in which a large proportion of moral and natural truth is left by the great disposer of all things. Why should we, who cannot strictly demonstrate that the sun will rise to-morrow, the tides will flow, or the earth continue in its orbit, expect to obtain mathematical certainty of the truths of Christianity, or of the evidence by which she is sustained? We enjoy all the proofs which the nature of the case admits; and if we are dissatisfied with these, upon a nice scrutiny of our hearts and minds, we shall invariably discover, that our incredulity has not so much arisen from the exercise of our intellectual faculties, as from some deficiency in the state of our moral feelings.

Hoping that, by these reflections and this train of reasoning, if I have not been so fortunate as to remove all your doubts, and silence all your objections which relate to this fundamental point in the system of christianity, I have at least awakened you to a more serious examination of its claims, and subdued some of those prejudices which might close your mind against the light of its evidences, and restrain you from an entrance into its sacred pale, I bid you a respectful and well-wishing adieu.

FREDERICK BEASLEY.

THE DRAMA.

PARK THEATRE. — MRS. and MR. KEELEY. — During a highly successful engagement of Mr. and Mrs. KEELEY at the Park, the public have had an opportunity of judging correctly of their merits, and we are happy to state that they have freely testified their approbation. Mrs. Keeley is an actress unlike any that we ever remember to have seen on the Park boards. The late Mrs. CHAPMAN came nearest to her in style; and in justice to this favorite actress, we must say, that in one or two things she quite equalled the English artiste. Mrs. Keeley's principal forte seems to lie in the portraying of those characters which come within the range of what is called the domestic drama — a style of composition not so lofty as tragedy, and less serious than the modern melo-drama. In farce, Mrs. Keeley is the gayest of the gay, and quite French in her style, without any of that stiffness which sometimes makes the liveliest farces the most solemn of dramatic representations. Mr. KEELEY is decidedly an 'odd one.' His person is almost as grotesque as REEVE'S, and his manner altogether peculiar to himself. In certain characters of farce he is irresistible. His '*Peter Spyk*,' in the 'Loan of a Lover,' we would instance as among the best of his personations. Mrs. Keeley's claims as a singer are as great as her merits in farce. In truth, by many her songs are considered the gems of her performance. Her voice is naturally sweet, but of a limited compass, with a highly cultivated style, and always in good taste. In short, without entering into a laborious critique of performers, whose merits are so palpable as are those of Mrs. and Mr. Keeley (*place aux dames!*) we congratulate the American public on the sterling acquisition which they are receiving to their theatrical enjoyment in the visit of these artists to this country.

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MR. DENVIL. — This gentleman is from the 'Theatre Royal, Drury Lane,' and has appeared at the Park Theatre in the parts of 'Shylock,' 'Richard,' and 'Manfred,' of the last of which we intend to speak anon. The English critics — one of them at least — has said much for Mr. Denvil's personation of 'Shylock,' which is so singularly at variance with the general opinion of those who have witnessed that '*identification*' here, that, in justice to Mr. Denvil, we cannot refrain from transcribing it:

'DRURY-LANE. — Mr. Denvil made his first metropolitan appearance here last night, and his maiden effort was the arduous one of delineating *Shylock*. There is a boldness deserving encou-

ragement in the very attempt, on the stage so lately trodden by the greatest actor that the British people has seen, or probably will see, in this character. But the performance of last night was not alone in this respect deserving, as in many points it was admirably portrayed, evidently from the study of one possessing the necessary accomplishments for sustaining a high walk in the tragic drama. It would be nonsense to talk of comparing the debutant with Kean, of whom, however, we must say that he occasionally reminded his audience. His figure is good, his person genteel, and his features, particularly that which most indicates intelligence, the eye, pleasing. His voice is well modulated, and there are parts in which we expect to find him make a fame. *Shylock* has not much to do, but it is nearly all a series of whirlwind emotions, affording ample space and verge enough for all the peculiarities and powers of an actor. Some of Mr. Denvil's passages were well delivered, and were equally well received by the audience. He was energetic, a tendency to overdo in that direction being the only fault we have to find with him. He certainly is a little too young; but that must not be attributed as a fault, or, if it be, it is one which every day will contribute to remove; we mention it merely because it prevented his *looking* the Jew as one fancies him to have been.'

Of Mr. Denvil's 'boldness,' in attempting to play the character of 'Shylock' on *any* stage, and most especially on the boards which the great Kean had just trodden, we think there can be but one opinion, and in this therefore we entirely coincide with the English critic; but that there was any thing especially 'deserving' in this daring feat, unless accomplished in a manner more nearly bordering upon decent respectability than the representation with which *we* have been favored, we take upon ourselves the 'boldness' to deny. The performance of 'Shylock' *here* was not as at Drury Lane 'in many points admirably portrayed:' *au contraire*, there was not a 'point' that was not rendered pointless by the absurd rantings of this great original. We again agree with the Englishman, when he says that 'it would be nonsense to talk of comparing Mr. Denville with Kean.' Here there is no cause for cavil. The remark is honest, and exceedingly just: as one would say, it is 'nonsense' to talk of comparing a rush-light with the mid-day sun.' His figure is *not* 'good;' it is round and shapeless — his person we consider included in his figure — and for his 'eye,' it is so swallowed up by his cheeks, that if there is 'intelligence' there, his eyebrows are the gainers by it. His voice is a thin squeak, 'modulated' to a coarse growl, upon neither of which beautiful peculiarities should we, as Mr. Denvil's friend, advise him to found his hopes of 'fame.' Shylock has more 'to do' than Mr. Denvil, we fear, can ever hope to accomplish; and as for his 'whirlwind emotions,' they did not raise dust enough to blind the eyes of Mr. Denvil's audience to his many glaring imperfections. We should have noticed his 'Shylock' less minutely, if he had made less pretensions; but adopting the philosophy of 'Jacques,' he has evidently determined, 'that a man need never want gold in his pocket, who has plenty of brass in his face.' This may be good logic *off* the stage, but *on*, it is seldom verified. But the greatest of all abominations, is the representation of Byron's 'Manfred' on the stage by Mr. Denvil! Manfred and Mr. Denvil! A moonbeam shining through a plum-pudding! Oh the absurdity of vanity! The idea of representing a creation so purely intellectual as Manfred — Lord Byron's Manfred — the most spiritual of all that lofty poet's most spirital imaginings — upon the dry boards of a theatre — through the medium of such a mass of material dulness as makes up the mental and corporeal being of Mr. Denvil — is one of those gross absurdities, which nothing but the arogance of bloated vanity would dare to practice. The whole affair is a gross libel upon all things ethereal — an insult to the memory of the poet, and to the audience who witness the desecration — and as such, may the waters of Lethe roll over it!

C.

National Theatre. — This new establishment has speedily won its way to popularity. Its audiences, for the most part, during the month, have been nightly regaled with the new opera of '*The Maid of Cashmere*' — the principal characters by Celeste, Miss Watson, Plumer, and Morley. We have not found leisure to witness its representation, but the reports of the press, and the 'run' which it has enjoyed, are good evidences of its attractions.

American Theatre, Bowery.—This establishment is being rebuilt under the direction of Mr. Dinneford, who will be associated with Mr. Hamblin in the lesseeship and management. This last named gentleman takes a 'Farewell and Complimentary Benefit,' previous to his present departure for Europe to enlist recruits for the new establishment. It should be a 'benefit' indeed, for no one deserves it more than the beneficiary, whose hand on all occasions has been 'open as the day to melting charity.'

THE FINE ARTS.

Cole's Pictures of the 'Course of Empire.'— The great merits of this series of pictures — five in number — are doubtless known to a great portion of our New-York readers. The conception of the artist is a bold and poetical one, involving in its execution *genius*, or the power of original creation, of the highest order. Mr. Cole has fully succeeded in embodying a succession of scenes, which not only stamp him as an artist of the first grade, but as a poet in whom 'the divinity' is an ever-present prompter. We had contemplated an extended notice of this admirable performance; but we find one so well executed to our hand, in the printed description of the artist himself, that we annex it, as far more graphic and intelligible than any thing which we could offer:

No. 1., which may be called the 'Savage State,' or 'the Commencement of Empire,' represents a wild scene of rocks, mountains, woods, and a bay of the ocean. The sun is rising from the sea, and the stormy clouds of night are dissipating before his rays. On the farthest side of the bay rises a precipitous hill, crowned by a singular isolated rock, which, to the mariner, would ever be a striking land-mark. As the same locality is represented in each picture of the series, this rock identifies it, although the observer's situation varies in the several pictures. The chase being the most characteristic occupation of savage life, in the fore-ground we see a man attired in skins, in pursuit of a deer, which, stricken by his arrow, is bounding down a water-course. On the rocks in the middle ground are to be seen savages, with dogs, in pursuit of deer. On the water below may be seen several canoes, and on the promontory beyond, are several huts, and a number of figures dancing round a fire. In this picture, we have the first rudiments of society. Men are banded together for mutual aid in the chase, etc. The useful arts have commenced in the construction of canoes, huts, and weapons. Two of the fine arts, music and poetry, have their germs, as we may suppose, in the singing which usually accompanies the dance of savages. The empire is asserted, although to a limited degree, over sea, land, and the animal kingdom. The season represented is Spring.

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No. 2.— The Simple or Arcadian State, represents the scene after ages have passed. The gradual advancement of society has wrought a change in its aspect. The 'untracked and rude' has been tamed and softened. Shepherds are tending their flocks; the ploughman, with his oxen, is upturning the soil, and Commerce begins to stretch her wings. A village is growing by the shore, and on the summit of a hill a rude temple has been erected, from which the smoke of sacrifice is now ascending. In the fore-ground, on the left, is seated an old man, who, by describing lines in the sand, seems to have made some geometrical discovery. On the right of the picture, is a female with a distaff, about to cross a rude stone bridge. On the stone is a boy, who appears to be making a drawing of a man with a sword, and ascending the road, a soldier is partly seen. Under the trees, beyond the female figure, may be seen a group of peasants; some are dancing, while one plays on a pipe. In this picture, we have agriculture, commerce, and religion. In the old man who describes the mathematical figure — in the rude attempt of the boy in drawing — in the female figure with the distaff — in the vessel on the stocks, and in the primitive temple on the hill, it is evident that the useful arts, the fine arts, and the sciences, have made considerable progress. The scene is supposed to be viewed a few hours after sunrise, and in the early Summer.

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In the picture No. 3, we suppose other ages have passed, and the rude village has become a magnificent city. The part seen occupies both sides of the bay, which the observer has now crossed. It has been converted into a capacious harbor, at whose entrance, toward the sea, stand two phari. From the water on each hand, piles of architecture ascend — temples, collonades and domes. It is a day of rejoicing. A triumphal procession moves over the bridge near the fore-ground. The conqueror, robed in purple, is mounted in a car drawn by an elephant, and surrounded by captives on foot, and a numerous train of guards, senators, etc. — pictures and golden treasures are carried before him. He is about to pass beneath the triumphal arch, while girls strew flowers around. Gay festoons of drapery hang from the clustered columns. Golden trophies glitter above in the sun, and incense rises from silver censors. The harbor is alive with numerous vessels — war galleys, and barks with silken sails. Before the doric temple on the left, the smoke of incense and of the altar rise, and a multitude of white-robed priests stand around on the marble steps. The statue of Minerva, with a victory in her hand, stands above the building of the Caryatides, on a columned pedestal, near which is a band with trumpets, cymbals, etc. On the right, near a bronze fountain, and in the shadow of lofty buildings, is an imperial personage viewing the procession, surrounded by her children, attendants, and guards. In this scene is depicted the summit of human glory. The architecture, the

ornamental embellishments, etc., show that wealth, power, knowledge, and taste have worked together, and accomplished the highest meed of human achievement and empire. As the triumphal fête would indicate, man has conquered man — nations have been subjugated. This scene is represented as near mid-day, in the early Autumn.

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No. 4. — The picture represents the Vicious State, or State of Destruction. Ages may have passed since the scene of glory — though the decline of nations is generally more rapid than their rise. Luxury has weakened and debased. A savage enemy has entered the city. A fierce tempest is raging. Walls and colonnades have been thrown down. Temples and palaces are burning. An arch of the bridge, over which the triumphal procession was passing in the former scene, has been battered down, and the broken pillars, and ruins of war engines, and the temporary bridge that has been thrown over, indicate that this has been the scene of fierce contention. Now there is a mingled multitude battling on the narrow bridge, whose insecurity makes the conflict doubly fearful. Horses and men are precipitated into the foaming waters beneath; war galleys are contending; one vessel is in flames, and another is sinking beneath the prow of a superior foe. In the more distant part of the harbor, the contending vessels are dashed by the furious waves, and some are burning. Along the battlements, among the ruined Caryatides, the contention is fierce; and the combatants fight amid the smoke and flame of prostrate edifices. In the fore-ground are several dead and dying; some bodies have fallen in the basin of a fountain, tinging the waters with their blood. A female is seen sitting in mute despair over the dead body of her son, and a young woman is escaping from the ruffian grasp of a soldier, by leaping over the battlement; another soldier drags a woman by the hair down the steps that form part of the pedestal of a mutilated colossal statue, whose shattered head lies on the pavement below. A barbarous and destroying enemy conquers and sacks the city. Description of this picture is perhaps needless; carnage and destruction are its elements.

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The fifth picture is the scene of Desolation. The sun has just set, the moon ascends the twilight sky over the ocean, near the place where the sun rose in the first picture. Day-light fades away, and the shades of evening steal over the shattered and ivy-grown ruins of that once proud city. A lonely column stands near the fore ground, on whose capitol, which is illumined by the last rays of the departed sun, a heron has built her nest. The doric temple and the triumphal bridge, may still be recognised among the ruins. But, though man and his works have perished, the steep promontory, with its insulated rock, still rears against the sky unmoved, unchanged. Violence and time have crumbled the works of man, and art is again resolving into elemental nature. The gorgeous pageant has passed — the roar of battle has ceased — the multitude has sunk in the dust — the empire is extinct.

These pictures were painted for the late Luman Reed, whose encouragement of the fine arts has been mentioned with just applause, and they are now exhibited by permission of his family.

A Scene from the Deluge. — This historical painting, from the pencil of Mr. F. Anelli — an artist yet young, but possessing an advanced reputation, and talent of an exalted character — has attracted many visiters, and much admiration, since it has been open for exhibition. It is, in truth, a spirited and highly-wrought effort, and in most respects a prëeminently beautiful picture. The form and features of the mother strike us as faultless; the countenance and image of the husband, too, are beyond criticism; while the muscular figure of the brother, admirably fore-shortened upon the overhanging rock, deserves equal praise. The infant, however, and the aged father, impressed us less favorably. There are defects, especially in the drawing, in each of these. The scene itself is well portrayed, and — excepting perhaps a greenness of too deep a hue in the waters — is without blemish. Altogether, the picture is well imagined and well depicted.

'The Poor Rich Man and the Rich Poor Man.' — Such is the expressive title of a small but closely printed volume, from the gifted pen of Miss Sedgwick, just published by the Brothers Harper. We have room but to say, that it is worthy of its author, and that, in the deep interest which it excites, and the moral which it conveys, it is a forcible and beautiful illustration of the truth of the passage which stands as its motto: 'There is that maketh himself rich, yet hath nothing; there is that maketh himself poor, yet hath great riches.'

STATEN ISLAND. — To those who would hold communion with nature, during the brief reign of that 'Sabbath of the Year' which makes an American fall so calm and holy a season, we know of no spot, of easy access to our citizens, more delightful than Staten Island. Every hour in the day, scenes of natural beauty may here be enjoyed, which it is not too much to say have very few peers in the world. As the visiter leaves behind him the empire city, that sits like Tyre, in the midst of the sea, and 'whose merchants are princes,' let him mark the forests of masts that encompass her on every side — the wide expanse of her matchless bay, enlivened by water-craft of every description; Long Island, with its crowning city, and dwelling-sprinkled shore — the crowded river on the east, and the noble Hudson — the key to the far western region — rolling its broad waters to the main, its bosom whitened with the treasures of the vast inland that stretches beyond the sight. Before him widens the Narrows, the great gate between the eastern and western world. At the Quarantine, near the pretty village that swells upward from the shore, hundreds of vessels are riding at anchor. Let him land at the trim town of Tompkinsville, and proceed along the shore; and when he shall have gained the first of the various eminences that rise in irregular undulations far around him, pause for a moment, and survey the scene. The city, mellowed by distance, and reposing in the chastened autumnal light, rises 'like a sweet creation of enchantment from the silver bosom of the deep;' far to the northward, the view of the Hudson is broken by the bold and picturesque front of the Pallisades; the blue mountain line, bounding the view on the north-west and west, forms an appropriate back-ground to a varied landscape, indented with bays, and chequered with towns and villages. When, in beholding all this, the enamored lover of nature becomes 'dizzy and drunk with beauty,' let him pursue his journey, until he finds himself on other upland slopes, of greater elevation, near where a redoubt was thrown up at a period when war was in our borders. Gazing toward the east, the view suddenly changes from the beautiful to the sublime. Before him spreads the 'throne of the Invisible' — the great and wide sea, with all its swelling multitude of waves. Sun-lit ships are flitting into dimness in the distance, while others, every sail spread, and homeward bound, are sweeping into the broad offing. On every hand, the Spirit of Beauty sits enthroned. It cannot be, that scenes like these will be long left to waste their wealth of various and noble beauty upon the merely casual beholder. Pass but a little while, and on all these commanding summits — these irregularly-distant and gracefully-rounded hills, which overlook the peerless scenes we have described — white dwellings, garnished by the hand of taste and art, will glimmer in the day-beam; the leafy magnificence of waving trees, and the sheen of gay gardens flowering in the summer sun, will be here: the uncultivated spot will have been converted into the fields of elysium.

COLLEGIATE. — We have received, and perused with much gratification, 'An Oration delivered by the Hon. WILLIAM ALLEN, of Chillicothe, (Ohio,) before the Calliopean Society of the Granville Literary and Theological Institution,' in August last, 'being their first anniversary celebration.' This effort is the result of a searching examination and comparison of the tendencies of the different courses of national government. Its views of human action are enlarged — its inculcations beneficial and exalted — while its style rarely lacks the graces of composition. A single paragraph is all for which we have space:

'If it should be asked, 'Where is the guaranty of liberty in the United States?' the answer may be found in the unawed freedom and untrammeled action of the press — in the numerous seminaries of learning — in the common schools — in the millions of printed volumes — in the boundless circulation of the public journals — in the accessibility of all these to the entire body of the people. It may be found in the public discussions of the legislature, of the desk, and of the bar — in the free and frequent assemblages of the people, and their unrestricted interchange of ideas. It is through these

numerous channels that a great body of popular intelligence is accumulated, which forms a deep, broad stratum of solid sense, extending throughout the whole community, and sustaining, as its foundation, the splendid structure of a free and faultless government. While these channels are kept open — while the mind of man acts freely and fearlessly through them — civilization and liberty are secure against the most formidable dangers. If despotism would change this scene, it must begin with murdering the schoolmaster, the professor, the orator, the author, and the printer; it must demolish your seminaries, your school houses, your public buildings — consume your volumes, strike down your press, and disperse your multitudes; it must benumb the mind, blunt the sensibility, chill the passions, and break the spirit of the whole people; in a word, it must recall the ideas that are abroad, and imprison them once more in the strong dungeon of monopoly. When this is done — when men shall have become dumb with terror, oblivious of the past, insensible to the present, and indifferent to the future — then, and not until then, will the free system of popular government be in danger — then, and not until then, will the arbitrary establishments of the old world be incombustible to the scorching and consuming blaze of science, of letters, and of liberty, which is now silently enkindling around them.'

LITERARY RECORD.

MEMORIALS OF MRS. HEMANS. — MESSRS. SAUNDERS AND OTLEY'S edition, in two volumes, of the 'Memorials of Mrs. HEMANS, with illustrations of her literary character from her private correspondence,' deserves extensive patronage. The volumes proceed from the pen of H. F. CHORLEY, Esq., one of the editors of the *London Athenæum*. Portions of the work were originally published in that journal, and subsequently generally circulated in the United States. These were well calculated to whet the public appetite for those which remain. Throughout the whole progress of the work, the reader will be forcibly struck with the evidences of the reality and truth of the beautiful exhibitions of domestic affection which characterize the poetry of Mrs. Hemans. The author, bringing to his task both capacity and adequate reverence for his subject, has acquitted himself with credit.

We make a few desultory selections from Mrs. Hemans' correspondence, which will give some idea of the entertainment afforded by this portion of the work. The following characteristic letters were written from Chiefswood, in the neighborhood of Melrose and Abbottsford:

Chiefswood, July 13.

"How I wish you were within reach of a *post*, like our most meritorious Saturday's Messenger, my dear ———. Amidst all these new scenes and new people I want so much to talk to you all! At present I *can* only talk of Sir Walter Scott, with whom I have just been taking a long, delightful walk through the 'Rhymour's Glen.' I came home, to be sure, in rather a disastrous state after my adventure, and was greeted by my maid, with that most disconsolate visage of hers, which invariably moves my hard heart to laughter; for I had got wet above my ankles in the haunted burn, torn my gown in making way through the thickets of wild roses, stained my gloves with wood-strawberries, and even — direst misfortune of all! scratched my face with a *rowan* branch. But what of all this? Had I not been walking with Sir Walter Scott, and listening to tales of elves and bogles and brownies, and hearing him recite some of the Spanish ballads till they 'stirred the heart like the sound of a trumpet?' I must reserve many of these things to tell you when we meet, but one very *important* trait, (since it proves a sympathy between the Great Unknown and myself,) I cannot possibly defer to that period, but must record it now. You will expect something peculiarly impressive, I have no doubt. Well — we had reached a rustic seat in the wood, and were to rest there, but I, out of pure perverseness, chose to establish myself comfortably on a grass bank. 'Would it not be more prudent for you, Mrs. Hemans,' said Sir Walter, 'to take the seat?' 'I have no doubt that it would, Sir Walter, but, somehow or other, I always prefer the grass.' 'And so do I,' replied the dear old gentleman, coming to sit there beside me, 'and I really believe that I do it chiefly out of a wicked wilfulness, because all my *good advisers* say that it will give me the rheumatism.' Now was it not delightful? I mean for the future to take exactly my own way in all matters of this kind, and to say that Sir Walter Scott particularly recommended me to do so. I was rather agreeably surprised by his appearance, after all I had heard of its homeliness; the predominant expression of countenance is, I think, a sort of arch good-nature, conveying a min-

gled impression of penetration and benevolence. The portrait in the last year's Literary Souvenir is an excellent likeness.

Chiefswood, July 13.

"Will you not be alarmed at the sight of another portentous-looking letter, and that so soon again? But I have passed so happy a morning in exploring the 'Rhymour's Glen' with Sir Walter Scott, that following my first impulse on returning, I must communicate to you the impression of its pleasant hours, in full confidence that while they are yet fresh upon my mind, I shall thus impart to you something of my own enjoyment. Was it not delightful to ramble through the fairy ground of the hills, with the 'mighty master' himself for a guide, up wild and rocky paths, over rude bridges, and along bright windings of the little haunted stream, which fills the whole ravine with its voice! I wished for you so often! There was only an old countryman with us, upon whom Sir Walter was obliged to lean for support in such wide walks, so I had his conversation for several hours quite to myself, and it was in perfect harmony with the spirit of the deep and lonely scene; for he told me old legends, and repeated snatches of mountain ballads, and showed me the spot where Thomas of Ercildoune

'Was aware of a lady fair,
Come riding down the glen,'

which lady was no other than the fairy queen, who bore him away to her own mysterious land. We talked too of signs and omens, and strange sounds in the wind, and 'all things wonderful and wild;' and he described to me some gloomy cavern scenes which he had explored on the northern coast of Scotland, and mentioned his having heard the deep foreboding murmur of storms in the air, on those lonely shores, for hours and hours before the actual bursting of the tempest. We stopped in one spot which I particularly admired; the stream fell there down a steep bank into a little rocky basin overhung with mountain ash, and Sir Walter Scott desired the old peasant to make a seat there, kindly saying to me, 'I like to associate the names of my friends and those who interest me, with natural objects and favorite scenes, and this shall be called Mrs. Hemans' seat.' But how I wished you could have heard him describe a glorious sight which had been witnessed by a friend of his, the crossing the Rhine at Ehrenbreistein, by the German army of Liberators, on their return from victory. 'At the first gleam of the river,' he said, 'they all burst forth into the national chant '*Am Rhein, Am Rhein!*' They were two days passing over, and the rocks and the castle were ringing to the song the whole time, for each band renewed it while crossing, and the Cossacks with the clash and the clang, and the roll of their stormy war-music, catching the enthusiasm of the scene, swelled forth the chorus '*Am Rhein, Am Rhein!*' I shall never forget the words, nor the look, nor the tone, with which he related this;* it came upon me suddenly, too, like that noble burst of war-like melody from the Edinburgh Castle rock, and I could not help answering it in his own words,

'Twere worth ten years of peaceful life,
One glance at their array.'

"I was surprised when I returned to Chiefswood to think that I had been conversing so freely and fearlessly with Sir Walter Scott, as with a friend of many days, and this at our first interview too! for he is only just returned to Abbottsford, and he came to call on me this morning, when the cordial greeting he gave me to Scotland, made me at once feel a sunny influence in his society. . . . . I am going to dine at Abbottsford to-morrow — how you would delight in the rich baronial-looking hall there, with the deep-toned colored light, *brooding* upon arms and armorial bearings, and the fretted roof imitating the fairy sculpture of Melrose in its flower-like carvings! Rizzio's beautiful countenance has not yet taken its calm clear eyes from my imagination; the remembrance has given rise to some lines, which I will send to you when I write next. There is a sad *fearful* picture of Queen Mary in the Abbottsford dining-room. But I will release you from farther description for *this* time, and say farewell.

"Ever faithfully yours,

"F. H."

We close our quotations with an extract or two descriptive of Mrs. Hemans' personal appearance, and illustrative of points in her character:

"It has been said that no woman can form a fair estimate of another's personal attractions; but in contradiction to this sweeping assertion, I shall draw upon a woman's

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* Upon this anecdote Mrs. Hemans afterwards based one of the most spirited of her national lyrics, 'The Rhine Song of the German Soldiers after Victory.' The effect of this, when sung with a single voice and chorus, is most stately and exciting. The air had never before been mated with suitable words; the German *Trinklied*, (drinking song,) which belongs to it in the original, falls far behind the music, which is high-toned and spirited.

work, 'The Three Histories,' for a description of Mrs. Hemans, which, though somewhat idealized, is as faithful to the truth as it is gracefully written.

"Egeria was totally different from any other woman I had ever seen, either in Italy or England. She did not dazzle — she subdued me. Other women might be more commanding, more versatile, more acute; but I never saw one so exquisitely feminine. She was lovely without being beautiful; her movements were features; and if a blind man had been privileged to pass his hand over the silken length of hair, that when unbraided flowed round her like a veil, he would have been justified in expecting softness and a love of softness, beauty and a perception of beauty, to be distinctive traits of her mind. Nor would he have been deceived. Her birth, her education, but, above all, the genius with which she was gifted, combined to inspire a passion for the ethereal, the tender, the imaginative, the heroic, — in one word, the beautiful. It was in her a faculty divine, and yet of daily life; — it touched all things, but like a sunbeam, touched them with 'a golden finger.' Any thing abstract or scientific was unintelligible and distasteful to her: her knowledge was extensive and various, but true to the first principle of her nature, it was poetry that she sought in history, scenery, character, and religious belief — poetry that guided all her studies, governed all her thoughts, colored all her conversation. Her nature was at once simple and profound; there was no room in her mind for philosophy, or in her heart for ambition — one was filled by imagination, the other engrossed by tenderness. Her strength and her weakness alike lay in her affections: these would sometimes make her weep at a word, — at others imbue her with courage; so that she was alternately a 'falcon-hearted dove,' and 'a reed shaken with the wind.' Her voice was a sad, sweet melody, her spirits reminded me of an old poet's description of the orange-tree, with its

'Golden lamps hid in a night of green,'

or of those Spanish gardens where the pomegranate grows beside the cypress. Her gladness was like a burst of sunlight; and if in her depression she resembled night, it was night wearing her stars. I might describe and describe for ever, but I should never succeed in portraying Egeria; she was a muse, a grace, a variable child, a dependent woman — the Italy of human beings.

* * * * *

"There was no more beautiful trait in Mrs. Hemans' character, than the total absence of any thing like rivalry — of the smallest shadow of a wish to depreciate or discourage the efforts of her contemporaries. Her judgment, indeed, was as fastidious as it was independent: she did not estimate the writings or the endowments of others according to the fashion of the day, but by the standard of her own wholly poetical feelings: and thus she might be sometimes too exclusive, but never voluntarily unfair, or warped by the smallnesses which creep into minds less earnest. Though so naturally rich, even to luxury, in her own imagery and forms of expression, she was wholly intolerant of all counterfeit sentiment and pretty phraseology, these she would call '*property* writing,' 'painted language.' She was too entirely and graciously devoted to her art ever to bear a part in the antiphony of hollow compliment. One of her favorite quotations was the satire on the Litchfield coterie, which she would repeat with exquisite humor,

'Tuneful poet! England's glory;
Mr. Hayley — that is you,'
'Ma'am, *you* carry all before you,
Trust me, Litchfield swan, you do!'

"But in proportion as her taste was difficult and peculiar, so were her preferences strong and lasting. 'If she could see no fault in her friends,' she would playfully and ingeniously argue,' they were very few in number; and she was sure that she could not have adopted them so entirely as a part of herself without good and convincing cause."

The work is embellished with a fine portrait of Mrs. Hemans, and a view of her residence at St. Asaphs. Messrs. Carey, Lea and Blanchard, Philadelphia, have published the same work in one volume. The proceeds from the sale of both editions are to be devoted to the benefit of Mrs. Hemans' children.

Bryant's Poems. — A third edition of Bryant's poems, with a few which were not in the first, and of which two or three have never before appeared in print, has been published by the Harpers. We will not suppose any of our readers ignorant of productions, many of which have become almost part and parcel of the national heart. Hence, foregoing unnecessary praise, we need only say of the volume before us, that its execution is truly beautiful, and that it is ornamented with an appropriate vignette by Weir.

THE PRINTER'S GUIDE. — Messrs. WHITE, HAGER AND COMPANY have published the third edition of a work of some two hundred pages, entitled 'The Printer's Guide, or an Introduction to the Art of Printing:' by C. S. VAN WINKLE. This book is not alone valuable to those for whose use it is perhaps mainly intended. Those portions of the volume which are devoted to the subject of punctuation and remarks on orthography, are of great importance to writers for the public press, and indeed to all who would write correctly, for any purpose. We could wish, especially, that our author's labors were in the hands of many a correspondent for this Magazine. The advice and directions to masters and apprentices are sound, practical, and judicious. In all the writer has to say, he comprehends an important meaning in a few words, and those which are the most expressive. His work deserves well, for various merits, at the hands of the public in general, but recommends itself particularly to the professors of the 'art preservative of all arts.'

MEMOIRS AND SELECT REMAINS OF NEVINS. — Mr. JOHN S. TAYLOR, Park-Row, has published, in a large and very beautiful volume, 'The Select Remains of the late Rev. WILLIAM NEVINS, D. D.,' with a memoir of the author. The selections from his writings here presented have never before been published. They are characterized by the same plain, simple style, and breathe the same Christian purity and affectionate tenderness which have rendered the former productions of the writer so universally popular. A portrait of the author, well engraved by PARADISE, gives additional value to the volume.

DEARBORN'S LIBRARY OF STANDARD LITERATURE. — The thirteenth volume of the 'Library of Standard Literature' forms the fourth volume of BYRON'S works, and contains Manfred; Hebrew Melodies; Ode to Napoleon Bonaparte; Monody on the Death of the Rt. Hon. R. B. Sheridan; The Lament of Tasso; Poems; Ode on Venice; The Prophecy of Dante; Cain; Marino Faliero; Sardanapalus; and the Two Foscari. A spirited picture of 'Gulnare' ornaments the work. Of the execution of the book we need not speak, farther than to say, that it is not inferior to the volumes which have preceded it.

MEMOIRS OF LUCIEN BONAPARTE: WRITTEN BY HIMSELF. — This work, translated from the original manuscript, under the immediate superintendence of the author, possesses all the interest which its title would seem to import. This interest, however, is lessened, and the value of the Memoirs not a little impaired, by a style which is singularly incorrect and involved — a style that is neither French nor English, but an awkward combination of both. The volume, however, has had an extensive sale, notwithstanding its defects of manner. SAUNDERS AND OTLEY, Ann-street.

'THE AMERICAN QUARTERLY MAGAZINE' is the title of a new quarterly publication, the first number of which was issued early in the month. It is under the supervision of an association of young gentlemen of the New-York University, who have made a very favorable début, considering the necessary drawbacks always attendant upon a 'first appearance.' The typographical execution of the work is extremely neat, and reflects credit upon the press of Messrs. CLAYTON AND BUCKINGHAM.

THE ROUÉ, ETC. Messrs. CAREY AND HART have issued a new edition of 'The Roué,' in two volumes, and a second emission of 'Conversations of LORD BYRON with the Countess of BLESSINGTON,' in one volume. Both works have heretofore been noticed at length in this Magazine. A second edition evinces their popularity. The same publishers have issued an edition of Madame de Staël's 'Corinne.'

NEW EDITION OF BULWER'S WORKS. — Messrs. CAREY AND HART, Philadelphia, have just published, in two large and well-printed volumes, the complete works of this popular writer. They are embellished with a portrait of the author, and are handsomely, although as it seems to us frailly, bound.

TALES OF THE WARS OF MONTROSE. — A collection of tales, by the late JAMES HOGG, author of 'The Queen's Wake,' etc., many of which we remember to have read with much pleasure, in Edinburgh and London periodicals. Their titles are as follow: Some Remarkable Passages in the Life of an Edinburgh Baillie; The Adventures of Colonel Peter Aston: Julia M'Kenzie; Remarkable Adventures of Sir Simon Brodie; Wat Pringle o' the Yair; and Mary Montgomery. The execution of the volumes is of the same character as that of 'The Farmer's Daughter' — or, if possible, even of a worse description.

MACKENZIE'S WORKS. — Another donation, from the ever-teeming press of the Brothers HARPER, of good old English literature. 'The Man of Feeling,' 'The Man of the World,' 'Julia de Roubigné,' and various papers communicated to 'The Lounger,' (a periodical paper, published at Edinburgh in the years 1785-'86, and 'The Mirror,' in 1779-'80,) are here presented in a beautiful volume of upward of five hundred pages. A fine portrait of the author, from the graver of DICK, prefaces the volume.

MORAL PHILOSOPHY. — MR. T. H. CARTER, Boston, has recently published 'The Philosophy of the Moral Feelings, by JOHN ABERCROMBIE, M. D., F. R. S.,' etc., together with an introductory chapter, with additions and explanations, to adapt the work to the use of schools and academies; and also analytical questions for the examination of classes. By JACOB ABBOTT. It is a valuable work, and calculated to be widely useful in American schools.

ARITHMETICAL GUIDE. — MR. HENRY PERKINS, Philadelphia, and Messrs. HALL AND VOORHIES, New-York, have given to the public a valuable aid to the every day business of life, in a small volume, entitled 'An Arithmetical Guide, in which the principles of Numbers are inductively explained.' From a cursory examination of the book, it appears to us simple and clear in its arrangement, and well adapted to the practical purposes for which it is intended.

SCHOLAR'S REFERENCE BOOK. — The same publishers have issued 'The Scholar's Reference Book,' containing a Dictionary of English Synonymes, tables of Greek and Latin Proper Names, and men of learning and genius, with a variety of other useful matter. The work comprises in a small space a large amount of matter connected with those subjects which are necessary to be known by the scholar, and for which he has frequently to search works of a more expensive description.

'VIOLET WOODVILLE, OR THE DANSEUSE,' is the title of a re-published novel, in two volumes, from the press of Messrs. CAREY, LEA AND BLANCHARD, Philadelphia. It is a 'portraiture of human passions and character,' and possesses such merit as to elicit high encomiums, we perceive, from the *London Examiner* — a journal of repute, and one not given to indiscriminate puffery, like many of its contemporaries.

THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER, AND OTHER LAND AND SEA TALES. — These tales have far more merit than might be inferred from a first glance at the volumes which they comprise. The publishers' estimate of their value — to judge from the execution of the work — must be low enough. It is miserably printed, upon coarse brown paper.

ETIQUETTE. — A second edition of 'The Laws of Etiquette, or Short Rules and Reflections for Conduct in Society,' with numerous additions and alterations, has just been published by Messrs. CAREY, LEA AND BLANCHARD. The first edition was favorably noticed in this work, and the second is worthy of still higher praise.

'ASTORIA.' — This last and long-expected work of WASHINGTON IRVING has been published in two large and handsome volumes, by Messrs. CAREY, LEA AND BLANCHARD, Philadelphia. We shall notice it more in detail in the next number of this Magazine. New-York: WILEY AND LONG.

THE KNICKERBOCKER.

VOL. VIII. DECEMBER, 1836. No 6.

AMERICAN POETRY.

AMONG the subjects of those disputes which now agitate the literary world, to the destruction of many quills, and the waste of much Christian ink, modern poetry is one of the most prominent. Its title to esteem has been denied, and even its genuineness questioned by some, while the adverse majority revenge themselves by crying out against antiquity, and accusing their opponents of laboring under a fantastical affection for every thing which has been set aside as useless by public opinion.

Probably in some cases this accusation is true. The human mind is a thing obeying few regular laws, and its preferences are frequently not to be accounted for. It would be difficult to explain the reason why many men place their whole happiness in the collection and possession of worthless rarities. But whatever may be its cause, this passion may be supposed to be not unfrequently the source of that queer perversion of mind under which some labor, who are afflicted with a hankering after old books, and can find neither sense nor beauty in any thing written after the time of Queen Elizabeth. Many of those who fill up the ranks of that little phalanx, (whose every leader, however, is in himself a host,) which still stands firm in the cause of the old English classics, no doubt belong to this class, and therefore may be universally held in little esteem, according to general custom in such a case; since it is certainly nothing but reasonable that any body presuming to occupy himself with things in which the world can see no value, should be laughed at for his pains. But such persons actually compose but a small part of the mass to which they belong — a body whose combined information, judgment, and taste, may safely challenge competition with the whole literary world. When Brougham, Coleridge, Lamb, and Jeffrey, in England, and our own Irving, at home, give their full voice on one side of any question of taste, it requires no great measure of sagacity to decide it: and it would probably argue not much modesty in any one who should treat *their* verdict with that mixture of pity and merriment which might be supposed to meet an antiquarian — supposing such a monster to have yet been discovered in the list of American animals.

It is universally admitted, that we are not a poetical nation. It is also highly probable that we never shall be, to any great extent. Our natures are not fitted to it. To be a poet, one must have a mind rather imaginative than argumentative, and rather credulous than inquiring — or, at least, must be able to assume such a disposition

at pleasure. But our national disposition is as far as possible removed from this. The strongest points in our character are our love for pure reason, and constant inclination to refer to facts. But these are hereditary characteristics, which we hold as a worthy legacy from our trans-atlantic ancestors, and share with their direct descendants. Why then should our literature be so barren of those poetical fruits which were the worthy produce and still existing glory of the youth of English genius?

There is scarcely any fact better established, in literary history, than that, in a free country, the earliest times are the brightest in poetry, while philosophy and eloquence form the particular excellencies of national maturity and old age. This is probably the reason that, while our debaters are perhaps unrivalled as a body, and our orators bid fair to arrive at still higher excellence, the few specimens of poetry which America has produced, bear all the marks which designate the productions of an advanced age; and while displaying pure taste, and high polish in their authors, and often rising into splendid, nervous eloquence, generally show a great want of the very spirit and essence of true poetry — that imagination which bodies forth the forms of things unknown; for the poet and the painter alike, if really deserving their names,

'Are of imagination all compact.'

Has then a decree gone out against American literature, that it should never have a time of youth? It never has had, and never will have one, if distinguished as American. But in fact, it is a mere trick of reviewers, to consider it as in any way of a different race from those English writers that are over sixty years old. Before that time, America and England were one. The fountain-head of our literature is found in the time when those men wrote, to whose works the cultivated Englishman still looks with mingled pride and fondness. Our ancestors, as well as his, were their countrymen and readers. Our mutual forefathers met in the theatre when Hamlet first came upon the stage, and jostled each other in the crowd which thronged to gaze upon Sidney and Raleigh. Our language, our manners, our favorite authors, are the same, and our country was one, until the revolution severed us, and first gave birth to that distinction which interested parties have used to rob our share of British literature of its paternal name, as well as of that weight of glory which such a long ancestry of genius has conferred in partnership upon England and America.

Thus our writings bear the stamp of a national maturity. They are more correct and less original, more tasteful and less natural, and at once less beautiful and less deformed, than their prototypes. It would be unnecessary to give reasons why later writers find it easier to imitate than to invent: it is enough that such is the fact. Hence it is very seldom that any beside a very few of our modern writers of distinction give us any thing, except long-spun commentaries upon old texts — diluting, sweetening, and spicing the plundered ancients to the sugar-plum taste of the day, in a manner very nearly resembling that by which old wines are converted into sangaree. Thus, as if to verify the proverb about ill-gotten possessions, the

powers of the writer are weakened, the public taste depraved, and hardly any thing made so scarce, as a specimen of that bold, fresh manliness of thought, and pure, natural, though polished style, which so nobly distinguish the old English writers. We admit that when the imitator possesses taste and talent, he may, and frequently does, correct many errors, and expurgate many improprieties. But yet we miss the sap and freshness of the wild flower. Often, however, still greater mischief is done; and we look upon the mutilated remains with much the same feelings as those with which we should contemplate a noble oak transplanted by Gothic hands into a cabbage garden, and its foliage cut into some mathematical figure. Most of our readers have probably perused Pope's imitation of Donne's satires. They could scarcely find a better instance of the first case of re-writing — although Donne belonged to a degenerate age of English genius. His tuneless lines have been moulded into the perfection of harmony, and some of his strange inversions set right. But, on the other hand, his terse, nervous English is spun out to the last thread of connection; his humor evaporated, his unsparing satire blunted, and the whole reduced to several specimens of sparkling but pointless wit. Such is a favorable instance. But let us take another selection from Pope's works, as an instance of the way in which a noble passage may be degraded by imitation. Every one is familiar with the celebrated lines in the Essay on Man:

> 'Superior beings, when of late they saw
> A mortal man transcend all nature's law,
> Admired such wisdom in an earthly shape,
> And show'd a Newton as we show an ape.'

Compare now these lines with that passage in the works of a long-forgotten English dramatist, whence they were undoubtedly derived — where a caustic satirist speaks of the unruffled face and constant merriment of fools:

> 'While studious contemplation sucks the juice
> From wise men's cheeks, who making curious search
> For Nature's secrets, the First innating Cause
> Laughs them to scorn, as man does busy apes,
> When they will zany men.'

One of the noblest passages in a department of genius where Milton and Sophocles thought it nothing unworthy to try their powers, mutilated and disfigured, in order that it might stand among the sophistries of a blundering essay in rhyme, without disgracing its companions! It is as if we had seen the Nazarite champion, in the full majesty of his supernatural strength and beauty, and then again looked upon him, eyeless, squalid, and filthy, working at the mill with the beasts and slaves of Gaza.

Under these two heads may be ranked the majority of imitators. There is yet a small body who are honorably distinguished from both. They are those who would themselves have been inventors, had the path into which their genius led them been previously unoccupied; and as it is, they are in fact the most original of modern writers — carefully avoiding to borrow ideas from those whom they select as models, and giving their style and spirit to the reader.

Thus many Englishmen of talent have produced uncommonly spirited and original imitations of the writers of the time of Elizabeth, while a rich specimen of Rabelais' racy, burlesque, and vigorous fun, has risen up under the title of a History of New-York. Would that the subject of the book had been such as to admit of the introduction of something like that high though hidden philosophy, and those occasional bursts of severe, earnest eloquence, which stamp immortality on the writings of that wonderful man. We are not acquainted with Irving; but in our mind's eye we can at this moment see the sly, sweet-humored smile that must have been on his face when he wrote that inimitable story of his dream in the reading-room of the British Library, (itself the perfection of Pantagruelism,) and thought of Diedrich Knickerbocker — and of Monsieur Alcofribas, Quintessential Abstractor, and Historian of the very Horrific Life of the Great Gargantua, Father of Pantagruel. May the honor which he has conferred upon his native state be returned upon him ten-fold, and his name long be celebrated among American literati, as the first one who revealed to *us* the beauties of those old writers whom he has so earnestly and eloquently praised!

But even this sort of imitation is hurtful. When poetry begins to grow up in the mind of some one whose lot it is to live in an uncultivated age and nation, it is to him no matter of show and vanity, but rather a secret pleasure, which he himself does not comprehend — a hidden treasure — a joy in which the stranger intermeddleth not. His mind is absorbed in the delightful pursuit — his feelings are aroused, and his very language becomes a constant vehicle for high, passionate thoughts, 'to a strange music chanted.' The face of nature, as seen in his wanderings, aids the prevailing emotion, and gives it a medium of imagery wherewith to express itself. For the credulity of a poetic mind always acts most strongly, when art and society are both far distant. Who could find in a frequented harbor, or a mill-pond, any incitement to belief in the old fables of mermaids or water-nymphs? But let the reader, on some calm summer's day, travel through the unfrequented woods to some distant lake, imbedded in the forest; let him stand on the beach, where the tracks show that the deer has lately come to drink, and look on the deep, silent sheet of water, surrounded by the silvery stems of the tall birches which fringe the water's edge, like the feathers in the coronal of a savage prince, while the taller hemlocks thrust up their dark-green tops behind them, as if striving to peep into the crystal mirror — shadowing it all, except where, at one extremity, the sand-bars gleam whitely through the slight ripple, which tells that there is an opening, though you see none, beyond that little point of underwood. Look again on the scene, devoid of living objects, except that bird, which, while your eye was turned, flitted noiselessly in between the stems of the trees, and now sits silent upon that point of rock which shoots up in the midst of the calm, deep water, and see if, almost unknowingly, you do not breathe forth, in a suppressed voice, your invocation to the genius of the place:

——— 'Sabrina fair,
Listen where thou art sitting,
Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,

In twisted wreaths of lilies knitting
The loose plaits of thy amber-dropping hair.'

Such is the influence of nature upon the minds of a rude nation. And in the city, scope is still afforded to the fancy. The constant explosion of fierce passions, where laws are weak, and a police is unknown, the distinctions of dress and manners, which a high state of civilization tends to abolish, and the rude magnificence every where seen, all tend to form a soil favorable to the produce of the imagination, which grows up unchecked and untrammelled. If the poet is but of respectable talents, his writings fall to the ground. But if he is one of those master-spirits, who are not contrary to, but above law, every thing helps him on, and his productions take place in that rank of superiority which none can expect to rival. Such, with one noble exception, has been the origin of all those wonderful and immortal writings which stand at the head of poetry. The Iliad and the Odyssey, the Inferno and Paradise Lost — the Canterbury Tales and the Faëry Queen — Hamlet and Othello. In fact, so difficult is it to cultivate the taste without dulling the imagination, that scarcely is there to be found an instance of a great poet who was a man of deep learning and extended literary acquirements, except in Milton, the force of whose mind was such, that a panoply which would have crushed any less gigantic imagination, was to him nothing but a light ornament. In this view of the case, it is curious to notice how the taste and the talents of true poets almost always differ, and how generally they are fondest of those writings which are most different from their own. Milton preferred the gentle and tender Euripides, to all the other poets of Greece. Byron admired Pope; and Coleridge, the most sedate, metaphysical, and enthusiastic writer of our days, loved best to peruse the joyous, free-hearted Chaucer, or the wild, rich, extravagant merriment of Beaumont and Fletcher. Thus their genius in a degree escaped the influence of models — an influence which elevates what would without it be bad, and debases the powers of nobler minds — making first-rate productions scarce, and deluging the world with that inferior class of poetry which good authority affirms to be alike hateful to gods, men, and book-sellers — which is not good enough to delight in, and yet rather too good to lose.

It is highly probable that America will never produce a rival to those five or six whom universal taste ranks as the masters of poetry. We may safely leave those to lament at this, who rail at utilitarianism, and bring forth lachrymose fustian about a threatened attempt to dig down Parnassus to macadamize the roads with. They may rest assured that few will attempt to apply so soft a material to such a purpose. They may be left to their lamentations — to mourn that the age of chivalry has gone, along with the lawlessness and brutality which were the causes of instituting that grand fraternity of regulators — to lament that liberality of ideas has usurped the place which courtesy of manners so uselessly filled — and to weep for the signs which indicate that there is some hope that honesty will, in time, sit in the seat of honor. Meanwhile, the man of sense and calmness, who does not ask for contradictory excellencies, as he

reflects on the long and brilliant list of statesmen and orators which we may fairly expect to adorn our national name, will not probably be inconsolable in his grief, that the grave, reflective manliness of mind which we may justly claim, will not easily admit of any great proficiency in what is the aimless, though beautiful and improving pursuit of a nation's childhood.

B. F. G.

THE OLD MAN'S LAMENT.

I.

Oh! for one draught of those sweet waters now,
That shed such freshness o'er my early life!
Oh! that I could but bathe my fevered brow,
To wash away the dust of worldly strife,
And be a simple-hearted child once more,
As if I never knew this world's pernicious lore!

II.

My heart is weary, and my spirit pants
Beneath the heat and burden of the day;
Would that I could regain those shady haunts
Where once, with Hope, I dreamed the hours away;
Giving my thoughts to tales of old romance,
And yielding up my soul to youth's delicious trance!

III.

Vain are such wishes!—I no more may tread
With ling'ring step and slow the green hill-side;
Before me now life's short'ning path is spread,
And I must onward, whatsoe'er betide;
The pleasant nooks of youth are passed for aye,
And sober scenes now meet the traveler on his way.

IV.

Alas! the dust which clogs my weary feet
Glitters with fragments of each ruined shrine,
Where once my spirit worshipped, when with sweet
And passionless enthusiasm it could twine
Its strong affections round earth's earthliest things,
Yet bear away no stain upon its snowy wings.

V.

What though some flowers have 'scaped the tempest's wrath?
Daily they droop by nature's swift decay;
What though the setting sun still lights my path?
Morn's dewy freshness long hath passed away;
Oh! give me back life's newly-budded flowers!
Let me once more inhale the breath of morning's hours!

VI.

My youth!—my youth!—oh, give me back my youth!
Not the unfurrowed brow and blooming cheek—
But childhood's sunny thoughts, its perfect truth,
And youth's unworldly feelings—these I seek!
Oh! who could e'er be sinless and yet sage?
Would that I might forget Time's dark and blotted page!

Brooklyn, (L. I.,) 1836.

R. C. R.

ORIGINAL PASSAGES

IN THE LIFE OF THE CELEBRATED SIR WILLIAM PHIPS.

I AM fond of contemplating those characters who flourished in the days of our pilgrim forefathers; and I think I have found much instruction in reading their lives. They are seldom spoken of in these days; and time, though it has not covered them with oblivion, has at least thrown a twilight over their names, that mellows their faults, and hides their many virtues. I have perused the simple history of Capt. Miles Standish, the Washington of Plymouth Colony, who grappled with the dark sons of the forest, and knew all their cunning and hypocrisy. I have read of his giant strength, unfaltering courage, sagacious mind, and of the great repute in which he was held by the little flock over whose lives he stood the noble guardian. But there are few who could inform us where his silent dust now reposes — what spot his remains hallow: and this is another proof of the hollow reality of fame, when the bestowers, as well as the recipients of it, are gathered to their fathers.

I have this evening been thinking of SIR WILLIAM PHIPS, who, toward the close of the seventeenth century, was appointed Governor of New-England. As there are many circumstances connected with his life which I do not remember to have seen in the late histories of our country, a slight sketch of it may not prove uninteresting to the reader.

SIR WILLIAM PHIPS was born on the 2d day of February, 1640, at a poor plantation on the river Kennebeck, being one of the most eastern settlements of New-England. His mother had no less than twenty-six children, twenty-one of whom were sons, William being the youngest of the number. His father, John Phips, formerly of Bristol, (England,) was a gunsmith. At his death, he left this boy with his mother, who employed himself in the capacity of shepherd, until he was eighteen years of age. About this time, he became restless for great enterprises; and, judging from his subsequent career, was of a rather roving and romantic turn of mind. There was, as he expressed himself, a conviction about him, 'that he was born to greater matters.' It appears, that he bound himself apprentice to a ship-carpenter for four years, during which period he became master of the trade. He then proceeded to Boston, then the chief *town* of New-England, at which place he learned to read and write. He must have been, at this time, twenty-two years of age. Here he married the widow of Mr. John Hull, and daughter of Capt. Roger Spencer, who was rather a fashionable lady, for the times.

William Phips pursued his business for some time; but afterward became extremely anxious to search for certain Spanish wrecks which were reported to have sunk near the Bahamas, and to have contained immense quantities of silver and gold bars, with plate, pearls, jewels, etc. The first attempt was unsuccessful; yet still the passion haunted him, and he immediately prepared himself with a crew, to make a second voyage. This was accomplished by his asking for the command of a king's ship, (which was granted,)

called the *Algier Rose*, with eighteen guns, and ninety-five men. Year after year he followed his exploring expeditions, but with ill success; and his crew, growing weary of the unsuccessful enterprise, began to complain and mutiny. They approached him on the quarter-deck, with drawn swords in their hands, and commanded him to fly to the southern seas, and commence a life of piracy. Captain Phips was entirely unarmed; yet it is said that alone, and by his giant strength, he rushed among them, prostrating some and intimidating others, until he finally quelled them, and restored peace and good order on board his vessel.

On another occasion, while his ship lay at a desolate Spanish island, from which they had a bridge to the shore, the whole of the crew, except eight or ten, numbering near one hundred men, left the ship for the purpose, as they avowed, of diverting themselves amidst the cool breezes of the forest. It appears, however, that they immediately formed themselves into a ring, and resolved to seize the captain and his friends, and leave them to perish in the wilderness, while they hurried away to the south seas to commence a piratical career. But ascertaining that a carpenter must attend the enterprise, they despatched a messenger to inform him of the necessity of his presence. When he arrived, the articles of confederation were shown him, and the consequence explained, if he refused to subscribe to it. The carpenter, with much importunity, prevailed on them for a half an hour's time to consider the matter, and returned to the vessel, with a spy placed over him. While attending to his duty, he feigned himself attacked with a sudden fit of cholic, and ran for medicine and relief. Here he explained the conspiracy to the captain, as briefly as possible, who commanded him to return, sign the articles, and leave *him* to arrange the sequel. The few friends around the captain pledged themselves to stand or fall by him, and the first operation was to protect the provisions which were on shore, covered by a tent. The guns were silently drawn and turned — the bridge pulled up that ran to the shore — and the former brought to bear on every side of the tent. By this time, the army of rebels came out of the woods, and soon saw such a change of circumstances, as to cause them to cry out, 'We are betrayed!' The stern voice of Phips was heard, 'Stand off, ye wretches, at your peril!' Great confusion ensued; and when he signified his resolve to abandon them to the desolation which they had purposed for him, their hearts sank within them. The provisions were taken on board, under cover of the guns: they began now more acutely to feel their situation, and at last fell on their knees, praying for mercy, and declaring that they had no charge to bring against him, save his refusal to flee to the southern seas, and engage in their piratical expedition. After much penitence, they were received on board, but were immediately secured, and on arriving at Jamaica, discharged.

Shipping another crew, he proceeded to Hispaniola, where he ascertained by a very old Spaniard the spot where the wreck lay; but he was unsuccessful, and returned to England.

Again he set sail for the 'fishing ground,' which was 'well baited,' as he termed it, with a ship and a tender, and arriving at *Port de la Plata*, constructed a stout canoe of cotton-tree, manned with ten oars;

he performed the chief labor with his own hands. With this tender and canoe, they commenced their search, and more particularly around a reef of rising shoals, where the old Spaniard reported the wreck of the vessel. They peeped among the boiling waters, but could discover nothing. While they were about returning, however, full of disappointment, one of the men, on casting his eye in the crystal depths of the ocean, espied a sea-feather, springing apparently from a rock. One of the Indians dived down and brought up the feather, together with a most thrilling story. He said there were great guns in the watery world; a large vessel lay beneath the surface of the silent sea, and there were many strange objects about it. On diving a second time, a lump of silver, worth two or three hundred pounds, was brought up. This success was most joyful intelligence for the captain; and day after day they continued their labors, until thirty-two tons of silver bullion were drawn forth from the deep. A gentleman named ADERLY, of Providence, (Rhode-Island,) who had previously been engaged with Phips in the search of Spanish wrecks, about this time joined him, by previous agreement, and freighted his vessel with six tons more of this precious metal. But Aderly was so excited by his good fortune, that he ran distracted, and died about a year afterward in the Bermudas. This treasure, as Phips expresses it, 'had been half an hundred years groaning under the waters,' and a thick crust of several inches had gathered upon it. Beside this, they discoverd much gold, pearls, jewels, and all those riches with which the Spanish vessels of that day were so richly freighted. After causing Aderly and his crew to swear that they would not visit the spot during the year, he made arrangements for departing.

His crew about this time began to grow restless, for they had been too extensively engaged in the gold trade, to be satisfied with the moderate wages for which they stipulated to undertake the voyage. Phips, in this dilemma, solemnly promised them that they should be amply rewarded, even if he paid it out of his own individual portion.

Captain Phips arrived in London with near three hundred thousand pounds sterling; but his portion of the precious cargo amounted to less than sixteen thousand pounds. The Duke of Albemarle presented his wife, whom he never saw, a golden cup, of the value of one thousand pounds, and James II. conferred on him the order of knighthood.

After Captain Phips left the gold banks, some of the Bermudians compelled one of Aderly's boys to discover to them the exact spot where the treasure was found, and it is said that a large quantity of silver, etc., was obtained after Phips's departure. He remained in England for some time, and moved in the first society. King James at last desired him to name a favor, which should be granted. Sir William prayed that 'New-England might have her lost privileges restored.' 'Any thing but that,' replied the king. He then, at some expense, obtained a patent, which constituted him the high sheriff of a county, hoping, by the deputies in that office, to provide the country with conscientious juries. He returned to New-England in the summer of 1688, and built him a fine brick house in Boston.

I must here pass over the unwearied exertions he used to restore the liberties of the colony. There is no patriot, either in ancient or modern history, who labored more incessantly for the welfare of his country. He crossed the sea several times to petition the king, and finally, in union with the Rev. Increase Mather, succeeded in obtaining a new charter for the colony. He was appointed governor of New-England in 1692, and 'kissed the king's hand' on the 3d day of January. He arrived at the colony the 14th day of May following, in the *None-such* frigate, where he was welcomed by the loud acclamations of the people.

This was a critical time with New-England. It was the commencement of that great and well-known mystery, the Salem witchcraft. We of the present enlightened age may consider it folly to revive such a ridiculous subject, but as it is so closely connected with the present sketch, it will be pardoned.

A very old work now before me says: 'The arrival of Sir William Phips to the government of New-England, was at a time when a governor would have had occasion for all the skill in *sorcerie* that was ever necessary for a Jewish councillor — a time when scores of poor people had newly fallen under a prodigious possession of devils, which it was then generally thought had been by witchcraft introduced. It is to be confessed and bewailed, that many inhabitants of New-England, and young people especially, had been led away with little sorceries, wherein they did secretly those things that were not right, against the Lord their God; they would often cure hurts with spells, and practice detestable conjurations with sieves, and keys, and peas, and nails, and horse-shoes, and other implements, to learn the things for which they had a forbidden and impious curiosity. Wretched books had stolen into the land, wherein fools had been instructed to become able fortune-tellers, and by these books the minds of many had been so poisoned, that they studied this finer witchcraft, etc. Scores of people,' continues our ancient author, 'were arrested, with many præternatural vexations upon their bodies, and a variety of cruel torments, which were evidently inflicted from the dæmons of the invisible world. The people that were infected and infested, in a few days' time arrived unto such a refining alteration upon their eyes, that they could *see* their tormentors; they saw a devil, of a little stature, and of a tawny color, attended still with spectres, that appeared in more human circumstances. These tormentors tendered unto the afflicted a book, requiring them to sign it, or touch it, at least, in token of their consent to be listed in the service of the devil; which they refusing to do, the spectres, under command of that *black-man*, as they called him, would apply themselves to torture them with prodigious molestations. The afflicted wretches were horribly distorted; they were pinched black and blew; pins would be run every where in their flesh; they would be scalded until they had blisters raised on them, and a thousand other things before a hundred witnesses. Their hands would be tied together with a rope, *plainly to be seen*, and then by *unseen* hands presently pulled up a great way from the earth, before a crowd of people. One person was cruelly assaulted by a spectre, that she said ran at her with a spindle, though no one else in the room could see either

the spectre or the spindle: at last, in her agonies, giving a snatch at the spindle, she pulled it away, and it was no sooner got into her hand, but the other folks then present beheld that it was indeed a real, proper iron spindle, which they locked up very safe, yet it was nevertheless taken away by the dæmons, to do farther mischief.'

It was also stated, that the spectres proceeded so far as to steal several sums of money from various people, which were dropped from the air, in the presence of many spectators, into the hands of their afflicted subjects. It is mentioned, likewise, that poisons were forced down many people, by invisible hands, who instantly swelled to an alarming size. On some occasions, the rooms were filled with the smell of the drugs, and the pillows of the miserable subjects stained with them. Some complained of burning rags being forcibly pushed down their throats, and soon after the scalds were plainly visible to many witnesses. Others declared that they were branded by invisible hot irons; and it is added, they absolutely bore the scars about them until the day of their death.

An old manuscript of a distinguished gentleman says: 'Flashy people may burlesque these things; but when hundreds of the most sober people, in a country where they have as much mother-wit certainly as the rest of mankind, *know them to be true*, nothing but the absurd and froward spirit of *Sadducism* can question them. I have not yet mentioned so much as one thing that will not be justified, if it be required, by the oaths of more considerate persons than any that can ridicule these odd phenomena.'

The above is given, to exhibit the dark and gloomy times that pervaded New-England when Phips was appointed governor. Many of the most respectable people were accused of witchcraft, and some lost their lives in the tumult which was raging. It appears, however, that Sir William immediately commenced an elaborate investigation into the nature of this evil. He is represented as 'being dropt as it were from the machine of Heaven' for this purpose. He left no means untried to accomplish his undertaking. Courts of inquiry and examination were held — many who had been trivially committed for trial, discharged — and those who were tried, had every thing thrown in their favor. The history of that age gives some strange accounts of the accused and afflicted, during the first administration of Phips, when they were brought together before the court. Suffice it to say, that although the afflicted were closely blind-folded, and the accused passed into the room ever so silently, the former were immediately thrown into the most excruciating agonies, and prayed that the tormentor might be removed.

Phips, however, finally succeeded in quelling this terrible calamity, and order and peace once more reigned throughout the land.

It is in favor of our ancestors, to find that they were not alone in the belief they had adopted. The Dutch and French ministers in the province of New-York, having been consulted by one of the chief judges as to their belief in witchcraft, declared their opinion in these words: 'That if we believe no *venefick witchcraft*, we must renounce the scripture of God, and the consent of almost all the world.'

After Sir William had accomplished this great work, the New-

Englanders publicly thanked him in these words: 'As one of the tribe of Zebulan, raised up from among themselves, and spirited as well as commissioned to be the steersman of a vessel befogg'd in the *mare mortuum* of witchcraft, who now so happily steered her course, that she escaped shipwrack, and was safely again moored under the Cape of *Good Hope*, and cut asunder the Circean knot of enchantment, more difficult to be dissolved than the famous Gordian one of old.'

Sir William, after the conclusion of the witchcraft in New-England, found sufficient employment in quelling the Indian disturbances. The years immediately preceding his administration were particularly distinguished for the wars and murders of the savages. The colony of Plymouth and Massachusetts had, by 1685, become so strong as to alarm the natives for the safety of their hunting-grounds, and jealousy waxed strong among them. They saw the 'old solemn wilderness,' that had waved amid a century of storms, melting away like the morning dew; the game that covered the hills were vanishing at the echo of the woodman's axe; the streams that made their own music in the green shadows of the forest, became parched and dry in the noontide sun: they mourned the change, and as far as they were able, resolved to protect the remainder of their soil from farther innovation.

The governor accomplished much in his military capacity. A few words here in regard to the Canada expedition — of which he was commander, and which departed from Hull, near Boston, August 9th, 1690, previous to his appointment of governor — may not be amiss. Canada had always been the source of much bloodshed to the New-Englanders. There the Indians were supplied with ammunition and provision — and the inhabitants even united themselves with the savages to murder and plunder their enemies.

The fleet spoken of, consisted of thirty-two ships and tenders, one of which, called *The Six Friends*, carried forty-four guns, and was manned by two hundred men. He arrived at Quebec, and sent his terms, in case Count Frontenac would capitulate, but the count declared, 'No other answer was to be expected from him, but what should be from the mouth of his cannon.'

It appears that Phips attempted to take the city by force — but he did not succeed. All his schemes were, most unfortunately, of no avail. A strong land force, which he particularly relied upon, did not arrive; heavy winds and storms prevented the army's landing as soon as necessary; the small-pox broke out in the fleet, and six or seven hundred men were confined to their beds with the disease; and, moreover, they had about double their number to contend with. He was finally unsuccessful in the expedition, and arrived at Boston in November, with the consolation that his ill success could not be justly attributed to any want of courage or skill on his part.

Throughout the Indian wars subsequent to this, he met with good and ill success; but it was his misfortune to have his share of enemies. Some proceeded so far as to accuse him of being the cause of the Indian massacres, in not *quelling* them more promptly. There were many in England, also, who were extremely bitter against the governor, not from any plausible reason, but from motives of interest.

The king listened to their denunciations for some time, without paying much regard to them. At last, to appease the clamor, he summoned Sir William and his accusers to appear before him in England, where the true state of the case might be ascertained. He obeyed, and arrived in London in February, 1694. But before he had confronted his adversaries, he was suddenly seized with a malignant fever, and died on the 18th of that month, aged fifty-four years, and was buried in the church of St. Mary Woolmoth.

Thus ended the life of Sir William Phips. His sun rose in solitude and obscurity, but went down in glory and splendor. He was cradled in the depths of the wilderness, with the winds, and the waterfalls, and all the natural sublimity of nature about him, and he as simple and rustic as they; but his pall was surrounded by kings, dukes, lords, and all the pomp of regal authority. Poor indeed must be the mind of that reader, who finds nothing rich and instructive in the life of such a man. The solitary shepherd, who whistled his way over the wild peaks of his native land, becomes the governor of his country, and emperors deem it an honor to grasp his hand. The uneducated youth, who was incapable of reading his own name, becomes the author of as sound and logical state papers as any which were produced in his time. And not only this, he distinguished himself in his military career, by fighting the battles of his country. Such was Sir William Phips. Like the oak of his own barren mountains, he found nourishment in the flinty cleft of a rock; and when once rooted, storms and whirlwinds could not disturb him, nor shake the foundation upon which his reputation was built.

H. H. R.

SONNET.

'There is a consciousness, which lies beneath the spontaneous consciousness natural to all reflecting beings.' — COLERIDGE.

'The mind differs from the soul.' — PLATO.

UNEARTHLY thoughts, with printless tread,
As spirits move among the dead,
In silent chambers of the soul,
With mystic life, forever roll:
The motion scarce is felt,
Of things so dim and shadow-seeming,
Which sometimes stir, and breathe, and melt,
Along our hearts, like distant dreaming;
They have no kin to mortal thought,
Nor truths, the earth-born senses find;
The LIVING GOD *their* essence wrought,
And fixed them here, *the soul of mind.*
Oh! not for aye, with Night and Pain —
Pale Death will lead them home again!

C. A.

THE PRIVATEER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE ESCAPE,' 'JACK MARLINSPIKE'S YARN,' ETC.

It was one of those beautiful days which all who navigate the ocean have often experienced within the tropics. The sun had just risen, sparkling with freshness from his watery bed, and was slowly wheeling through a host of gorgeous clouds, that floated majestically along the horizon; an invigorating influence pervaded the scene, and a fine breeze, that came sweeping across the sea, promised to preserve the balmy and delicious temperature that the cooling dews of the previous night had imparted to the atmosphere.

That particular part of the Carribean Sea to which we would direct the reader's attention was, on the day described, enlivened by the appearance of a fleet of vessels of war, in hot pursuit of a small clipper brig, which held the advance at about the distance of five miles. This body of ships comprised a part of the British West India Squadron, and had been despatched by the admiral of that station to Halifax, in order to render more efficient protection to their possessions and commerce in that quarter, as the depredations of the American privateers were daily becoming more bold and frequent. This squadron had been sailing in close order during the night, but at the time our scene opens, it had been broken, in consequence of the commodore throwing out signal to make all sail, and endeavor to come up with the chase. Each ship of the fleet, therefore, in accordance with the order, made all sail; the swifter vessels were ranging ahead, while the duller sailers were observed dropping astern, and taking their stations in the rear. The ship of the commander of the squadron, a frigate of the first class, held her place in about the centre of the fleet; three heavy corvettes brought up the rear, while the advance was maintained by a body of smaller vessels. A beautiful eighteen-gun brig, that had that morning formed one of the rear line, now led the extreme van. She had passed every vessel of the squadron successively, and was now gradually dropping them with a speed that held out every prospect of overhauling the chase. The wind was right aft, and each ship had her studding-sails out on either side. Piles of white canvass rose above the dark hulls that loomed dimly beneath them, and the surface of the sea seemed one vast expanse of snowy pyramids. Leaving the squadron to make the best of their way, the reader must imagine himself upon the quarter-deck of the little brig, upon whose capture they were all so eagerly bent.

A single glance at her arrangements, and those who conducted them, would bespeak her a privateer; indeed, were that good-looking fellow, who has just laid down the trumpet and taken up the spy-glass, attired in uniform, the brig might be easily mistaken for a national vessel. She differs from one in no other particular. Six beautiful long guns protrude from either side, while a heavier one revolves in a circle amidships. The decks tell tales of holy-stone and sand, and the neatness every where apparent, indicates the reign of discipline. A row of bright boarding-pikes are confined to the

main boom by gaskets of white line, while a quantity of cutlasses and battle-axes glitter in the beckets that are fixed purposely for their reception in the intermediate spaces of the battery. Racks of round shot frown from beneath each gun-carriage, and boxes of grape and canister, with an attendant match-tub, are arranged at regular intervals along the deck. Every belaying-pin is bright, and the brass work of the wheel and binnacles show in elegant and rich contrast with the mahogany of which they are constructed. And mark the gay, healthy frontispieces of the sturdy tars who line the decks — a noble set of fellows, who, to echo their sentiments, would go to the very devil for their officers. Observe that veteran: how respectfully he touched his hat, as the commander ascended from the cabin, and what an elegant-looking man is Captain Buntline — so tall, and yet so graceful — so majestic, and yet so prepossessing. I like those black whiskers; they set off his complexion to admiration. His countenance, it is true, is somewhat stern, but it is not a repulsive expression; it savors more of dignity; and that jet black eye! — mark how it flashes, as he sends his gaze aloft to ascertain if all there is right. See! — he is addressing the young man with the glass, who is his first lieutenant, and, at present, officer of the deck. He smiles; did you ever see a man's countenance undergo so complete a change? All that sternness has vanished, and his features are beautifully animated.

'Do we leave them, Mr. Trennel? Those rearmost ships appear to be hull down.'

'Yes, Sir, they are poor sailers,' answered the lieutenant; 'but there's a brig among 'em that has been overhauling us since sunrise. The fellow moves along like a witch: I've been watching him for the last hour, and have seen him pass every vessel in the squadron: another hour, and the varmint will be pitching his old iron into us.'

'Let him come on!' rejoined the commander, eying the object of this colloquy through the telescope, 'we could match with two of them: but you are correct; the villain *is* coming down, wing-and-wing, and gaining each moment upon us. He must be hungry for a fight.'

'Yes,' rejoined the other; 'I expect her skipper has been reading the 'Life of Nelson,' and feels an inclination to immortalize himself. He'll be less eager, however, before we get through with him.'

'I did n't think that there was any thing in his majesty's service that could show the Rover her stern before,' remarked Captain Buntline.

'Our copper wants cleaning,' rejoined the lieutenant, 'and our sails are old, and hold no more wind than so much bobbinet: besides, Sir, I think that fellow is Baltimore-built — some slaver they 've caught on the coast of Guinea — or perhaps, some unfortunate devil of a privateer: those ten-gun channel-gropers do n't run the line off the reel at that rate, in such a catspaw as this.'

'Here, Bobstay,' said the commander to an old quarter-master, 'take the glass, and see what you can make of that fellow.' The veteran divested his mouth of a huge chew of tobacco, and hitching

up his trowsers, commenced scanning the Englishman with an eye proverbial for its acuteness and experience.

'That 'are is a mob-towner, Sir, as the levtenant says, and coming down with a big bone in her mouth, too.'

'Why are you positive about her being a Baltimore-built, Bobstay?' asked the commander.

'Because, Sir,' answered the tar, 'there 's no end to the sticks them fellows put in their crafts; and besides, if ye 'll obsarve, she han't half the beam of them ten-gun tubs; her yards are squarer, too, and she 's no roach to her sails.'

'Your observations are conclusive, Bobstay,' said the commander; 'but can we serve her out, think you?'

The old tar smiled at the question, and replenishing his mouth with a foot or two of pigtail, replied:

'Ay, Sir, two such fellows, and two more in thirty minutes afterwards.'

'Go to your duty,' said the commander, good humoredly; 'you 've turned boaster, in your old days.'

At meridian, the English brig was some six or seven miles in advance of the headmost ship of the squadron, and not more than two in the rear of the chase. Although Captain Buntline had determined on fighting her, he still continued under a press of sail, for the purpose of drawing his adversary at such a distance from the main body as to preclude the possibility of their interference in the engagement. Another hour, however, brought the Englishman within gun-shot; and, determined to secure every advantage of circumstances, he put his helm down, and bringing his battery to bear, fired a broadside into the still retreating Rover.

It was not until that moment, that Buntline could ascertain the force of his antagonist: but a single glance, previous to her filling away, convinced him of her superiority.

'Take in the light sails, and haul up the courses!' said the commander of the privateer; and another moment beheld the gallant brig moving along under her two top-sails.

'Beat to quarters, and open the magazine!'

'Ay, ay, Sir,' was the reply; and the loud roll of the drum was heard summoning every man from the depths and heights of the vessel to their respective stations. In a few moments, the order to cast loose the guns followed, and every man commenced getting the iron machines ready for the work of death, with an alacrity and good humor peculiar to a sailor, and with an expedition and regularity that was the result of much previous experience in like matters. The tompions were taken out — the train and side tackles cut adrift — the pumps rigged, and the decks sanded, 'fore and aft, to prevent them from becoming slippery with blood; cutlasses, pistols, and boarding-pikes were placed in convenient situations about the decks; the ports were triced up, the hatches closed, with the exception of a small opening, left for the purpose of passing powder from below; the loggerheads were heated, matches burned beside every gun, and in short, every preparation was made that such cases render expedient.

The Englishman had not yet taken in any of his canvass, and was consequently rapidly nearing the Rover. It was the mutual desire of the commanders, that their vessels should be brought into close action — the Englishman, from a wish to decide the contest before the squadron could be close enough to assist, and thereby rob him of his anticipated glory, and the American, from a knowledge that his escape depended upon his success in disabling the only vessel in the fleet, that was his superior in sailing. At length but a quarter of a mile intervened between the ships; and the Briton commenced handing his light sails; studding-sails, royals, and courses, were successively taken in, and the pursuer appeared under nearly the same canvass as the chase.

'Starboard!' shouted Buntline to the man at the wheel, as he beheld the bows of his adversary sweep gracefully to port.

'Starboard, Sir,' answered the quarter-master, and the Rover's broadside was brought parallel to that of the Englishman, while at the same time the stars and stripes ascended with a graceful flutter to her main peak. A volume of smoke and flame burst from the bulwarks of the Briton, and his iron crashed fearfully through the spars and rigging of the privateer. Although Captain Buntline's manœuvre prevented his vessel from being raked by his adversary's fire, it could not avert its entire destruction; and to his sorrow he beheld his main-top-mast, with its attendant spars, go by the board. A deep shade settled upon his brow, at this unexpected calamity, and the blank of doubt and uncertainty grew upon his features. The success of the Englishman's broadside had completely destroyed his plan of operation, and he stood upon the quarter-deck of his crippled ship in painful reflection as to his future course. This suspense was but momentary: a thought dawned upon his mind — and applying the trumpet to his mouth, he gave the order to the impatient seamen not to fire, but to be ready for making more sail. 'Leave your quarters, men,' said he; 'put your helm up, Bobstay — man the foretack and sheets — lay aloft, topmen, and clear the wreck. Stir yourselves, my livelies! — stand by to set both fore-topmast studding-sails.'

This sudden and unlooked-for change in the state of affairs surprised, but did not disconcert the crew, so great was the confidence they reposed in him; and they sprang forward to execute his orders with an alacrity that was itself, under such circumstances, a proud eulogium upon the bravery and judgment of their commander. The brig was again put before the wind, more canvass was spread along the booms, and the Rover once more resumed the course she had steered during the morning. A wild and exulting huzza came down from the Englishman, as her antagonist filled away and made sail without firing a gun; but the scornful smile that curled the lips of Buntline indicated too well the deception of appearances, and imparted a stronger confidence in the breasts of his seamen. His character for bravery was too well established to be doubted by them, and they only stood impatient to hear the next order that should issue from his trumpet.

'The dogs shall have less cause for merriment before nightfall,' muttered Buntline, as another shout came down from the English-

man, who had also filled away, and was now crowding all sail in chase. 'Muster aft here, my men; tumble aft here, every one of you; come down from aloft, and up from below: bo'son's mate, send the people aft.'

'My lads,' said Buntline, addressing his hundred bold followers, 'it is fit that you should be acquainted with the fact of my being the bearer of a message from the French admiral of the West India station, to the government of the United States, which, my men, is of vital importance to the interest of our country. I do not tell you this, to stimulate you to any greater exertion, but merely as a reciprocation of that confidence which I am proud to believe you repose in me. I know you will stand by me to the last — I have tested it. In the present disabled state of the Rover, it will be impossible to escape from yonder squadron, now rapidly overhauling us; but, my lads, I have a plan to propose, the successful execution of which will crown us with glory and success. Listen to it.'

The plan was then revealed; and when Buntline had done speaking, three hearty cheers evinced the readiness with which the crew entered into it.

'Men,' resumed Buntline, 'the signal will be *Liberty!* — and when I give it forth, let every one of you do as I have directed, now, my lads, don't forget the word, *Liberty.*'

Groups of men were now seen spiking the cannon 'fore and aft, so as to render them perfectly useless. The muskets were all thrown overboard, and the powder, with the exception of what each man carried about him, totally destroyed; this done, the crew armed themselves, and mustering aft, awaited the farther orders of their commander.

In the mean time, the Englishman was rapidly advancing, with the intention of carrying the American by boarding. He was not ten yards astern, and at every moment gaining on the Rover. Buntline stood watching him as the tiger does his prey, scarcely breathing, in the intensity of his interest, and awaiting with a painful suspense the moment when he might put his daring scheme in operation. The whistle of the bo'son's mate was heard on board of the Englishman, and the cry of 'Away there, boarders, away!' told their opponents how to expect them. Buntline cast a quick and anxious glance upon his own seamen, who stood grasping their cutlasses with an emotion as intense as his own. It was a moment of fearful excitement on board of either vessel, during which nothing was heard but the ripple of the water as they sped along. At length the dark shadow of the Briton's canvass fell upon the deck of the Rover: another minute, and they were yard-arm and yard-arm.

'Sheer to!' whispered Buntline to the man at the wheel — 'sheer to!' The bows of the privateer slightly deviated, and her antagonist was within three yards of her. Clank went the grapnels of the Englishman, and both vessels were brought broadside and broadside.

'Board!' shouted the British captain; and two-thirds of his crew sprang over the bulwarks and upon the decks of the Rover, without the slightest opposition. Buntline gave one glance to the dark forms of the foemen that crowded his forecastle; and applying the trumpet to his mouth, thundered forth the word, '*Liberty!*' In an instant the

Americans, who had gathered abaft the main-mast, leaped upon the hammocks and nettings, and sprang like so many cats upon the deck and in the rigging of the Englishman. Like a torrent they swept away the few who had remained on board of her; and now, ranging themselves along the bulwarks, they prepared to repel the enemy as they attempted to regain their own ship.

'Cast off the grapnels!' shouted Buntline; and that loud order awoke the Britons from the stupor of amazement in which they were thrown by the sudden and singular movement of their opponents. They mounted the bulwarks, and endeavoured to regain their own vessel; but they were every where met by opposing cutlasses. In vain they pressed — in vain they thronged; they were every where driven back upon the Rover's decks, or pushed into the sea. They rushed frantically forward, but their hopes were baseless: they might as well have attempted to force a wall of iron, as to beat back that rank of heroes. Some of their opponents seized a huge spar, and were pushing the two vessels apart. They separated — they were yards asunder — and the unscathed English brig, with her yankee crew, forged a head, leaving the shattered, harmless hulk of the Rover in possession of a hundred distracted Britons!

Three of the wildest huzzas that ever yet rang upon a startled ocean, burst from the lips of the victorious Americans, as the star-spangled banner unfolded itself from the peak of their prize: then pile after pile of canvass rose upon her tapering spars; and when the sun that night sought his ocean bed, a wide waste of blue water rolled between the stately prize of the Americans, and the shattered wreck of their once gallant privateer.

L'ORIENT: A FRAGMENT.

'T was in a glorious eastern isle,
Where the accacias lightly move
Their snowy wreaths — where sunbeams smile,
Brightly but scorchingly, like love —
Round which the ocean lies so clear,
The deep red coral blushes through
The waves that catch its crimson hue,
While the soft roseate tints appear
Mixed with the sky's reflected blue;
Where roses blossom through the year,
And palms their green-plumed branches rear;
And where the very zephyr comes,
O'erladen with such rich perfumes,
It sighs and droops its airy wings,
And sleeps amid the sweets it brings.
Where beauteous birds go glancing by,
And shining like unearthly things,
Making light round them as they fly,
And shedding glories from their wings;
Where the fond bulbul sweetly sings,
And warbling woos his love, the rose;
And where the evening only brings
A fount of light, that purer flows
Than that which with the day removed —
'Twas there I lived, and there I loved!

M.

THE PORTICO.

NUMBER FOUR.

'Scribendi recte sapere est principium et fons.' HORACE.

WHAT is implied in fine writing? Are there any characteristics by which it may be infallibly distinguished? These are interrogatories which it is as difficult to answer, as the inquiry of 'What is truth?' Fine writing is susceptible of an almost endless variety of forms, like the features, countenances, and characters of those men among our race, who have raised themselves to the highest pitch of elevation by their talents and virtues. Nevertheless, as in persons of the highest distinction, although there may be endless diversity in their shades of greatness, yet there will always be discoverable some properties common to them all; so, also, there are some qualities which enter as essential and indispensable ingredients in all kinds of excellent composition. The first and most important of these ingredients, according to the maxim of Horace, is good sense, mother wit, right understanding, just conceptions, sound wisdom. This is the *materia prima* out of which the author is to model the creations of his genius, whether they consist of the investigations of philosophy, the details of history, specimens of oratory, the fictions of poetry and romance, or the sallies of wit. Of what avail is it, that a writer abounds in striking sentiments, if they be not just; that he broaches and maintains ingenious theories, if they be unsound and whimsical; or that he glitters with sparkling imagery, that delights the fancy, if they darken rather than enlighten his subject, or encumber rather than facilitate the transition of his thoughts? In philosophical disquisitions, the excellencies are a faithful interpretation of nature, profound reflections, conclusive arguments, apt illustrations, and all these expressed in a clear, neat, and intelligible style; while from the gravity of its office, it requires the utter exclusion of pompous diction and needless embellishments. Literary productions, both in prose and poetry, admit of greater latitude in the indulgence of ornament, and the latter of a higher degree than the former, yet always restraining the propensity for embellishment within the bounds prescribed by correct taste, clothing the finest sentiments in a chastened garb, and carefully avoiding a gaudy decoration. Oratory demands more vehemence, passion, and bolder figures of rhetoric, than the calm discussions of philosophy, as its object is to persuade and stimulate to action; but in this field, still, the greatest proof of skill and efficiency will be found, in clear and satisfactory views of the subject, coherent thoughts, natural arrangement, solid reasoning, and fine flashes of sentiment that spring spontaneously from the nature of the subject. Dramatic writings attain perfection by an attention to the dignity and importance of the subject and action, the arrangement and development of the plot, the just and striking delineation of characters, the strokes of pathos in tragedy, and the sallies of wit in comedy.

When, therefore, the inquiry is made, what is fine writing, our only reply must be, it consists in the conveyance of just and admira-

ble thoughts by means of chaste imagery, apt illustrations, and choice language. What kinds of thoughts are included under this description, can no more be determined by designation or definition, than we can decide for all men what fruits are excellent, and what unsavory and disgusting. The relishes of mankind in works of genius are as diversified as the perceptions of their palates in different kinds of food and drink. There is no endowment of our nature, however, more cultivable than taste, and it undergoes continual changes according to the improvement of the understanding, and a familiarity with the most finished models. At first, we derive enjoyment from the coarsest fare provided by the writer; the most florid displays of eloquence awake us to rapture, and the rudest attempts at wit transport us with merriment. When our minds are more enlightened by study and reflection, and our powers of discernment sharpened by experience and observation, our former relishes are altered, and we can derive pleasure, no longer, save from the more exquisite performances of genius. No author can be regarded as good, who, at every step in our progress through his work, does not furnish our minds with useful and important ideas; who arrives not at precise maxims and conclusions; who supplies not our understandings with the materials of wholesome knowledge, and engrafts not in the heart the principles of truth and virtue. If works be intended principally for amusement, still all the sentiments expressed should be correct, and have their root in sound science, the delineations of nature conformed to their archetype, and even the wildest flashes of merriment burst from the human feelings as the electric fluid breaks from the clouds. Every effort beyond this may be buffoonery and caricature, but can never become genuine wit and pleasantry, while even these extravagancies, if at all licensable, will derive their frequency and comic power from their greater or less conformity to nature. Milton has been said to have carried human nature along with him when he deserted the precincts of this world, and Shakspeare never fails to preserve the lineaments of human creatures, even when he delineates those supernatural beings who are the farthest removed from all our conceptions. In this circumstance, they both displayed their judgment and profound acquaintance with the sources of human enjoyment, since we cannnot sympathize with personages who are totally divested of all our properties. Milton was sufficiently bold, and adventurous to the utmost limits of poetic license, when he described to us the scenes of Heaven and hell — the characters and occupations of angels — his figures of sin and death at hell's gates, his limbo of vanity, and the reign of Anarch, or Old Night; but Pollok has transgressed all the bounds of propriety and good sense, as well as taste, and harrowed the feelings by the exhibition of ideal monstrosities, the principal of which is his horrid form of the second death, too shocking to be endured, and too remote from our conceptions to be relished, and better fitted for demons than men. His whole poem is composed of a series of abortions, disfigured, disgusting, and odious. Milton extended his flight to the utmost boundaries of probability and verisimilitude, but Pollok has plunged at once into the regions of wild extravagance and incredible fiction.

But to adhere more closely to the subject of our present disquisition, the principles of fine writing. Man, being endowed by his Creator with the power of uttering articulate sounds, would spontaneously commence the communication of his thoughts by language; and the fact stated in the sacred scriptures that Adam gave names to all animals, is not only credible as a matter of revelation, but consonant to the profoundest lessons of philosophy. Language would be the natural product of the faculty of speech, and would by gradual accessions attain to that refinement and perfection in which we find it among civilized nations. The conveyance of ideas at a distance, by written characters, would be as natural a result, from the frequent attempts which would be repeated for this purpose, amidst the lapse of ages, and the endless improvements in knowledge and the arts. They who discover so much embarrassment in assigning an origin to these inventions, and from a view of the difficulties with which they are met in ascribing so admirable a monument of skill and ingenuity to the unassisted powers of the human mind, would have recourse to the intervention of supernatural revelation, and make God the immediate author of spoken and written language, certainly reflect no credit upon their philosophical discernment, beside soiling with dishonor the works of the Almighty. Is it probable, that this great Being formed mankind so imperfectly, that his perpetual interference was immediately necessary, in order that the workmanship of his hands should fulfil its functions? The scriptures do not assert that God, but that Adam gave names to all living things, as they passed in review before him; by which terms, no doubt, is implied, in the lively language of the East, that our great fore-father nominated the different objects as they were successively offered to his inspection. It can scarcely be supposed in this case, with any color of reason, that all animals inhabiting the various latitudes, from North to South, East to West, were at that time exposed to the review of Adam. The endless diversity of languages, too, subsisting among men, completely demonstrates their supreme control over them, and capacity to originate them; a diversity which would be no better explained by the confusion of tongues which took place at the Tower of Babel, (supposing that the words signify a confusion of tongues and not of counsels, as some interpretors maintain,) than the current of waters which runs from the Mediterranean into the Atlantic Ocean, would account for the flux and reflux of the tides in our rivers, or for the phenomena of the Gulf Stream. Every appearance in nature, and every argument of reason, is in favor of the doctrine, that man himself is the author both of spoken and written language; and we might as well ascribe the orders of architecture and the structure of clocks and watches, as well as the demonstrations of Newton, to divine inspiration, as to refer to its aid these too vehicles of thought and intelligence. The rule is as sound in the investigations of science, and in the interpretation of scripture, as in the fictions of poetry, *nec Deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus incederet.* Let the intervention of God be presumed only in those cases which are worthy of his care, and in which the results can be explained by a recurrence to none of the known principles and laws of nature.

MARIGOLD.

MIDNIGHT — AND THE SPIRIT.

Oft in the deep of night, when the great cope
Was canopied with clouds — and muttering storms
Were sweeping 'neath the stars — oft have I sate
Amid that music of the elements,
Over some page of story that gray Time
Hath sadden'd and made holy by the lines
Of wonder or of wo engraven there,
In characters that know no perishing;
Some page by generations hallow'd — full,
And voic'd as with a trumpet, to call up
The spirit to great visions — and at night
Seeming translucent with the light of days
Of which it is the record for a world!

Oft have I pondered, while the glary lamp
Was flickering on the wall — and the sad song
Of the shrill cricket told the weary chime
From hour to hour — and as I read, the words
Took shapes as in our dreams, until the page
Seem'd but a congregation of strange forms,
Dim with the mist of years — and my wild brain
Was busied with that ancient companie,
As with a fever's pageantry! Did sleep
Come upon such imaginings, a sound
Came with it, as of aimless sibberings,
A voice that had no echo, and whose tones
Stirr'd not, nor satisfied — a weary sound,
More sadd'ning than the grievous passing bell,
Or the unearthly dreams it heralded!
And when I woke, I thought some dull rebuke
Had visited life's citadel, and turn'd to ice
The streams that were its bravery — and laid
Command on its deep places — until all
Within me seem'd but passing to a land
With shadow link'd, and silence. My wet brow
Was beaded, as it oft is, with great drops,
That mark the pallid marble of its front,
Where the night storm has revel'd!

Do you ask
For a new country, while this inward power
Gives one continual, whose mount and wave
Change ere they can grow ancient — and whose lights
And shadows like a panorama shift
With hues that shame your pencil? Do you ask
For better beauties, when your tangled dreams
Present you oft with worlds of loveliness
Whose colors take a depth beyond your prayers?
Ask you for music, when your pillow brings
Such melody about you — as if lyres
Of the veil'd cherubim were swept around
The paths that open o'er you to the sky!
Ask you for glories of the land and sea,
When you have that within you which will call
Those glories up from chaos, with the bow
Of promise crowning them, like that which once
Repos'd on earth's new summit and the cloud?

Nay — ask not for a world, while you can bring,
Though in your cell, chaf'd with the racking chain,
A host around you at your summons; nay,
Ask not for anthems, when the wave and wind
Pour out this lifting chorus as you tread
The hill-top and the shore — and as you gaze,
Ask not for volumes, while this bending sky
Spreads such a page above you — nor complain
Of earth's companionship, while all the stars
Hold nightly such communion with your soul!

Portland, October, 1836. GRENVILLE MELLEN.

THE ORDINARY MAN.

BEING A SERIES OF INCIDENTS INCIDENTAL, OR RATHER INDIGINOUS TO INDIGENCE.

If a man has plenty of money, dresses well, and walks the streets all day, he is denominated a 'gentleman;' but if a man, on the contrary, is destitute of cash, attires himself somewhat indifferently, and lounges about, he is at once stigmatized with the inelegant cognomination of 'loafer.' Such, O reader! are the inscrutable usages of society. Now, some people call *me* a loafer, merely because I transport bricks for builders, and hold horses sometimes at the races; but I content myself with the knowledge that man is a fallible animal, and too often led away by appearances. One fellow at the theatre, a few evenings since, was preposterous enough to affix that appellative to me, without having had the slightest previous acquaintance. I stepped up to him as he was issuing from the door, and very urbanely requested his check. 'Go to ——! you d — d loafer!' said he. I was so shocked at the man's reply, that I absolutely wheeled short round, and left him.

I should not take this ungentle appellation so much to heart, if I was one of that class of persons who extract sugar from hogsheads on the wharf, by means of a piece of reed fashioned in the form of a scoop, or pitch pennies in public places, or vend, as agents, the daily papers of the city. These occupations have never engaged my attention; yet some are indiscriminate enough to rate me among their professors. During my leisure hours, I saunter about the most respectable and fashionable places of amusement. I frequent the Battery. I do not visit Castle Garden, it is true: a shilling is demanded as entrance money, and being a gentleman of limited means, I cannot afford to disburse that sum. But as I have said, I go very often to the Battery, and yet people call me a loafer.

Last night, Uncle Jake and Mr. Dobbs requested me to accompany them to Maelzel's. I consented, on condition that they would become responsible for the charge of admission, which they jointly agreed to do. My worthy relative was very much astonished with the performance of the chess-player. He looked at it steadily for half an hour, and then turning to Mr. Dobbs, remarked, that 'the ingenuity of man was unaccountable to God.' Mr. Dobbs said that 'it was sartinly a great effort of nature, and a good deal previous to any thing he had ever seen;' and his sage companion finished the collocution, by observing that 'it was, to his idee, a most unmitigated complexion of machinism.'

I thought that, after having been seen at Maelzel's, people would cease to use the hateful epithet so unjustly bestowed upon me: but, unhappily, the very next day I was pushed against the stall of an apple-woman, overturning her table, and creating a world of havoc among her gingerbread and small beer. The lady, very much incensed, seized the body of a decapitated bottle, and discharged it with a most wonderful accuracy at my head, exclaiming, at the same time: 'Take dat, ye loafer! — ye tafe o' the world, dat ye are — and may the divil sind his blessing along wid it!'

I was very sorry at being the cause of the lady's misfortune, and

endeavoured, as far as possible, to palliate the offence; but this, instead of pacifying the female, only served to exasperate her the more. 'Ye divil incarnate!' shouted she, menacing me at the same time with the largest fragment of another bottle, 'be aff wid ye!' and not caring to receive a second salutation from so effective a missile, I walked on, leaving the wrathful dame to arrange matters with divers bad little boys, who had taken illegal possession of sundry of her apples, after the overthrow of the table.

While in this state of defection, I was joined by George Edward Fitz-Augustus Seaton, a colored man, who discharged the functions of waiter at the City Hotel. He informed me that he was going to market, 'for de special object,' as he declared, 'of purchasing wegetables and other animal matter, for de immediate consumption of de establishment.' Having nothing better to do, I agreed to accompany George Edward Fitz-Augustus, and we accordingly set off for Catharine Market. When we arrived at that dépôt of natural animate and inanimate productions, my companion walked up to the wagon of a fat countryman, and after peering for some time at his stock, inquired, 'if dose were good taters?'

'Yes, Sir,' responded the countryman.

'A tater,' resumed George Edward Fitz-Augustus, 'is inevitably bad, unless it is inwariably good. Dere is no mediocrity in de combination of a tater. De exterior may appear remarkably exemplary and beautisome, while de interior is totally negative. But, Sir, if you wends de article upon your own recommendation, knowing you to be a man of probability in your transactions, I without any further circumlocution takes a bushel!'

George Edward now passed to the stall of a dealer in eggs and butter, and taking a quarter of a dollar from his vest pocket, commenced an inspection of the latter commodity. 'You call dat good butter?' demanded he, with a disagreeable expression upon his countenance, as of an ill flavor suddenly inhaled.

'Yes, Sir, I do — as good butter as comes to this or any other place.'

'What you tink 'bout axing for dat butter?'

'Twenty-five cents.'

'Twenty-five cents! And do you suppose, for de moment, dat your butter extensifys to such extreme waluation? — nasty, rancid stuff, churned over for de 'casion! — old butter renovated!' — said the indignant George Edward, moving off; 'but dat 's de kind of negotiation I frequently meets with in dis market!'

A few days since, a shabby, shoeless, semi-coatless biped detained me in the street by thrusting forth his paw, and inquiring how I fared. I regarded the individual for some moments with a stare of mingled astonishment and disgust; and if he had had the smallest share of gentility, he would have perceived at once that I could be no otherwise than happy to dispense with his company.

'Ha' you forgot me already?' said he: 'why I'm the gen'leman that helped you to pile wood last Saturday, at the lead-factory.'

'Are you, indeed?'

'Yes,' responded he: 'why you and I is old acquaintances: do n't

you recollect how we used to ride the porkers together, down at the Fulton market ?'

'I cannot say that my memory serves me, in regard to such equestrian incidents,' answered I, shocked at the fellow's vulgarity.

'And you do n't remember 'old black,' that used to hustle us off by running between the two post'ses ?'

'No, I do not, Sir,' said I, indignantly.

'Well, that's redikelus !' rejoined the animal: 'any how, come and drink some brandy with me.'

Although I was startled at his rudeness, and treated him somewhat cavalierly, I nevertheless accepted his invitation, because I make it a point never to refuse a kindness. He conducted me passively to one of the city wharves, from thence up an alley, and finally into a back warehouse, where there were a great many pipes, barrels, and quarter-casks. 'Now,' said he, 'that there tier of pipes is Cogniac; those quarter-casks is Madeira; and them barrels has got whiskey in 'em: so take your choice — and here's a straw to suck it with.'

'Brandy is my selection,' responded I, extracting a bung, and commencing operations. Scarcely had I tasted the beverage, when a third person made his appearance. My companion and I immediately suspended proceedings, for in this person we recognised the features of a notorious police officer.

'Aha! you wagrants!' exclaimed he, flourishing a huge stick, which he carried in his dexter paw, 'I've nabbed ye at last!'

'What have I done, Sir?' demanded I, trembling from the toes up.

'Done? you d — d loafer!' roared out this Polyphemus — (he had but one eye,) — 'why, hav n't ye been compromising the effects of individuals, by drinking their liquor?'

'Sir, I came here by that gentleman's invitation.'

'Then you always accepts invitations, eh?'

'Yes, Sir, I do,' said I.

'Then I inwites you to come along with this gentleman and I, up to the office of a big fat man that wears spectacles, and is always happy to see indiwiduals like you, 'specially when you're in my company.'

The officer was inexorable in his purpose, and we were compelled to repair to the hall of justice. The constable made a statement of the case to the magistrate, and that stern disciple of the law, after eying us severely through a pair of glasses whose magnitude, to my excited vision, approximated the circumference of a tea-saucer, committed us for trial. I was recommended by the constable to some portion of this functionary's mercy, it being my first offence; but the unbending limb of the law shook his head 'with a negative,' saying that if I was not a rogue then, I soon *would* be one, and that it was always better to crush an evil in the bud.' 'It's a duty,' continued he, 'that I owe my country, and, by the shade of the immortal Draco! I'll perform it to the fullest extent: and as for you, young man,' turning to my companion, 'I know you to be an old offender; and so you may as well make up your mind for Blackwell's Island.'

The day of our trial at length arrived, and we were conducted to

the court, and in due season arraigned at the bar. My case came on previous to my companion's. Oh, the horror and despondency that possessed my faculties, as I mounted the prisoner's box! Never shall I forget it. Even now it comes over me, like the memory of some dark transaction to the mind of the departing soul. My charges were read, and the trial, with all its solemn attendant formalities, began. My own counsel and the counsel for the prosecution labored like men whose dearest interests were at stake. At length the jury were charged: they retired, and after the absence of an hour, returned and communicated with the court.

'Prisoner at the bar!' said the judge — and his silvery voice rang like a death-knell in my ear — 'stand up, and hear your sentence!' I mechanically sprang to my feet, and a deep, still silence succeeded.

'You have been arraigned at this tribunal, upon sundry charges; and after having been allowed the full benefit of the law, you have been, by an impartial jury of your own countrymen, found guilty of them all.' The judge paused for a moment, and that peculiar solemnity, broken only by an occasional cough, reigned for an interval.

'Young man,' resumed he, 'it is our duty, professional and moral, to suppress vice in every shape; for this courts are instituted — for this punishments are awarded; and it now becomes my painful obligation to impart to you the sentence of the law. It is the judgment of this court, that you be fined one dollar — and may the Lord have mercy on your soul!'

A WINTER SCENE.

The arrested stream is silent: the broad lake
Gives back no dimple to the eddying wind:
No shadowy furrows streak its gleaming plane,
No ripple murmurs on its beach of snow.
The trees are hung with wreaths of pendant gems:
The mountains seem embodiments of light
Resting their bright crowns in the blue of heaven —
So lustrous, fair, and spirit-like they stand
In their investiture of purity.

Is this the river that in voiceful spring
To its own music danced through banks of flowers?
The lake where lightly rocked the gilded bark
And the proud swan led forth her crested brood?
And are yon hills the same, whose fertile sides
Zoned with all grades of verdure, sent toward heaven
Commingling incense on the mists of morn?
All are the same, and yonder brilliant sun,
That scarcely warms the dazzling landscape now,
Shall melt them back to life — the hills shall yield
Of their dissolving robes to swell the stream,
Which to the lake shall pour its tribute tide:
The lake shall feed the clouds, and their dark folds
Shade the young roses from the kindling beam.

Earth shall yield up her vegetable dead;
But of all those who pressed her last spring flowers,
Many shall rest beneath them — some that roved
These solitudes, and made their echoes ring
With wild, heart-bubbling laughter, shall be still,
Yea, chambered in that vast unlighted hall,
To which earth's surface forms one mighty roof,
Which, with mad mirth, its coming tenants tread!

S.

THE GLORY AND HAPPINESS OF THE WORLD.

'The Lord is King of all the earth: sing ye praises with understanding.'—PSALMS.

With what an open, unwithdrawing hand
Hath God poured glory on this glowing earth!
Truly, in wisdom hath he spread it out,
Traced its broad outlines, and with pencil dipt
In sunbeams, portioning its light and shade,
Hath as a finished picture hung it up
In the rich gallery of heaven. This earth,
This small and humble star, mingled and lost
Amidst the glittering clusters of the sky,
Hath not a white sea-wave, a tremulous wind,
A narrow fibre in a pointed leaf,
Unordered by that world-creating hand
That rolled Arcturus burning on his track
Among the constellations. The far sun,
The heaving ocean, and the solid land—
The hills, the dark embroidered fields—the trees
Whose leaves thrill wildly to the passionate winds,
The bright-eyed minstrel birds that fluttering load
Their branches; so magnificently decked
In golden-tissued robes; the clouds of heaven,
A crimson canopy for the lowliest brow,
The light and laughing stream, the sheeted lake,
Stampt with the royal signet of the sun,
The fairy-haunted train of flowers, the rain
That rings in music on the bubbling rill,
A blessing measured in its every drop;
The breeze of eve, night with her wizard moon
And sybil stars, and her deep genii winds,
That with perturbéd spirits of the ocean hold
Strong converse—all rich nature's master-tones,
All beautiful things that make earth paradise,
Have but one history—their maker—God!
Their archives' register—one king—the Lord!
Oh! that the dull cold ear of man could hear
Voices as angel-notes from earth's dim caves,
From her mysterious confines, bodiless sounds
And harps upon her winds, that ceaseless swell
Anthems to their strong ruler—God!

And man,
'The fearfully and wonderfully made,'
The prince of this fair realm, hath eye to read
And mind intelligent to comprehend
The teachings of this full and luminous book.
Its leaves how variously read! To some,
The beautiful creations of the world
Are on the heart as dark and feebly sketched,
As soon effaced, as flitting forms that cross
The camera-obscura's sheeted floor,
While some behold them with bright fancy's eye,
Crimsoned and purpled with the costly dyes
Of the prismatic lens; yet few so dull,
Bound by the grovelling senses' leaden chain,
To warm not with the beauty of the stars,
The mercy of the health-dispensing herb,
The glory of the deep: and shall not man
Offer the incense of a grateful heart
To Him who placed him in so fair a scene,
And made it such deep happiness to live?

Our human life!—that brief and narrow space—
How many joys are crowded in its span!
The scenery of years hath glowing skies;
Our daily paths are strewed with rosy wreaths;
Earth hath high places for her burning hearts,

For calm confiding love, a cool retreat:
The sceptred monarch on his jewelled throne,
Dispensing mercy, 'attribute of God,'
Whose name in sternly loyal hearts becomes
Religion: the pure patriot's brow, enwreathed
With peace-fraught laurels, in whose gladdened ear
The shout of freemen multitudes is poured:
The scholar'd bard, of high enraptured thought,
Whose breath is harmony, and his life a dream;
Nature's own alchemist, who from harsh scenes
Models his El-Dorado, fancy-born:
These are earth's pride. She hath green homes, where eyes
Beam happily in lone, sequestered peace.
Here woman shines — woman with angel form,
Whose blush is witchcraft, and her trusting heart
A sweet accordium, that the cunning hand
Will not too rudely touch, but with an ear
Attuned to its own gentle notes, draw thence
Soft, heavenly music. The glad maiden glides
With fairy step to meet her aged sire,
Lifting with tender care his silver locks,
To press upon his brow her long caress.
The tearful bride plights her young years to *his*,
Her all on earth, her fondest hope in heaven.
The mother, circled with her kneeling ones,
(Like flowers aggroupéd by some tasteful hand,
And bent with evening winds,) pours forth her prayer.

And are these but the bright and glowing spots
On life's wide, chequered board? Do pain, and care,
And many-visaged sorrow, come to crush
Our cherished hopes? Adversity is cheered
With changeless friends, and sickness hath some hand
To bathe the fevered brow, administer
The cooling draught; and when pale death shall come,
Some will tread lightly o'er our tranquil grave.
What though we feel not the warm tears that bathe
Our ashes, nor the cultured violets see,
That make a place of beauty of the tomb?
To have them there, is sweet.

And doth not this
Sate the long hunger of the craving heart?
Doth the soul sicken at 'the narrow house,'
The worm, the cold obstruction's, endless night?
Doth the blood curdle in life's sparkling hours
To meet amid the banquet's festal throng
The Egyptian spectre? Have the stars a voice,
'We shall shine on when man is but the dust?'
Read we in fading flowers, Spring shall restore
Their loveliness to earth when we, the dead,
Behold them not? Oh! God hath spared us this!
Turn to the holy volume — trace the words
Inscribed by angels, by the 'Most High' sealed,
'Eternal light, and life for evermore!'
When youth is weeping o'er departed friends,
And age grows wearied even of pleasant life,
When burns the spirit for enduring bliss,
Turn to the holy volume — God's best gift —
Music to soothe the soul, the healing balm,
The beacon, welcoming our homeward sail,
The desert banyan's sleep-persuading shade,
The golden chalice, whence the thirsty soul
Gladly shall drink of immortality!

Elizabeth-town, (N. J.,) 1836. H. L. B.

WARFARE OF MISGUIDED ZEAL UPON SCIENCE.

'It is not the persons of true and solid piety,' says Malebranche, 'who ordinarily condemn what they do not understand, but rather the superstitious and the hypocrites. The superstitious, through servile fear, are startled as soon as they see an active and penetrating spirit. For instance, one need only give them some natural reasons for thunder and its effects, to appear an atheist in their eyes: but the hypocrites make use of the appearance of sacred truths, revered by all the world, in order to oppose new truths, by particular interests; they attack truth with the image of truth; and, in their hearts, make a scoff of what the world respects; they establish, for themselves, in the minds of men, a reputation the more solid and the more formidable, as what they thus abuse is more sacred. These persons are, then, the strongest, the most powerful, and the most formidable enemies of truth.'

'There is a kind of objection,' says Dr. Gall, 'which new truths never escape. Ignorance, prejudice, envy, and often bad faith, endeavor to combat these truths. If they cannot attack the principles of a doctrine, they try, at least, to render it suspected, by the dangerous consequences of which they accuse it.

'The followers of the different schools of philosophy among the Greeks mutually accused each other of impiety and perjury. The people in turn, detested the philosophers, and accused those who sought to discern the principles of things, of invading, in a presumptuous manner, the rights of the divinity. The novelty of the opinions of Pythagoras caused his expulsion from Athens; those of Anaxagoras threw him into prison. The Abderites treated Democritus as insane, because he wished to discover, in dead bodies, the cause of insanity; and Socrates, for having demonstrated the unity of God, was condemned to drink hemlock.

'The same scandal has been renewed in all ages, and among all nations. Many of those who distinguished themselves, in the fourteenth century, by their knowledge in the natural sciences, were punished with death as magicians. Gallileo, for having proved the motion of the earth, was imprisoned, at the age of seventy years. Those who first maintained that climate influences the intellectual faculties of nations, made themselves suspected of materialism.

'The physical truths announced by Linnæus, Buffon, by that pious philosopher, Bonnet, and George Leroy, were represented as impieties which threatened to commence the total ruin of religion and morality: even the virtuous and generous Lavater has been treated as a fatalist and a materialist. Every where, *fatalism* and *materialism*, placed before the sanctuary of truth, have served to deter the world from entering it.' *

These truths deserve consideration, among the friends of improvement, at the present day. At a moment when science, in its various departments, is engrossing so large a portion of the labors and genius of mankind — when its results take so strong a hold upon human belief, and so plainly contribute to human happiness — it is exceed-

* Gall's works, vol. 1., page 191, et seq. Boston edition.

ingly to be regretted that any persons, professing the Christian religion, are found to be blindly opposing its progress.

'Is it not the same Creator,' says the author last quoted, 'who has made the moral and the physical world? Can physical truth be in opposition to moral truth? If certain men cry out at the danger with which a real discovery threatens an established doctrine, they render this doctrine singularly suspicious; for either it is false, or we may justly accuse the weakness and ignorance of the pretended interpreters of God's works.'

No doubt the diffusion of scientific truth is retarded by ill-judged appeals to religious prejudice; but science suffers less than religion itself. Science rests upon palpable and demonstrative evidence; religious belief on moral proof. The former compels conviction; the latter may be doubted. The evidence of religious truth, though so conclusive as to form the just basis of human action and belief, can never, from its very nature, rise to the certainty of scientific demonstration. To disbelieve the former, may be irrational; to disbelieve the latter, is absurd. When, therefore, well established truths in science are confronted by religious creeds, the verdict of the world will be in favor of science. More clearly will this be the result, when those creeds are confined to a small portion even of the Christian world, and one regarded as unsound, by other portions. Bigotry is indeed strong; it is armed with the most frightful terrors; but science is stronger, and must inevitably triumph in every collision between the two. Sectarian denunciation cannot destroy it; and any modification of belief, which is inconsistent with demonstrative science, must certainly, sooner or later, be discarded.

It is, therefore, an ill-judged artifice of misguided zeal or hypocrisy, to raise the cry of infidelity, whenever a discovery in science is announced. If the discovery be confirmed by proper evidence, it will take its place among the subjects of human belief, whatever preconceived doctrines it may conflict with. Nor can it be refuted by exciting alarm at its supposed tendencies and results. 'Reason,' says a modern writer, 'knows neither useful truths nor dangerous truths. What is, is; there is no compromising with this principle.' When clerical prejudice was armed with civic power, and, by the terrors of torture, extorted verbal recantations from philosophers of the novel truths their labors had established, it could not quench the light of science. Much less, at the present day, when thoughts and words are free, and science is not within the power of intolerance and bigotry, can empty denunciations and misapplied epithets hinder the spirit of progressive investigation, and arrest the march of discovery.

It is surprising that the force of these considerations can still be overlooked by any well meaning person. It is most of all to be wondered at, that any portion of the clergy, when history is pregnant with examples of the folly of opposing science by zeal, should prejudice the religion they teach, by persisting in the futile and pernicious practices of darker ages. Yet there are persons at the present time, as there have been in all former ages, who, possessed of overweening zeal and slender knowledge, do not hesitate to raise the cry of infidelity against every new claim to discovery in science. It

is a trace of that same spirit which subjected Gallileo, two hundred years ago, to the persecutions of the Roman Catholic Church:

> ——— 'They bore
> His chained limbs to a dreary tower,
> In the midst of a city, vast and wide;
> For he, they said, from his mind had bent,
> Against their gods, keen blasphemy;
> For which, though his soul must roasted be
> In hell's red lakes, immortally,
> Yet even on earth, must he abide
> The vengeance of their slaves!' SHELLEY.

Natural philosophy and chemistry, medicine and physiology, have each in turn excited the jealousy and encountered the denunciations of misguided zeal. Physiology, in particular, is still regarded with no kindly feeling by some uninformed religious men. The celebrated William Lawrence, the pupil and colleague of Dr. Abernethy, and the successor of Sir Astley Cooper in the London Royal College of Physicians, was removed from the office of Surgeon of the Royal Hospitals of Bridewell and Bethlem, in 1819, on account of the publication of his lectures on physiology. In 1822, he was restored to his office, upon expressing his regret at the *publication* of his lectures, without admitting any change of opinion with regard to their truth. His removal from office did not contribute, in the least, to weaken the force of his conclusions, or to demonstrate their unsoundness. On the contrary, it gave extraordinary notoriety to principles and arguments which might otherwise have gained but an ordinary portion of the public attention. The lectures, partly in consequence of the indiscreet opposition they met with, have been widely circulated and read in Europe and America. Such is ever the effect of that misguided zeal, which accounts it an act of impiety to pry too closely into the structure of man, and which accuses those who 'seek to discern the principles of things, of invading, in a presumptuous manner, the rights of the divinity.'

This jealousy of the results of science takes various forms, and sometimes exhibits itself in the most fantastical and absurd notions. There are well meaning persons who object, on religious grounds, to the establishment of hospitals for foundlings, and who regard it as a presumptuous resistance of the dispensations of Providence, to guard against disease by innoculation, or against lightning by metallic rods!

At so late a period as May last, Dr. Fife, a lecturer on chemistry in Edinburgh, complained to his hearers, that in that enlightened city, 'their instructors, while laboring in their vocations among them, had been assailed as tending to disseminate principles bordering upon infidelity.'

We have met with religious men who regarded the beautiful theory which accounts for the rainbow, as a most dangerous infidel doctrine, because it explains, upon the principles of natural science, a phenomena which, according to their apprehension of the Bible, should be regarded as a perpetual miracle.

The moral character of the nations of antiquity, and the value of their philosophy, have been grossly misrepresented by the same unjust and jealous spirit of fanaticism. Their philosophy has been sneered at as vain and frivolous, and the moral precepts of their sages

have been pronounced practically useless, by those who believe that God, for the first time, deigned to make known moral truth, in the revelation of Jesus Christ. Under this false notion, much useless sympathy has been wasted upon the poor benighted races of men, who were left, for four thousand years — how consistently with the benevolence of Deity, let those who hold this belief explain — to grope their way, through moral and intellectual darkness in this life, to eternal perdition in the life to come. Surely, the promulgators of such doctrines cannot have studied, with thorough attention, the moral and philosophical productions they dogmatically condemn. On the contrary, whoever is well read in the literature of Greece and Rome, will readily assent to the liberal concession of a pious, learned, and distinguished Christian minister of the present day, 'that there is not one moral precept of the New Testament which may not be found in the old heathen writers.'*

The novelties of physical science and morals are not the only improvements which have encountered this kind of opposition. Biblical criticism and interpretation have in some measure come under the same ban. The Rev. Dr. Milman has received an ample share of theological abuse, for attempting, in his eloquent History of the Jews, to account for some of the miracles of the Old Testament, by the operation of natural means in a preternatural manner; and for intimating that the inspiration of that volume 'may be safely limited to doctrinal points, exclusive of those which are purely historical.'†

We all remember the host of imaginary terrors which sprung up when the assiduity of a learned English critic had collected *thirty thousand* various readings of the Bible: we also know how greatly those labors contributed to strengthen the authenticity of the inspired writings, when the clamor of bigotry had subsided, and calm reason resumed its ascendancy. But we doubt whether Newton, Porson, Griesbach, and others, have ever received the cordial thanks of certain sectarians, for displacing from the sacred text the fifth verse of the first Epistle of John. At least, the spurious passage is retained in our common Bibles, though no biblical critic pretends to defend it. So much stronger is the love of sect and of party, than the love of truth!

Even the harmless science of numbers has not escaped the attacks of fanatical zeal. An ingenious gentleman in a neighboring state, in supporting a favorite religious dogma, enters upon an argument, which, so far as we can understand it, is intended to prove, that in certain senses, and under certain circumstances, *three* are but *one*, and *one* is *three!* Thus skepticism and false doctrine are found lurking in the ground rules of arithmetic!

Strictures almost daily appear in our religious periodicals, whose object is to decry the value of human learning, and bring suspicion

* Discourse entitled the 'Argument from Miracles;' by the Rev. Orville Dewey, being the Dudleian Lecture, delivered before Harvard University, in May last. Mr. Dewey's argument derives ten fold force, from the candor with which he concedes to his opponents every thing they have a right to claim.

† Milman's History of the Jews: Family Library, No. I. The same learned and excellent writer, in his Bampton Lectures, maintained the preternatural character of the miracles of our Saviour and his Apostles.

upon the conclusions of reason. We have lately seen an extract from the prospectus of the 'Scottish Christian Herald,' which pronounces a more sweeping denunciation against the diffusion of secular knowledge, than any which has occurred to us on this side of the Atlantic. 'All sorts of literary machinery,' says this publication, 'newspapers, lectures, treatises, magazines, pamphlets, school-books, libraries of knowledge for use and for entertainment, are most diligently and assiduously set in motion, if not for purposes directly hostile to the gospel, at least on the theory that men may be made good and happy without the gospel — nay, though the gospel were forgotten as an old wive's fable.'

Such writers must surely be classed, in the language of Dr. Chalmers, among those 'narrow and intolerant professors, who take alarm at the very sound and semblance of philosophy, and feel as if there were an utter and irreconcileable antipathy between its lessons on the one hand, and the soundness and piety of the Bible on the other. It were well, I conceive, for our cause,' continues Dr. Chalmers, 'that the latter should become a little more indulgent on this subject — that they gave up a portion of those ancient and hereditary prepossessions, which go so far to cramp and enthral them.'*

Geology is, at this moment, going through the fiery ordeal of ignorant and presumptuous zeal. We have already noticed some dogmatical attempts to raise a prejudice against the study of this science.† The leading principles of geology appear to be as well established as those of any other science. They show, beyond a doubt, that our planet existed — that its surface underwent various changes — was covered with vegetables, and inhabited by a long succession of animals — 'for countless ages before the epoch from which our scriptural chronology dates.' 'Whatever difference of opinion may exist among geologists on other points,' says the Rev. Dr. Buckland, in his recent Bridgewater Treatise, 'this is a truth admitted by *all observers* — as firmly established, indeed, and on as immoveable evidence, as the Copernican system, the theory of gravitation, or any other of the fundamental doctrines of science.'‡ Yet this truth is laboriously assailed by clerical gentlemen of high reputation in this country — not indeed by attempting to invalidate the evidence on which it rests, but by appealing to obsolete principles of interpretation, or exciting prejudice in the breast of religious men against its moral tendency.§

That the earth is a large plain, and is the centre of the universe, is said to be expressly taught, as an article of faith, in the Koran. If this be true, it alone furnishes sufficient ground for rejecting the authority of that pretended revelation. Yet some well meaning persons, at the present day, in ignorance of the proofs of geology, are striving to fasten upon the Bible an interpretation which would render its meaning equally absurd and incredible. How much service they render to the cause of religion, by thus endeavoring to make revelation inconsistent with science, reflecting and judicious

* Chalmers' Astronomical Discourses. Preface.
† See the Knickerbocker, for May last.
‡ As quoted in the London Quarterly Review, for April, 1836.
§ See Professor Stuart's article in the Biblical Repository, No. 21.

persons can determine. It is said that a recent French writer has won an unenviable notoriety, by attempting to refute the Copernican system. The zealous champions of the church, who, beneath the shield of philology, are running a tilt against geological science, may certainly hope to obtain a coëval reputation.

It is amusing to see the eagerness with which our modern theological Quixottes press forward for the honor of encountering a new discovery in science or the arts. Geology is now so firmly established, that there can be little rational hope of displacing it. Not so, however, with some more recent subjects of investigation. Phrenology is now the alarming object of their attacks. Ere this new candidate for a place in the list of sciences has had time to bring its pretensions fully before the public, while most persons, like ourselves, are yet mere inquirers, and not well enough informed to believe or disbelieve its doctrines, the hue and cry of 'infidelity,' 'materialism,' and 'sensual philosophy,' is raised against it. We already hear it denounced as the most recent and dangerous conspiracy of men of science against religion. It is already held up to the prejudices of the religious public, as another attempt to exalt human reason above faith; to destroy revelation; to unsettle orthodoxy, and diffuse infidelity. The various heresies and false doctrines to which this age of inquiry gives birth, are severally laid to the charge of phrenology. If a new book trenches upon the sectarian notions of any religious party, it is stamped with the bad name of this new school; the principles of which, we are told, are identical with German neology and French infidelity. We are assured, in advance, almost before phrenology has reached our shores, and certainly before the public have had time to examine its proofs, that it tends to the destruction of all moral responsibility, and forbids the punishment of crime; that it will sap the foundations of social happiness, and annihilate the hope of immortality. The pietists are in advance of all other men in science. They scent infidelity afar off; they detect it under the closest concealment; they know it 'by instinct,' as Falstaff knew the crown prince, and raise a discreet alarm, that people may shut their eyes and ears against it. Now, according to our apprehension, a truly philosophical spirit will accord to every new science a candid and unprejudiced examination. The question is, not whether its inferences will subvert preconceived opinions, but whether the science itself be true. To raise a cry against its tendencies, without showing a fallacy in the evidence which sustains it, is to make what the lawyers call a false issue before the tribunal of the public. If its truth be established, it must certainly be found in harmony with all other true opinions; if such harmony cannot be shown, it is the part of a lover of truth to revise the grounds upon which the former opinions rest. For it is impossible that scientific truth should ever be found to disagree with religious truth. Whenever the two appear to conflict, there is error on one side or the other, and the presumption is much the strongest in favor of the deductions of science, inasmuch as the evidence is more palpable.

Ought phrenology, then, to be subjected to a different test? Shall the world be forbidden to examine its proofs, because the jealousy of superficial observers may fancy that its results will undermine their

favorite theories? Perhaps it may, in time, be discovered that even this persecuted branch of inquiry leads to no such damnable heresies as are ascribed to it. Astronomy and geology have been met with equal suspicion; they have triumphed over it, and have largely contributed to illustrate and enforce the truths of religion.*

But phrenology is not only attacked theologically, without attempting to examine the proofs which sustain it; it is even loaded with the opprobrium of sins which do not belong to it. The *Christian Spectator*, the ably-conducted periodical of the New-Haven theological school, led the van in this unfair attack. A recent work from the pen of an eminent physician in a neighboring state, on the 'Influence of Religion upon Health and the Physical Condition of Mankind,' was made the occasion of the onset. The reviewer affects to have discovered in this book the secret hand of infidelity, and pours forth his wrath upon phrenology as the source of these alarming heresies. The same volume has been answered by a physician of this city, (Dr. Reese,) and the same uncandid and unjust assault renewed upon phrenology. We say uncandid and unjust, for the work alluded to is not phrenological in its principles, nor based upon the peculiar doctrines of that science. The author assumes no fact or principle which is not strictly *without* the province and range of phrenology. He assumes an innate religious principle in man; but this assumption was common, for centuries, before phrenology was dreamed of. He also assumes a connection between the brain and the intellectual faculties; but this too has long been established by physiology, and is not one of the discoveries of Doctors Gall and Spurzheim.

We might remark upon the bitter and denunciatory tone of both these productions, and show how unfavorably it contrasts with the mild and philosophical tenor of the book they are written to refute. But we have nothing to do, at present, with the merits of the theological controversy. We feel obliged, however, to say, that in their gratuitous attack upon phrenology, these writers seem to us to come among the class of 'those narrow and intolerant professors, (of religion,) who take alarm at the very sound and semblance of philosophy.'†

The '*Watchman*,' a publication of the divinity school, at East Windsor, (Connecticut,) not to be behind its antagonist and rival school at New-Haven, in zeal against false science, has produced a series of strictures upon 'Combe's Constitution of Man.' These strictures are written in a somewhat milder tone, yet we cannot but think they spring from the same sectarian jealousy and misguided zeal which has become so remarkable for its opposition to scientific truth. If the 'Constitution of Man' tends to materialism and irreligion, how happens it that Dr. Chalmers, in his Bridgewater Treatise, which was written at a later period, on a kindred topic, and running nearly parallel with the work of Mr. Combe, has no where cautioned the religious world against that work? Dr. Chalmers' religious

* See Dr. Chalmers' Astronomical Discourses, and the Bridgewater Treatise of the Rev. Dr. Buckland, entitled 'Geology and Mineralogy, considered with reference to Natural Theology.'

† Dr. Chalmers: sup. cit.

views are more liberal and enlarged: he has no wish to screen them from the broad light of science; on the contrary, he hails every accession to the stock of human knowledge, as a new ally in the cause of truth — an additional confirmation of religion.

The same truly Christian liberality was exhibited by the Rev. John Robinson, the learned and pious pastor of the puritan church which took refuge in Leyden from English intolerance. He looked forward to progress, not only in scientific but in religious truth. 'If God,' said he, in his parting address to the pilgrims, 'reveal any thing to you by any other instrument of his, be as ready to receive it as ever you were to receive any truth by my ministry; for I am verily persuaded, *I am very confident, the Lord has more truth yet to break forth out of his holy word.*' 'The Lutherans,' said he, 'cannot be drawn to go beyond what Luther saw; whatever part of his good will our God has revealed to Calvin, they will rather die than embrace it; and the Calvinists, you see, *stick fast where they were left by that great man of God, who yet saw not all things.*'*

From the remarks we have made, we would not be understood as classing geology and phrenology in the same rank. The former has already taken its station in the list of sciences; the latter must yet be regarded as a candidate for the same distinction. We have already intimated, that we have not sufficient knowledge of its proofs, to yield to them our complete assent or dissent; but we have looked far enough into its principles to feel quite certain that no orthodox form of religious belief has any thing to fear from that source. Some phrenologists may have been infidels; many, we know, are eminent Christians, even of the evangelical school. Our reprehension is confined to the spirit in which phrenology is assailed by those who evidently have but a superficial knowledge of its principles. This spirit is the very essence of intolerance and dogmatism — the spirit of misguided and blind zeal, opposing free investigation and research in natural science; and whether phrenology be true or false, this method of assailing it is equally reprehensible. The monstrous doctrine of former times, that 'no faith is to be kept with heretics and infidels' is long since exploded; nor will it be admitted by many at the present day, that error may be exterminated by intolerance and calumny.

> 'Non tali auxilio, nec defensoribus istis
> Tempus eget.'

'How has love for mankind,' says a late religious writer, 'been changed into persecution and damnation! How has the God who came to seek the stray sheep, the God who calls all men unto him, become the God of anathemas and exclusion!' 'Two books,' he continues, 'verify each other — the book of the Apostles and the book of Nature. I study them, I reflect upon them, and I compare them. In this magnificent examination, the book of Nature interprets the gospel, and the gospel teaches me to read the book of Nature. In each, I discover the same laws — in each, I recognise

* Mather's 'Magnalia,' pp. 59, 60.

the same hand; and when they cease to agree, I pause and doubt.'*

It would be well if the spirit of Christian humility and charity which dictated the foregoing remarks, could supplant the tone of dogmatism, conceit, and intolerance, displayed by some religious teachers. Happily the number of those to whom our censures apply is not large. We hope and believe that the great mass of our religious community deprecate, as strongly as ourselves, the errors of misguided zeal. We speak not less for christianity than for science. How feeble must be one's faith in a creed, who exhibits such nervous timidity lest every new discovery in science should undermine it! Will mankind have confidence in a religious belief which trembles at the voice of science? Can religion secure itself by building up barriers against physical truth? Do *Protestant* Christians dread the diffusion of knowledge? If the epithets 'skeptic' and 'infidel' continue to be scattered, so freely and unjustly, by pharisees and bigots, they will soon become honorable designations: men of science, generally, will be included in the class of unbelievers, and the slaves of ignorance, superstition, and stupidity, will alone retain the name of Christians! In this age, and in this country, the harsh denunciations of the intolerant and self-righteous have few terrors. Nothing has been gained by denying to Unitarians the name of Christians; nothing will be gained by denouncing physical discoveries as infidelity. A spirit of investigation is generally diffused; and it is rather stimulated than repressed by the report of forbidden knowledge. 'The human race,' says Cousin, 'is at this day assuming the robe and ensigns of virility; it has determined to see clearly into more things than one, which have hitherto been kept in darkness by the respect for former years.' Curiosity is but excited by opposition; and the surest means of disturbing the balance of the judgment, and driving inquirers into the extreme of skepticism, is to denounce a real progress toward truth as falsehood and infidelity. We are persuaded, that in deprecating misguided and intolerant zeal, we attack the strongest obstacle to the spread of pure religion. H.

LINES

SCRATCHED ON HER LOOKING-GLASS, BY A 'MISS IN HER TEENS.'

Before the men begin to woo,
And even when the fellows do,
Oh! many a silent hour must pass
Between a maiden and her glass:
  But ah! such têtes-à-têtes must be
  Too quiet for good company!

And though one loves to use one's tongue,
Yet 't is not to a thing that 's dumb;
'T is far more pleasant sure to talk
And laugh with something that can walk;
  For what 's a mirror, to the eyes
  Beneath whose beam affection lies? W. H. S.

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* Aimé — Martin, De l'Education des Meres de Famille, etc. See Foreign Quarterly Review, for July, 1836.

'OH! MOURN NOT FOR THE BEAUTIFUL.'

I.

Oh! mourn not for the beautiful
Thus passed away in spring,
Ere Time had stolen one bright plume
That buoyed her spirit's wing:
Death walked beside her shadowless
Through Pleasure's laughing bowers,
While Hope concealed the poiler's shaft,
And wreathed his brow with flowers.

II.

'T is well with that young slumberer —
The world of which she dreamed,
How ill would this dim vale of tears
Its promise have redeemed!
The star that ruled her destiny
Was well and wisely given,
A moment to illumine earth,
Then light her up to Heaven.

III.

I knelt beside the dying one —
Methinks I see her now!
The mellow, golden flush of eve
Streamed on her marble brow;
And as a flower at set of sun
Sinks to its dewy rest,
Her head as twilight's shadow fell,
Drooped softly on my breast.

IV.

It drooped, but not to rise again,
As flowers look up at day;
The deep gloom resting on that face
Morn could not chase away:
Those leaf-like lids of violet
I felt could ne'er unclose,
Nor Heaven's freshest breeze re-plant
On that white cheek the rose.

V.

In life you might have *seen* her thoughts;
The spirit that controlled,
Like flame enclosed in porcelain,
Illumed its glorious mould;
And even yet about her lips
A bright smile seemed to hang,
The symbol of that victory
Which takes from death its pang.

VI.

Then mourn not for the beautiful!
O wherefore *should* ye mourn?
Ye would not to this joyless world
The happy bid return —
Ye would not tear the diadem
Of Heaven from her brow,
Or offer *your* half-selfish love
For that she shareth now!

J. B.

MORALITY OF CHILDHOOD.

Writers on education lay great stress upon the cultivation of early years; and the reason they give, is, that the mind may be qualified for usefulness and happiness at some *future* period. People in general seem to forget that childhood is a part of existence, and is capable of constituting an individual life, though it be cut off in its very bloom and verdure; that some beings are only born to die young, the purpose of their creation being fulfilled in a short space. This season, for the most part, is regarded as if it possessed no consequence, apart from its relation to the remainder of life. Hence children are treated as if they had no feelings; their wishes, tastes, and impulses are opposed with savage authority, and the vulgar error often obtains, that the more the child is cramped, restrained, and brought under, the better man he will make. But this error is common to the treatment of the child, and to man's treatment of himself. Point, if you can, to him who is happy — contented *now*. All the world are doing something which they think is going to produce happiness. All suffer for the present in behalf of the future. 'No matter, then,' it is said, 'how painful infancy is made, so that the child have the greater chance for happiness, if he live, in time to come.'

I wish to consider, briefly, this period of life by itself. I wish to separate it from the rest of existence, and, like a precious gem, to insulate it in its own purity, and gaze upon it in its own unalloyed loveliness. It has to my mind an importance in the moral world, distinct from maturity, not acknowledged. Taking no part in the business of society, not even gaining its own support, and being chiefly a care and weight to parents, no wonder that in a world of dollars and cents it should be looked upon as insignificant in itself, and only to be valued for what it may become.

But childhood has immortal mind; it reasons, compares, and judges. It has feelings; how pure! how angelic! It has character; how elevated! how free from envy, jealousy, and hatred! How generous is childhood! How quickly does it melt at the sight of suffering it can understand! How ready is it to relieve hunger, and distress in any form, by any sacrifice of its little means! It has not learned the importance of wealth; it knows nothing of the ostentation of pride; it is under the influence of none of the factitious distinctions of the world, and it acts true to nature. How beautiful then *must* childhood be! It cares not whether its play-fellow be rich or poor, black or white; it studies not the texture of the cloth — which in the best personage covers only poor humanity — before it can make up its mind to look kindly or not upon its hap-hazard acquaintances. It knows nothing of genealogy; but all it cares to know is, whether those in contact with itself be good, according to the simple standard by which it forms its opinions. What a morality is taught us here! What a satire upon human conduct is the simplicity of childhood!

'Papa,' says a little rosy-cheeked boy in the city to his father, 'why must not I ride about with the milk-man?' 'My dear,' answers his father, 'it is not proper for you to be seen in a milk-cart; you shall ride with me in the carriage this afternoon.' 'But, papa,'

persists the little fellow, as he catches hold of his father's skirts, and jumps along by his side, trying to get sight of his face, or to get his father to look in his countenance — for childhood argues its causes by the muscles of the face — 'papa, I say I had rather ride with the milk-man, because he lets me hold the reins, and drive.' 'Well, well, my dear, you must *not*, because papa *says* so; there, be a good boy, and you shall go with me this afternoon.'

The little boy shrinks back, and yields to authority; perhaps he drops a few tears of disappointment; but, before they are dry upon his cheek, a smile, at some new project of sport, lights up his features, and he is happy. Nay, he will soon forget his sorrow, greet his father with a kiss, when he returns, and go to ride with him in his carriage; and if he is a fine boy, and has been suffered to express his pretty thoughts without reserve, he will minister more to the pleasure of the ride, than forty solemn, dignified, ostentatious men, who treat little boys and girls as if they were so many monkeys.

The moral influence of childhood is beautifully shown by Moore, in his 'Paradise and the Peri.' A Peri is seeking for some gift which shall gain him admittance to Heaven. He has carried thither gold and precious stones, but such offerings are not sufficient. At last, wearied with his fruitless attempts, he is almost in despair of seeing Paradise, when he beholds upon the earth a man, full of crime and wickedness, fresh from some scene of murder and baseness, alight near a brook, to refresh his jaded steed. Under the shade of a tree that overhangs the brook, a little child is on his knees in prayer. The stranger is overcome by the suddenness of such an appeal to his conscience, and perhaps dictated by the spirit of God, he falls prostrate beside the supplicating little being, and for the first time in his life, tears of penitence wet his cheek. The Peri speeds swiftly, and catches the falling tear; he bears it to the portals of Heaven. Wide open the gates of God's house to receive so precious a token of human repentance, and the Peri enters as the bearer of the token.

Jesus Christ took little children in his arms and blessed them. He said we must 'become as little children;' and this perhaps causes us to attribute so much importance to the morality of childhood.

J. N. B.

THE DEAD.

She lieth on her flower-strown bed, as if a slumber deep
Its balm upon her senses shed, but ah! it is not sleep!
Her heart knows now no feverish throb — she heareth not the sound
Of the mournful sighs and heavy sobs of weeping friends around.

A gentle smile is resting still, upon her features pale —
The dark curls on her forehead chill, part like a sable veil;
Her eyes are closed — her cheek the same, save that it hath no tear —
Yet this is death! — the thing we name with shuddering and fear!

Oh! well she knew that, though her lot had been supremely blest,
Though the world seemed a happy spot, yet 'this was not her rest!'
The richer feelings of her heart to earth she had not given,
For her's had been that 'better part,' to trust alone in Heaven!

ARRIA:

OR THE ROMAN WIFE.

'ARRIA, the wife of Cæcina Pœtus, a man of consular dignity, who died in the forty-second year of the Christian era. Her husband and son were both at the same time dangerously ill. The son died, but the mother concealed the distressing event from the sick father; and whenever she appeared in his presence, assumed a cheerful countenance, and answered his inquiries respecting the deceased with so much courage and serenity, that she even prevented the suspicion of his death. When her husband was confined at Rome by the command of Claudius, she insisted upon attending him; and when the order came for him to destroy himself, observing his hesitation, she plunged a dagger in her breast; then presenting it, covered with blood, to her husband, exclaimed, in words celebrated by the ancients: 'Pœtus, it is not painful!' TACITUS' ANNAL.

'OH, woman! wont in sunny hour
At thy own shade to start;
Yet when life's blackest tempests lower,
High-soul'd and strong of heart.' PALMER.

CLASPED in her arms her pale boy lay,
And yielded up his breath;
She held him long — that marble clay,
Most sculpture-like in death:
On his young brow, her lost, adored,
She pressed one kiss — the last!
Then to the sick couch of her lord
The tearless mourner passed.

Tearless she passed — and this was she
Had watched his cradled rest,
And joyed in his glad infancy,
Folding him to her breast;
And once for him, a thought of ill
Could sicken o'er her heart;
Now she had nerved her soul to fill
The more than mother's part.

She bathed her husband's fevered brow,
Pillowed his aching head,
And with affectionate voice and low,
Soft words of soothing said;
When he would question of his boy,
Nature's own tear repressed,
And spoke with calm dissembled joy,
'Our gentle child 's at rest!'

He lived — the stream of years rolled by —
There came a fearful storm:
She, 'neath that darkly lowering sky,
Clung closer to his form.
Buried within a prison-cell,
The living's dreary tomb;
E'en there her cheering accents fell
As sunshine o'er its gloom.

'That pang by thee is bitterest felt,
Thine high and tarnished name;
Not all misfortune speaks of guilt,
Not all in wo of shame.
My best, mine only friend! we 've shared
Long years of pride and bliss;
Let our true souls be found prepared
Strong to endure e'en this!'

At last the royal mandate came,
His hours were numbered now;
She marked the quivering of his frame,
The blanching of his brow.
'And is there withering fear,' she cried,
'Read in a Roman's eye?
In life or death 't is by thy side
I live, or dare to die.'

Was this but lofty language breathed
With shrinking woman's art?
A moment more, and she had sheathed
The sword deep in her heart!
She placed within his hand the blade,
Warm with her life-blood's stain,
Smiling in fondness, as she said,
'Beloved! this is not pain!' *

Elizabeth-town, (N. J.,) 1836. S. S. L.

A SAIL-BOAT EXCURSION.

BY 'ORSON.'

GENTLE READER — did you ever take a pleasure-ride of a fortnight or three weeks in a sail-boat? If not, step on board with me, and I will show you, in my usual gossiping way, how to enjoy yourself, if you are willing to forego beds of down, and are content to rough it for a while in the open air. It is right good sport to take a sail-boat, such as I had, with a half-deck at the bow, under which two might creep, to sleep or get out of the rain, while the other steered — for I always liked to have a man for each pair of oars, and one for the tiller, in case of necessity. But we depended most on our sails. The boat was about five tons burthen, and rigged sloop fashion, with a topsail complete, and colors flying. She was 'just the thing,' exactly. Nor must I forget to mention an old half or rather quarter-barrel, with sand and bricks in it to prevent it from burning — for be it known that this was our stove, on which to boil a kettle, and broil a squirrel, duck, or piece of bacon — and how delicious are these viands on the water, while you are living all the time in the open air! — better than the best cookery of famed Astor's. Then, there are the sweet potatoes roasted, and not villanously boiled: it takes a man who has been on such a trip, to tell you what good living is. Wine only moderately good, becomes nectar; and the wild oranges which you may pluck on any point of the river we are descending — for we are about to sail down the St. John's, to coast it a while, and then run up the St. Mary's into Georgia. It is a new voyage to us — and what more can any man want, than novelty and excitement? The risks of travelling in an open boat — of being overset or swamped in a gale — is enough of itself to make a man grow fat, with good cheer; but when all is novelty, it is well nigh happiness complete. That 'well nigh' means, that 'ladyes fayre' are wanting in our premises. Let us go on, however; we may find some before we are through.

* A very beautiful picture of this scene is in the possession of a gentleman of Trenton.

The wild sour orange — (for there are two kinds of wild orange, the sweet and sour) — makes 'orangeade,' with good sugar, and by my faith, although it is not a very elegant drink, I have taken it with genuine yankee molasses, and contrived to live through it. But the syrup of the sugar-cane is '*the* thing.' This alone, with sour oranges, will enable a man to snap his fingers at bilious fevers and malaria, and will cure a sick man, too, sooner than all the nostrums of the apothecary shop. I am really serious. Give me my choice, and I would take these and good bacon, before all the doctor's stuff in the world — for I have seen them tried. But, with a provision-box well stored, let us 'go ahead.' The wind is fair, and the river black with a stiff breeze; and with our tiny topsail up, off we speed, with a salute from a rifle fowling-piece, and a pair of horse-pistols — all our stock of arms. Bear away, now, and coil all the tackle snug for squalls, and let us see who has more enjoyment in the world than we have. I guess nobody. The country is all wild — no houses to be seen — and only by close looking, can be discovered an Indian's wigwam; for we are starting from our camp more than a hundred miles up the river, and are beginning to sail down.

But what is that in the water, looking like a snake, bearing along yonder? It is a summer-duck, which swims with its body all under water, leaving only its head and slim, long neck out; it is called a snake-bird. Hand me the shot-gun for him, for — if the truth must be told — I am only a second-rate rifleman, and cannot be sure of such a small mark, while the boat is dancing, and the duck is slipping along at so rapid a rate. If I were still, and he were at rest, I might tell another story — for I have seen the heads of smaller birds slipped off before they knew what hurt them, but not often, when the bird and boat are both moving. Bang! then goes the shot-gun. Ten to one he is not hurt, even with this. You must catch him in a tree on the bank, if you wish to do any thing; there a rifle ball will pin him behind the knuckles of his wings, without much doubt, from the shore or from the boat. I believe they sink if you hit them in the water, for all their feathers are wet as a scalded chicken's, and they cannot fly far before they perch in a tree and dry them. I do not remember to have picked up a single one after shooting at only his neck and head, although it may have been the case, since I shot and ate several on this excursion. I should not forget the squirrels on the banks: if you want one or two for supper with your bacon, it is best to go on shore and hunt a little; you will soon find them. There is no time now; though the wind is fair, and roars under our bows: 'merrily sail we on,' and now is the time to look at the St. John's.

This river is much larger than most people have any idea of. In some places you cannot, when in the centre, distinguish with the naked eye a horse from a cow on either shore; it contracts, however, in other places. We have little tempests in tea-pots here, for in Florida the wind blows at a small rate, sometimes, while the rain pours down, and the thunder snaps and cracks, and 'fires away,' as if Beelzebub and all his tribe had broken loose, and Milton's veritable battle were being fought over again. It was during the rainy season, or more properly the thunder-and-lightning-season, that I started on my land-locked voyage of discovery. We had rain enough; about five showers a day, on an average, came over us: and

look in any direction we might choose, we could see showers. Sometimes it would rain as hard as it could pour within two hundred yards of us, and yet not a drop touch us. These showers afford some relief for a time from the heat which comes down in regular streams, like blasts of caloric from a house-furnace; and even at night I have felt almost scorching currents of air out on the wide river. But by keeping in the shade of the sail, and having a good breeze almost always, I never suffered much from the heat. In truth, strange as it may appear, I have actually suffered more from heat at the north than south, and more from cold at the south than north. It is the sudden change, more than the degree of heat or cold, which we feel. But forget not, reader, that we are 'going ahead' all this time: the yellow-white bubbles are floating astern, and the green headlands and old fields — once tilled by Spaniards, who are dead or far away, but which have not regained fertility by their long fallow — are reached once in a long while; sometimes we go on shore to look if there be any old tame orange-trees, or fig or peach-trees, or any other fruits, that may happen to be in season — but they are scarce enough on the upper part of the river.

But what is that we see over the wide reach ahead? As I live, it is a square-rigged vessel! 'Do n't you know what that is?' says my man — for as yet I had only one man on board, and was trusting to good fortune to ship another hand before two days' sail. 'Do n't you know, Sir,' said he, 'what that is?' 'No — how should I? — I have never seen it before. I suppose she is just in, and after live oak.' He laughed and replied, 'That is the Flying Dutchman. Did you never hear of him before?' 'Oh yes,' said I, 'but I did not know he was an old settler of Florida. May be he makes the St. John's his harbor?' 'You will find, Sir, before long, it is no joke. He will fly away before you know what you are about.' 'Very good — I'll watch him, and be bound for it, find out the mystery, how a square-rigged vessel, lying at anchor, can escape my ken. I'll board him within two hours, and hear news from home: so brace out the jib, and give a little more sheet; then make us some good 'orange-ade' to treat our friends, and load all the guns to salute them in style.' The negro grinned, and went to work, saying, 'Guess you won't get many letters from the Flying Dutchman.'

Thus we drave along, he hard at work doing nothing, and I steering. The reach between where we were and the spectre-ship was fourteen or fifteen miles over, and there was plenty of time to tell a short story of a man living on the bank of the river just above. There was not much about him, only he could not read the nature of his little children, and was harsh and cruel. My feelings were never so lacerated as by his treatment of a little boy about four years of age. He was delicate, and possessed most acute feelings of affection; but they were never met by either of his parents; and when he was harshly reprimanded, he would fall into fits. His father kept a long ox-gad to whip him with, and his body was scarred all over; and when he crawled upon the bed to lay down his feeble limbs, the great gad was taken down, and he was jerked off, and then, from wounded feelings and terror, he rolled, choking and convulsed, upon the ground. This was called 'giving himself the strangest airs,' for

which, to serve him right, 'he should be skinned.' But this is a melancholy story. We will have a better.

One day, sitting with a young man in our camp, near the Devil's Elbow, we heard a most furious dashing of oars, and presently a boat was seen, full of live-oak cutters, and others, heading for us, with might and main. I was led to conclude something very important had happened, and that either the assistance of the young man with me, or my own, was wanting in some emergent case. This, indeed, was the fact. A dispute had happened between two of the cutters: one had sold another a pair of inexpressibles, for which he refused payment, as they had been worn out without doing, as the defendant said, fair service. This, however, was a mere excuse. He did not wish to do justice, and he thought he could impose on the silly fellow who had sold him the garment. But the others took up the quarrel, and said the rogue should be tried, according to law, and forced to pay. They had heard that the young man in my employ had a commission of justice of the peace, which was but partly true, as he had not been sworn in. All the laws of the territory had been sent to him; but he was too modest to accept the dignity. However, the excuse would not answer. Tried the culprit must be, and they turned to me to make them out a warrant. The spokesman — a half horse and half alligator fellow, with a knot on his shoulder as large as your fist from poling flat-boats up the St. Lawrence, and a slight limp from a shot, got by running past a Spanish guard in Mexico or Peru, when they hailed and bade him stop — vowed that, regular or irregular, if I would only make out a paper, he 'would fetch him, or fetch a *piece* of him.' 'Here,' said I to myself, 'is a chance for sport. Let us have a regular trial, and do such justice as shall shame all the lawyers in the world.'

I therefore sat down and wrote a rigmarole, with long words and odd Latin terms, as bad as you will find in the most mystified books of that parasitical profession, which has come down from the times of Woden and Thor, with very few improvements. I mean, I made out a right good law paper; and when I read it to them, they wondered at my learning, for they could not understand a word of it at all; it was, therefore, as awful as the big wigs and wide gowns, which hide the cracked skulls and misshapen bodies of the men who are appealed to for their precedents in all our courts. I told him to read that to him, and tell him to come, trusting to overcome the scruples of our modest young justice of the peace, by the time he could return. He went off, rolling an enormous quid of tobacco in his mouth, with his fists clenched, not because he loved justice so much as an excuse to exercise his physical powers in case of resistance; for he was a right down bad fellow, who swore on another occasion that he would even kill me, if ever he should see me alone near his camp; and no doubt he would have done so, had he dared to try it; but I easily put him down with a black scowl, for I felt my mental power over him. But he was an excellent bull-dog, and would have made a most capital leader of boarders for a pirate-captain. He recognised no law but force, and in this he excelled. He had not been gone more than an hour, before he returned with the culprit — a tall, half-bent fellow, of little less than six feet, when he straightened up.

In the mean time, while he was gone, the counsel on the two sides were arranging their pleas, and truly not without talent, for in a large gang of live-oak cutters, you may find men of all kinds — sharps not less than flats. I have never in any justice's court heard more artful or better pleading than the two pettifogging barristers exhibited on this occasion. But I am too fast. Seeing that justice would be defrauded of her dues, unless something were done on my part, also, I looked over the law-books, and found the trash had been folded down in various places; from what I saw, I concluded the proceedings would all be quashed on account of the irregularity, which we all knew, in case the counsel for the defendant could not make good his defence in justice. I therefore secretly, in anticipation, made myself a reviser of the statutes, by passing my pen-knife through the leaves that had sections on them which would either forbid or annul the proceedings of pure justice. In fact I was obliged, in various ways, to take the laws literally into my own hands, for there was no justice, even by name, within a circle of more than thirty miles. I could not help laughing to myself, while doing so, to think how blank our pettifogger, who had seen too much of law, would look, on finding himself and his friend in a predicament so appalling to his vanity. By the way, he took up the defence chiefly because the rogue was a strong, two-fisted fellow, and the prosecutor was weak in mind if not in body, and an awful coward. Physical and mental superiority are more strongly exhibited in the wild woods than in the streets of a large city. The counsel for the prosecution had been a merchant of good standing, and his speeches had not passed without compliments from some of our dignitaries. But his opponent was as smooth and as cunning as Satan, and I determined to stand by and see fair play, all the way through.

The preparations for the trial were awful to the accuser as well as accused; and our new justice was also under great apprehension that some higher tribunal would bring him up, should he thus make a mock at the awful science of law, by — doing justice. He had only half consented to act, when fortunately who should come in but a veritable justice, like a God-send — for one had not been seen near the place for many months. The new-comer was at once appealed to, to take the wool-sack, which he did without hesitation; and being shown the warrant by which the defendant had been brought up to court, he pronounced it good for this plain reason — it had not failed to bring up the culprit. This was a good beginning, and augured well for the conclusion. The judge being in the chair, the prosecution commenced, and the defence pleaded infancy. There was no one to swear to his age one way or the other; and after much eloquence had been wasted, there seemed to be no possibility of settling the case. He was a young man, evidently, and with very little beard; and what was to be done? The prosecutor was as pale as death. He thought he should not only lose his debt, but be obliged to pay costs, and run all the risk of a threshing from the defendant, beside. In this predicament, I asked to be sworn, and then had the right to say, that I had understood he received the wages of a man, and could eat the dinner of a man, and was not thought to be half as great a fool as the man who had trusted him; he was also taller in stature, and

if an infant, he was of the race of giants, none of whom existed in these days. This seemed to be conclusive — the hint was taken, and other witnesses were called to prove that my suspicions were correct. A verdict for the prosecution was given on this principle — which our philosophic judge said he always followed — namely: that men hardly ever quarrel, unless both parties are more or less in the wrong, and one is most likely to do justice by not entirely satisfying either party. This rule is not so very bad, but I do not think it good; for the weakest and best natured invite aggression, and they should not be sure to suffer with the evil. The fellow against whom I had turned the tide so suddenly, stole from me an article as he departed, by way of making up his loss. But I was informed of it, and made him pay for it by threatening him with a visit to the fort in St. Augustine. People told me he would serve me a bad trick should he meet me alone on the pine barrens, but I trusted to a scowl to annihilate him. A determined spirit is as good as side-arms, at any time. My determination was formed to make it a bad business to any man who should ever dare to think of such a thing as attacking me. This is the only way for one who has nothing to depend upon but his own resources. One good-natured man offered to stand by me in another instance where my life was threatened. However, I only told him that I was obliged to him, but could take care of myself against any man that I had yet seen; for if some had more strength, I could find means to stand upon a par with them. I found that mere brute force is not formidable, even in a lawless country. It is mean, underhand cunning, which is the worst thing in the world. Put an unprincipled lawyer, merchant, and banker together, clean, smooth, and genteel though they may be, and no wild beasts or ruffians will do more injury to society by their overt acts than will these, secretly, against every noble-hearted fellow they meet. They will starve him to death if they can, and ridicule him when they dare, while they are fattening on the genius of those like him. With this good-natured philippic, let us look up for the Flying Dutchman.

As sure as fate, he is gone! What has become of him? There appears to be an island where he was. Yes, that island at a distance, with its two or three trees, looks like a square-rigged vessel, in every respect — some of the sails furled, some spread, and some partly clewed up. The illusion is as perfect as possible; and when you approach near enough, the enchantment is gone, and you cannot figure out any thing like a vessel; and you are the more convinced that you did really see one, and that it has vanished.

Passing this mysterious island, you approach, after a while, an old plantation, which is spread two or three miles along the river, for the fertile strip is very narrow. The old homestead had been burned in the wars, and now the owner was not wealthy enough to restore things to their former appearance. But although all of his orange, lemon, and fig trees had been cut down, they were grown up again from the roots, so that he had the best part of his income from them. The negroes seemed to be happier in their thoughtlessness than their master, with his cares, not only for his own family, but for all of theirs. Negroes, under good masters, as they almost invariably are, are as happy as any persons I ever saw. On new planta-

tions they fare badly in comparison with those on old ones; and when they are let out, they are used like hack-horses, too frequently; for they are northern men, generally, who are in haste to be rich, who hire, and are not accustomed to the negro character, and who do not know that they will do more from affection to the master with whom they have grown up, in respectful habits of good feeling, than for any man who thinks to make them work as a northern working-man and his employer meet — each trying to make his cold, calculating self-interest overreach the other. We will not here argue on this subject; but my decided impression, from all I saw, is, that the man at the north who lets out money on the property bought by money, and receives interest without laboring for his living, mentally or physically, is as much a slave-holder in principle as the southern man; and when he expends that interest-money or rent to sow dissensions between men who live much happier in the state of mutual dependance and affection which exists between a generous-minded southern man and his affectionate dependants, he acts, to say the least, without a proper knowledge of his own character, or the characters of those whom he professes a desire to reform, with the words 'stand back! I am holier than thou!' if not on his lips, in his heart and conduct.

To show the feeling that subsists between a master and his slaves, I will relate one or two incidents.

A planter of my acquaintance was on a visit to a friend, and they began to speak of the comparative merits of their boats and oarsmen, and it resulted very naturally in a wager. The interest which their hands took in the result — their busy looks, as they turned over their boats to see the bottoms smoothed and greased, and their nice examinations of their oars — laid open their whole hearts. I thought of the close survey Ulysses took of his bow, when he was about to prove *his* strength. All these arrangements being completed, the fine tall fellows took their seats in their boats, with veins swelling and hearts throbbing with excitement, awaiting the signal for a start. The masters were the helmsmen; and I really believe there was not a man under them who would have hesitated to rupture an artery to have the honor of beating in the race. All the passion a negro can exhibit in his ebony face, by the contortions of its muscles, was here exhibited. At length, off they started — and they did not sleep over their work. No oarsmen surpass ours of Whitehall; and it is therefore useless to describe their fleetness. It is enough to say, that the visiting planter was beaten, and paid the wager cheerfully — but not so willingly did his negroes submit. They cursed their stars, and eyes, and their master's folly, because he would race with a poor canoe, when they had a better one at home! They said they hoped he would lose every dollar he had in the world, and every 'nigger' in the bargain, if he would bet so foolishly, when they had not half a chance. He told them, good-humoredly, they must try it again, and if they did not beat next time, he would sell every rascal of them. Fearing he *would* try it again, they gathered around him as soon as they could find an opportunity when he was alone, and told him the crops were suffering by their absence, and if they did not go home immediately, the grass and weeds would destroy them entirely; and when pressed to pro-

long his visit, he gave his negroes' remonstrances as a reason for going. In truth, any one might see that they were as proud of every thing belonging to their master, as if it were their own.

On another occasion, I went to see a vessel which had been cast away on the beach, loaded with sugar: there were several stout negro boys of apparently ten, twelve, and fourteen years of age, watching a number of boxes, which their master had bought at an auction. On approaching them, I said: 'Fine times, boys, with nothing to do but play, eat sugar, and catch oysters and fish for dinner.' 'Not very fine times,' said one. 'Why?' I asked: 'what more can you want, than plenty to eat and drink, and no work to do?' 'Ah,' said he, 'master does not make we boys work; and when we are at home, we can hear the fiddle, and dance; but none of us can play here.' Put the same questions to English factory children, or northern factory children and apprentices, and see if answers indicative of a more happy situation will be returned!

That they do not strive to educate them — allowing it to be possible — so that they may be above the menial offices which must necessarily be performed, is a mercy instead of a disadvantage; for there is no more miserable being in creation than one possessed of refined feelings, and under the necessity of laboring for a living, in offices which are felt as degrading. This must be the case, where all classes are equally and greatly refined by education. Let all levellers think of these hints. For my own part, I think a wise and a good Providence made the negro as inferior in capacity to the white race, as he is in beauty, and other respects, and that he is better situated, as a slave to a white man, than if he were free in his own country, living on snakes and toads. Those who say that the black and white races are equal, might as well say that black is white; for each have had a fair trial of all the advantages of civilization — the negro in Africa, the whites in Europe and America — and while we have read the stars, and almost annihilated time and space, they have hardly learned to build a canoe, or make a fish-hook. But to return from my digression.

There is little remarkable on either shore of the St. John's. The banks generally are no banks, and the trees extend to the water's edge, so that you seem to be sailing through the woods. At long intervals, you may see the marks of the labors of man, and not the least beautiful is an extensive cotton-field, with its light green, so different from the green of any tree. The corn does not look so well as our northern corn, while growing, but it tastes much better when grown. It is sweeter, and more like wheat, when made into bread. The sugar-cane is planted near Jacksonville, but principally south of St. Augustine, at New-Smyrna, although as yet without much profit any where in the territory. It is a rich plant in appearance, while growing, and looks much like a field of monstrous corn, thickly planted, but without ears. It is a very common amusement there to chip off the bark and chew the pith, and would be so here, could we have good cane in abundance. I believe it would fatten up many a lean person, and perhaps cure some diseases; for in sugar-time, every living thing seems to grow fat. The sugar is made by simply

passing the cane, two or three at a time, between rollers, that press out the sap, which is then boiled down and grained.

Desiring to go along between the islands and the coast to Georgia, and up the St. Mary's, I procured a pilot at Jacksonville; but he had the pleurisy, and of course could not do much: a couple of strangers were there, however, desiring to go on the same route; and although I was not much pleased with the appearance of one bull-necked fellow of them, I yet took him in, thinking he might do good service in case of necessity. Some of his exploits, which unguardedly came out in the course of the voyage, did not assist to raise him in my estimation. It appeared that he had endeavored to bribe my pilot to play falsely in a horse-race; and when he spoke of an acquaintance of mine at the North, after acknowledging that he had taken excellent wine with him, he abused him. I asked him on what principle he could do so, and told him I was sorry I had ever become acquainted with him. He muttered that I should be more sorry before he had done with me. I discovered that he was a 'precious bad one,' and all his looks showed it. I told him very plainly, that I would not be the owner of such a face as his for any money. He made answer that he knew his face was against him, and that a gentleman with whom he had been out a-hunting, on a late occasion, had been so scared by him, for nothing at all, that he cocked his gun, and walked him into town before him. With all this recommendation, he was good for nothing to work the boat. A gale came on from the north-east, and we had a number of miles to 'beat' through a salt meadow, extending as far as the eye could reach. The creek was not over twenty or thirty yards wide, and wound backward and forward, so that at one time the wind was free, and then there would be a long reach to run right in the wind's eye. When this was the case, we could not gain an inch by sailing, and so I had the sails down, and set all hands to work to row; but the three new hands I had picked up were not worth as much as the one with whom I started; and after worrying them all down, and blistering my own hands, I sent my man out with a long rope and pole to drive in the sedgy bank of the creek, that we might warp the boat along, for the wind blew so violently as almost to take away my breath, and there was no other way left to make the least headway. We continued at this provoking business, until my new friends had betaken themselves to the shelter of the deck. My pilot moaned with pain in his side, the negro man was covered with creek mud, and I was exhausted. In fact, it was impossible to reach any place of shelter ahead before night — and back we must go. I told all hands my determination; when the pleasant, virtuous passenger, of the happy countenance, started up, and expressed a willingness to work, and a great disinclination to return. But I was captain, and ordered up the sails, and ran back to a house which looked like a place of resort for pirates, being built on a pile of oyster-shells, with no inducements about it for any man to build there; it was alone, too, without connexion with any other place, that I could see, excepting over morasses or water. There was a swivel there, and one of my companions picked up a handsome gold shirt-button by the landing-place. Inside the house there was no furniture, excepting a cot bedstead or two,

and some old-fashioned guns, with locks such as I had never before seen. The inhabitants consisted only of men, and they were rough enough in appearance, and Spanish, withal. Had the house been comfortable, I intended to have staid here for the night, for it had begun to rain in earnest: taking altogether, however, I did not like either my company or accommodations. We roasted a few sweet potatoes, and broiled some bacon on the hearth, and while all thought I intended to stay, I told my man to shoulder his bag, and the others to follow, if they wished to go back with me to Jacksonville. The bull-neck protested against this, but I told him to stay, if he did not wish to go, and departed without much ceremony. The truth might have been, that he feared to put out to sea exactly, or to run through the broad bay, at the mouth of the river, in such a storm of wind and rain: but as I have hinted before, there is nothing to dread in the elements, or from wild beasts, compared to the perils of a bad-hearted man, when you are unsuspicious or asleep. I did not care much for one bad man, but I did not like such an odds as I thought very possibly that house might present. They may have all been very honest, civil people; but I did not like appearances. Therefore, much against my will, we ran back; for nothing irks me so much as to be foiled. I determined to go all the way back to my camp, and not to start again until I should find two good hands on whom I could depend. This I did after a time, but must make the voyage along the coast the subject of another story. My gentleman, who was to make me repent my unceremonious treatment of him, I should not dismiss in silence. He came to my place after a while, and offered, by the merest accident in the world, a miserable counterfeit of a hundred dollar bill, to change with me for small bills, as it would be a great convenience to him in travelling to have some smaller notes. I told him at once that it was a counterfeit, and as there were two or three persons by, he walked off, but soon returned when he saw they had left me alone, and gone home, and began to open his vest, and hitch up his suspenders, on purpose to show me his dagger; but, as if by chance, I merely commended his prudence in going so well armed. As there was no court within many miles, I suffered him to depart in peace; had there been, he should have given some other account of himself. Such characters, I am happy to say, are not more numerous in the territory than elsewhere, and I do not wish to scandalize the country on account of a few lawless individuals.

A SECOND EXCURSION.

I HAVE endeavored to describe an attempt to run along the inner passage, between Amelia Island and the main land of Florida, in an open boat, which attempt was frustrated by a north-east gale, and other misadventures. But on the occasion of which I am now going to speak, I secured good men, and there was no gale; but oh! the musquitoes, and sand-flies, and the hot sun, between the sedge-banks! The channel was the most tortuous that can be imagined; and a person seeing as far as the eye can reach, over the level plain, would imagine that nothing could be easier than to find the way — yet hardly any

thing is more difficult. One might better be at sea, without chart or compass, for the stars and sun would assist him; but here there are no means to tell the right from the wrong channel, and one may sail or row all day, and at night find himself just where he started in the morning: so, at least, it appeared to me; and I was forced to take a pilot — for although there were headlands on the shore, and an island outside, I could not tell which way to go in the cross-creeks. I have heard of persons, who had often been through, being lost for some time.

The heat poured down in such streams, that my pilot feared a stroke of the sun: we wet some sail-cloth, and laid it over our heads and backs. The sharks seemed to enjoy it all exceedingly, and flitted about, as if they had only to wish themselves in other places, to be there without labor. During the day, a brownish gnat is exceedingly troublesome. 'If you kill one, a thousand come to his funeral,' as is truly said; and at night, beware of the musquitoes! One is likely to be thin in the heat of a southern dog-day; and these spiteful insects have no fat to penetrate, under our skins, but strike at once upon the nerves, with a sting almost like that of a bee. It makes the best man 'groan in spirit,' and those not otherwise very bad, swear like the foul fiends, which they soon resemble — for they are forced to make a fire of light pine wood, and stand or lie in the black smoke; and even here, some of the piratical little blood-suckers will come, and their victims strike, kick, groan, swear, and blaspheme, insomuch that to one just out of their reach on the ocean — for we lay thus exposed one or two nights on the sea-shore — they would have had all the characteristics of imps dancing around a fire in torment. For my own part, I had a musquito-net; but, somehow or other, they came to life, like skippers in cheese, under it; and as to the noise they made, within a roll of the stiff skin which I had spread upon the sand under me to exclude dampness, 'let me not speak of it,' least my whole story should be discredited. I rolled up a part of the hide under my head for a pillow, yet they found their way into it by means of singing me softly to sleep. I was obliged to get out, and go and dance in the black smoke. What must be the pain of horses on the barrens, among large flies, I could very well imagine from this experience. I have seen their sides almost covered with drops of hardened blood, which had oozed out after the flies had left; and horses often die of exposure to them and the heat together. I have frequently seen horses come running from the barrens, like furies, to hide in the dark stables, or to seek the spots frequented by the 'guards' — a species of hornet, which catches the flies and protects beasts of all kinds from pain, and doubtless even from death, since without some such security, they would inevitably die. The horses stand stock still under their care, as if a good understanding subsisted between them and their protectors. But we had no guards — not even a bat or swallow — and were forcibly reminded of the danger of opposing public opinion, even when each of the community wished to suck only a little blood. It is of no consequence that you can annihilate a thousand at a slap; their place will soon be filled by others. 'Side by side their ranks they form,' and that on the instant.

We continued to tack along, occasionally stopping to let the men go and catch clams and oysters — for these were luxuries to us, after all our soakings in fresh water. We required salting anew, for salt water is our element, not less than the air of the woods; and it is like a new supply of life, the sensation which we feel on mixing some of the ocean-salts in our veins. The clams are very good, but the oysters are generally long and slim, and poor, in this quarter, although in some places they are better. Those at the mouth of the St. John's are very worthless, with worm-eaten shell and yellow enamel inside; but down at Indian River, south of St. Augustine, they are fine and fat, and very abundant; and so are they here, growing by millions in compact bodies, like so many case-knives packed close on end, with their points upward — excellent to run the point of a good boat upon, or step on with your naked feet!

We went to the principal mansion at Amelia Island, at the earnest request of the hospitable proprietor; and although we were not previously acquainted, he would not hear of our departure, until we had seen how like an old feudal baron or patriarch he lived. His black retainers were very numerous, and as happy as any people I ever saw. The communications between master and slave were kind, and proved good feeling and a fair union of interests on both sides. The master reflected for his slaves, on the principle that the interests of both parties were inseparable, and the slaves, with the true and affectionate hearts of negroes, worked for their master on the same principle. I confess the '*horrors*' of their slavery did not strike me very forcibly. They had their regular musicians, and every day it was their duty as well as pleasure to play for their master, and at night for themselves. A stronger evidence of the attachment of a man to his friend can hardly be shown in history, than was witnessed on this island, by a slave toward his master, during the former war with the Seminoles. I will relate the story. It should be understood that these Indians are not, by any means, hard masters. Unlike northern men generally — of whom I confess I am one myself — they are not exacting. If a negro raises ten bushels of corn a year for his master, he is satisfied; or if he asks for more, and is told there will not be enough for seed next year, and he cannot have more, he does not insist on it — which is the same to the slave. A negro knowing this, as they generally do, was told to follow a party of Indians who had invaded the island, and among others had seized his wife. He was commanded to do so, on pain of being shot. The negro hesitated. He knew not whether to give up his master, with labor, and music, and dancing, and all other comforts, or a comparatively easy life with his wife. He soon decided. He turned to run, was shot, and fell a sacrifice to his devotion to his master. Those who write against slavery, are unfair when they do not give truths like this. Although there are doubtless some instances of severity, yet probably no more than is constantly practised in society here, in collecting rents and interest-money, which white men pay by the sweat of their brows, to give money to men who do not labor themselves.

Amelia Island is the most desirable place I saw in Florida. It is true there are no neighbors near, and the post-office is a number

of miles away; but the soil is excellent, and the situation healthy, and constantly fanned by the trade winds; and with a number of slaves, a man has a good chance here of exceeding his three-score years and ten. The present owner is upward of eighty, I believe, but appears not even sixty. The approach to his mansion is unique. We see nothing like it at the north. Indeed the whole island has a singular appearance: but this serpentine avenue is lined on both sides by a species of the palmetto, which rises like a tree, fifteen inches or more in diameter, and bears large pointed leaves, over two feet broad, and three feet long, and branching off from the body of the tree, so as to form a hemisphere of about ten feet diameter. All are of the same size, in the same soil, whatever may be the height of the tree; for the root is bulbous, and shoots forth the huge vegetable to its full size at once, excepting in height. It is fabled that it used to rise to the height of a large mast in a year, and bore a cabbage or two on the top, and was perennial. With regard to the cabbage, it is partly true — for the young leaves taste like cabbages before they open: they rise in the form of a folded fan, and are then yellow, sweet, and tender, and often eaten. It kills the tree to cut out these leaves entirely, but otherwise they seem as if they might live for centuries. We were told that they gave out an excellent palm wine in great quantities after being so cut; but I had no opportunity to try it as I travelled about, nor where I stopped. The body of the tree is like the husk of the cocoa-nut.

In the garden were various kinds of tropical flowers, and the walks were lined with orange-trees, which met over head, and formed arbors — like the Gothic temples from which that style of architecture is said to have originated — save that the trees were not *tied* together at their tops, but met naturally. They thus make delightfully perfumed walks, when in bloom, as the aroma of the orange blossom scents the gale most exquisitely.

Along the shores, but not cultivated, might be seen the Spanish *bayonet* or *glorioso*, such as we have here; but then they flower magnificently, and at a distance appear like a number of young ladies. The eye will be deceived twenty times a day by them — as it would by their breathing, speaking resemblances, some ill-natured woman-hater might say.

I went down to the boat, after a time, and left our hospitable host, who loaded my arms with books — a most acceptable present to beguile me on the way, and much pleasure did I find in reading some of them.

On our way to St. Mary's River, Georgia, we were overtaken by one of the severest storms of thunder and lightning I ever experienced. It made every soul on board — four of us — stare. We threw out a very heavy anchor, for the size of the boat, but she dragged it ashore, although the wind had no great opportunity to strike us in the land-locked place where we were. It rained so very hard, that as many of us as could do so thrust ourselves under the half-deck at the bows. By this movement, I was crowded against the mast, down which a stream was running so that it wet me through. The deck also leaked, insomuch that my companion could not move without being in the same predicament as myself. What could be done?

I had the authority, and might have turned him out in the rain, but this would have been too bad; so I began to tell stories about lightning, and the relative dangers of various situations. I told him, in particular, of a blacksmith who had been wet by the rain, and stood near his chimney, when the lightning came down and shivered every rag of clothes off him in an instant. His chimney had been the conductor, as all high points were. I then talked about our mast, and asked if there were not a steel or iron point in the topmast. I knew there was one, for a vane or fly to turn upon. I then pointed out the stream by which I was becoming wet, and hoped I should not be stripped as unceremoniously as the blacksmith had been. All this time a *feu-de-joie* was going on over head, and the sky was splitting on all sides, like a muskmelon cut all around. Our worthy, when he began to understand things, looked out with a very wise face, but rather a dull eye, and said that, for his part, he thought it began to hold up, and he did not care for a few drops of rain: he would not be cramped up under dèck any longer. So out he crawled, and left me ready to die with smothered laughter. It was not very generous, perhaps, but there *was* danger; and he must be more than mortal who can suppress a good joke in such a situation.

The storm passed over, and on looking out, we saw another sail, with two huge whiskered, Spanish-looking, piratical fellows close aboard of us. They were in a small open pilot-boat, and under a pack of sailors' pea-jackets and cloaks, looked like straw-stuffed scarecrows. I heard the light merry laugh of a girl, who called to me by name. 'Who under the sun can there be in that craft, here out of the world of civilized beings, who knows me so well?' I answered. She amused herself for a time, and showed that she was well acquainted with me. At last, on the clearing up of the shower, she threw off her disguise, and revealed a New-York or rather a United States' belle — a daughter of one of our national officers, whom you may meet at one time in the desert, and again in Bond-street or Albion-Place. I just missed seeing her, an evening or two ago, in the latter place. Not many have her temerity. I should have looked twice at her escort before I would have trusted myself with them, without dirk or pistol; but I fancy she could see that monstrous whiskers were the best proofs of peace at heart. I have often suspected, that the rougher the burr the softer the kernel; and if you wish to find a coward, ever afraid of a woman, seek for him in a terrible-looking whiskered man, and beware of your Johnson-looking, 'innocent boy,' or velvet-footed, smiling, cat-like politician, who is now on this side, then on that, shaking hands cordially with every man he meets. The girls know who is who, after all — at least some of them do.

After passing a bay, open to the sea, we reached St. Mary's River. There is no such scenery as we have at the north. Nothing bold or picturesque, to any interesting degree. The country has the appearance of a recent formation. Nothing like that with which we meet in primitive regions, or in well-established secondary formations. In two or three places, between St. John's and St. Mary's, the water is changing the situation of the land to such a degree, that it actually has the appearance of having been carried by carts, and washed smooth. But on the St. Mary's, there are salt meadows below, and

swamps and bluffs above, and nothing great any where, excepting quantities of musquitoes and sand-flies.

The town of St. Mary's is small, and contains only a few hundreds of inhabitants, who go to rest every night with the chickens, take good care of their health, and, with plenty of chloride of lime, say their place is extremely healthy. The merchants only ask of the planters to pay up, or give a mortgage, and the planters desire only six or seven years' credit, if we may believe some of the merchants. But let me not 'stretch' it; it is only two or three years' credit they want. I fancy the merchants have the best of the bargain, after all. Men who make many bargains, will overreach those who make only a few, if the old proverb be true, that 'practice makes perfect.' It seems to be so in diplomacy, at all events.

The inhabitants of St. Mary's are very kind to strangers, and, so far as I could see, agreeable to each other. In truth, the southern people are almost invariably civil to strangers; and I cannot but admire the chivalrous feeling that prevails among them. But let us bid good bye to St. Mary's, and I will tell you how a rogue and honest man of my acquaintance managed together in Florida, and you will have a hint of the state of the laws in the woods.

A Minorcan, an honest man, had business in Alachua, which is in the centre of the peninsula, and he went there on horseback. When he arrived, he tied his horse, and went into a house. A rogue, happening to see him, said the horse looked like his, and in fact was so much like one he had lost, that he would take him, for better or for worse. With this pious intent, and to save all useless bloody contention, he went into the house and begged to borrow the Minorcan's sheath-knife, a dagger about an inch broad and a foot long. At first, he positively refused, not because he suspected him, or any other man, but because he said he made it a 'rule never to part with his arms when he was among strangers.' At length, however, he was prevailed upon to lend it; but he had no sooner done so, than his horse's halter was cut, and a new owner was on his back, and tearing through the pine barrens like a scrub-racer. It is useless to attempt to describe a man who feels he has been overreached, and left in the lurch by his own folly. He stamps, and swears, and clenches his hands, and grates his teeth, and walks hither and thither — and sometimes tears his hair, as almost every one has seen some one do, if he has not done it for himself. In this predicament was our good-natured Minorcan. Eighty miles from home, and without a horse, or money enough with him to buy another. But he made the best of his way back, determined to gain satisfaction as soon as possible. At the time I saw him, he had travelled several hundred miles with the feeling of an Indian, and had recovered his horse, cropped and branded with the mark of the robber, and so disguised, otherwise, that it was almost impossible for his real owner to know him. He took him back by the aid of his knife; and his object, when I saw him, was to bring his opponent to justice by the regular operations of the law; but from the feelings of the wise law-givers of the territory, I do not believe he ever obtained satisfaction, for the impression was general among the lawyers, that if the criminal should not have enough property to pay

the costs of the court, the accuser should pay them. They passed a law to this effect, I believe, and the Congress of the United States abrogated it. By this system, the injured man or woman, after falling into the hands of open, bold robbers, must run the gauntlet through the meshes of crafty rogues, where honesty makes but a poor figure, and has to rely on Judge Lynch, who first honored us with his presence at the 'Boston Tea-Party.' Though I would not promulgate revolutionary doctrines, I must say, that all show of justice is a farce, while the defendant is obliged, when innocent, to pay any of the cost, whether it be a civil or criminal case; and so far as my own experience goes, I would sooner depend upon my own arms, without any laws, than upon any court I ever had any thing to do with. These are the sentiments of Orson. Now let us go and catch a rattle-snake alive, and so drive off '*ennui*,' for a time, at least.

I was sitting one day, after dinner, too indolent to think, or read, or write, although surrounded by books in my own camp, when I heard a dreadful yell, or scream, from my poor cowardly Brazilian Indian — a fellow more than half civilized, whom I kept about me because he could cook very well on an excursion, put a plank in a boat, or mend a sail, or in fact do almost any thing for a traveler, for he had been all over the world, on board a British man of war, 'as well as elsewhere,' so that he spoke contemptuously of *wild* Indians. Hearing him scream, I looked out, and saw the little fellow with his legs stretched wide apart, his fingers spread like the points of a palmetto leaf, his eyes showing their whites all around, and appearing like a print of Saturn, with its belt on yellow ground, from under a steeple-crowned, hay-stack hat body, which had a handkerchief stuffed between it and his forehead, to prevent it from falling down to his chin. I could not think what to make of all this, and he could not tell me, but continued to cry: 'Me Got! — Me Got!' At last he made out to say, 'Rattlesnake!' I comprehended the whole case in an instant. He had been within an inch of treading on a huge fellow, six or seven feet long. He did not appear to know what to do with him or himself, and I called out to him not to lose sight of him, while I ran to his assistance. There I saw the most majestic reptile I ever beheld, coiled in a circle of about two feet diameter, with his tail in the centre, rattling with the rapidity of lightning, while his head, about a foot and a half from the ground, waved slowly one way and the other, with a grace and majesty I never could have imagined a snake could exhibit. He seemed to know perfectly well that death was lodged in his fangs; and he told us by his rattle to beware how we injured him. But not liking to be dared in this manner, one of us — I do not remember which, for by this time another in my employ had followed to learn the difficulty — proposed to see if we could not capture him alive. It was agreed to at once, by all parties; and I remained to keep him at bay, by plaguing him with a stick, as I knew the habits of the reptile, and just how far he could spring. I had a stick in my hand, which I had hastily picked up, and I thrust it at him, but he would not strike it. He knew better, and continued to fix his eye on my hand, which was not more than six or eight inches beyond the length of his stroke, and he thought I might

venture closer, but I knew better, and stood prepared to spring as quickly as himself. While I was thus waiting for a line and a pole to noose him about the neck, a black negress came to see what was going on; and when she drew nigh, she began to scream and wring her hands at such a rate, that the snake, which will not run for man or beast, was fairly frightened, and turned to escape. I could not help reflecting on the power of the *fair* sex, and although much inclined to laugh, I was forced to bid her, angrily, to go away, and not frighten my game by her screeches. By one or two strokes, he was induced to turn upon me again, and thus I kept him, until the noose was brought, with a pole, by which it was fairly dropped over his neck, and we secured him. But still he was a troublesome customer; and it appeared like catching a Tartar, after all; for instead of trying to pull away, like a fish, he came after us, and had not our wary Indian thought of driving a nail to make a fork at the end of the pole, we should have been obliged to kill him at last; but with this he kept him off, and contrived to wind the line up so closely, that he could do nothing, and we fairly captured him. I kept him several months, and often amused myself in observing how shy the Indians were when they heard his rattle.

They boasted that some among them, of the snake tribe, would catch them in their hands; and they showed me how they did it, and how, by taking them around the neck and tail, and rubbing the festoon thus formed up and down a patient's back, they could cure the rheumatism. My black cook was troubled in this way, and one of the Indians present I knew had a snake tattoo'd on his arm: I sent for her, and proposed to physician and patient to try the remedy instanter. Their mutual disinclination to any such experiment was expressed by very wise shakes of the Indian's head, and screams and shudderings on the part of the negress, who ran, determined rather to 'bear the ills she had' than — gentle reader, you know the rest. It was only a trap for a laugh, and I enjoyed it exceedingly — almost as much as catching him in the first instance. *Then* I drove out the blood to each fibre of every vein in my system; for in truth I felt I might easily have been bitten and killed in five minutes. Nothing like this to stir the sluggish blood, when it will hardly move, after a hearty dinner, on a hot day. Nothing like hair-breadth 'scapes to make a man, tired of the world, and devoured by ennui, love to live, unless indeed he has some great and good object for all mankind in view, in which case he will never feel the blue-god. And this is a good moral to end with, as I shall do, and not run about the world any longer, thrusting my head into difficulties for the mere pleasure of getting out of them — unhurt, as by good fortune, if not wisdom, has always been the case with me, while those who have cried 'Take care! take care!' have tumbled over backward, one with sixteen bullets through him, another with five, and others with yellow and bilious fever, repose under the sands — for which I am very sorry, while I am very glad no sickness nor accidents have ever happened to me. I take leave of you, gentle reader, with a face crying on one side, and laughing on the other. Farewell!

LOVE'S WELCOME.

THE women of Libo, the long row of islands which separates the Adriatic from the Lagunes, are accustomed, when their husbands are returning from their fishing excursions, to sit on the beach and sing until each can distinguish the responses of her own husband.

'T IS sunset — o'er the glowing waters gliding,
The fisher's skiffs are veering toward the land;
The golden waves with murmurs soft subsiding,
Sweep, fringed with silver, up the yellow sand;
And seated there, with tuneful voices blending,
The island matrons raise the welcome-song,
While to their oars the gladdened boatmen bending,
Send from the deep an answer clear and strong;
Yon bride at length her husband's voice has singled
From the wild chant that shoreward dies away;
Hushed is the chorus where her sweet voice mingled —
Hark! lonely now she pours her greeting lay:

I.

'Speed! speed to the shore, love,
My heart hath been lorn,
Since I saw thee unmoor, love,
Thy boat yestermorn;
And the food I scarce tasted
Seemed flavorless fare,
With the banquet contrasted,
When thou hadst a share.

II.

'In the green shadow, dearest,
Our simple meal 's spread;
Cool water — the clearest —
Dates, olives, and bread:
And under the vine, love,
Where red grapes blush through,
I've placed the bright wine, love,
Beneath where it grew.

III.

'But not of the wine, love,
Our lips shall drink first,
If thine be as mine, love,
For kisses athirst;
Beneath tendrils inlacing
Where spray clasps with spray,
We will soon be embracing
As fondly as they.

IV.

'I have oft marked thee linger,
Enraptured and mute,
As I struck, with a finger
Untutored, the lute;
I will touch it to night, love,
When sets the pale moon,
And glows in her light, love,
The stirless lagoon.

V.

'Then, sweet, on my bosom
Thou 'lt lean while I sing,
And around us each blossom
Its soft breath shall fling;
Until Tasso's rich numbers
In perfume shall die,
As the spirit of slumbers
Steals light from thine eye.

VI.

'And think not that morning
New labor will bring;
From thy side with the dawning,
Beloved one, I'll spring:
Ere love-dreaming maiden
Her day hath begun,
Shall thy skiff be unladen,
Thy nets in the sun.'

Quick from the flood the bridegroom's oars are leaping,
Sprinkling the sun-lit spray, like golden rain,
While, time to their swift motion truly keeping,
From his far shallop floats an answering strain:

I.

'My comrades I'm leaving —
Whose keel can compete
With mine when 't is cleaving
In foam to thy feet?
But swifter than oar, love,
Can urge my fleet bark,
My heart flies before, love,
Like dove to its ark!

II.

'Rich prey from the ocean
To-day I have won,
Bright scales at each motion,
Seem gems in the sun;
But were they indeed, love,
The jewels they seem,
A far rarer meed, love,
Thy beauty I deem.

III.

'I see lightly lifting
Thy snowy cymar
Like a vapor wreath drifting
Away from a star;
My shallop is grounding!
Oh! come, love, and press
The heart wildly bounding
To meet thy caress!'

He springs on shore! she flies with arms extended!
They clasp!— words weakly paint such scenes as this—
With forms, lips, hearts, and souls together blended,
They lavish all love's long arrears of bliss. J. R.

A VISIT TO JERUSALEM.

BY AN OFFICER OF THE UNITED STATES' NAVY.

NUMBER ONE.

I CANNOT hope to convey to the reader any thing like a sense of the deep enjoyment which I experienced, a few years ago, in visiting the Holy City, and the scenes of kindred interest with which it is surrounded: but the accidental discovery of a few loose notes which were taken on the occasion — though unnecessary to preserve a recollection of what can never be effaced from my mind — has prompted me to throw into a readable form the following passages from my journal.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 16TH, 1834. To-day we left the ship, on a visit to Jerusalem. The sensations with which I entered upon the almost sacred journey, were unlike those I had ever before felt, when about to visit striking scenes, of which I had heard much, and of which my imagination was full. When for the first time my native land lay behind me like a cloud in the horizon, I was deeply affected; when for the first time a foreign shore rose to view, pencilled faintly against the clear morning sky, I was still more moved; and never shall I forget the emotion with which — even after experience of foreign sights had somewhat blunted a certain primeval freshness of feeling — I first saw London, and Paris, and Rome. But as we journeyed slowly toward Jaffa, and saw, as we turned occasionally to survey the way we had traversed, the blue ocean lying, a scarcely perceptible line, far behind us, I gave myself up to the contemplations which our journey was well calculated to excite. I was soon to visit scenes which had been far more deeply impressed upon my young imagination than any other; to gaze upon the spot where the Saviour of men was born — where he labored, and suffered, and died. I was soon to walk over the very ground which had been pressed by his blessed feet more than eighteen hundred years ago; to see with my own eyes the hills, and streams, and highways, which he ascended, by the sides of which he taught, and along which he walked, as he 'went about doing good,' healing the sick, binding up the broken-

hearted, and comforting the poor and needy. With these thoughts came dimly up from the past 'the spot where I was born' — the familiar illustrations by my departed mother of the very events I was now contemplating, and upon the scenes of which I was so soon to enter — the country church in the far western land which I had left behind me, where I had so often listened, in the service of the Sabbath, to descriptions of the sacred land whither I was journeying, and the evening conference at the village school-house, where the topics of the day were simplified and enforced. Never before were there linked with my reflections so many powerful associations.

It was four o'clock in the afternoon, when we arrived at Jaffa, where we obtained horses and mules for our journey, and proceeded toward Ramah in Gilead. The road, for nearly the whole distance, is very narrow, and lined on each side with prickly pears. As you near Ramah, however, the highway becomes wide, and the sides destitute of every vestige of shade or vegetation. Nine miles from Jaffa, we supped and lodged all night. Our accommodations were of the most miserable description; the food was both scanty and dirty; and hard, unclean mats, populous with fleas, were any thing but 'beds of ease' to our weary bodies. Ramah — where Rachel, true to the enduring tenderness of a mother's heart, mourned for her children, and refused to be comforted — is a dirty village; the streets are very narrow; the houses, which are usually from one to two stories high, are full of all manner of uncleanness. About four miles from Ramah, which we left on the morning of the 17th of August, we paused to lunch under a clump of fig trees, opposite to a small village called Likbab. When we had finished, we pursued our journey, stopping at three o'clock, by a well of water, and beneath the shade of another cluster of fig-trees, to dine. At four, we started again on our journey, and had travelled but a little way, when we met several caravans, laden with ammunition and field-pieces, and escorted by a strong guard of Egyptian soldiers. As we pursued our way, we fell in with five or six small companies of Ibraham Pacha's soldiers, who were returning to Jaffa, from an expedition against the mountaineers. After passing several villages, whose names, defaced in my pencilled notes, I am unable to recal, we found ourselves — a company of seventy-three persons — at the gates of the Holy City, without the occurrence of any accident — a circumstance for which, considering the then troubled state of the country, we had good reason to be grateful.

Divers vexatious ceremonies of admittance served to detain us for two or three hours, and when we were at length within the gates, the narrowness of the streets, and their thousand obstructions, prevented our progress. We finally found our way to an old convent, partly in ruins — and despairing of better quarters, we came to the determination to make it a rendezvous during our stay. We were compelled to procure and cook all our own necessaries; as for the superfluities or even comforts of life, we soon found them entirely out of the question. I slept little during the night. Fatigued as I was, I could not think of repose: 'my thoughts were otherwhere;' and early in the morning, I arose and commenced a pilgrimage of examination over this interesting spot.

The scene of the sufferings and death of our Saviour was a primary object of attraction. The spot is now enclosed by the church built by the Empress Helena, the mother of Constantine, over the Holy Sepulchre, the walls of which are in a state of perfect preservation. It is built in the Gothic style, of variegated marble, and has a very venerable appearance. The prominent object of interest that arrests the attention of the visitor upon first entering the church, is a long marble slab, upon which the body of Christ was washed, after being taken down from the cross. At either end, are massive brass candlesticks, six feet in length, with waxen candles of proportionate size. A flight of marble steps leads to Mount Cavalry — the scene of the divine interposition of mercy toward the human race. As I stood upon the spot, I could not avoid exclaiming, with a deep sense of awe almost overwhelming me, 'How awful is this place!' A few hundred years ago, and the meek Redeemer stood where I now stand, reviled, scourged, spit upon, crucified! Here arose the roar of the maddening multitude; here flowed the crimson stream from his pierced side — here oozed the drops of tortured agony from his thorn-pressed brow; up this steep toiled the Saviour, followed by a few weeping daughters of Jerusalem, bearing the cross upon which he was to yield up his sinless life! The limits of this sacred spot are now so circumscribed, that there is little more than room enough for one large cross to stand. The situation of the cross on which the Redeemer suffered, is indicated by a large parti-colored marble platform: no one is permitted to profane it with unhallowed feet. About fourteen feet to the left, is pointed out to the visitor the spot where the cross was taken down; and near by, you see the rent rock where an altar is raised, and the two holes occupied by the crosses of the two thieves who were crucified with Christ. From the above-mentioned slab, there is a piece cut out, and the cavity filled by three bars of silver. On removing these, you perceive, by the aid of a taper, the chasms in the rock, caused by the earthquake which rent 'the veil of the temple in twain from the top to the bottom,' when the Messiah gave up the ghost. I passed two hours upon Calvary, without speaking a solitary word; and the thoughts which passed through my mind during this period, were of such deep intensity, that their impress will accompany me to the grave. I cannot, however, adequately define them, and I will not essay the task.

After obtaining some relics of the sacred spot, we descended the flight of steps by which we had arisen to the Mount. We passed through a semi-circular area, composed of marble slabs, and large pillars which support the roof, and arrived at a kind of ante-chapel, containing the Holy Sepulchre. Before the entrance to this chapel is raised a square piece of lime-stone, a part of the one which was rolled against the door of the sepulchre; it is inserted in another block on which, according to authentic tradition, the angel sat. The entrance to the Holy Sepulchre, as well as the sepulchre itself, to which we next proceeded, is composed of beautiful polished verd-antique. We were singularly fortunate in being permitted to visit the sacred tomb, since it is rarely shown to strangers. The tomb which is built over 'the place where the Lord lay,' is of the purest

white marble, and is constantly lighted by resplendent lamps. Various ceremonies are observed by the attendants upon visitors to this spot, one of which is, the washing of the tomb with pure otto of roses; and opportunity is given to the devout pilgrim to perform the same office. Over the tomb, is a striking representation of Christ ascending into Heaven, and 'two holy angels with him,' one on either side.

On our way to the Holy Well, we were shown the stone on which Christ stood, when crowned with thorns. A marble inclosure is built around it, the front of which is secured by an iron grating, through which the stone is discovered, and over it a correct representation of the event. A short distance from this spot, you arrive, by an ascent of fourteen steps, to the Holy Well, the site of which is distinguished by a plain marble slab, which the visitor is not permitted to remove. On this spot, after clearing away the ancient ruins, the true cross on which Christ was crucified was found by the Empress Helena; and near by we were shown a chamber or grotto, where Christ was imprisoned while his enemies were plaiting the crown of thorns for his brow. Leaving this interesting scene, with many a sigh, and 'longing, lingering look behind,' we came to an arch, over against which is the Mosque of Omar, covering the site of the Temple of Solomon. We anticipated not a little gratification in an examination of this celebrated edifice; but on application for admission, we were refused — no Christian being allowed to enter. This last visit finished our first day's forenoon excursion.

After dinner, to which we returned with an excellent appetite, we took our departure for the Mount of Olives. Passing through the gates of Jaffa, we wound our way along Mount Zion, with the valley of Jehoshaphat on our right, watered by the brook Kedron, in the rainy season, and rich in vegetation. We paused a moment to drink at the well said by Moslem tradition to be the one which cured Job of his peculiar afflictions. The pool of Siloam, farther along the valley, next arrested our steps. It stands opposite a small village, of the same name. We tarried long enough to wash in the pool, and to saturate our spirits with the many associations which the spot is so well calculated to excite. A short distance beyond Siloam, we came upon the sepulchre where the Virgin Mary and her parents are said to be interred. It is now a subterranean church, with an imposing entrance, by a descent of forty-seven marble steps. Our arrival was at an opportune moment, as the edifice was brilliantly lighted up, for the purpose of public worship. The ceremonies were gorgeous, and the music, vocal and instrumental, rolling up and along the vast interior — the time — the place — all made an impression upon my mind which can never be obliterated.

I stood in the Garden of Gethsemane. It was near sunset, and a softened, mellow light rested on every object around, and clothed the distant landscape in hues soft as the first blush of the morning. The spirit of the place seemed to descend upon me, as I paused at the entrance, within the gate, near where the Redeemer left his disciples, and went up into the Mount to pray. How solemn was the scene! Here were poured forth those tokens of agony, 'as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground!' Here the meek

sufferer — 'a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief' — a little while before he was led as a lamb to the slaughter, prayed in the anguish of his spirit, that the bitter cup might pass from his lips. The scene of the last supper, and the spot where the Saviour was betrayed, are designated by an altar, in which is inserted a piece of the table at which he sat with his disciples. The shades of evening had gathered around me as, all unconscious, I surveyed the various objects of interest in this sacred place; and joining the party from whom I had severed, we sought our way back to the Holy City, beneath the light of a cloudless moon, full of the pleasing anticipations of visiting other hallowed scenes on the morrow. R.

ODE:

FOR THE SECOND ANNIVERSARY OF THE NEW-YORK YOUNG MEN'S TOTAL ABSTINENCE SOCIETY.

'Strong drink drowns more than the sea, and all the rivers that run into it.'

I.

They say the cup is crowned with flowers,
And round its brim all brightly shine,
Like gems, remembered joys and hours,
The treasures of immortal wine:
We know it to be wreathed with plants
More deadly than the Upas tree;
Its richest recollection haunts
The soul with all of misery.

II.

They say the draught has potent spell
To wean the thought from ills away;
And raise the drooping one to dwell
Where dreamy night is changed to day;
We deem the wretch may never know
The meaning of unmixed despair,
Till, tempted by his direst foe,
He seeks the cup and finds it there.

III.

Some vow in unextinguished hate,
With ALCOHOL no terms to hold;
'*From* ALL *that can intoxicate!*'
We write upon our banner's fold;
For we, the sons, have marshalled strong
On fields that wear our fathers' name;
Their glorious dust gives back the song
Once more, of freedom and of fame.

IV.

Nor marches in our ranks the slave
That dares his heritage to stain;
Not one to clank above the grave
Of tyranny, a sensual chain.
Oh no! — did round it pleasant flowers
Of wooing tints and fragrance twine,
We are the free, and 't is not ours
In bonds to tarry at the wine.

Philadelphia, November, 1836.

W. B. TAPPAN.

ODDS AND ENDS.

FROM THE PORT-FOLIO OF A PENNY-A-LINER.

NUMBER SEVEN.

'The lady watched o'er her lover.'

THE clock had long since struck the hour of midnight, and yet she still sat motionless, with her eyes fixed upon the sick man. Night after night, for weeks, she had kept her place at his couch, enduring fatigue and privation that would have broken a much stronger frame. No entreaties could remove her. The prayers of the invalid, the commands of the physican, had availed nothing. A love stronger and more enduring than that which gilds even the sweet bonds of married life, had thus far sustained her. Long after the rose had faded from her cheek, and the rich fullness of her figure had departed — when her trembling limbs could scarcely support her, and her attenuated fingers could with difficulty convey the medicine to his lips — it had enabled her to minister unto him, and to watch over him, as the eye of affection can alone watch.

'Oh!' exclaims a writer deeply skilled in the human heart, 'if there be one feeling which makes love, even guilty love, a god, it is the knowledge that in the midst of this breathing world, he reigns aloof and alone; and that those who are occupied with his worship, know nothing of the pettiness, the strife, the bustle, which pollute and agitate the ordinary inhabitants of earth!' A woman who has fallen, has but one source of pleasure or consolation. In the love of him for whom she has sacrificed all, she has her only compensation for the ties of home, kindred, and friendship she has broken — her only exchange for ruined reputation and lost character — the only balm for her wounded spirit — the only shield against the finger of scorn or the voice of reproach. Her passions become concentrated, and every feeling of her heart is garnered up and devoted to the worship of one object. The world has nothing for her but contempt and contumely. The common occupations of woman's life, the little vanities, the rivalries, show, dress, all cease to move her feelings, or engage her attention; and she turns from them to him for whom this change has been wrought, and in his love she forgets all.

I REMEMBER Mary ——, when she was a girl of fifteen. She had then just arrived from her native island in the West Indies, and her full dark eyes, mature form, and fair and brilliant complexion, even then clearly showed the union of opposites from whence she derived her extraction. Her father was a Dane, and her mother a Creole — 'the cold in clime' and 'the warm in blood' — and from them sprang a creature as ardent, as passionate, as faulty — as lovely and as loving — as ever yet made shipwreck of her happiness, and brought misery and suffering upon herself, and those with whom she was connected. She was an orphan and an heiress, and had been brought to the city by her guardian, to complete her education at one of our fashionable boarding-schools.

I can hardly tell why it was that I was so much startled, when I first beheld her in the presence of young H——. She was walking on the Battery, at the close of a warm summer day, with her arm entwined in that of her guardian's, yet listening with an expression of intense interest to the words which H—— was pouring into her ear.

I think H—— was the most remarkable young man I ever knew. At the time of which I now speak, he was hardly of age. But although young, he had already distinguished himself in almost every walk of life, where he could bring his strong and powerful intellect to bear. From his childhood, he had been accustomed to close and continued mental application; and his acquirements in the various departments of learning, when he had numbered eighteen years, were most extraordinary. At this period of his life, the death of his father most unfortunately left him the sole heir of a very large estate. From this moment, except when some special purpose or some extraordinary occasion induced him to return to them, his studies were given up, and his books thrown aside. Pleasure seemed now his only pursuit, the gratification of his passions the only incentive to exertion. In these occupations he displayed energy, ingenuity, and perseverance, which, if properly directed, would have made him a useful and important member of society. His personal appearance was unprepossessing. His features were harsh, and strongly marked. He had, however, that which, as far as my observation extended, amply compensated him for the want of personal beauty. His eyes were of the dark gray which light up so beautifully when the possessor is animated or excited. H——'s I have seen, at times, when their brilliancy was almost overpowering. In addition to this, he had the softest, sweetest voice that ever charmed the ear of maiden, or breathed persuasion to man. Its fascination is as indescribable as it was extraordinary. Let me stop. I am telling a tale, when I intended only to give a fragment of one.

A BEAM of the morning sun, struggling through a partly open fold of the window-curtain, rested on the pale face of a sleeping girl of eighteen. She was seated in a large easy-chair, her elbow resting upon one of its arms, and her little white hand, half hid in her loosened tresses, supported her head. Her sleep was broken and feverish. Ever and anon she would start, and clutching with a convulsive grasp her night dress, give utterance to low moans. On a couch, a few feet from her, was stretched the form of a young man apparently in the last stages of illness. His face was thin and wasted, and his eyes, which were fixed intently upon the sleeping girl, glowed with that startling and intense fire, that fearful beauty, which death so often gives to orbs soon about to be closed forever.

'Mary!' faintly breathed a low voice from the couch. The sleeping girl was at once aroused, and at the bed-side of the sufferer.

'Forgive me, dearest, for abridging the few moments of sleep you have enjoyed for these three long days and nights; but I feel that I am going fast — very fast — and I would not lose, for one of the pre-

cious moments that remain to me, your look of love. And now, ere we part, give me one more kiss — gently, gently' — as she clasped him passionately in her arms.

'I thought to have said something of consolation — no, not of consolation, for that I cannot offer, nor you receive — but something at parting, that it will be pleasing for you hereafter to remember. But that face, so like in hue to my own — those eyes, that wasted figure, all tell me that you will not long remain behind me.'

'And why should I wish to remain here? The occupation of my life will be finished when you are no more; the end of my existence will be accomplished, when I can no longer administer to your wants; and it seems to me that I have no right to tarry here, when you are gone.'

'Perhaps it *is* better, then, that you should go with me, Mary. The heart has but one youth — the affections but one spring. The feelings that have once gone forth in strength, and purity, and freshness, go to return no more. Where they have once found a resting place, they abide for ever. I know you too well, dearest, to believe you can ever again feel for another what you have felt and do feel for me; and it is indeed the bitterness of death to me to know, that when this poor shattered frame is laid in the grave, with it will be buried the warm affections, the strong hopes, the passionate love, which have heretofore constituted your all of life. But, dearest, it is not impossible that in that existence, where time is not measured — where there is no death, no separation, no decay — the hearts which are united here, may meet and mingle again. If this should indeed be so,

'If that high world, which lies beyond
Our own, surviving love endears;
If there the cherish'd heart be fond,
The eye the same, except in tears —
How welcome those untrodden spheres!
How sweet this very hour to die!
To soar from earth and find all fears
Lost in thy light — Eternity!'

As, with a faint and broken voice, H —— repeated the foregoing lines, the spirit which appeared to linger only to offer consolation to the frail and beautiful being his love had blighted, seemed about to take its departure. But he again rallied. For days afterward, death apparently had loosened his iron grasp. Hope again sprang up in the bosom of his nurse. Her joy, however, was as transient as the smile on the cheek of the invalid. If the fell destroyer loosened his grasp, it was only to make the end of his victim the more speedy and sure.

I INTENDED to have added one more fragment, but it is too incomplete, and I do not feel half miserable enough to-night to finish it. I will therefore follow the bent of my inclination, and leave the subject for one more in accordance with my present state of feeling.

'It was a light and cheerful afternoon,
Toward the end of the sunny month of June,
When the south wind congregates in crowds
The floating mountains of the silver clouds
From the horizon — and the stainless sky
Opens beyond, like eternity.'

I was sitting meekly by the side of a very little and a very young lady, striving with exemplary diligence to protect my bare and bald head from the sun, by holding over it a parasol. My companion had, in the first place, usurped the reins, then taken the whip from my hand, and afterward, thinking that she could drive better on the raised seat I occupied, she demanded that. It was yielded. But then another difficulty arose — her little feet, stretched down to their utmost, could not reach the bottom of the light wagon, by some eight inches. What was to be done? A footstool must be had. Ah! — my hat would just answer the purpose. 'But my bald head! — the sun!'

'You shall have my parasol!'

Down went the hat, bottom upward — crack! went the whip — away flew the beautiful animals — while the little witch, with the ends of her tiny feet just touching my hat-crown, a rein tightly grasped in each of her fairy-like hands, the brown curls wildly blowing about her face, her eyes sparkling, her cheeks glowing, presented the loveliest specimen of a 'whip' that has ever yet greeted my eyes.

I was particularly happy. I had been travelling for a month on what people call a 'pleasure tour.' That is to say, after long preparation, and at a very serious inconvenience, I had been able to leave New-York, with six weeks of 'cribbed' time, a trunk, carpet-bag, over-coat, some money, and great expectations of pleasure. I had labored hard for four weeks — fought for my meals on steamboats and at hotels — got up early and went to bed late — rode all night — broiled in the sun at noon-day and froze in the evening — and at length delivered my trunk, carpet-bag, over-coat and self, in safety at the house of a relative on the banks of the —— lake. As yet, my tour of pleasure had been laborious, in the highest degree. I had been a kind of supercargo to my baggage; and it seemed that the only thing I had actually accomplished, had been the safe transmission of the articles before enumerated, from New-York to Albany, thence to Saratoga, thence to Trenton Falls, thence to Rochester, Lewiston, Niagara Falls, Buffalo, and from thence to the place aforesaid, on my way 'bock agen.' It is my opinion, founded on sorrowful experience, that unless a man has a decided *call* for travel, he had better stay at home. *Foreign parts*, seen through the medium of our friends' eyes and descriptions, are like the prospects to which distance lends its enchantment. Approach them, visit them, and they have all the annoyances, draw-backs, and petty vexations of our own town and country. In short, the *foreign parts* that I have seen, are no 'great shakes,' and travelling for pleasure, in my humble opinion, 'is not the thing it is cracked up to be.'

But, as I was saying, before I slipped off into these general remarks, I was particularly happy while seated by the side of the pretty driver before mentioned. Two beautiful grays, of gentle blood

and high breeding, obeying implicitly the light rein which guided them, were flying along the sandy shore of the —— lake with a speed almost incredible.

This sheet of water lies some three miles south of the village of ——, in the interior of New-York. I mention this fact, because the lake is not noted in the 'Traveller's Guide,' and is off the main travel-for-pleasure-route, to Buffalo. If not the most beautiful, as I am inclined to think, it is at least *one* of the most beautiful of all the little gems which deck the Empire State. Its length is only sixteen miles, and in breadth it varies from one to two miles. And yet, if I had the arm of my reader of an afternoon like the one aforementioned, I could, in the course of a few hours' stroll along its borders, show him (or her) views as beautiful as ever the mind of painter conceived, or the hand of nature formed. Perhaps I am prejudiced in its favor. I ought to be so — for on its banks,

> 'I know a little blooming spot
> That always looks as new and bright
> As if 't were its eternal lot
> To wear springs, coronal of light.'

That spot is the home of my childhood. Do not laugh, reader; I really have been young, and I am every day giving evidence, not only of my having once been a child, but of being one still.

Some half a mile from the foot of the lake, as you drive up along the eastern bank, you approach an old rambling house, half hid in a wilderness of trees. It is composed, as it were, of bits and scraps. The main body is one story and a half in height. To the right, is a wing, nearly as high, and quite as long as the edifice to which it purports to be an adjunct. On the left, is another wing, a little higher than the last, and about once and a half the length of the main body. In the rear, is quite a city of additions, in the shape of bed-rooms, bath-rooms, milk-rooms, buttery, pantry, etc. The house has the appearance of having been built as it was needed. When there was occasion for another hall, or parlor, or bed-room, instead of tearing down his old house, and building a new one in its place, the proprietor seems to have taken the very sensible course of tacking the necessary addition to the portions already built. I like this way of doing things. In the country, where there is plenty of room and plenty of opportunity for other exercise, it appears to me hardly worth while to fatigue one's-self with running up and down stairs. It strikes me, therefore, as far better to build *on* instead of *up*, and to extend the luxury of a first floor as far as possible, before we have recourse to a second or third.

The house, as I before remarked, is half hid among the trees. In front, those of the ornamental kind, with shrubs of almost every description, abound, but in the rear, fruit trees predominate. On one side stretches a beautiful and highly cultivated flower-garden, while behind is what to me is far more interesting, an excellent and very extensive vegetable-garden. Between the house and the latter, a little brook that has just escaped from its lone and shady passage through the forest, dances merrily and noisily along, hastening on in its course to the sunny fields below. Through them its laughing waters glide gaily

and pleasantly along, until they reach the quiet bosom of the lake. How often, when a boy, have my idle, heedless steps followed its winding course to its place of rest! How often have I wandered through the beautiful grove which covers the shore at its mouth, or saantered along the winding, pebbly margin of the little bay which here puts in, as if to form for a period a quiet resting place to the new recruit before joining the main body of the waters. What wild hopes, in early life, have I here indulged! — what dreams for the future have here visited my boyish mind! — what vain wishes, what strong yearnings, what ambitious aspirations, have here first found existence! As I visit the spot in after life, with the silver records of departed years thinly shading my brow, the marks of care, and toil, and suffering, deeply stamped upon my countenance, and think of the feelings which here once agitated my bosom, and contrast them with those that still remain — when I trace the history of each hope, each aspiration, from its inception here, and follow it through a long course of years to its final extinction — when I think how differently my course in life has been shaped from that which I here marked out, and how vain and futile all my efforts and strivings have been against the tide of events, and the force of circumstances — I awake as it were from a long dream; I open my eyes upon the path I have been blindly pursuing; I see the nothingness of my life — the utter vanity of the pursuits that have engrossed my mind and wasted my energies — and at length begin to feel, that I am indeed but an instrument in the hand of another, and that the ends I have attained have not been what I have striven for, but what He willed.

The fleet grays, and the spirited driving of my young companion, soon brought me to the door of the mansion I have attempted to describe. Greetings, such as the home of one's childhood only afford, and those who have watched over one's infancy can alone bestow, awaited us. My young companion received a grand-mother's kiss and reproof for her late masculine exploit, while I, taking my cane, walked out, for the hundredth time since my return, to visit my old haunts. Every feature of the place to me had its association. I wandered on, my mind teeming with recollections, lingering here and there for a moment, about some well-remembered object, until I reached the grove which covers the shore of the lake. It had been a favorite spot of old. Its singular beauty had always made it attractive in my eyes; but it was not until I was under the influence of feelings that I wished to be known only to myself, that it became my constant place of resort. As I strolled through its devious paths, emotions that I thought long since smothered — feelings that I supposed had died within me years ago — revived and filled my bosom. Hours passed unheeded by me. It was among these trees, that I had loitered in times past, with the light arm of the young Grace Seymour linked in mine. On yonder bank, I had first dared to breathe to her my heart's deep feelings! It was at the foot of the crooked old button-wood tree, on the bank at my left, that I was seated, with her dripping form in my arms, when she recovered from her swoon,

caused more by fright than any injury she had sustained by the overturning of our light skiff, and thinking that I had rescued her from death, forgot for once all her coquetry, and told me that my love was returned. Yes, there is the very stone on which I sat, when I received the first and only kiss that love, other than that of kindred, has ever left upon my lips. Shall I go on with my recollections? Yes, I will out with that most bitter one. On that green, mossy bank, far off to the right, my brother had seated me, when he opened the communication he knew would wring my heart. There it was, that I first learned that my young, my beautiful, my beloved Grace, had yielded to the persuasion of her father, and had consented to become the wife of a neighboring farmer. 'Oh!' I exclaimed, as I approached the spot, 'hadst thou proved true to thy vow, how different would have been my lot in life! How calmly and quietly would my days have flown! I should have lingered till now by the side of these peaceful waters, and in this sheltered nook. The storms of life which have shaken my frame, and bent my form, would have never reached me here. O, Grace! Grace!'

'What! — Harry!'

Could it be? Yes! It was *her* voice. The very tone was the same as that in which she used to pronounce my name. But where was she — where was Grace? In the place of her who filled 'my mind's eye,' a matronly-looking lady, leading a fine stout boy with one hand, and extending the other toward me, smilingly approached.

'I half heard your soliloquy,' she exclaimed, 'and I am glad that I was near, to interrupt it. I have done the same thing before, you know.'

'Is it possible? — Mrs. ——!' I answered, half stupified.

'Yes!' she replied, and Mrs. —— is too happy to see you once more, to suffer you to mope about here alone, trying to persuade yourself that you are miserable and unhappy; and so she has brought herself and her boy down to bear you company.'

There was no resisting this. My unhappiness 'took to itself wings and flew away.' On the very spot where I first learned that I had lost her, after a separation of years, I seated myself by her side, and with her boy playing at our feet, we talked of the past.

Long and interesting, and yet soothing to me, was the conversation which ensued. Every word of it is deeply engraven on my mind. It was the last I have had with her.

'Do you recollect, Harry,' said she, as she drew her shawl together, preparatory to her return; 'do you recollect the last evening we spent here? I know you have not forgotten it. How surpassingly beautiful was the night! Not a breath disturbed the waters of the lake, as they lay reflecting in a thousand silver rays the full summer moon above them. The grove, stretching as it does now far off to the right, with its tall forest-trees standing in their silent magnificence, contrasted so finely with the scene the left presented to us! There we could catch but a glimpse of —— cottage, as parts of it peeped out from among the more humble, yet not less beautiful, because useful trees which surround it: and do you recollect ——'

'And do *you* recollect,' I interrupted her, 'how, when I had drawn your attention to the various beauties of this view, we sat down at

the foot of that old oak, which stretches out over the water, and after you had placed my head upon your lap, taken off my hat, and removed the hair from my brow, that the cool, fresh air from the lake might steal over it and refresh me; do you recollect how I then spoke to you of our love, and the strange mingling of pleasure and suffering that had marked it; and do you recollect ——'

My companion was gone.

'Good night! Ah, no! the hour is ill,
Which severs those it should unite;
Let us remain together still,
Then it will be *good* night.

'How can I call the lone night good,
Though thy sweet wishes wing its flight?
Be it not said, thought, understood —
Then it will be *good* night!'

Shelley has another verse, which I wished to add, but feared to do so, as it contained expressions that I was not privileged to use toward the companion who had just left her benediction with me. It was eleven o'clock, and the night, as far as it had passed, had indeed been most 'good.' How could it be otherwise, when the low, sweet tones of a voice of unrivalled melody had been falling on my ears for four happy hours — when thought after thought, clothed in words as beautiful and harmonious as themselves, had been conveyed to my mind? How could it be otherwise, when, as the boat glided slowly onward, a ray of the moon, struggling through an opening of the trees that lined the way, would for a moment light up with its bright radiance a face of singular fascination and inconceivable expression? How could it be otherwise, when youth, and beauty, and talent, were engaged in the Samaritan office of contributing to the enjoyment of age?

I know the idea of pleasure or comfort on board a canal-boat is rather contrary to received notions; but the truth must be told, and in all truth I will confess, that I had been seated with my companion on some trunks in the bow of a packet, gliding along with that noiseless, quiet, soothing movement that puts one asleep or musing, or makes him serenely, contentedly happy, according to his condition or circumstances. The latter, as will be easily imagined, from what has preceded this, was my condition.

I was on my return to New-York, after a long absence. I was in the presence of a young and beautiful woman. No smooth-faced or black-whiskered young beau was near to withdraw her attention from me; and as I listened to her soft, sweet voice, or marked the flashing of her dark eyes, as she grew earnest in her conversation, I felt indeed serenely, contentedly happy. For the first time in my life, speed was no object. I could have looked with contempt on a locomotive. Canal-boat time, in my estimation, was not bad, considering all things; and as for sleeping on a string, with a man weighing three hundred pounds suspended above one, and another immediately below — all in a hot July night — it was not so intolerable.

And then, if one did not like these things, he had the privilege of sitting on a stool, or talking with the helmsman, all night.

Gentle Reader — these are literally 'odds and ends.' I commenced the aforegoing some time since, with the intention of telling you a pretty little incident which occurred in the course of my travels. But I was unfortunately interrupted — (perhaps I should modestly say, *fortunately* — but *n'importe.*) I have taken it up once or twice within the last few days, with the intention of completing it, but have laid it down again in despair of making the sketch worthy either of the subject of it or you. Rather than it should longer encumber my port-folio, an instance of an unattained *end*, I am fain to print it.

A New-Yorker ought to be obliged to leave the city once a year, in order properly to appreciate his state of existence, and to know how infinitely preferable this is to all other places, as a residence. How delightful is it, to one who, for a month or two, has been experimenting in rural felicity, eat up with ennui — sleeping until ten o'clock in the morning, taking a nap in the afternoon, going to bed at nine o'clock precisely, and who, in the intermediate spaces of time between sleeping, occupies himself with wondering when it will be dinner or tea time, and what they will have upon the table good to eat — how delightful is it, I say, to one who has been thus nobly employed for a season, once more to return to the city, to join the busy crowd — to resume his accustomed occupations — to feel again the excitement of business, the throes of ambition, and the lures of pleasure! I take it for granted, that every resident of New-York feels as happy to return to it again, after a temporary absence, as I did. I felt inexpressibly comfortable, when I had once more fairly regained my seat at my table. I thought I should never desire to leave it again. Labor was an absolute enjoyment — a privilege. And then there were the comforts of my long-deserted home. When I left it, I thought it only tolerable; but when I returned to it, the wife of a long absent husband never seemed to him more beautiful on his réunion, than did my home to me. Every thing about it was so familiar and so natural! Not an article had been removed. There were my books, my favorite chair, my table, my papers, just as I had left them. My neighbors were all engaged in precisely the same occupations that employed them at my departure. The hatters across the way were still ironing and brushing; the tailors were still pressing, and cutting, and stitching; the brandy-and-water at the gin-shop, next door, was still flowing; the foundation of the house, a little below, *was* and still *is being laid;* and I am sorry to say, the pile of brick was and *is yet* encumbering the street.* Then at precisely a quarter past seven o'clock in the evening, the opening music at Hannington's Diorama, (a near neighbor,) strikes

* If it be not soon removed, I shall consider it a duty I owe to the community to refer the obstruction to the street inspector. It is shameful.

up as was its wont. I can as usual hear the thunder and rain appertaining unto the 'Deluge.' At eight o'clock to a minute, I can still hear the first blast of martial music of Napoleon's army as it is entering Moscow; then, as of old, follow the conflagration, the reports of the artillery, the booming of the cannon, and finally, the usual explosion, and the falling of the Kremlin. Next in order is the Great Fire in New-York. The ringing of the bells — the rattling of the engines — the sudden flashes of light — the roar of the flames — the cries and shouts of the distracted citizens — are given, as the bills have it, 'with appalling effect!' Afterward, comes the representation of the newly-discovered regions in the moon. I can tell when the exhibition reaches this part, by the flapping of the wings of the man-bats. Then succeeds a half hour of silence, and I know that the Cosmorama is being exhibited: suddenly the clarionet and piano strike up a slow march, and then I know that all is over, and the audience is retiring.

My rear windows overlook a complete little world. Poverty, affluence, industry, profligacy, and vice, are all assembled beneath them. Oaths and curses reach my ears from a little den of drunkenness and debauchery on one side, while from the other, the sweet tones of a piano, and the soft, clear voice of a little golden-haired maiden, come floating in at my window. I have a species of *eye*-acquaintance with all my neighbors in the rear. The little songstress I have mentioned, of a summer afternoon, will take her work and seat at the window, and ever and anon, while she plies her busy fingers, her eyes will raise to meet my expecting orbs. There is no smile of recognition — no wink — no outward indication of greeting; and yet, after such a communion, I return to my task, feeling as if I had asked the young gipsy how she found herself this fine day. I have a particular friend in an old negro servant, who belongs to the next yard. She spends about half her time in gleaning little sticks and chips to boil her tea-kettle, from a spot where about a year and a half ago was a load of wood. For these last six months, we have had a bowing acquaintance, and now she never sees me, without bending her woolly head in recognition.

The only neighbors with whom I have no communication, are the occupants of a gambling-house nearly opposite. The building fronts on the next street, and the rear windows look out upon mine. The curtains are ever drawn. I can see only the shadows of the eager occupants of the *rouge-et-noir* table, and the movement of the rake as it draws together the heaps of gold. Night after night, for weeks and months, and even years, the bright light has still burned in those rooms without cessation. I have seen it at every hour in the long night-watches, and when the morning dawn has begun to steal over the earth, I have found it still blazing, and have heard the eager, angry voices of those who were there indulging their dreadful passion for gaming.

I HAVE fallen into such a slip-shod habit of writing, that I frequently find it necessary to lay aside my pen, and take up my manuscript, for the purpose of ascertaining what road I was travelling, be-

fore I turned aside into the last pleasant lane. This has generally been a very easy matter, occupying only a moment of time; but unfortunately for my present situation, I listened last evening to the temptings of a printer's devil. He assured, me with tears in his eyes, that there was no 'copy' in the office, and in a moment of weakness, I gave him every thing — even to the last word which precedes this paragraph. I have for half an hour been trying to recollect what I was scribbling about, when I last held my pen, but it is in vain. According, however, to the best of my recollection, I was expatiating on my attachment to the city and city life.

It is indeed surprising, how strong this feeling will become. One would suppose that it would require a mighty heart, and long drawn out sympathies, to hold within their affectionate grasp the huge mass of animate and inanimate matter which composes this great metropolis. I am not remarkable for either the strength or extent of my feelings, and yet I like New-York, and take as much pride in it, as if it were all mine. What matters it to me whether the fine houses in Waverly-Place belong to me or my neighbor? What matters it whether my property or that of my friend is about to be improved by the opening of Union Place, or the extension of Canal-street? As I walk past the noble edifices, my eye rests with affectionate satisfaction on their lofty exterior, their marble columns; and the owners themselves, while they tread their proud halls, do not feel a higher glow of pride or pleasure, than the middle-aged, quiet-looking gentleman, who pauses for a moment at their doors: while I pick my way over the rubbish in the newly-opened streets, or stand on one side of some new square, and picture to myself the change a few months will make in them, the stately dwellings that will spring up as if at the rubbing of Aladdin's lamp, the showy equipages that will dash through them, and the moving mass of beings that will ever afterward there be passing and repassing, I am ready to lift up my hands and eyes in ecstacy — to wonder if there ever was such another city as *ours*, and to wish the whole world were here, that they might see, (as Sam Patch would say,) that *some* people can do *some* things as well as others.

The fire in December last almost broke my heart. I felt like a father in whose household a pestilence had broken out, and swept off the pride of his life, and the stay of his declining years. I was inconsolable. I wandered about the place of devastation for days, scraping about in the ashes, peeping into the choked cellars, picking up and saving bits of old iron, nails, and any other little matter, that might have escaped from the flames. Many of my fellow-citizens were engaged in the same praiseworthy occupation, and many, (particularly those who, from their dilapidated exterior, might have been supposed to have had no sympathy to spare, and whose interest on this occasion, for that reason, should have been the more highly appreciated,) were treated by the city authorities in the most unworthy manner. Some who had collected a few valuables, and were carrying them to a place of safety, in order, I suppose, to restore them on some future occasion, were even carried off to jail. For one gentleman, in particular, I was much grieved. He had been engaged in rescuing property from the flames, and in the *heat* of the moment

had placed a piece of fine linen under his arm, beneath his coat. Finding himself much fatigued, he was leaving the scene of destruction to seek the peaceful bosom of his family. He was walking leisurely along, with his arms hanging down by his side, when one of those pests of society, a suspicious watchman, called upon him to stop.

'What have you got under your arm?' he exclaimed.

'Nothing!' answered the indignant citizen.

'Do you call this nothing?' replied the watchman, taking hold of the linen, which happened to protrude through a large rent in the citizen's coat.

And this man — this citizen of a free country — for this little mistake, was taken to the watch-house. M.

CAUGHT AT LAST.

I.

I have roamed many lands, many faces have seen,
And have revelled 'mid beauty till palling with plenty;
I have won artless smiles from the bud of sixteen,
And heart-speaking sighs from the blossom of twenty;
But though I 've coquetted with blond and brunette,
And have flirted with beauties both petite and stately,
I have always remembered quite soon to forget
The passion I feigned, but ne'er *felt*, until lately.

II.

Alas! for the day when those eyes of deep blue
First glanced into mine, with a lustre so killing,
And those lips — rounded rubies with pearls gleaming through —
With their musical tones set my pulses a-thrilling;
I was once a gay fellow as any you'd find,
But this love, ah! it alters one's temperament greatly;
Now each friend whom I meet asks me what's in the wind,
That makes me so doleful and lachrymose lately.

III.

About two weeks ago — it will ease me, I think,
To make of my misery this open confession —
Her fate I besought my young houri to link
To the youth who adored her beyond all expression:
With bewitching simplicity, turning half round,
And threading her needle the while quite sedately,
She replied: 'Then he's told you he loves me — poor Fred!
Well, I never believed all his nonsense, till lately.'

IV.

I feel 'tis all over — my chance is a blank;
'Poor Fred' — Lord what coxcombs the women will marry! —
Has travelled in Europe, knows people of rank,
Sports whiskers, eats frogs, and costumes *à la Paris*.
I've no doubt it 's all settled!—the puppy to-day,
When we met in the street, seemed to smile so elately;
I'll horsewhip him, challenge him, shoot him! — but stay,
No I wont — for the fellow 's been practising lately! B.

LETTERS

OF LUCIUS M. PISO, FROM PALMYRA, TO HIS FRIEND MARCUS CURTIUS, AT ROME: NOW FIRST TRANSLATED AND PUBLISHED.

NUMBER EIGHT.

THE words of that Christian recluse, my Curtius, still ring in my ear. I know not how it is, but there is a strange power in all that I have heard from any of that sect. You remember how I was struck by the manner, the countenance, and above all, by the sentiments, of Probus, the Christian whom I encountered on his way to Carthage. A still stronger feeling possesses me, when I hear the same things from the lips of Julia. It seems as if she herself, and the religion she discourses of, must proceed from the same author. She is certainly a divine work. And there is such an alliance between her and those truths, that I am ready almost to believe that for this reason alone they must have that very divine origin which is claimed for them. Is there any thing in our Roman superstitions, or philosophy, even, that is at all kindred to the spirit of a perfect woman?—any thing suited to her nature? Has it ever seemed as if woman were in any respect the care of the gods? In this, Christianity differs from all former religions and philosophies. It is feminine. I do not mean by that, weak or effeminate. But in its gentleness, in the suavity of its tone, in the humanity of its doctrines, in the deep love it breathes toward all of human kind, in the high rank it assigns to the virtues which are peculiarly those of woman, in these things and many others, it is throughout *for them* as well as *for us* — almost more for them than for us. In this feature of it, so strange and new, I see marks of a wisdom beyond that of any human fabricator. A human inventor would scarcely have conceived such a system; and could he have conceived it, would not have dared to publish it. It would have been in his judgment to have wantonly forfeited the favor of the world. The author of christianity, with a divine boldness, makes his perfect man, in the purity and beauty of his character, the counterpart of a perfect woman. The virtues upon which former teachers have chiefly dwelt, are by him almost unnoticed, and those soft and feminine ones, which others seem to have utterly forgotten, he has exalted to the highest place. So that, as I before said, Julia discoursing to me of christianity is in herself, in the exact accordance between her mind and heart and that faith, the strongest argument I have yet found of its truth. I do not say that I am a believer. I am not. But I cannot say what the effect may be of a few more interviews with the hermit of the mountains, in company with the princess. His arguments, illustrated by her presence, will carry with them not a little force.

When, after our interview with the Christian, we had returned to the queen's villa, we easily persuaded ourselves that the heat of the day was too great for us to set out, till toward the close of it, for the city. So we agreed, in the absence of the queen and other guests, to pass the day after our own manner, and by ourselves. The princess proposed that we should confine ourselves to the cool retreats

near the fountain of the elephant, made also more agreeable to us than any other place by the delightful hours we had sat there, listening to the melodious accents of the great Longinus. To this proposal we quickly and gladly assented. Our garments being then made to correspond to the excessive heats of the season, soothed by noise of the falling waters, and fanned by slaves who waved to and fro huge leaves of the palm tree, cut into graceful forms, and set in gold or ivory, we resigned ourselves to that sleepy but yet delicious state which we reach only a few times in all our lives, when the senses are perfectly satisfied and filled, and when merely to live is bliss enough. But our luxurious ease was slightly diversified with additions and changes no ways unwelcome. Ever and anon slaves entered, bearing trays laden with every rare and curious confection which the art of the East could supply, but especially, with drinks cooled by snow brought from the mountains of India. These, in the most agreeable manner, recruited our strength when exhausted by fits of merriment, or when one had become weary by reading or reciting a story for the amusement of the others, and the others as weary, or more weary, by listening. It were in vain to attempt to recall for your and Lucilia's entertainment the many pleasant things which were both said and done on this day never to be forgotten. And beside, perhaps, were they set down in order, and sent to Rome, the spicy flavor which gave life to them here, might all exhale, and leave them flat and dull. Suffice it, therefore, to say, that in our judgment many witty and learned sayings were uttered — for the learning, that must rest upon our declaration — for the wit, the slaves will bear witness to it, as they did then, by their unrestrained bursts of laughter.

It was with no little reluctance, that, as the last rays of the sun fell upon the highest jet of the fountain, we heard the princess declare that the latest hour had come, and we must fain prepare for the city. A little time sufficed for this, and we were soon upon our horses, thridding the defiles among the hills, or flying over the plains. A few hours brought us within the gates of the city. Leaving Julia at the palace of the queen, we turned toward the house of Gracchus. Its noble front soon rose before us. As we passed into the courtyard, the first sound that greeted me was Milo's blundering voice: 'Welcome, most noble Gallienus, welcome again to Palmyra!' 'I am not,' said I, 'quite an emperor yet, but notwithstanding, I am glad to be in Palmyra — more glad to be at the house of Gracchus — and glad most of all to see Gracchus himself at home, and well' — the noble Roman — as I shall call him — at that moment issuing from a door of the palace, and descending at a quick pace the steps, to assist Fausta from her horse. 'We are not,' said he, 'long separated; but to those who really love, the shortest separation is a long one, and the quickest return an occasion of joy.' Saying so, he embraced and kissed his beautiful daughter, and grasped cordially my hand. 'Come,' added he, 'enter and repose. Your ride has been a sharp one, as your horses declare, and the heat is great. Let us to the banqueting-hall, as the coolest, and there sit and rest.' So we were again soon within that graceful apartment, where I first sat and tasted the hospitalities of Palmyra. The gods above were still at their feast,

drinking or drunken. Below, we sat at the opening windows, and with more temperance regaled ourselves with the cool air that came to us, richly laden with the fragrance of surrounding flowers, and with that social converse that is more inspiring than Falernian, or the soft Palmyrene. After taking of other things, Gracchus addressed me, saying:

'But is it not now time, Lucius, that a letter, at least, came from Isaac? I have forborne to inquire, from time to time, as I would do nothing to add to your necessary anxiety. It surely now, however, is right to consider the steps next to be taken, if he shall have failed in his enterprise.'

'Isaac and Calpurnius,' I replied, 'are never absent from my thoughts, and I have already resolved — the gods willing and favoring — that when a period of sufficient length shall have elapsed, and the Jew does not appear, having either perished on the way or else in the capitol of the great king — myself to start, as I at first intended to do, upon this expedition, and either return with my brother, or else die, also, in the endeavor. Seek not, Fausta, as I perceive you are about to do, to turn me from my purpose. It will be — it ought to be — in vain. I can consent no longer to live thus in the very heart of life, while this cloud of uncertainty hangs over the fate of one so near to me. Though I should depute the service of his rescue to a thousand others, my own inactivity is insupportable, and reproaches me like a crime.'

'I was not, as you supposed, Lucius,' replied Fausta, 'about to draw you away from your purpose, but, on the contrary, to declare my approbation of it. Were I Lucius, my thoughts would be, I am sure, what yours now are; and to-morrow's sun would light me on the way to Ecbatana. Nay, father, I would wait not a day longer. Woman though I am, I am almost ready to offer myself a companion of our friend on this pious service.'

'I shall not,' said Gracchus, 'undertake to dissuade our friend from what seems now to be his settled purpose. Yet still, for our sakes, for the sake of the aged Portia, and all in Rome, I could wish that — supposing Isaac should fail — one more attempt might be made in the same way, ere so much is put at hazard. It needs no great penetration to see how highly prized by Persia must be the possession of such a trophy of her prowess as the head of the noble house of Piso — with what jealousy his every moment would be watched, and what danger must wait upon any attempt at his deliverance. Moreover, while a mere hireling might, if detected, have one chance among a thousand of pardon or escape, even that were wanting to you. Another Piso would be either another footstool of the Persian despot, while life should last, or else he would swing upon a Persian gibbet, and so would perish the last of a noble name.'

I cannot deny that reason is on your side,' I said, in reply to this strong case of Gracchus, 'but feeling is on mine, and the contest is never an equal one. Feeling is, perhaps, the essence of reason, of which no account need or can be given, and ought to prevail. But however this may be, I feel that I am right, and so I must act.'

'I am the first,' said Gracchus, 'to do honor to the feeling, and no prayers shall go up to the gods for your success with more heartiness than mine.'

'But let us now think of nothing else,' said Fausta, 'than that before another day is ended, we shall get intelligence of Isaac. Have you, Lucius, inquired, since your return, of Demetrius?'

'Milo is now absent on that very errand,' I replied, 'and here he is, giving no signs of success.'

Milo at the same moment entered the hall, and stated that Demetrius was himself absent from the city, but was every moment expected, and it was known that he had been seeking anxiously — the preceding day — for me. While Milo was yet speaking, a messenger was announced, inquiring for me, and before I could reach the extremity of the apartment, Demetrius himself entered the room in haste, brandishing in his hand a letter, which he knew well to be from Isaac. ''Tis his own hand,' said he. 'The form of his letters is not to be mistaken. Not even the hand of Demetrius can cut with more grace the Greek character. Observe, Roman, the fashion of his touch. Isaac would have guided a rare hand at the graving tool. But these Jews shun the nicer arts. They are a strange people.' 'Quickly,' said I, interrupting the voluble Greek, 'as you love the gods, deliver to me the letter! Bye and bye we will discourse of these things' — and, seizing the epistle, I ran with it to another apartment, first to devour it myself. I cannot tell you, dear friends, with what eagerness I drank in the contents of the letter, and with what ecstacy of joy I leaped and shouted at the news it brought. In one word, my brother lives, and it is possible that before this epistle to you shall be finished, he himself will sit at my side. But to put you in possession of the whole case, I shall transcribe for you the chief parts of Isaac's careful and minute account, preserving for your amusement much of what in no way whatever relates to the affair in hand, and is useful only as it will present a sort of picture of one of this strange tribe. As soon as I had filled myself with its transporting contents, I hastened to the hall where I had left Fausta and Gracchus, to whom — Demetrius having in the mean time taken his departure — I quickly communicated its intelligence, and received their hearty congratulations, and then read it to them very much as I now transcribe it for you. You will now acknowledge my obligations to this kind-hearted Jew, and will devoutly bless the gods for my accidental encounter with him on board the Mediterranean trader. Here now is the letter itself.

ISAAC, *the son of Isaac of Rome, to the most noble* LUCIUS MANLIUS PISO, *at Palmyra:*

THAT I am alive, Roman, after the perils of my journey, and the worse perils of this Pagan city, can be ascribed to nothing else than the protecting arm of the God of our nation. It is new evidence to me, that somewhat is yet to be achieved by my ministry, for the good of my country. That I am here in this remote and benighted region, that I should have adventured hither in the service of a Roman to save one Roman life, when, were the power mine, I would cut off every Roman life, from the babe at the breast to the silver head, and lay waste the kingdoms of the great mother of iniquity with fire and sword, is to me a thing so wonderful, that I refer it all to the pleasure of that Power who orders all events according to a plan

and wisdom impenetrable by us. Think not, Roman, that I have journeyed so far, for the sake of thy two talents of gold — though that is considerable. And the mention of this draws my mind to a matter, overlooked in the stipulations entered into between thee and me, at my dwelling in Palmyra. Singular, that so weighty a part of that transaction should have been taken no note of! Now I must trust it wholly to thee, Piso, and feel that I may safely do so. In case of my death, one moiety of the recompense agreed upon was still to be paid, in accordance with direction left. But what was to be done in case of thy death? Why, most thoughtful Isaac — most prudent of men — for this thou didst make no provision! And yet may not Piso die as well as Isaac? Has a Roman more lives than a Jew? Nay, how know I but thou art now dead, and no one living to do me justice? See to this, excellent Roman. Thou wouldst not see me unrequited for all this hazard and toil. Let thy heirs be bound, by sure and legal instruments, to make good to me all thou hast bound thyself to pay. Do this, and thy gods and my God prosper thee! Forget it not. Let it be done as soon as these words are read. Demetrius will show thee one who will draw up a writing in agreement with both the Palmyrene and Roman Law. Unheard of heedlessness! But this I thought not about till I took my pen to write.

What was I saying? — that I came not for thy gold — that is, not for that solely or chiefly. For what, and why, then? Because, as I have hinted, I felt myself driven by an invisible power to this enterprise. I wait with patience to know what its issue is to be.

Now let me inform thee of my journey and my doings. But first, in one brief word, let me relieve thy impatience by saying, *I think thy brother is to be rescued.* No more of this at present, but all in order. When I parted from thee that night, I had hardly formed my plan, though my mind, quick in all its workings, did suddenly conceive one way in which it appeared possible to me to compass the desired object. Perhaps you will deem it a piece of rashness rather than of courage so quickly to undertake your affair. I should call it so too, did I not also catch dimly in the depth of the Heavens the form of the finger of God. This thou wilt not and canst not understand. It is beyond thee. Is it not so? But, Roman, I trust the day is to come when by my mouth, if not by another's, thou shalt hear enough to understand that truth is to be found no where but in Moses. Avoid Probus. I fear me he is already in Palmyra. There is more cunning in him than is good. With that deep face and serene air he deceives many. All I say is, shun him. To be a Roman unbeliever is better than to be a Christian heretic. But to my journey.

The morning after I parted from thee saw me issuing at an early hour from the Persian Gate, and with my single Ethiopian slave, bearing toward the desert. I took with me but a light bale of merchandise, that I might not burden my good dromedary. Than mine, there is not a fleeter in the whole East. One nearly as good, and at a huge price, did I purchase for my slave. 'T was too suddenly bought to be cheaply bought. But I was not cozened. It proved a rare animal. I think there lives not the man in Palmyra or Damascus who could blind Isaac. I determined to travel at the greatest speed we and our beasts could bear, so we avoided the heats

of day, and rode by night. The first day being through the peopled regions of the queen's dominions, and through a cultivated country, we travelled at our ease; and not unfrequently at such places as I saw promised well, did we stop, and while our good beasts regaled themselves upon the rich herbage or richer grain, trafficked. In this surely I erred not. For, losing as I have done, by this distant and unwonted route, the trade of Ctesiphon, 't was just, was it not, that to the extent possible, without great obstruction thrown in the way of your affairs, I should repair the evil of that loss? Truth to speak, it was only because my eye foresaw some such profitings on the way, that I made myself contented with but two good talents of Jerusalem. Two days were passed thus, and on the third we entered upon a barren region — barren as where the prophet found no food, but such as birds from Heaven brought him. But why speak of this to thee? O, that thou wouldst but once, only once, sit at the feet of that man of God, Simon Ben Gorah! Solomon was not more wise. His words are arrows with two heads, from a golden bow. His reasons weigh as the mountains of Lebanon. They break and crush all on whom they fall. Would, Roman, they might sometime fall on thee! The third day we were on this barren region, and the next fairly upon the desert. Now did we reap the benefit of our good beasts. The heat was like that of the furnace of Nebuchadnezzar, out of which the three children, Shadrach, Mescheck, and Abednego came, through the power of God, unscorched. And moreover, they were soon put to an unwonted and unlooked for burden, and in such manner as, to thy wonder, I shall relate.

It was a day the air of which was like the air of that furnace — burning — burning hot. Death was written upon the whole face of the visible earth. Where leaves had been, there were none now, or they crumbled into ashes as the hand touched them. The atmosphere, when moved by the wind, brought not, as it used to do, a greater coolness, but a fiercer heat. It was full of flickering waves that danced up and down with a quivering motion, and dazzled and blinded the eye that looked upon them. And often the sand was not like that which, for the most part, is met with on that desert stretching from the Mediterranean to Palmyra, and of which thou hast had some experience — heavy, and hard, and seamed with cracks — but fine, and light, and raised into clouds by every breath of wind, and driven into the skin like the points of needles. When the wind, as frequently it did, blew with violence, we could only stop and bury our faces in our garments, our poor beasts crying out with pain. It was on such a day, having, because there was no place of rest, been obliged to endure all the noon day heat, that, when the sun was at the highest, and we looked eagerly every way for even a dry and leafless bush that we might crouch down beneath its shade, we saw at a distance before us the tall trunk of a cedar, bleached to ebony, and twinkling like a pharos under the hot rays. We slowly approached it, Hadad, my Ethiopian, knowing it as one of the pillars of the desert. 'There it has stood and shone a thousand years,' said he, 'and but for such marks, who could cross these seas of sand, where your foot-mark is lost as soon as made?' After a few moment's pause, he again exclaimed: 'And by the beard of holy

Abraham! a living human being sits at the root — or else mayhap my eyes cheat me, and I see only the twisted roots of the tree itself.'

'T is too far for my eyes to discern aught but the blasted trunk. No living creature can dwell here. 'T is the region of death only.'

A blast of the desert struck us at the moment, and well nigh buried us in its rushing whirlwind of sand. We stood still, closed our eyes, and buried our faces in the folds of our garments.

'Horrible and out of nature!' I cried — 'the sun blazing without a cloud as big as a locust to dim his ray, and yet these gusts, like the raging of a tempest. The winds surely rise. Providence be our guide out of this valley of fire and death!'

'There is no providence here,' said the slave, 'nor any where; else why these savage and dreary deserts, which must be crossed, and yet we die in doing it.'

'Hold thy peace, blasphemer!' I could not but rejoin, 'and take heed lest thy impious tongue draw down a whirlwind of God to the destruction of us both.'

'The curse of Arimanes' — began the irritated slave — when suddenly he paused, and cried out in another tone: 'Look! look! Isaac, and see now for thyself: I am no Jew, if there sit not a woman at the root of yonder tree.'

I looked, and now that we had drawn nearer, and the wind had subsided for an instant, I plainly beheld the form of a woman, bent over, as if in the act of holding and defending an infant. I believed it a delusion of Satan.

'It is awful,' said I; 'but let us hasten; if it be a reality, our coming must be as the descent of angels.'

I pressed on my weary animal, and in a moment we stood before what seemed indeed a human being, of flesh and bone — and what was more wonderful still, a woman. Yet she stirred not, nor gave other sign of life.

'Is the breath of life yet in you?' I cried out — not doubting, however, that whoever it was, death had already released her from her misery — and at the same time laid my hand upon her shoulder. At which she started, and lifting up her head, the very ghastliness of death stamped upon every feature, she shrieked: 'I drown! I drown! Hassan, save me!' and her head fell again upon her knees.

'Poor fool,' said I, 'thou art upon the sands of the desert, and thou dreamest: awake! — awake! — and here is water for thee — real water.'

At which she waked indeed, with a convulsive start, and while with one hand she held fast her child — for a child was indeed laid away among the folds of her garments — with the other she madly grasped the small cup I held out to her, and tearing aside the covering from the face of the child, she forced open its mouth, and poured in some of the water we gave her, watching its effect. Soon as the little one gave signs of life, she drank the remainder at a draught, crying out, 'More! more!' Our water, of which we had as yet good store, though hot as the wind itself, quickly restored both mother and child.

'And now tell me, miserable woman, what direful chance has brought and left thee here? — but hasten — speak quickly as thou canst — and dost thou look for any one to come to thy relief?'

'Robbers of the desert,' said she, have either murdered or carried into slavery my husband, and destroyed and scattered the caravan of which we made a part. I am alone in the desert; and I know of no relief but such as you can give. Leave us not, if you are men, to perish in these burning sands!'

'Fear not that I will leave you,' said I: 'what I can spare, shall freely be thine. But time is precious, for we are yet but midway the desert, and the signs of the heavens forebode wind and whirlwind: hasten then, and mount the dromedary of my slave, while I upon mine bear — as stronger than thou — the child.'

'Isaac,' here muttered Hadad, in an under tone, 'art thou mad? Is thy reason wholly gone? It is scarcely to be hoped that we alone may cross in safety what remains of the desert, beset as we are by these sweeping gusts, and wilt thou oppress our fainting beasts with this new burden?'

'Thou accursed of God! wouldst thou leave these here to perish? I believed not before that out of hell there could be so black a soul. Bring down thy dromedary. One word of hesitancy, and thy own carcass shall bleach upon the sands. I knew well who I was dealing with — that I was safe from immediate violence, though not from ultimate revenge.

Hadad then drew up his beast, who kneeling received the woman, while I took in my arms the child. We then set forward at an increased pace, to reach before night, if possible, the 'place of springs,' where a small green spot, watered by fountains which never fail, blesses these inhospitable plains.

Not a cloud was to be seen in all the compass of the heavens, yet the winds raged. The blueness of the sky was gone, and the whole inflamed dome above us was rather of the color of molten brass, the sun being but its brightest and hottest spot. At a distance, we saw clouds of sand whirled aloft, and driven fiercely over the boundless plain, any one of which, it seemed to us, if it should cross our path, would bury us under its moving mass. We pressed on, trembling and silent through apprehension. The blood in my veins seemed hotter than the sand, or the sun that beat upon my face. Roman, thou canst form no conception of the horrors of this day. But for my faith, I should have utterly failed. What couldst thou have done? — nay, or the Christian Probus? But I will not taunt thee. I will rather hope. The wind became more and more violent. The sand was driven before it like chaff. Sometimes the tempest immediately around us would abate, but it only served to fill us with new apprehensions, by revealing to us the tossings of this great deep, in the distance. At one of these moments, as I was taking occasion to speak a word of comfort to the half dead mother, and cherish the little one whom I bore, a sound as of the roar of ocean caught my ear — more awful than aught I had yet heard — and at the same time a shriek and a shout from Hadad, 'God of Israel, save us! The sand! the sand!' I looked in the direction of the sound, and there in the south it looked — God, how terrible to behold! — as if the whole plain were risen up, and were about to fall upon us. ''T is vain to fly!' I screamed to Hadad, who was urging his animal to its utmost speed. 'Let us perish together. Beside, observe the heaviest and

thickest of the cloud is in advance of us.' The mother of the child cried out, as Hadad insanely hastened on, for her offspring, to whom I answered: 'Trust the young Ishmael to me — fear me not — cleave to the dromedary.' Hardly were the words spoken, when the whirlwind struck us. We were dashed to the earth as we had been weeds. My senses were for a time lost in the confusion and horror of the scene. I only knew that I had been torn from my dromedary — borne along and buried by the sand — and that the young Ishmael was still in my arms. In the first moment of consciousness, I found myself struggling to free myself from the sand which was heaped around and over me. In this, after a time, I succeeded, and in restoring to animation the poor child, choked and blinded, yet — wonderful indeed — not dead. I then looked around for Hadad and the woman, but they were no where to be seen. I shouted aloud, but there was no answer. The sand had now fallen — the wind had died away — and no sound met my ear, but the distant rumbling of the retreating storm. Not far from me, my own dromedary stood, partly buried in sand, and vainly endeavoring to extricate himself. With my aid, this was quickly effected. I was soon upon his back. But I knew not which way to turn. My dependence was upon Hadad, familiar with the route. The sun, however, had declined sensibly toward the west — I knew that my general direction was toward the east and north — so that with some certainty as to the true path, I sorrowfully recommenced my journey. Have I not thy pity, Roman? Has a worse case ever come to thy ear? I will not distress thee by reciting my sufferings all the way to the 'place of springs,' which by the next morning, plodding on wearily through the night, I safely reached. There one of the first objects that greeted me, was Hadad and the mother of my Ishmael. I approached them unobserved, as they sat on the border of a spring, in the midst of other travelers, some of whom I saw were comforting the wailing Hagar — and without a word, dropped the young child into the lap of its mother. Who shall describe the transports of her joy? 'T was worth, Piso, the journey and all its hazards.

How refreshing it was to lie here on the cool soil, beneath the shade of the grateful palm, enjoying every moment of existence, and repairing the injuries the journey had inflicted upon ourselves and our beasts! Two days we passed in this manner. While here, Hadad related what befel him after our separation. Owing to his urging on his animal in that mad way, at the time I called out to him, instead of stopping or retreating, he was farther within the heart of the cloud than I, and was more rudely handled. 'Soon as the blast fell upon us,' said he, 'that instant was my reason gone. I knew nothing for I cannot tell how long. But when I came to myself, and found that I was not in the place of the wicked — whereat I rejoiced and was amazed — I discovered, on looking around, that my good dromedary, whom I could ill spare, was dead and buried, and your Hagar, whom I could have so well spared, alive and weeping for her lost boy. I made her, with difficulty, comprehend that time was precious, and that strength would be impaired by weeping and wailing. Knowing at once in what direction to travel — after searching in vain for thee — we set out upon a journey, which, on foot, beneath a

burning sun, and without water, there was small hope of accomplishing. I looked with certainty to die in the desert. But Oromasdes was my protector. See, Isaac, the advantage of a little of many faiths. We had not travelled far among the hillocks, or hills rather, of sand which we found piled up in our way, and completely altering the face of the plain, before, to our amazement and our joy, we discovered a camel, without rider or burden, coming toward us. I secured him without difficulty. At a little distance, we soon saw another: and bye and bye we found that we were passing over the graves of a caravan, the whole or chief part of which had been overwhelmed by the storm. Here was a body partly out of the sand, there the head or leg of a dromedary or camel. Ruin and death seemed to have finished their work. But it was not quite so. For presently, on reaching the summit of a wave of sand, we discerned a remnant mounted upon the beasts that had been saved, making in the same direction, and probably to the same point, as ourselves. We joined them, and partaking of their water, were recruited, and so reached this place alive. It is now from here,' he added, 'a safe and easy road to Ecbatana.'

So we found it. But confess now, noble Piso, if in thy judgment it would have been exorbitant if I had required of thee three talents of Jerusalem instead of two? For what wouldst thou cross that molten sea, and be buried under its fiëry waves! It is none other than a miracle that I am here alive in Ecbatana. And for thee I fear that miracle would not have been wrought. Hadst thou been in my place, the sands of the desert were now thy dwelling place. Yet have I again to tempt those horrors. Being here, I must return. The dromedary of my slave Hadad was worth an hundred aurelians. A better or a fleeter, never yet was in the stables of Zenobia. And dost thou know, Roman, how curious the queen is in horses and dromedaries? There cannot a rare one of either kind enter the walls of Palmyra, but he is straightway bought up for the service of Zenobia. The swiftest in the East are hers. 'T was my purpose, returning, to have drawn upon Hadad's beast the notice of the queen. Doubtless I should have sold it to her, and two hundred aurelians is the very least I should have asked or taken for her. To no other than Zenobia would I have parted with her for less than three hundred. But alas! her bones are on the desert. But why, you ask, should I have so favored Zenobia? It is no wonder you ask. And in answer, I tell thee, perhaps, a secret. Zenobia is a Jewess! Receive it or not, as thou wilt — she is a Jewess — and her heart is tender toward our tribe. I do not say, mark me, that she is one by descent, nor that she is so much as even a proselyte of the Gate, but that she believes in some sort Moses and the prophets, and reads our sacred books. These things I know well from those who have been near her. But who ever heard that she has been seen to read the books of the Christians! Probus will not dare to assert it. 'T is not more public that Longinus himself is inclined to our faith — by my head, I doubt not that he is more than inclined — than 't is that Zenobia is. If our Messiah should first of all gird on the sword of Palmyra, what Jew, whose sight is better than a mole's, would be surprised? My father — may his sleep be sweet! — whose beard

came lower than his girdle, and whose wisdom was famous throughout the East, built much upon what he knew of the queen, and her great minister, and used to say, 'That another Barchochab would arise in Palmyra, whom it would require more than another Hadrian to hinder in his way to empire; and that if horses again swam in blood, as once at Bither, 't would be in Roman blood.' Who am I, to deny truth and likelihood to the words of one in whom dwelt the wisdom of Solomon, and the meekness of Moses — the faith of Abraham, the valor of Gideon, and the patience of Job? I rather maintain their truth. And in the features of the present time, I read change, and revolution — war, and uproar, and ruin — the falling of kingdoms that have outlasted centuries, and the uprising of others that shall last for other centuries. I see the Queen of the East at battle with the Emperor of Rome, and through her victories deliverance wrought out for Israel, and the throne of Judah once more erected within the walls of Jerusalem. Now dost thou, Piso, understand, I suppose, not one word of all this. How shouldst thou? But I trust thou wilt. Surely now you will say, 'What is all this to the purpose?' Not much to any present purpose, I confess freely; and I should not marvel greatly if thou wert to throw this letter down and trample it in the dust — as Rome has done by Judea — but that thou lookest to hear of thy brother. Well, now I will tell thee of him.

When we drew near to the capital of the Great King, wishing to enrage Hadad, I asked, 'What mud-walled village is it that we see yonder over the plain?' Thou shouldst have seen the scowl of his eye — answer he gave none. I spit upon such a city — I cast out my shoe upon it! I who have dwelt at Rome, Carthage, Antioch, and Palmyra, may be allowed to despise a place like this. There is but one thing that impresses the beholder, and that is the Palace of Sapor, and the Temple of Mithras, near it. These, truly, would be noted even in Palmyra. Not that in the building any rule or order of art is observed, but that the congregation of strange and fantastic trickery — some whereof, it cannot be gainsaid, is of rare beauty — is so vast that one is pleased with it as he is with the remembrance of the wonderful combinations of a dream.

Soon as we entered the gates of the city, I turned to the woman whom we brought from the desert, and who rode the camel with Hadad, and said to her: 'First of all, Hagar, we take thee to those who are of thy kindred, or to thy friends, and well may they bless the good Providence of God that they see thee. 'T was a foul deed of thy husband, after the manner of the patriarch, to leave thee and thy little one to perish on the burning sands of the desert.' 'Good Jew,' she replied, 'my name is not Hagar, nor did my husband leave me willingly. I tell thee we were set upon by robbers, and Hassan, my poor husband, was either killed, or carried away no one can tell whither.'

'No matter — names are of little moment. To me,' I replied, 'thou art Hagar, and thy little one here, is Ishmael — and if thou wilt, Ishmael shall be mine. I will take him and rear him as mine — he shall be rich — and thou shalt be rich, and dwell where thou wilt.' The child, Roman, had wound itself all around my heart. He was of three years or more, and, feature for feature, answered to the

youngest of my own, long since lost, and now in Abraham's bosom. But it was not to be as I wished. All the mother rushed into the face of the woman. 'Good Jew,' she cried, 'the God of Heaven will reward thee for thy mercy shown to us; but hadst thou saved my life a thousand times, I could not pay thee with my child. I am poor, and have nought to give thee but my thanks.'

'I will see thee again,' said I to the widow of Hassan, as we set her down in the street where her kinsfolk dwelt, 'if thou wilt allow me. Receive thy child.'

The child smiled as I kissed him, and gave him again to his mother. It was the smile of Joseph. I could at that moment almost myself have become a robber of the desert, and taken what the others had left.

We here parted, and Hadad and myself bent our way to the house of Levi, a merchant well known to Hadad, and who, he assured me, would gladly receive us. His shop, as we entered it, seemed well stored with the richest goods, but the building of which it made a part promised not very ample lodgings. But the hospitable welcome of the aged Levi promised better. 'Welcome every true son of Israel,' said he, 'as we drew near where, in a remoter part of the large apartment, he sat busy at his books of account. Make yourselves at home beneath the roof Levi. Follow me and find more private quarters.' So, leaving Hadad and the camels to the care of those whom our host summoned, I followed him as desired to another part of the dwelling. It now seemed spacious enough. After winding about among narrow and dark passages, we at length came to large and well-furnished rooms, apparently quite remote from the shop, and far removed from the street. Here we seated ourselves, and I unfolded to Levi the nature of my business. He listened, wondered, smiled, shook his head, and made a thousand contrary movements and signs. When I had done, he comforted and instructed me after this manner.

'Something like a fool's errand. Yet the pay is good — that cannot be doubted. It had been better, I think, for thee to have followed thy trade in Palmyra or Ctesiphon. Yet perhaps this may turn out well. The promised sum is large. Who can tell? 'T is worth a risk. Yet if, in taking the risk, one loses his head, it were a mad enterprise. Verily, I can say nothing but that time will disclose it, and the event prove it. A thing is not seen all at once, and the eye cannot at once reach every part of a ball. Wait with patience, and God shall show it.'

I saw that nothing was to be got from this prophet. Yet perhaps he knew facts. So I asked him of Hormisdas and Sapor, and if he knew aught of the Roman Piso, held a strict prisoner in Ecbatana.

'A prisoner, say you?' he replied, beginning at the end of my question; 'how can a Persian Satrap be called a prisoner? He dwells in the palace of Hormisdas, and when seen abroad, rides upon a horse whose harness is jewelled like the prince's, and his dress, moreover, is of the richest stuffs, and altogether Persian. 'T is forgotten by most that he is any other than a native Persian.'

'Is he ever seen to ride alone?' I asked.

'Why the question? I know not. Who should know who rides

alone and who in company? When I have seen him, it has always been in the train of others.'

'I thought as much. Doubtless he goes abroad well guarded. His companions, Levi, I doubt are little better than jailers?'

Levi opened his eyes, but it was to no purpose; they can see no other thing clearly, save a Persian coin.

I found, upon further inquiry, that it was even as I had supposed and had heard. Calpurnius lives in the palace of Hormisdas, and is his chosen companion and friend, but is allowed by Sapor no liberty of movement, and wherever he goes, is attended by persons appointed to guard him. Nor have the many years that he has been here caused this vigilance in any degree to relax. All outward honor is shown him, except by the king, who, had he not, in the time of Valerian, passed his word to the prince his son, and fully surrendered Piso into his hands, would, it is believed, even now use him as he did the unhappy emperor. But he is safe in the keeping of the prince. And the guard about him, it is my present suspicion, is as much to defend him against any sudden freak of the king's satellites as it is to prevent his escape. The least that could happen to any Roman falling into Sapor's power, would be to be flayed alive. My safety will lie in my being known only as a Jew, not as a dweller in Rome. And now, Roman, thou desirest to know in what manner I mean to accomplish the deliverance of thy brother. It is thus. Commend the cunning of it. My Ethiopian slave is then — I must tell thee to thine amazement — no Ethiopian and no slave! He is one of my own tribe, and one whom I have many times employed in difficult affairs, and upon whom having often conferred the most essential favors, have bound him to my will. Him I am to leave in Ecbatana, having first cleansed him of the deep die with which by my art — and what art is it I am not familiar with? — I have stained his skin to the darkest hue of the African, and then in his place, and stained to the same hue, am I to take thy brother, and so with security, and in broad day, walk through the gates of Ecbatana. Is it to be thought of that I should fail? All will rest with Calpurnius. If, in the first place, he shall be willing to return, and then, in the next place, shall consent to submit to this momentary and only apparent degradation, the issue is as certain to be happy, as the means shall be tried. My head never set with a sense of more security upon my shoulders, than now, while planning and putting into execution this Carthaginian plot.

It was first of all necessary that I should become acquainted with the city, with the situation and structure of the palace of Hormisdas, and become known in the streets as one of those way-side merchants whom all abuse, yet whom all are glad to trade with. So, with my slave bending under the burden of those articles of use or luxury which I thought would be most attractive, we set forth into the midst of the busy streets, seeking a market for our commodities. Several days were passed in this manner, returning each night to lodge in the house of the rich and foolish, but hospitable Levi.

While thus employed, I frequently saw Calpurnius, in company with the prince or other nobles, either riding in state through the streets of the city, or else setting out upon excursions of pleasure

beyond the walls. But my chief object was to observe well the palace of the prince, and learn the particular part of it inhabited by the Roman, and how and where it was his custom to pass his time. This it was not difficult to do. The palace of the prince I found to occupy a square of the city not far from that of the king his father. It is of vast extent, but of a desolate aspect, from the fewness of its inhabitants and the jealousy with which the prince and all his movements are watched by the wicked and now superannuated Sapor. Every day I diligently paced the streets upon which it stands. I at first went without Hadad, that I might observe with the more leisure. I at length discovered the apartments used by Calpurnius, and learned that it was his custom, when not absent from the palace upon some enterprise of pleasure, to refresh himself by breathing the air, and pacing to and fro upon a gallery of light Persian architecture, and which bordered immediately upon one of the four streets which bounded the palace. This gallery was not so high above the street but what the voice could easily reach those who were walking there, and that without greatly increasing its natural tone. From pillar to pillar there ran along a low lattice-work of fanciful device, upon which it was the usage of Calpurnius, and those who were with him, often to lean, and idly watch the movements of the passengers below. Here, I found, must be my place of audience. Here I must draw his attention, and make myself known to him. For an opportunity to do this, I saw at once I might be obliged to wait long, for scarce ever was Calpurnius there, but Hormisdas, or some one of the nobles, was with him; or if he was alone, yet the street was so thronged that it must be difficult to obtain a hearing.

Having learned these things, I then came forth, with Hadad bearing my merchandise, I myself going before him as owner and crier. Many times did I pass and repass the gallery of Calpurnius, to no purpose — he either not being there, or attended closely by others, or wrapped in thought, so that my cries could not arouse him. It was clear to me that I must make some bold attempt. He was one day standing at the lattice-work already named, alone, and looking at the passers by. Seeing him there, as I entered the street, I made directly toward the spot, crying in the loudest tone my goods; and notwithstanding the numbers who were on their way along the street, I addressed myself boldly to him, purposely mistaking him for Hormisdas. 'Prince,' said I, 'buy a little, if it please you, of a poor Jew, who has lately traversed the desert to serve you. I have in these panniers wonders from all parts of the world. There is not a city famous for its art in any vase and curious work, that is not represented here. Kings, queens, and princes, have not disdained to purchase of me. The great Sapor at Ctesphon has of me procured some of his largest diamonds. I have sold to Claudius, and Zenobia, and half the nobility of Palmyra. Dost thou see, prince, the glory of this assortment of diamonds? Look! How would they become thy finger, thy hunting-cap, or thy sandals?'

Thy brother listened to me with unmoved countenance, and folded arms, receiving passively whatever I was pleased to say. When I paused, he said, in a tone of sadness, though of affected pleasantry: 'Jew, I am the worst subject for thee in all Ecbatana. I am a man

without wants. I do nothing but live, and I have nothing to do to live.'

'Now,' I replied, 'is it time for me to die, having seen the chief wonder of the world — a man without wants.'

'There is a greater yet,' said he smiling; 'thou must live on.'

'And what is that?'

'A woman.'

'Thou hast me. But I can easily compound with life. I have many wants, yet I love it. I was but a day or two since buried alive under the burning sands of the desert, and lost there a dromedary worth — if a farthing — four hundred aurelians. Yet I love to live, and take the chances of the world as they turn up. Here now have I all the way consoled myself with the thought of what I might sell to the great Prince Hormisdas, and thou seest my reward. Still, I cry my goods with the same zeal. But surely thou wantest something? I have jewels from Rome — of the latest fashion.'

'I want nothing from Rome.'

Seeing no one was near, and lowering my voice, I said, 'thou wantest nothing from Rome? What wouldst thou give, Roman, for news from Rome?'

'News from Rome? Not an obolus. How knowest thou me to be a Roman? But now, I was the Prince Hormisdas?'

'I have seen thee many times, and know thee well, as the Roman Piso. I have news for thee.'

'The prince approaches!' said Piso, in a hurried manner. 'Begone, but come again at the hour of dusk, and I shall be alone, and will have thee admitted within the gates of the palace.'

The fates ordering it so, I was obliged to depart, and trust again to the future for such chances of renewing my conversation with him as it might have to offer. Here let me tell thee, Lucius Piso, that not having seen thy brother, thou hast never seen a man. He is one with every mark of the noblest manhood. His air is that of a born prince of the highest bearing, yet free and unrestrained. The beauty of his countenance is beyond that of any other I have ever seen, yet is it a manly beauty. A line of dark short hair covers his upper lip. His eyes are large, dark, and soft in their general expression. He seems of a melancholy and thoughtful temper, and sometimes in his words there is an inexpressible bitterness. Yet it has appeared to me, that his *nature* is gentle, and that the other character is one accidental or assumed. If I should compare him with any one for beauty, it would be, Roman, not with thee — though I see him and thee to be of the same stock — but with the Princess Julia. Were her beauty only made masculine, she would then be Calpurnius; or were his made feminine, he would then be Julia. But this fancy might not strike others. His features and air are not so much Roman as oriental — thine are purely Roman. It may be that costume alone imparts this Eastern aspect to the countenance and the form — for his dress is wholly that of a Persian.

As I passed into the dwelling of my host, entering it as at first by the way of the shop, its owner was holding a conversation of business with some of his customers. How does money seem native to the palm of some men! They have but to open it, and straight it is

lined with gold. If they blunder, it is into more wealth. With wit scarce sufficient to make it clear to another that they are properly men, do they manage to make themselves the very chief of all, by reason of the riches they heap up — which ever have claimed and received, and ever will, the homage of the world. Levi is of this sort. The meanness of his understanding words cannot express — or no words but his own. He was talking after this manner, as I entered, to one who seemed to hold him in utmost reverence:

'The thing is so — the thing is so. If 't were otherwise, 't is most clear it would not be the same. Ha! The price may change. Who can say? The world is full of change. But it cannot be less, and leave a gain to the seller — unless indeed, circumstances altering, the profit should still be the same. But who can understand the future? An hour is more than I can comprehend. He that deals well with the present, is it not he, Holy Abraham! who best secures the passing time? It cannot be denied!'

As the oracle ended, the Persian bowed low, saying: 'The wisdom of it is clearer than the light. I shall so report to the prince.' Seeing me, he, in his friendly way, inquired after my success, shaking his head at what he is pleased to regard my mad enterprise. 'Better not meddle nor make in such matters. With thy pack upon thy back, and exercising diligence, thou wouldst become rich here in the streets of Ecbatana. And for what else shouldst thou care? 'T is only money that remains the same in the midst of change. All agree in the value they place upon this, while they agree in nothing else. Who can remember a difference here? Leave thy project, Isaac, which thou must have undertaken half for love, and I will make thee a great man in Ecbatana.' Little does he know of Isaac, and thou I believe as little.

No sooner had the god of these idolaters gone down to his rest, and the friendly twilight had come, than I set forth for the palace of Hormisdas. Upon coming beneath the gallery, I waited not long before thy brother appeared, and pointed out the way in which, through a low and private entrance at a remote spot, I might reach an apartment in which I should find him. Following his directions, I was received, accompanied by Hadad, at the specified place, by a slave of the palace, who conducted me to Piso's presence. It was in one of his more private apartments, but still sumptuously set out with every article of Persian luxury, in which I found myself once more in company with thy brother, and where I ordered Hadad to display for his entertainment the most curious and costly of the contents of his pack.

'I marvel chiefly, Roman,' I began by saying, 'at the ease with which I obtain an entrance into the palace, and into thine own apartment. I had thought this to have been attended with both difficulty and danger.'

'It is not without danger,' he replied; 'thou mayest lose thy head for this adventure. But this risk I suppose thee to have weighed. Every one in Ecbatana knows Sapor and me — with what jealousy I am guarded — and that the king will not flinch to keep his word, and take off any head that meddles. But fear not. The king is old and weak, and though cruel as ever, forgets me, as every thing

else. Beside, it is found that I am so good a Persian, that all strictness in the watch has long since ceased. Half Ecbatana believe me more a Persian than a Roman — and in truth they are right.'

'Thou hast not, Roman, forgotten thy country! Surely thou hast not, through suffering captivity, ceased to love and long for thy native land. The Jew never forgets his. He lives indeed in every corner and hole of the earth, but in the hope — 't is this that keeps his life — either himself or through his children to dwell once more within the walls of Jerusalem, or among the hills and valleys of Judea.'

'Where we are not loved or remembered, we cannot love,' he bitterly replied. 'I loved Rome once, more than I loved parent or kindred. The greatness and glory of Rome were to me infinitely more than my own. For her — in my beardless youth — I was ready to lay down my life at any moment. Nay, when the trial came, and the good Valerian set forth to redeem the East from the encroaching power of Persia, I was not found wanting, but abandoned a home, than which there was not a prouder or happier within the walls of Rome, to take my chance with the emperor and my noble father. The issue thou knowest. How has Rome remembered me, and the brave legions that with me fell into the hands of these fierce barbarians? Even as Gallienus the son seemed to rejoice in the captivity of his parent, so has Rome the mother seemed to rejoice in the captivity of her children. Not an arm has she lifted, not a finger has she moved, to lighten the chains of our bondage, or rescue us from this thraldom. Rome is no longer my country.'

'Consider, Roman,' I replied, 'in extenuation of thy country's fault, who it was that succeeded the good Valerian — then the brief reign of virtuous Claudius, who died ere a single purpose had time to ripen — and the hard task that has tied the hands of Aurelian, on the borders of Gaul and Germany. Have patience.'

'Dost thou not blush, old man,' he said, 'with that long gray beard of thine, and thy back beat with years, to stand there the apologist of crime? If ingratitude and heartlessness are to be defended, and numbered among the virtues, the reign of Arimanes has indeed begun. Such is not the lesson, Jew, thy sacred books have taught thee. But a truce with this! Thy last words this morning were, that thou hadst news for *me*. For Roman news I care not, nor will hear. If thou canst tell me aught of family and friends, say on — although — O gods, that it should be so! — even they seem to share the guilt of all. How many messengers have I bribed with gold, more than thou hast ever seen, Jew, to bear my letters to Rome, and never a word has been returned of good or evil. Canst thou tell me any thing of Portia, my mother? or of Lucius Piso, my brother? Live they?'

'Do I not know them well?' I replied: 'who that dwells in Rome knows not the noble Portia? She lives yet; and long may she live, the friend of all! To Jew, and even to Nazarine, she is good, even as to her own. Never did age, or want, or helplessness, ask of her in vain. Years have not stopped the fountains of her tears, nor chilled a single affection of her heart. And dost thou think that while she remembers the outcast Jew, and the despised Nazarine,

she forgets her own offspring? Where is thy heart, Roman, to suppose it? Have I not heard her, many a time, when I have been to solicit alms for some poor unfortunate of my tribe, run back upon the line of years, and speak of the wars of Valerian, of the day when she parted from her great husband, and her two sons, and of that dark day, too, when the news came that they were all fast in the clutch of that foul barbarian, Sapor — and stood a silent and astonished witness of a love, such as I never saw in any other, and which seemed so great as to be a necessary seed of death to her frail and shattered frame? Of thee, especially, have I heard her descant as mothers will, and tell one after another of all thy beauties, nay and of the virtues, which bound her to thee so, and of her trust, so long cherished, that thou, more than either of her other sons, wouldst live to sustain, and even bear up higher, the name of Piso.'

'My noble mother! Was it so indeed?'

'How should it be otherwise? Is it any thing, that thou hast not heard from her? Was she to tempt herself the horrors of a Persian journey? Was she, in her age, to seek thee over the sands of Asia? or thy brother? Especially when it was held in Rome not more certain that Valerian was dead, than that thy father and thou wert also. The same messengers related both events. No other news ever came from Ctesiphon. Was not one event as likely as the other? Did not both rest upon the same authority? In the same commemorative acts of the Senate were thy name, thy father's, thy brother's, and the emperor's, with others who were also believed to have perished. Was Portia, alone, of all Rome, to give the lie to universal fame? As for thy messengers, art thou so foolish as to believe that one ever crossed the desert, or escaped the meshes set for him by the jealous and malignant Sapor?'

'It is enough, Jew — say no more.'

'But I have much more to say, or else be false to those who sent me.'

'Sent thee? who sent thee? Speak! do Portia, then, and Lucius, know that I live? And art thou here, a messenger from them?'

'It is even so.'

Thy brother was greatly moved. At first he made as though he would have embraced me, but turned and paced with quick and agitated steps the room.

I then related to him how we had in Rome first heard through that soldier a rumor of his being yet alive — but at the same time, that he had renounced his country, and become a Persian Satrap. I told him of thy faith in him, and of Portia's, that he would never prove a recreant to his country — of thy instant journey to Palmyra, with purpose to cross the desert thyself, and risk all the dangers of Ecbatana to accomplish his deliverance, and of the counsel of Gracchus, which caused thee to make me a substitute.

'Lucius, then,' he at length said, approaching me, 'is in Palmyra? Is it so?'

'It is,' I said. 'At least I left him there. He was to remain there, and learn the issue of my attempt. If I perished, or failed in the endeavor to obtain thy freedom, then was it his purpose himself to try — unless in the mean time he should learn through me, or other-

wise, that thou wert too wedded to Persia, and to Persian customs, to consent to change them for Rome and Roman ways.'

'Jew, thou seest that now I hesitate. Thou hast roused all the son, the brother, and something of the Roman within me. I am drawn many ways. To Rome I will never return. Toward her, a resentment burns deep within, which I know will close only with life itself. But toward Palmyra, my heart yearns. 'T was Zenobia alone, of all the world, that ever moved for the rescue of Valerian: 't was she alone, of all the world, who pitied our sorrows, and though she could not heal, revenged them. Her image has been a dear source of consolation in this long captivity. I have eagerly sought for all that could be obtained concerning her character, her acts, her policy, and the state of her affairs. And often have I thought to slip my bonds, and throw myself at her feet, to serve with her, if need should be, either against Rome or Persia. But habit has prevailed, and the generous friendship of Hormisdas, to keep me here. And why should I change this not unpleasing certainty for the doubtful future that must await me in Palmyra? Here I am in the very lap of luxury. I am, as I have said to thee, a man without wants. All countries, and climates, and seas, and arts, minister to my pleasure. The learning of ancient and of modern times, you see there piled upon shelves, to entertain my leisure, or task my hours of study. I am without care — without the necessity of toil — with a palace, its slaves, and I may add its prince, at my command. And beyond all this present reality, there is the prospect of every thing else that Persia contains, upon the death of Sapor, which, in the course of nature, cannot be far off, if violence do not anticipate that hour. Yet what thou now tellest me, renews my desire of change. Lucius is in Palmyra — perhaps he would dwell there. 'T is the home, I learn, of many noble Romans. Who can say that Portia might not come and complete our happiness? And saying these things, he began to muse. He again paced, with folded arms, the long apartment. I saw that he was still distracted by doubts. I knew of but one thing more to say, by which to work upon his passionate nature. I resolved to do it, though I know not what thou wilt say to it, nor what the event may be. There was, thou knowest, ere I left Palmyra, obscure rumors of war between Palmyra and Rome. Barely to name this, it seemed to me, would be on the instant to fix his wavering mind. I could not withstand the temptation. But, Piso once in Palmyra, and sure I am I shall be forgiven. I began again thus.

'Gracchus, too, Roman, dost thou not remember the family of Gracchus? He, too, is in Palmyra.'

'Ay, I remember him well. A man of true nobility — now one of the queen's chief advisers, and head of the Senate. He had a daughter too, who, her mother dying young, was committed to the care of Portia, and was as a sister. Does she live? — and dwells she in Palmyra?'

'She lives, and beneath her father's roof. Fame speaks loudly of her beauty and her wit, and more loudly still, of her young wisdom, and influence with the queen. Her spirit is the counterpart of Zenobia's. She is, notwithstanding her long Roman nur-

ture, a Palmyrene of the truest stamp. And ever since there have been these rumours of a war with Rome' ——

'What sayst thou? What is that? War with Rome? Did I hear aright?'

'Verily thou didst. 'T was the current report when I left Palmyra. It came both by the way of Antioch and Alexandria. Nothing was talked of else.'

'Why hast thou not said this before? How shall I believe thee?'

'I said it not before, simply because I thought not of it. How was I to know what thou most desired to hear? I can give thee no other ground of belief than common rumor. If my own opinion will weigh aught, I may add, that for myself I have not a doubt that the report springs from truth. When at Rome, it was commonly spoken of, and by those, too, whom I knew to be near the emperor, that Aurelian felt himself aggrieved and insulted, that a woman should hold under her dominion territories that once belonged to Rome, and who had wrested them from Rome by defeat of Roman generals — and had sworn to restore the empire in the East as well as West, to its ancient bounds. At Palmyra, too, I found those who were of deep intelligence in the politics of the times, who felt sure of nothing more than that, what with the pride of Zenobia and the ambition of Aurelian, war was inevitable. I tell thee these things as they fell upon my ear. Before this, as I think, it is most likely that war may have broken out between the two nations.'

'Thou hast now spoken, Jew,' said Calpurnius. 'Hadst thou said these things at first, thou hadst spared me much tormenting doubt. My mind is now bent and determined upon flight. This it will not be difficult, I think, to accomplish. But what is thy plan? — for I suppose, coming upon this errand, thou hast one well digested. But remember, now, as I have already warned thee, that thy head will answer for any failure: detection will be death.'

'Death is little to a Jew, who in dying dies for his country. And such would be my death. Whether I live or die, 't is for Jerusalem. Thy brother rewards me largely for this journey, and these dangers I encounter — and though I perish, still a portion — the half, that is, of the whole sum agreed upon — is to be paid according to certain directions left with him. I would rather live; but I shall not shrink from death. But, Piso, detection shall not ensue. I have not lived to this age, to writhe upon a Persian spear, or swing upon a Persian gibbet. What I have devised is this. Thou seest my slave Hadad?'

'I see him — an Ethiopian.'

'So he seems to thee. But his skin is white as thine. By an art, known only to me, it has been changed to this ebon hue.'

'What follows?'

'This follows. Thou art to take his place, thy skin being first made to resemble his, while he is cleansed, and remains in Ecbatana. We, then, thou bearing my packages of merchandise, take our way, quietly and in broad day-light, through the gates of Ecbatana. How sayst thou?'

'The invention is perfect. I cannot fear the result. Soon, then, as I shall have made some few preparations, for which to-morrow will suffice, I shall be ready for the desert.'

'I heard these words with joy. I now called to Hadad to open his cases of jewels, from which I took a seal, having upon it the head of Zenobia, and offered it to Calpurnius. He seized it with eagerness, having never before seen even so much as a drawing of the Great Queen. I then drew forth thine own ring and gave him, with that locket containing the hair of Portia, and thy letter. He received them with emotion; and as I engaged myself in re-packing my goods, my quick ear caught tears falling upon the sheet as he read.

I then returned to the house of Levi.

Thus have I accomplished, successfully so far, my errand. I write these things to thee, because a caravan leaves Ecbatana in the morning, and may reach Palmyra before ourselves. Though it is quite possible that we may overtake and join it. But we may also be delayed for many days. So that it is right, in that case, that thou shouldst hear.

* * * *

In these words, my Curtius, you have, for the most part, the letter of Isaac. I have omitted many things which at another time you shall see. They are such as relate chiefly to himself and his faith — abounding in cautions against that heretic, Probus, who haunts his imagination as if he were the very genius of evil.

How can I believe it, that within a few hours, I may embrace a brother, separated so long, and so long numbered with the dead? Yet how mixed the pleasure! He returns a brother, but not a Roman. Nay, 't is the expectation of war with Rome, that has gained him. I am perplexed and sad, at the same time that I leap for joy. Fausta cannot conceal her satisfaction — yet she pities me. Gracchus tells us to moderate our feelings and expectations, as the full cup is often spilled. No more now — except this — that you fail not at once to send this letter to Portia. Farewell!

FADED BLOSSOMS.

Fair pledges of a fruitful tree,
Why do ye fall so fast?
Your date is not so past,
But you may stay yet here awhile,
To blush, and gently smile,
And go at last.

What, were ye born to be
An hour or half's delight,
And so to bid good night?
'T was pity Nature brought ye forth
Merely to show your worth,
And lose you quite.

Herrick.

LITERARY NOTICES.

MELLICHAMPE: A LEGEND OF THE SANTEE. By the Author of GUY RIVERS. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

WE have lost no time in reading this historical romance — experience having taught us that any work by Mr. SIMMS must be of a nature to give pleasure, however obnoxious it may be to criticism. That all his works are open to censure, in some respects, is neither untrue nor strange. Mr. Simms is yet a young man, and has time to learn both how to avoid defects and to improve upon merits. He is a man of decided genius, and of very great industry; but genius and industry must be aided by experience, and derive benefit from criticism; and the surest evidence that they exist, is furnished by the very fact that they do take benefit therefrom.

In the case of Mr. Simms, this evidence is neither wanting nor doubtful. The faults of Guy Rivers — and abounding with fine points, and with the tokens of genius and talent as that work is, its faults are many and great — have been gradually disappearing from each successive novel by the same author, except, perhaps, the 'Partisan,' in which there are manifest tokens of haste, and defects, the unavoidable consequence of haste; but in 'Mellichampe,' this retrogression is amply and nobly redeemed. As a story, it is to the full as interesting and exciting as either the 'Yemassee' or 'Guy Rivers': the style is more correct, equal, and elegant, than in those or any others of Mr. Simms' writings, except some two or three of his short tales, published in the annuals — and the principal personages are delineated with more knowledge, and a more delicate perception of the lights and shades which are invariably found cōexisting in human character. Like its immediate predecessor, of which it is a continuation, 'Mellichampe' is based, as we have before observed, upon incidents drawn from the revolutionary history of South Carolina. Major Singleton, the hero of the 'Partisan,' together with General Marion, and one or two subordinate characters, are made to rēappear in the volumes before us, although their actions relate to a subsequent period of the revolution, and are in nowise connected with those narrated in the former work. The plot is so complicated and laden with details, that it would be a difficult matter for us to give the reader a correct outline of it, within our allotted limits. We will, however, attempt to furnish a general view.

Mellichampe, the hero of the narrative, from whom the story derives its title, is the son of an active and strenuous supporter of the whig cause in South Carolina, who has been killed in a skirmish by a refugee officer, Captain Barnfield, and his property confiscated. The son becomes a partisan under Marion, and is, at the opening of the narrative, outlying in the skirts of a forest, with his faithful attendant, Jack Witherspoon, or Thumbscrew, as he is familiarly termed. After an unimportant conversation, the scene shifts to the mansion of Mr. Berkeley, a rich planter, whose daughter, Janet Berkeley, is betrothed to Mellichampe. Barnfield, who has been despatched with a detachment of troops and stores to assist the tories in rising in

that vicinity, arrives, and quarters himself on Mr. Berkeley. While here, he is attacked by an American force, under Col. Singleton, and when on the point of being dislodged, is succored by Tarleton, with his legion, who, after a skirmish in which Mellichampe is dangerously wounded and taken prisoner, compel the partisans to retreat. Tarleton, however, makes but a short stay, and hurries on in pursuit of Marion, leaving Barsfield in command. Mellichampe gradually becomes convalescent, and a plot is devised by Barsfield to procure his death, while escaping from his guards. The scheme is frustrated by the interposition of Singleton, with his troop, at the very crisis when the soldiers of Barsfield are pursuing the prisoner. The British, taken at a disadvantage, are defeated, their commander killed, and Mellichampe restored to liberty. The work closes with an affecting description of the death of Jack Witherspoon, the faithful attendant and friend of Mellichampe.

This, it must be confessed, is but a general and meagre sketch of the main plot. In the course of the narrative, many digressions occur, all of them, as well as the underplot, detailing the numerous wiles and stratagems made use of by Blonay, the half-breed, to circumvent and kill Bill Humphries, and avenge the murder of his mother. The description of the haunt of Marion, in the centre of a swamp, and of the habits of the partisans in general, is exceedingly graphic. The vacillating yet gentlemanly and liberal character of Colonel Berkeley is well contrasted with the noble independence and patriotic zeal of his daughter, whose devotion to the cause of freedom is of that self sacrificing cast which marked the characters of South Carolina's high-bred daughters, during the darkest period of our revolutionary history. She is, indeed, a beautiful creation, uniting the grace and gentleness of female tenderness, with the firmness of principle and resolution of conduct, required by her situation. Blonay and Witherspoon are perfect in their kind; as much so as Cooper's Leatherstocking, although of a class not requiring so deep an insight into the wondrous and diverse workings of human feelings and passions. The hero, Mellichampe, is a personage of but little interest, and that little not the most prepossessing. If it were not a thing of every day's occurrence to see women attach themselves to men of inferior mind and less pure hearts, we should say that Janet's love for Mellichampe was not in keeping; but experience tells us that it is.

The story of 'Mellichampe' never flags from want of incidents; they are literally crowded into the narrative, from the commencement to the close. Many of these are almost entirely disconnected with the main plot, and tend, as we think, to distract the attention of the reader. We cannot approve Mr. Simms' plan of using the same characters in two or three consecutive productions. That the same personages have been made to figure in different works proceeding from the pens of distinguished authors, we admit; but each narrative in such efforts, has been kept entirely disconnected in its details, and the plot perfect. We like not to find the heroes of one romance introduced in secondary capacities, to aid the fortunes of some new-found hero of a later date; and we think that the saving of labor, by taking a personage with whose character the reader is already familiar, and introducing him in a new narrative, more than counterbalanced by the disadvantage of losing just that amount of interest in the reading public which would be felt in the character and actions of a stranger, albeit a man of straw. Novelty is of itself attractive; and we think the author would have done better, had all his personages been new to us. We have another objection to advance against the present volumes, and it is one to which most of the productions of our author lie open. There is too much of sanguinary conflict in them: the reader wearies of fightings and skirmishes, and perils 'i' the imminent deadly breach.' As we are in the mood of blemish-finding, we may as well remark also, that, to our perception, there seems a strong family likeness in the

stories of the 'Partisan' and 'Mellichampe.' We do not speak, now, of the similarity of the descriptions of scenes which have a strong resemblance to each other, and must therefore be depicted in colors nearly alike, but of events. In Mr. Berkeley, we see a slightly altered picture of Colonel Walton, the one being a little more tinged with toryism than the other. The skirmishes around the mansion of each, in the different narratives, bear the same general resemblance; while Janet Berkeley and Katharine Walton are as much alike as any two heroines of romance can well be, making allowance for a slightly different course of events. Mellichampe and Singleton, likewise are marked by the same traces of similarity. We make these remarks neither in a captious nor querulous spirit. With all these objections, we repeat, we consider 'Mellichampe,' as a whole, the best of all our author's works. Mr. Simms has but to pursue the path he has chosen, and to walk therein with the care and circumspection which are due to his fame, to stand in the front rank of native writers.

THE FAIRY BOOK. Illustrated with Wood Cuts by ADAMS. In two vols. 12mo. pp. 300. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

THE collection of tales here submitted to the American public, has been taken, with some slight omissions and additions, from the 'Magazin des Fees,' or Fairy Tales, by Perrault, Fenelon, and Mesdames Le Prince de Beaumont, and D'Aulnoy, lately published at Paris. A great portion of the work, which was believed not before to have existed in an English dress, has been expressly translated for it. In external character and embellishment, the original has been closely followed, although several new and beautiful designs by CHAPMAN have been introduced. All the cuts are beautifully executed by ADAMS, and nothing seems to have been neglected, which it was thought would render it more worthy of approbation. The moral import of many of these tales is too well known to require commendation; and it may confidently be asserted, that the tenor of the others, not so familiar to the public, is in nowise inferior. In a collection of this sort, it was doubtless found impossible to attend solely to the novelty of the stories introduced, for by that means some of the most popular and approved must have been omitted, and the regrets of young readers for the absence of their well-known friends, have somewhat impaired the pleasure of being introduced to a newer set of acquaintances. There is sufficient novelty, however, to attract their attention, and render this effort to increase their pleasure and improvement decidedly successful.

The antiquity of fictitious writings mounts up to the earliest authentic records of history. In one form or another, they have successively been the favorites of every nation and of every age. Varied in form, and modified by the particular genius of each people, they have solaced the sufferings, added to the enjoyments, or contributed to the instruction of mankind. The fables of Pilpay and Esop were early made conducive to the moral education of multitudes. Simple in their structure, and of easy application, they taught without arrogance, and were listened to without weariness.

As nations became more advanced in luxury and wealth, leisure was afforded for the production and perusal of more complicated works. Thence originated the Ionian and Milesian Tales of Greece, the loss of which (if they were, as is supposed, characterized by an undue licentiousness of description) is far from being a subject of regret.

Among the Romans, a people simple and bold, owing their greatness and power to their warlike achievements, we find few traces of this species of writing, until nearly the decline of their empire, when the progress of luxury for a while favored the

growth of fiction. But few remains survive, and those are not important enough to merit a particular notice. When wreck and ruin overwhelmed the Western Empire, the liberal arts and sciences, if they did not wholly perish, lay silent and affrighted under the tremendous avalanche of violence, rapine, and barbarism, by which they were crushed down. This was not always to continue, and fictitious literature was soon to emerge in a changed but a more gorgeous form. The spirit of chivalry, a spirit composed of martial daring, devotion to the sex, and strongly-marked religious feeling, gave rise to the *romantic* species of fiction, so termed from the language (that of the Provençal Troubadours) in which it was originally composed.

To this extravagant species succeeded the Astrea of D'Urfé, the Grand Cyrus, the Clelia and Cleopatra of Madame Scuderi, the Arcadia of Sir Philip Sidney, and others like unto them, which may be considered as forming the second stage of the romance. The heroism and gallantry, the moral and virtuous turn of the chivalrous romance, were still preserved, but the dragons, the necromancers, and the enchanted castles, were banished, and some small resemblance to human nature was introduced.

Almost immediately subsequent to this variety of prose fiction, succeeded the *Fairy Tale*, a vehicle so delightful for the conveyance of morality, which has ever been so fascinating to the young, and which, if appearances are to be trusted, still promises long so to continue. No apology is necessary for giving a detailed account of this particular class of narrative; a class to which attention is more especially called by the nature of the work now presented to the public.

In the earlier period of society, man, circumscribed in his views, and possessing but a limited knowledge of the operations of nature, was particularly disposed to attribute every event to the direct agency of some superior being; each incident was ascribed to some local agent — the evil to a malicious, the good to a benevolent power. The varying phenomena of the natural world were considered as the acts of various and distinct natures. Hence originated the inferior divinities of the ancients, their Genii, Nymphs, and Dryads; hence their deities of earth, air, and ocean, to each of whom was assigned a separate office in the economy of the universe. To these creations of an excited imagination and unrestrained fancy, the fairy-world owed its birth. But even these beings were of directly different characters, as they chanced to originate either in the warm and glowing conceptions of the Orientals, or in the stern and gloomy imaginations of our Scandinavian ancestors. The soft and delicious climate of the East, its varieties of the richest vegetable productions, the habit of luxurious and indolent repose, and the effect of its despotic government, all aided in the production of those aërial beings termed Peris, since rendered so familiar by the beautiful poem of Moore. Beneficence and beauty were their characteristics; they lived in the sun or the rainbow, subsisting on the odors of flowers, while their existence, though not eternal, was of undefined duration. The fairies of the North were beings of a far different nature, endowed with supernatural power and wisdom. They were malevolent and revengeful in disposition, and disagreeable in person. They inhabited the bleak regions of the North, its heath-clad mountains, chill lakes, and piny solitudes, and were long in our mother-land the objects of popular belief.

The Peris were first introduced by the Crusaders and by the Moors of Grenada, to the acquaintance of the western world. Their reception was such as was due to their gentle and graceful natures; under their mild and humanizing influence, the stern monsters of the North, their savage relatives, lost a portion of their fierceness, and became fitting subjects of poetry and fiction, where, according to the fancy of the author, they participated more or less largely of the Oriental or Gothic character.

This notion was preserved throughout the middle ages. They act a conspicuous part in the Fabliaux of the Trouveurs. The story of Melusina, written about the

close of the fourteenth century, is in all respects a complete fairy tale; and in the Nights of Straparola, translated from the Italian into the French in 1585, we find not only examples of this mode of composition, but outlines of the best-known and most popular fairy tales. This work is rather curious as illustrating the transmission or progress of fiction, than for any intrinsic merit of its own.

The immediate precursor and prototype of the French fairy tales was the Pentamerone of Signor Basile, written in the Neapolitan tongue, and published in 1679. This work contains the original of the 'Discreet Princess,' (the first fairy tale that ever appeared in France,) told with some very unimportant variations. It was succeeded by a volume written by Perrault, which appeared in 1697, containing, with other pieces, the 'Sleeping Beauty,' 'Riquet with the Tuft,' 'Hop-o'my-thumb,' and 'Blue Beard,' the original hero of which last was said to have been 'Giles Marquis de Laval,' a general in the reigns of Charles VI. and VII., distinguished by his military genius and intrepidity, and possessed of princely revenues, but addicted to magic, and infamous by the murder of his wives, and by his extraordinary debaucheries. 'The tales of Perrault,' says Dunlop, 'are the best of the kind ever given to the world; they are chiefly distinguished for their simplicity, for the *naïve* and familiar style in which they are written, and for an appearance of implicit belief on the part of the narrator, which perhaps gives us additional pleasure from our knowledge of the profound attainments of the author, and his advanced age at the period of their composition.'

The success of Perrault and his express recommendation directed the attention of several ladies of fashion to this walk of literature, and large additions were made to the stock of fairy tales. The three most eminent in this department, were the Countess D'Aulnoy, Madame Murat, and Mademoiselle De la Force. Of the first, the wife of the Count D'Aulnoy, Gorton observes: 'She wrote with the negligent air of a woman of quality, but not without spirit or vivacity.' At the same period with these ladies, who were nearly contemporary, a crowd of less celebrated authors appeared. Among these we find Madame Leveque, author of the 'Inviaible Prince,' Madame Villaneuve, to whom Dunlop assigns the authorship of 'Beauty and the Beast,' and the Count de Caylus, who, leaving his antiquarian researches, has related his stories with a simplicity, *naïveté*, and sarcastic exposure of character, hardly to be expected from one of his grave pursuits. The most eminent men of France disdained not to contribute to these collections, as appears from the names of Fenelon, Rousseau, Duclos, and the painter Coypel.

It is thus that in France, about the conclusion of the reign of Louis XIV., we find the golden age of fairy fiction. Despotism has ever been fertile in similar works. Fables, parables, and tales, have been the instruments of conveying sentiments, the open avowal of which would be both obnoxious to punishment and unprofitable to their authors. To this circumstance, combined with the high intellectual refinement of the French at that period, are we to ascribe their success. A similar coincidence of circumstances not having occurred elsewhere, at least in modern times, other nations must be content to avail themselves of those stories in which the literature of France so abounds.

It would be an interesting inquiry to examine the various purposes to which fictitious narrative has been applied. From the earliest periods it has been made available for moral or political purposes. The gravest statesmen, lawgivers, and philosophers, have not disdained its aid; and history, both sacred and profane, abounds in instances of its application. Jotham's 'Fable of the Trees' is the oldest extant; and Addison observes, 'as beautiful as any which have been made since that time.' Nathan's 'Fable of the Poor Man and his Lamb,' and Menenius Agrippa's 'Apologue of the Belly and Limbs,' are also well known and striking cases in illustration.

Subsequent writers, even to our own days, have continued to make it subservient to their designs of illustration or improvement, and if some have prostituted it to purposes of ill, or availed themselves of its aid in the dissemination of corrupt or licentious ideas, the fact affords no better argument against its proper use, than does the malpractice or ignorance of a physician, against the most valuable medicines that he so improperly administers. No doubt, works are to be found in every language, which, assuming the form of one species or another of fiction, have covertly endeavored to insinuate principles adverse to those political, moral, or religious opinions upon which our temporal or eternal welfare depends; but they are descried from the watch-towers of criticism, and men can easily avoid the threatened danger by giving ear to their competent advisers.

It may be worth our while here to examine some of the most obvious advantages of this species of writing. First, wholesome but unpalatable truths may be given in this mode with less offence than in any other. Much of the uneasiness with which we listen to the exposure of our faults, arises from the unavoidable appearance of assumption in our advisers, and their supposed claim of exemption from the errors which they condemn in us. We are unwilling to be considered inferiors. Pride, self-love, and our feelings of personal respect, revolt against any thing calculated to diminish our esteem of ourselves; we spurn advice thus plainly given, and are ready to impute it to any cause but the true one, an interest in our welfare. The nauseous medicine must be disguised, and this is most tenderly and effectually done by means of fiction. If there we recognise our own character, portrayed under the disguise of another, conscience stands by ready to enforce the application, and without exposure, save to our own hearts, we are fitted for those resolves which a conviction of error must produce in every ingenuous mind.

In the second place, the pleasure that results from the exercise of ingenuity in the detection of the moral, is highly gratifying. Such an exercise gives the mind an idea of its own excellence and the extent of its powers. Hence the pleasure taken in charades, enigmas, or rebuses; hence the subtle art of the rhetorician, who chooses rather to suggest than to declare, and leaves something to the acuteness of his readers. Flattered with their own address and penetration, they grow pleased and attentive, and his words sink deep and are retained in their hearts. Thus is produced a state of feeling peculiarly favorable to the purposes of the writer, and the moral is accepted at the same time with the entertainment.

The third and most important advantage of fiction, is to be found in the peculiar tenacity with which the memory clings to ideas and principles that are associated with persons and events. The fictitious personages and incidents of the fairy tale are generally recollected through life. Read with undisturbed attention and eager delight, at a period when impressions are most easily made, some of the greatest men have found no slight enjoyment in recurring to these recollections; immersed in the cares of the world, in quest of its wealth or its distinctions, a backward and regretful glance is cast toward the days of youth and their innocent enjoyments. Then the pleading of a mother, the advice of a father, or perchance the moral of some dimly-remembered tale, has an effect startling even to the subject of it. That such is the case, we need not inform the student of literature or of literary history. In books, which are the hearts and intellects of great men, preserved to posterity by a magic more wonderful than the petrifying power of the Italian, (Signor Segato,) we often trace the effect of this early reading. Even Locke, in his grave 'Essay on the Human Understanding,' draws many of his illustrations from this too-often despised source.

It would scarcely be candid to omit all notice of those objections which have so often been urged against this species of reading; objections which derive their

value rather from the currency they have obtained, than from any intrinsic worth of their own.

To the assertion, that the imagination in children already preponderates over the judgment, a willing assent is given; but to the conclusion most unphilosophically deduced, that the imagination is therefore to be repressed, it is as promptly denied. This error has sprung from the desire of seeing too quickly the *man* in the *child*. An uncontrolled imagination in an adult, called upon to act amid the realities of life, often proves a barrier to his advancement. But that imagination, while kept under the due restraints of reason, can be productive of the slightest detriment, remains to be proved. Who have been the great of the earth — heroes, poets, advocates of human rights, and eloquent ministers of God — but the highly imaginative? Human sciences, human arts, the great moral truths, the progress of law and government, of civilization and knowledge, all owe much to this elevated attribute of man. Cultivate then the imagination and the reason, for the well-being of one is not incompatible with the prosperity of the other. The imagination, if ever cultivated, must be so in early life: then we observe the efforts which nature makes for its improvement; all that can gratify it, all that can enlarge it, is grasped at with an avidity which God has prompted, and for the wisest purposes; then are laid up that curiosity, that enthusiasm, which are to support, to encourage, and urge us on in later life, when reason, calm and serene, would, without its animating influence, convert man into the stoic, or the mere contemplative philosopher.

To the objection, that tales of fairies, enchantments, and magical incantations, are apt to affect the mind injuriously in after life, by introducing a host of unphilosophical associations, a short and summary answer must suffice. Those superstitions that are not supported and kept alive by popular credulity, are sure to decline with the growth of knowledge, and an intercourse with the world. The danger from stories of ghosts, and other supernatural visitations, arises from the vague sort of belief which many repose in them, and even at this day, there are some who believe in their existence. Imagination, diseased upon such a subject, requires but little food for its support; the tales of the olden time, with the still remaining faith of the vulgar, are more than enough for its sustenance. It is otherwise with exploded superstitions. They become matters of curious inquiry, philosophical analysis, or antiquarian research; they leave no other impression on the mind than wonder at their strange grotesqueness, or admiration of the poetical imagination that first conceived them. The last objection is the waste of time! This is a respectable scruple, and must be tenderly dealt with. If the young dears are bound by the week to a spinning-jenny, no one would counsel their parents, (however much he might pity the condition of these innocents,) to cancel their indentures, and set them to fairy tales as a task; but as Henry IV. kindly wished that each peasant might have a pullet in his pot of a Sunday, so it may honestly be wished that after his day's work, each wearied little child might find time and opportunity to enjoy himself over these pleasant stories. But it is not the children of the poor who are too busy to be amused; it is the children of the rich! History, geography, grammar, arithmetic, logic, metaphysics, chemistry, and mechanics, all made suitable to the meanest (the polite word now is the 'youngest') capacities, so entirely engross their attention, as to leave no time for the fairy tale. This is a respectable, a very respectable scruple. It is not for us to say a word against it — only, we congratulate ourselves that we lived some twenty years ago, when *babes* pretended no rivalship with *professors*.

ADDRESS ON THE SUBJECT OF A SURVEYING AND EXPLORING EXPEDITION TO THE PACIFIC OCEAN AND SOUTH SEAS. Delivered in the Hall of Representatives, April 3d, 1836, by J. N. REYNOLDS. With Correspondence and Documents. pp. 300. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

In the Address which occupies the first hundred pages of this book, the author has embodied a concise yet graphic epitome of the origin, progress, and present state of our fishery and commerce, in those immense, wealth-teeming fields of enterprise, the Pacific and South Seas. A strong array of important and interesting facts, stated to be either wholly gathered from personal observation, or transcribed from the memoranda and verbal relations of intelligent mariners, is adduced to prove the necessity for an accurate survey of the waters alluded to, and a more efficient protection of the large amount of individual capital constantly afloat there. The details of the perils amidst which the traffic of those regions has hitherto been prosecuted, are truly appalling; and when to the hazards of an almost chartless navigation, are superadded the prospective horrors of captivity or massacre at the hands of vindictive savages, it seems marvellous that men can be found daring enough to brave such complicated dangers. Surely, if indomitable courage and untiring perseverance ever deserved legislative succor, our gallant whalemen, sealers, and traders, in the Pacific Ocean and South Sea, have an emphatic claim on government. That claim has been eloquently and successfully advocated in the appeal before us; and the navigator who in future years shall traverse that mighty expanse of waters, and thread the many channels of its countless Archipelagos, secure in the guides with which science shall have furnished him, will owe a large debt of gratitude to Mr. Reynolds for giving to the spirit of national liberality so benevolent a direction. That gentleman could not have employed the years which he here tells us he has devoted to the subject, in a more noble pursuit; and it cannot but be a source of pride and gratification to him, that the Executive has shown its appreciation of his philanthropic exertions, by assigning him an important post in the expedition he has mainly contributed to originate. The appropriation by Congress for the undertaking is munificent; the views of the President, as regards its scope and scale, are known to be liberal, so that there is every reason to hope that this, our maiden advent in maritime discoveries, will be creditable to the nation. We have too long profited by the labors of others in this department, while we have withheld our quota of information from the general stock: let the *amende honorable* be made worthily and well. In a matter which involves the interests of science and the cause of humanity, let it not be said that the Republic of the United States yields the palm of superiority to any monarchy upon earth.

While upon the subject, we would express our earnest hope that party feeling may have no influence in making or marring the appointments in any department of the expedition, or in controlling or limiting its design. The field of scientific discovery is, or ought to be, neutral ground — privileged alike from the dictation of personal and political prejudice. The magnanimous conduct of France, on an occasion adverted to by Mr. Reynolds, is a fine illustration of this principle. In the midst of a fierce contest with England, her hereditary enemy, she not only abstained from injuring Captain Cook, when that illustrious discoverer was completely in her power, but even courteously tendered him her aid and assistance in the prosecution of his plans. If the *sword* could thus be turned aside by the majesty of science, surely party opinion should have no detrimental influence in the election of those best qualified to increase her triumphs.

In his Address, the author has presented the importance of our whale fishery in its proper and legitimate light; and has proved that it is no less called for by the *interest*,

than imperative on the *honor* of the nation to foster and protect it. He has shown by arithmetical demonstration, that it comprises shipping to the extent of one-tenth of our whole commercial marine, and that it gives employment, either immediately or dependently, to about 12,000 seamen, together with a capital of 60,000,000 of dollars!

He has also pointed out its great utility as a practical naval school, in which the citizen, while contributing to the commercial prosperity of his country, and pouring wealth into her bosom, is receiving the best possible training for her defence. Ought not such a mighty agent of national wealth and power to be amply protected? Should not the treasury which, in no trifling degree, it assists to feed, yield bountifully of its abundance for such a purpose? It will do so; and we doubt not that the distribution of the fund will be governed by the same generous and enlightened policy which directed its appropriation. Men eminent in the walks of science, should be stimulated, by the offer of a liberal recompense, to accompany the expedition; and every individual connected with it, from the cabin-boy to the commander, should be remunerated on the same scale. The hardships inseparable from such enterprises are necessarily severe, and men cannot be expected to peril life and limb without a more than ordinary prospective benefit.

Under the second head, 'Correspondence,' are classed a number of letters addressed to Mr. Reynolds by some of the most distinguished scientific and literary characters in the United States, on the subject of the projected enterprise. These communications are full of pertinent hints and observations as to its organization and *materiel*, which, emanating as they do from enlightened sources, are deserving of deliberate, respectful consideration. The suggestions of such minds as Silliman, Dekay, Anthon, etc., are invaluable in those branches which have been their peculiar respective studies. We have been particularly struck with the sound reasoning and practical good sense displayed in the letter of Captain Jones, the intelligent officer who has been appointed to the command. It relates principally to the naval outfit, plan, and force of the expedition; and the measures adopted by government have been nearly in accordance with the views therein expressed. After some judicious remarks, referring to the manner in which the vessels intended for the service should be constructed, so as to combine durability, strength, and buoyancy, he goes on to state his reasons for preferring a frigate to a ship of any other class, to convoy the smaller craft which he designates. Among other arguments in support of his opinions, he advances the following, which we think conclusive:

"The presence of a frigate among the islands would certainly be more apt to impress the natives with a just idea of our national and naval power than any other description of ships, however much increased in number, if divided into smaller vessels; and her magnitude and force would strike the islanders with such *awe*, as at once to guarantee their friendship, and perhaps effectually guard against and prevent any of those ever-to-be-lamented conflicts which have so often interrupted the progress of scientific research, and caused the death of many voyagers as well as natives. The protection, too, which such an expedition would necessarily afford to our whalemen and traders, every where to be found in the South Seas, ought not to be lost sight of; and the statesman whose enlarged and humane conceptions shall furnish the means of procuring such happy results, will well merit, and certainly receive, the lasting gratitude of the philanthropic of every country, and of every age to come."

The documents forming the latter portion of the pamphlet, consist chiefly of memorials, petitions, and statements from different parts of the Union, laid before Congress during the progress of the investigation which resulted in compliance with their prayer. Part of these, especially those from the eastern ports identified with the whale fishery, are written in a style of simple pathos and earnest eloquence, which is at once touching and convincing. There is also added a tabular reference to the reefs, shoals, and islands in part of the region to be explored, (arranged

by Mr. Reynolds,) to obtain the data for which must have been a work of no inconsiderable toil and time.

Mr. Reynolds has discussed, at some length, the probabilities of reaching the South pole, and has advanced some bold and apparently sound arguments to prove that no insurmountable obstacle to its attainment exists. It may be said that the writer is an enthusiast: be it so; enthusiasm is a powerful ally of the discoverer, and has often commanded success, by prostrating and overcoming difficulties at which, without it, he would have quailed.

The author concludes his Address in the following fervid and impressive language:

"We feel that we have discharged our duty, and that the subject is now committed to other hands, to be disposed of by those whose decision will have no connexion with our individual feelings or wishes, nor do we wish that it should. Indeed, we have no unusual share of personal solicitude and feverish anxiety about the result. The time was, when we felt differently — far differently — but that time has gone by. For us there is no disappointment in store. We sought adventure, and have had it without the aid or patronage of government. Still our efforts have not gone unrewarded. The kindness we have so often experienced from our countrymen, and the charitable estimate they have put upon our labors, leave nothing to regret in relation to the past, while they make us independent with respect to the future. We have no narrow and exclusive feelings to be gratified. We wish to see the expedition sail, solely because of the good it may do, and the honor it may confer on the country at large.

"For the same reasons we wish to see it organized on liberal and enlightened principles, which object can be effected only by calling in requisition the known skill of the service, which will be found equal to the discharge of every duty, in any way connected with the naval profession.

"But this should not be all. To complete its efficiency, individuals from other walks of life, we repeat, should be appointed to participate in its labors. No professional pique, no petty jealousies, should be allowed to defeat this object. The enterprise should be national in its object, and sustained by the national means, — belongs of right to no individual, or set of individuals, but to the country and the whole country; and he who does not view it in this light, or could not enter it with this spirit, would not be very likely to meet the public expectations, were he intrusted with the entire control.

"To indulge in jealousies, or feel undue solicitude about the division of honors before they are won, is the appropriate employment of carpet heroes, in whatever walk of life they may be found. The qualifications of such would fit them better to tread the mazes of the dance, or to shine in the saloon, than to venture upon an enterprise requiring men, in the most emphatic sense of the term.

"There are, we know, many, very many, ardent spirits in our navy — many whom we hold among the most valued of our friends — who are tired of inglorious ease, and who would seize the opportunity thus presented to them with avidity, and enter with delight upon this new path to fame.

"Our seamen are hardy and adventurous, especially those who are engaged in the seal trade and the whale fisheries; and inured as they are to the perils of navigation, are inferior to none on earth for such a service. Indeed, the enterprise, courage, and perseverance of American seamen, are, if not unrivalled, at least unsurpassed. What man can do, they have always felt ready to attempt — what man has done, it is their character to feel able to do — whether it be to grapple with an enemy on the deep, or to pursue their gigantic game under the burning line, with an intelligence and ardor that insure success, or pushing their adventurous barks into the high southern latitudes, to circle the globe within the antarctic circle, and attain the pole itself; yea, to cast anchor on that point where all the meridians terminate, where our eagle and star-spangled banner may be unfurled and planted, and left to wave on the axis of the earth itself! — where, amid the novelty, grandeur, and sublimity of the scene, the vessels, instead of sweeping a vast circuit by the diurnal movements of the earth, would simply turn round once in twenty-four hours!

"We shall not discuss, at present, the probability of this result, though its possibility might be easily demonstrated. If this should be realised, where is the individual who does not feel that such an achievement would add new lustre to the annals of American philosophy, and crown with a new and imperishable wreath the nautical glories of our country!

"We have done. For the courtesy with which we have been received, and the indulgence with which we have been heard, accept our thanks.

"To the ladies who have so kindly honored us with their attention, our most respectful acknowledgments are due. You are identified with this subject. It was from the sagacity and generosity of one of your sex — the high-minded Isabella, Queen of Spain, — that this continent was discovered at the time it was, and by whom it was:

when monarchs hesitated, and ministers looked on with cold and calculating indifference, she cast her jewels upon the waters, and fortune paid her with a new world, from which has sprung a race of men, who have given new hopes to liberty, when it was nearly lost; and who are now struggling to throw back on Europe, with interest and gratitude, the rays of light we have received from her. In the strong cord of public opinion, which binds us a people, when chains of adamant could not, the silken and the golden threads are what woman thinks of public measures!"

PROTESTANT JESUITISM. BY A PROTESTANT. 12mo. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

THE title of this book and the table of contents are alike dubious, and a little startling. Whether the author has erred in this dash of the *ad captandum*, and frightened whom he would attract, we could not have said so well at first, as after a second thought. On the whole, we believe he could not have done better; first, because the book will secure attention; and next, because it will be more extensively approved than one would predict, under the first jingling of its title, etc. 'Come,' said we to a reverend divine, 'read us that chapter, the heading of which sounds the worst, or as bad as any, viz: '*The world more Orthodox than the Church.*'' He accordingly read it. 'Well,' said he, 'that 's true, every word of it. But I did n't like the bell on its neck.' Doubtless many will be startled by these bells; it was perhaps a foolish whim of the author to put on such a string of them. Nevertheless, they are well devised to attract attention; and they who once dip into the book, and get a taste of what is there, will find sufficient temptation, we warrant them, to walk straight through the whole. It is a downright clever, and a rare production. Its aims are, first, to 'down' with temperance *ultraism*. Good. Next, and that is the main drift — the all-pervading element — to show, that the spirit of Jesuitism is getting into our religious and reforming societies, and threatening mischief. We never thought much about this, we confess; but if we do not mistake, the author will soon have set a large portion of the public thinking about it. If there *be* no Jesuitism in these societies, they can easily acquit themselves; but if it be indeed so, the sooner it is exposed the better. We are happy to find ourselves in good company in expressing a favorable opinion of the book, and of the sound christianity of the author. He has, indeed, given one of the best arguments, and a perfectly novel one, in favor of Christianity *versus* Infidelity. He has shown, that christianity is established in society beyond the possibility of being disturbed; and that one of the principal obstacles in the way of its final and complete triumph, is the over-doing of its pretended friends in the ultraisms of the day, and other things akin to them.

TALES OF THE GOOD WOMAN. BY A DOUBTFUL GENTLEMAN. New Edition. In two volumes. pp. 468. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

THESE tales are familiar to the numerous admirers of Mr. PAULDING, who will rejoice at an opportunity of obtaining and preserving them in the beautiful form in which they are presented to the public by the publishers. To praise them, we should but iterate; we shall therefore content ourselves with stating, that the 'Chronicles of Gotham,' as originally intended by the author, now form the second of the volumes before us, which contain, altogether — with an admirable 'Memoir of the Unknown Author' — the following papers: 'The Yankee Rousé,' 'The Drunkard,' 'Dyspepsy,' 'The Cradle of the New World,' 'The Politician,' and the 'Dumb Girl.' We know of no two volumes which embrace more useful, instructive, and entertaining reading, than these 'Tales of the Good Woman.'

EDITORS' TABLE.

PARK THEATRE — MISS GROVE. — This young lady made her first appearance in America, during the past month, in the character of *Juliet*, and we are happy to say, with a success which must equal her warmest wishes.

Of all Shakspeare's fair creations, there is not one more beautiful, more truly feminine, or that more strongly attaches itself to our sympathies, than that of the gentle Capulet. We see before us, in the career of Juliet, the complete development of female character, at that interesting epoch when love asserts its full dominion. It is a history of true love, which the poet says 'never did run smooth' — a history comprising the exquisite romance, the true poetry, of woman's life. Juliet, from the balcony to the tomb, lives, moves, and has her being, under its undivided influence. She appears to us like a rose in its early bud, when its unformed leaves first blush through their green, mossy covering. We see the bright, warm sun shedding its glow upon the tender plant, and even while we gaze, the leaves open to the light, acknowledging the influence of that heavenly ray, and uttering their gratitude in every new beauty which the life-giving orb unfolds. The sun is hid — the sudden blast which precedes the storm sweeps rudely over the gentle, unsheltered flower: we see it tremble on its tiny stem — the storm gathers — the cold wind chills the tender plant; the warm sun falls no more upon the delicate tracery of its leaves; its beams are absent now. Suddenly a fitful ray glances through the cloud, and again its blushes are sparkling in the light: it is but a flash, and now, darker than before, the tempest lowers — the winds and the storm descend upon their victim, and its beauty and its life are gone together.

So is it with Juliet, and such would seem to be the conception of Miss Grove, through all the delicate unfoldings of the character. She has evidently studied much, and with a mind intent upon all the beauties of this lovely creation. There is a freshness, a youthfulness, about Miss Grove's Juliet, that we have never seen before. The balcony scene was especially interesting. There was all the naïveté and girlish simplicity which distinguish the character of Juliet, at this early stage of her love. It was an artless exhibition of nature — uncontaminated by that boarding-school affectation and prudery, which have so often marred, in the eyes of the judicious, the exquisite simplicity of this scene. The best that we have ever witnessed have not excelled, if indeed they have equalled, Miss Grove in the expression of that trusting fondness, that confident reliance, which, in the utter abandonment of all things else for her love, Juliet places in Romeo. There was an earnestness in it, that utterly destroyed the fiction of the scene. In the second act, with the Nurse, she displayed an impatient restlessness, which, while it was strictly within the bounds of probability, presented a most vivid picture of excited anxiety. The great scene in the fourth act, which was always so terribly grand under the personation effected by Miss Phillips, was rendered in a style somewhat different, evincing a study and originality, highly creditable to so young an artiste. There is an expression of amiableness rather too generally pervading the countenance of this lady, and which we think takes from the otherwise startling effect which some of her portraits would produce. This *honnêteté*, as the French critics call it, is often an affectation with young ladies, both on and off the stage — very pleasing in a tête-à-tête, at a fashionable party, perhaps, but not always in character in tragedy. We do not wish to be understood as saying that Miss Grove lacks expression of the *right* sort, but that she indulges rather

too generally in the one alluded to. It is a habit which her good sense will no doubt lead her speedily to correct. We hope soon to have the pleasure of witnessing Knowles' 'Julia,' 'Marianna,' and characters of still greater compass, personated by Miss Grove, which if she portray with the ability she has displayed in Juliet, will elevate her at once to a point of excellence very rarely attained.

—

Mr. Dowton.—This finished comedian took his farewell benefit a few nights since, previous to his departure for the open arms of his many friends at home, much to the regret of his very ardent admirers in this country. Mr. Dowton is decidedly and without exception the most finished, faultless actor we have ever seen upon the boards of a theatre. This unqualified expression will be upheld, we venture to say, by all who have witnessed his performances here, and by the many who have long enjoyed his personations of character at home. He is the only actor — Macready, perhaps, excepted — who utterly despises and contemns the fictitious and glaring assistance of every thing like rant, in his performances. There is no trick, no traps for applause, no glances at the pit, no nonsense. He is nature's self, and trusts solely to the direction of the impulses which nature gave him, in producing his effects. He is an old man, now, and we have seen him only in his 'sere and yellow leaf;' but it is a healthy winter — an old age yet redolent of the spirit of youth — in which we have greeted him, and in which we bid him a reluctant farewell. He is alike an honor to his profession, to society, and to the green old age which he bears so nobly — and may the sunset of his life be as such men's should be — an evening without a cloud!

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Mr. Power.—We have omitted, heretofore, to mention the return to this country of this accomplished gentleman and inimitable actor. He has, during two recent engagements at the Park Theatre, been through his usual round of characters, to the entire satisfaction of audiences so numerous, that no previous blazon of ours could have added to their numbers. It would seem that even Mr. Power, blameless as is his private life, and as gentleman-like and exemplary as he is, wherever encountered, is not above the reach of calumny. He has been wantonly assailed in England — accused of changing his name, and denying the land of his birth — by a writer who has, through ignorance or malice, wholly mistaken his identity. The manly and dignified explanatory letter of Mr. Power, which has recently appeared in the public journals, does credit alike to his head and heart, and has served to establish him more decidedly than ever in the good graces of the American public.

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Augusta.—Reader, have you seen Augusta? Perhaps, with a supercilious curl of your nether lip, you declare yourself surfeited with excellence, and altogether unfitted to pass judgment upon any thing which does not parallel that more than beau-ideal of your imagination, the never-to-be-sufficiently-deified Taglioni. *Ainsi soit il!* You have travelled. There are others not so fortunate. Reader, have *you* seen Augusta? No! Then believe us, you have yet to see the perfection of art — the concentration of all that is most exquisite in grace — of all that is most poetical in the 'poetry of motion.' You have yet to acknowledge the divinity of our modern Aglaïa.

Behold her! — a form for Praxiteles to study — a face that Helen would have sighed for — eyes sparkling with life and beauty, like the orbs of the sea-born goddess, when first she rose in the vivid sunlight from her snow-driven couch of spray. See! she comes bounding along with a foot-fall light as the tap of the honey bird's wing, as he brushes the morning dew from the flowers. Her feet *do* touch the ground, but yet so imperceptibly, so fairy-like, that the salutation seems a merry mockery, as if the air held them as its own, and they were buoyed up by aërial spirits who, in their adoration, would not suffer them to be contaminated by companionship with the dull clods beneath.

Euphrosyné! what a bound! It seems, indeed, as if the spirit of joy had possession

of that fairy foot, that trembles in very ecstasy. Now she trips along, with a soft music in her step, like the small rain of an April shower, just heard in the still evening, as it patters upon the bosom of a quiet lake. A sylph might acknowledge that graceful step. You who now gaze in silent wonder upon that airy form, are searching for the wings which you could swear gave their aid to that last elastic flight, which seemed to bear her figure into mid-air! But words are dull — prose is flat, tame, common-place — and, in the rapture of our admiration, we cannot do less than herald her a sylph at once; and devoutly do we believe in her consanguinity, at least, to that airy people: for are not her attributes those which Beranger declares belong to those beings of the air? *Audita utraque parte — judicia!*

'Oui, vous naissez au sein des roses,
Fils de l'Aurore et des Zéphyrs :
Vos brillantes métamorphoses
Sont le séeret de nos plaisirs.
D'un souffle vous séchez nos larmes ;
Vous épurez l'azur des cieux :
J'en crois ma Sylphide et ses charmes
Sylphes légers, soyez mes dieux.

'J'ai dévine son origine,
Lorsqu' au bal, ou dans un banquet,
J'ai vu sa parure enfantine
Plaire par ce qui lui manquait ;
Ruban perdu, boucle défaite ;
Elle était bien, la voila mieux.
C'est de vos sœurs la plus parfaite,
Sylphes légers, soyez mes dieux.

'Que de grace on elle font naître,
Vos caprices toujours si doux !
C'est un enfant gaté peut-être,
Mais un enfant gaté par vous.
J'ai vu, sous un air de paresse,
L'amour réveur peint dans ses yeux.'
Vous qui protégez la tendresse,
Sylphes légers, soyez mes dieux.

'Mais son aimable enfantillage
Cache un esprit aussi brillant
Que tous les songes qu' au bel âge
Vous nous apportez en riant.
Du sein de vives étincelles,
Son vol m'élérait jusqu' aux cieux ;
Vous dont elle empruntait les ailes,
Sylphes légers, soyez mes dieux.'

E.

Editors' Drawer. — But three moons have waxed and waned, since our drawer 'made a clean breast of it,' and disgorged its entire contents; but lo! it is again full, insomuch that it runneth over with a superflux. Let us again address ourselves to an examination of the claims of patient expectants.

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The author of '*New-York and New-England*,' in a late number of this Magazine, little knows what a hornet's nest he has punctured, by the promulgation of the opinions which were contained in his article. From among several *protestandos* which have been entered, we select the following, which, rather than to omit, we are compelled to abridge for this department. The illustrative quotations, from a paper so recent, are hardly required. The writer sets about demolishing the sweeping, Trollopean charges of his adversary, in right good earnest. After a few preliminary remarks, he observes:

"Certain it is, that for reasons given by the author of 'New-York and New-England,' the foreign traveler uniformly arrives at incorrect conclusions as to our character. He overlooks those peculiarities and modifications that necessarily exist in the different sections of a country so vast, and in a nation so free. The enterprise of our citizens, the spirit-stirring genius of the age, so forcibly illustrated in the tide of emigration flowing

to the far-off West, where, as by enchantment, the dark forests put on the livery of the tamed landscape, while towns, villages, and even cities, rise to our astonished vision; and in the bending of our own forests, the dwindling of our own mountains, causing rivers, lakes, and oceans in one flood to blend — render a nice and just discrimination of character more difficult. To this may be ascribed the unsatisfactory accounts (caricatures we might say) of our manners and habits. They have taken the peculiarities of an individual as illustrative of a section of our country. From this superficial and hasty observation, so well described by our author — from that 'overlooking of the under-current of society' — he himself has been insensible to those changes of character and opinion constantly going on, by which numerous errors have been palmed upon the public.

"Our author asserts, that the emigrant's wending his way to New-York in search of better soil, is the great cause of the difference between the two sections, *i.e.* 'in their habits, tastes, politics and religion!' The connection between cause and effect here, is not apparent. It is for the writer alone to understand and explain the *modus operandi* of the soil affecting the politics or religion of the emigrant!

"Again: How the early emigrant 'burst away' from those puritanical restraints, blue laws — from a land cursed by savage barbarity, manifesting a murderous thirst for religious opinions, yet possessing those very opinions, cherishing those very laws and principles, from which they 'burst away' — is also left unexplained. * *

"Again: 'These emigrants *became* independent in bearing, chivalrous in privation,' etc. We should think that the very act of separation, of 'bursting,' shows most conclusively, that there was an independence in bearing, even before they located themselves within the precincts of 'New Amsterdam;' if so, our author's '*loca mutantur*,' etc., falls to the ground; for effects, in New-England, seldom precede the cause.

"As to New-England 'remaining stationary, bigoted,' etc., nothing is wider from the truth; and the declaration is but another instance of the writer's guessing at facts. But what is and has been the character of New-England, can be gathered from her institutions and her acts. True, the puritans had their faults; they imbibed errors, but they were those of the times.

"The puritans, feeling that they owed a higher allegiance to Him,

'Who wheels his throne upon the rolling worlds,'

than to any earthly power, resolved to emigrate to the then 'New World.' Scarce had they been here ten years, in this howling wilderness, before they founded and endowed the University of Cambridge, and that institution was nursed by them, and now stands erect, in the midst of her offspring, clothed with her ancient glory and native dignity, and lovelier by her age. Their language at that time was:

"'After God carried us safe to New-England, and we had builded our houses, provided necessaries for our livelihood, reared convenient places for God's worship, and settled the civil government, one of the next things we longed for and looked after, was to advance learning, and to perpetuate it to posterity.'*

"From these authenticated facts, we can arrive at the character of the puritans, their zeal in the cause of religious freedom — their enterprise — their love of letters. If there was not chivalry exemplified in their conduct — contempt of danger, patient endurance of toil, and physical hardihood — we shall search in vain for illustrations of those attributes.

"But the picture does not end here. Their early political organization was radically republican. They declared the people to be the legitimate source of power. On this was based their institutions — thus their magistrates were chosen — thus their colonial legislature. After the first charter, they recognised the great rights secured by the Magna Charta of England. They also struck at the very root of a colonial nobility, by the passage of a law for the distribution of intestate estates.

"True, the puritans had their errors, the grand one of which was, the supposed necessity of a union between Church and State — the investing the civil magistrate with the power of taking care of religious matters. Thus the secular arm was raised for the suppression of heresy. But it may here be observed, that although she first lighted up the fire of religious persecution, she first proclaimed the human mind free. She declared 'that the conscience should be free, and men should not be punished for worshipping God in the way they were persuaded he required.'

"'In 1647,' says Hutchinson, 'they ordered every township of fifty house-holders to maintain a public school, at public expense; and every township of one hundred house-holders to maintain, in like manner, a grammar school, to instruct youth and fit them for the University, to the end,' say they in this law, 'that learning may not be buried in the graves of our forefathers, in the church and commonwealth.'

"It is to this system of public instruction to which the sons of New-England look

* 1 Hutch. Collect., 240.

back and point the traveler with pride, and not to family nor any artificial distinction. This system has been carried out. Free schools have thus been brought into every neighborhood. The high and the low, the rich and the poor, are blessed with the means of education — and they are embraced. They then early understand their rights — that 'knowledge is power' — and drink in and exemplify the great lesson of human life, '*nec vero satis est habere virtutem nisi utare.*' So universal is this instruction, that we are prepared to hazard the assertion, that there is not one hundred New-England families that cannot read, write, and compute numbers: that are ignorant of the geography of our country. Again, there are more quarterlies, monthlies, and newspapers — more literary, religious, and political publications — taken in Massachusetts, than in the great, populous, and wealthy State of New-York. So in the other states in proportion. They are emphatically a *reading* and a *thinking* people; they foster talent wherever found.

"There are distinctions in society — 'the upper and lower classes' — yet they are rarely the result of wealth and family, but of moral qualities, united with high intellectual endowments. The same reverence that, in New-York, is paid to *wealth*, is in New-England paid to *intellect*. In New-England there are but few very rich, and but few very poor.

"If we look at Massachusetts, we shall find her most literary and talented men occupying her most important stations. See Adams, Davis, Webster, Everett, Saltonstall, and Cushing, in the political department; and where are the men of equal powers employed in the empire state? With one or two exceptions, they are in private life. This constitutes the difference between the policy of the two states. There, genius, talents, and high attainments, are *primary* considerations — here, *secondary* at best.

"As to the charge of New-England's 'unaltered puritanical notions, and her claims to superior sanctity,' we would remark, that there are not ten churches there that adhere to the old puritanical platform. Cambridge and Yale have put forth an influence favorable to liberal principles, that is felt to the extremes of the Union. The night has long since closed upon that period when opinions, political or religious, were received on trust. Cambridge has done much, and Yale has done more, among the puritans. 'The new school divinity,' which is liberal in its bearing, has already gained over seven-eighths of the churches of the old-fashioned puritans.

"True, the emigrant from New-England seeks the exuberantly-fertile soil of New-York, and undergoes a change by his contact with his new neighbors; but of the character of this change, all can judge. He is removed from a reading to a money-making community. He loses his taste for reading, and the New-England party-mingling spirit, and how to make money, absorbs the whole power of his soul. He thus continues of the opinion he imbibed when he read, and had materials of which to form an opinion. This is visible on the face of our Yankee or New-England population in New-York — this is the transformation a New-England man undergoes in coming to New-York; this accounts for his peculiarities.

"On the remark 'that emigrants become chivalrous, daring, hardy, patient under privations,' upon coming here, we would observe, that the history of New-England is but a catalogue of hardships, privations, and deeds of noble daring. There was 'the cradle of liberty' — there was the ball of revolution put in motion. Lexington, Bunker's Hill, Bennington, Saratoga, Trenton, Yorktown, and Brandywine, or in still later times, Plattsburgh, Bridgewater, Chippewa, as well as Champlain and Erie, tell of the bravery of her sons. Here we would point our author to periods and places 'that tried men's souls.' On these occasions, the buoyant youth, the vigorous man, the declining age, of New-England, went down to the bosom of their mother earth, in glorious fight! New-England need take no lessons of her sisters, to show that she possessed 'the unbought grace of life,' as Burke called chivalry. No! The fame of New-England is beyond the reach of circumstances: the pillar may fall, the triumphal arch may crumble, but each successive generation of her sons become living monuments of the excellence of her institutions — of her public schools. She needs no beaming ægis to stand between her and oblivion. Her fame is unsullied and immortal."

Ithaca, (N. Y.) October, 1836. C. B.

'MAKE tracks!' reader, or in other words, stand out of the way, and let 'POSTASTER' illustrate the *Ornithichnites*, or huge stony bird-tracks, of Professor HITCHCOCK, said to have been found on the red-sandstone of the Connecticut Valley. 'On reading the account of these,' says our correspondent, 'published in the twenty-ninth volume of the *American Journal of Science*, it occurred to me that there was at least probability enough in the theory advanced in that work, to make it lawful to use it in verse; and as there came up in my imagination the bird that formed the enormous *Ornithichnites Giganteus*, perhaps fifteen or twenty feet high, and with a foot seventeen inches in length,

my long dormant muse was aroused to action; and before I was aware of it, I was astride of my Pegasus; and although, from original malformation or long disuse,

> ——— 'he scrambled up and down
> On disproportioned legs, like kangaroo,'

yet he did not pause till he had finished his flight.' The reader shall have a glance at his paces.

The writer supposes a geologist, *solus*, examining traces of the *Ornithichnites Giganteus* on the sand-stone, whose shade he apostrophizes thus:

> A THOUSAND pyramids have moulder'd down,
> Since on this rock thy foot-print was impress'd;
> Yet here it stands unalter'd: though since then
> Earth's crust has been upheav'd, and fractur'd oft:
> And deluge after deluge o'er her driven,
> Has swept organic life from off her face.
> Bird of a former world! — would that thy form
> Might reappear in these thy former haunts!
> O for a sorceress nigh, to call thee up
> From thy deep sandstone-grave, as erst of old
> She broke the prophet's slumbers! But her arts
> She may not practice in this age of light.
>
> ENTER SORCERESS.
>
> 'Let the light of science shine!
> I will show that power is mine.
> Skeptic, cease my art to mock,
> When the dead starts from the rock.
> Bird of sandstone era, wake!
> From thy deep, dark prison, break!
> Spread thy wings upon our air —
> Show thy huge, strong talons here:
> Let them print the muddy shore,
> As they did in days of yore.
> Præadamic bird, whose sway
> Rul'd creation in thy day,
> Come, obedient to my word:
> Stand before creation's lord!'
>
> The sorceress vanish'd; but the earth around,
> As when an earthquake swells her bosom, rock'd;
> And stifled groans, with sounds ne'er heard before,
> Broke on the startled ear. The placid stream
> Began to heave and dash its billows on the shore;
> Till soon, as when Balæna spouts the deep,
> The waters suddenly leap'd toward the sky;
> And up flew swiftly, what a sawyer seem'd,
> But prov'd a bird's neck, with a frightful beak.
> A huge-shaped body follow'd; stilted high,
> As if two mainmasts propp'd it up. The bird
> Of sandstone fame was truly come again;
> And shaking his enormous plumes and wings,
> And rolling his broad eye around, amaz'd,
> He gave a yell so loud and savage too —
> Though to *Iguanodons* and kindred tribes,
> Music it might have seem'd — on human ear
> It grated harshly, like the quivering roar
> That rushes wildly through the mountain gorge,
> When storms beat heavy on its brow. Anon,
> On wings like mainsails, flapping on the air,
> The feather'd giant sought the shore, where stood,
> Confounded, he who called the sorceress' aid.
>
> Awhile, surveying all, the monster paus'd;
> The mountain, valley, plain — the woods, the fields,
> The quiet stream, the village on its banks,
> Each beast and bird. Next the geologist
> Was scann'd, and scann'd again, with piercing glance.
> Then arching up his neck, as if in scorn,
> His bitter, taunting plaint he thus began:
>
> 'Creation's lord!' The magic of those words
> My iron slumbers broke: for in my day

I stood acknowledg'd as creation's head;*
In stature and in mind surpassing all:
But now — O strange degeneracy! — one,
Scarce six feet high, is styled creation's lord!
If such the lord, what must the servants be!
Oh how unlike Iguanodon, next me
In dignity, yet moving at my nod.
Then *Mega*, *Plesi*, *Hyla*, *Saurian* tribes,
Rank'd next along the grand descending scale:
Testudo next: below, the *Nautilus*,
The curious *Ammonite*, and kindred forms;
All giants to these puny races here,
Scarce seen, except by *Ichthyosaurian* eye.†
Gone, too, the noble palms, the lofty ferns,
The *Calamite*, *Stigmaria*, *Voltzia* — all:‡
And O, what dwarfs, unworthy of a name,
(Iguanodon could scarce find here a meal,)
Grow o'er their graves! Here, too, where ocean roll'd,
Where coral groves the bright green waters grac'd,
Which glorious monsters made their frolic haunts;
Where the long sea-weed strew'd its oozy bed,
And fish, of splendid forms and hues, rang'd free,
A shallow brook, (where only creatures live,
Which in my day were *Saurascopic* called,)
Scarce visible, now creeps along the waste.
And ah! this chilling wind! — a contrast sad
To those soft, balmy airs, from fragrant groves,
Which fann'd the never-varying summer once.
E'en he who now is call'd creation's lord,
(I call him rather nature's blasted slave,)
Must smother in these structures, dwellings call'd,
(Creation's noble palace was my home,)
Or these inclement skies would cut him off.
The sun himself shines but with glimmering light —
And all proclaims the world well nigh worn out:
Her vital warmth departing, and her tribes
Organic, all degenerate, puny, soon
In nature's icy grave to sink for aye.§
Sure 't is a place for punishment design'd;
And not the beauteous, happy spot I lov'd;
These creatures here seem discontented, sad;
They hate each other, and they hate the world:
O who would live in such a dismal spot?
I freeze, I starve, I die! — with joy I sink
To my sweet slumbers with the noble dead.'

Strangely and suddenly the monster sunk.
Earth oped and closed her jaws — and all was still.
The vex'd geologist now call'd aloud —
Reach'd forth his hand to seize the sinking form —
But empty air alone he grasp'd. Chagrined,
That he could solve no geologic d oubts,
Nor learn the history of sandstone days,
He pour'd out bitter words 'gainst sorcery's arts:
Forgetting that the lesson taught his pride
Was better than new knowledge of lost worlds.

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* Before the discovery of these Ornithichnites, the most perfect animals that had been found, as low down in the rocks as the new red-sandstone, were a few reptiles, called Saurians: so that birds must have been decidedly the most perfect animals that then existed: though it has been recently announced in the journals, that the tracks of quadrumanous animals have been found on new red-sandstone in Germany. But until I have seen the details of this discovery, I am not disposed to let it spoil my poetry: for as to some quadrumanous animals, I think that birds might successfully compete with them for the palm of superiority.

† The Ichthyosaurus, another huge and extinct Saurian animal, was remarkable for the size of its eye; the orbit in some specimens measuring ten inches in length, and seven in breadth.

‡ The organic remains found in the rocks of the temperate and frigid zones correspond more nearly to those now found alive in the torrid zone, than to those in the temperate and frigid zones. Indeed, there can be no doubt but the northern hemisphere was once covered with tropical forests: such as the palm and the ferns of huge size. The Calamite, Stigmaria, and Voltzia, are names given to plants found in the new red-sandstone, which do not correspond to any now found upon the globe.

§ If it be admitted that the climate, vegetation, and animals of this valley were tropical, when this bird lived, who will say that its present condition would not seem, even to a rational being, in similar circumstances, to be one of deterioration and approaching ruin?

The following embraces, in a brief space, valuable facts and conclusive argument, and is from the port-folio of an able writer and ripe scholar:

DESULTORY THOUGHTS.

In a volume denominated 'Pensées de Leibnitz,' or 'Thoughts of Leibnitz,' I find the following very just observations upon what that Newton of Germany calls *ancienneté du dogme de l'immortalité de l'âme*, or the antiquity of the dogma of the soul's immortality.

'Monsieur Toland a prétendu dans un de ses ouvrages, que le dogme de l'immortalité de l'âme étoit une invention des Egyptiens. Mais il est très évident que les Grecs des âges les plus reculés ont crue cette même immortalité. Elle étoit aussi reconnue par les Druides Gaulois, suivant le témoignage de Lucan. Les peuples de la Virginie, dans l'Amerique, croient que les âmes des morts habitent au delà d'une haute chaîne de montagnes. Et qui ne sait pas que l'opinion de la métempsychose, que suppose evidemment l'immortalité de l'âme, est tres ancienne dans les Indes.'

Here we see that Leibnitz combats the opinion of Toland, that the doctrine of the soul's immortality had its origin in Egypt, by alleging that it was prevalent in Greece from time immemorial, and that it prevailed also among the Druids of Gaul, and still subsists among the American Indians, as well as the inhabitants of Hindostan. To this argument, may be added, that it is a doctrine which has been held by the Chinese, who pretend to trace back their history to a much more remote era than that in which Egypt was formed into a regular community, and that no nation has ever been discovered so savage and ignorant as not to recognise it, together with the belief in a God — not even the Patagonians and Hottentots. This universal belief, then, is a moral phenomenon, which it is the province of the philosopher to explain. How shall he account for it? If the Egyptians, or any other early civilized nation, had invented it, this would not have conveyed it to all mankind. Unless its foundation had been deeply laid in the principles of human nature, it would soon have passed away, among those delusions which time and advancing science invariably destroy. Instead of this, Science, when she brought it into controversy in the schools of Greece and Rome, although, as was to be expected, she produced her skeptics about this as about every other truth, yet upon the whole, enlisted her best sages in its behalf. Do not these considerations confirm the doctrine of immortality, and prove that all that Egypt did in this respect was not, as asserted by Toland, to invent it, but to add to the simple suggestions of nature the decorations of fancy, and give to the airy conceptions of men about it, a fictitious habitation and significant symbols? F. B.

'Scenes in a Wood' is evidently from an unpractised hand; but the writer has a heart to feel the beauties of Nature, and possesses a treasure in the quiet satisfaction with which he enjoys a communion with her visible forms. We subjoin an extract:

The changing shadows thickly fall around,
And the rich sunshine from the quiet west
Comes down among the overhanging leaves,
And gives to all a mellow, golden green,
Save where the shadows of the leaves above
Deepen their greenness, and the chequered gleams
Stream down through all the various openings,
And brighten the soft grass and woodland flowers,
And the rich brown wood-mould. A little stream
Comes winding from afar, through light and shade,
O'er sands and pebbles in its quiet path,
And seems to greet with its sweet joyous sounds,
The wild-wood flowers upon its rural marge,
That nodding gently to it, seem to list
To its glad, gentle language, and then leaps
At intervals o'er blue rocks in its bed,
In gentle waterfalls.

The gladdening wind
Wanders unseen upon its pleasant way,
And as it flows along, a gentle swell
Goes wandering with it, through the ocean wide
Of bending bough and gaily-whispering spray,
That lately were at rest. With its cool flow,
At intervals comes the faint and dying sound
Of woodland waterfalls, and odor sweet
Of budding violets, that spring to life
In some far glen or deeply-shaded dell;
And mingling, comes the hum of leaves and bees

Which on a sunny summer day is heard,
Amid the shadowed forest.

On the ground,
The ancient mouldering trees in ruin lie,
And slowly, silently, are sinking back
To earth from which long since they sprang. The moss,
That beauteous dweller in the summer wood,
Hath clothed them in its green and pleasant robes,
And like a friend, found in adversity,
Smiles sweetly still. * * *

We counsel the author of these lines to study the best English models of poetry, and to revise with patient labor.

The annexed, from the pen of a gentleman favorably known to the literary public, is submitted without comment:

REASON AND REVELATION.

To the Editors of the Knickerbocker:

Gentlemen: In Locke's Essay, B. 4., c. 19., sec. 4., you will find the following:

'Reason is natural Revelation, whereby the eternal Father of light and fountain of all knowledge communicates to mankind that portion of Truth which he has laid within the reach of their natural faculties. Revelation is natural reason, enlarged by a new set of discoveries, communicated by God immediately, which reason vouches the truth of by the testimony and proofs it gives that they come from God. So that he who takes away Reason to make way for Revelation, puts out the light of both, and does much the same, as if he would persuade a man to put out his eyes, the better to receive the remote light of an invisible star by a telescope.'

In this celebrated passage, you will observe that Locke makes Reason the *criterion* of Revelation. Let us admit this to be true. Then, whenever Revelation does not coincide with Reason, Revelation must be rejected. I humbly conceive that if this were true, there would be little room for Faith. Locke says, that Reason is natural Revelation; and that Revelation is natural Reason, (however modified.)

In the first place, *natural Revelation* is a contradiction in terms; and in the second place, *natural Reason* can mean nothing more than *Reason*, since there is no other reason but natural. Locke must be understood to say, that Revelation is Reason enlarged by the Almighty; now when he says that Reason is enlarged by the Almighty, he can only mean that *the things about which our reason is engaged*, are multiplied and extended — not that Reason itself is enlarged, but only its *objects*. Revelation is the bringing out of hidden facts, not the enlargement of our reasoning faculties. Revelation, therefore, is not the enlargement of (natural) Reason by new discoveries. Beside, Locke makes Revelation to be Reason enlarged by new discoveries communicated by the Almighty, and then would have Reason try its validity. The enlarged Reason must be the judge of that which has enlarged it — of that which constitutes its very essence — which is impossible.

If I am wrong, I wish that Dr. Beasley, or some other of your able correspondents, would set me right. D.

The tyranny of space may not be resisted; and we are compelled to close our 'drawer' for the present, leaving many literary claims unliquidated.

Work for American Colleges. — We learn that Dr. Beasley, a learned divine and able metaphysician, of New-Jersey, has in preparation a volume for the use of colleges, which will make classes familiarly acquainted with metaphysical science — with all that has been discovered in it by others, as well as all that the capable author can communicate from his own liberal stores. The president of one of our first colleges has expressed his decided approbation of the work, and his intention at once to introduce it into the institution over which he presides. Dr. Beasley, it will be remembered, is the author of a cognate book, entitled 'Search of Truth,' so highly and justly commended in these pages by Mr. Flint. Messrs. Swords, Stanford and Company, of this city, are, we believe, the publishers of the volume in question.

LITERARY RECORD.

MECHANIC ASSOCIATIONS. — If the numerous mechanic associations for improvement in useful knowledge, throughout the United States, are often favored with productions of similar merit to the one before us — in the shape of an 'Address delivered before the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association, at the celebration of their Triennial Festival in October last,' by Mr. JAMES L. HOMER — we can very readily conceive how extensively influential for good such institutions may become. The writer has condensed a vast amount of valuable information into a comparatively brief space, and conveyed the reasoning of a man of sterling good sense, and the results of evident research, in language forcible, simple, and appropriate.

LIBRARY OF AMERICAN BIOGRAPHY. — We commend to every American this most valuable series — unexceptionable and praiseworthy alike in matter and in execution. The history of *Cotton Mather*, in the last volume, by the author of the sketch of that celebrated worthy, recently published in these pages, is one of the most charming pieces of biography which it has ever been our fortune to peruse. Faithful to history, and voluminous in fact, with a vein of dry humor and oblique satire running through it, it will command the suffrages alike of the man who consults it for substantial information, and the mere reader for present enjoyment.

FRASCATI'S, OR SCENES IN PARIS, is a work of very unequal merit. Parts of it are insufferably bald and heavy, while other portions are imbued with spirit and interest. Of this latter description, are the *dupery* of the author, through flattery of a well turned leg, by an accomplished swindler — the deception practised upon him by the *pseudo* rich widow — the affecting scene at the Morgue, and some of the scenes at Frascati's. The work is something above the 'middle flight' of transatlantic romance-mongers. Philadelphia: CAREY AND HART. New-York: CARVILLS', and WILEY AND LONG.

ANDREW THE SAVOYARD. — These volumes are clever, but in our judgment, they have been greatly over-estimated by the critics across the water. DE KOCK, the author, has been, if we may judge from this specimen of his powers, unjustly compared with writers who are as much above him in force of description and truth to nature, as he is below the standard to which a portion of the English and French press would elevate him. Still, the volumes will well repay perusal, and afford much gratification to the reader whose expectations of entertainment have not been raised too high. Philadelphia: CAREY AND HART. New-York: WILEY AND LONG.

PAPERS OF THE PICKWICK CLUB. — BOZ, the author of this amusing volume, belongs to the same school as the author of 'Little Pedlington.' He has a keen eye for the burlesque, and a Cruikshank-like facility and skill in imparting a whole character in mere outline. Laughter-moving, to a degree, are the histories of the corresponding members of the 'P. C.' — and we commend them to every reader as a certain remedy against blue devils, ennui, or dyspepsia. Philadelphia: CAREY, LEA AND BLANCHARD. New-York: WILEY AND LONG.

AUTUMN LEAVES. — Such is the title of a recent volume, from the press of Mr. JOHN S. TAYLOR. It consists of various poetical selections, mostly obtained, as we gather from the preface, from private manuscript books of extracts, 'never intended for publication, but compiled for the gratification of individual taste, and the preservation of literary gems from the wreck of the ephemeral works of the day.' The compiler, Mr. ROBERT H. GOULD, has shown good judgment in selection, and the publisher has evinced a proper appreciation of his labors, by the neat and tasteful manner in which the work is 'got up.'

REMARKS ON THE FOUR GOSPELS. — The Rev. Mr. FURNESS, an eloquent clergyman of Philadelphia, has in this volume furnished some of the most delightful illustrations of, and comments upon, the Christian Scriptures, which we remember ever to have perused. Doctrinal peculiarities aside, there is in this book so much of fervent piety — so many evidences of various research, and thoughtful consideration of the New Testament — that it will commend itself to the Christian of every sect. Philadelphia : CAREY, LEA AND BLANCHARD. New-York : G. AND C. CARVILL.

THE AMERICAN NUN. — Messrs. OTIS, BROADERS AND COMPANY, Boston, have published a small volume, entitled 'The American Nun, or the Effects of Romance.' The author is Mrs. L. LARNED, whose 'Sanfords, or Home Scenes,' 'Proselyte,' 'True Fairy Tale,' etc., have made favorably known to the public. It is intended to give a picture of the melancholy effects of monastic life on young and susceptible minds, and to portray the ruinous nature of convent discipline in general. The Catholics will not admire the book.

HOLMES' POEMS. — A true poet, in manner original and unaffected, and abounding in spirit, humor, and pathos, is OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES ; and had the beautiful volume which he has recently put forth but reached us seasonably, we should have made good these encomiums, by laying before our readers the liberal extracts we have pencilled. As it is, we can do no more than heartily to recommend the work to every reader of true sensibility and taste. Boston : OTIS, BROADERS AND COMPANY.

HARRY O'REARDON, OR ILLUSTRATIONS OF IRISH PRIDE, is the title of a most graphic and admirable story, written by Mr. S. C. HALL for a London magazine, and eked out into a volume, 'by the hardest,' by Messrs. CAREY AND HART, Philadelphia. If natural description, affluent language, and true pathos, are marketable commodities, the volume cannot fail to command a large sale.

THE RAMBLER IN MEXICO. — LATROBE'S 'Rambler in America,' which for numerous excellencies has secured enduring applause, has paved the way for a welcome reception of the volume before us, which is characterized by kindred attractions, both of matter and style, and by that air of authenticity and sincerity for which the writer is distinguished. HARPERS'.

'EAST AND WEST.' — This work, just published in two volumes, proceeds from the pen of the author of 'Clinton Bradshaw,' which acquired for the writer a fair share of fame, and has passed to a third edition. A lack both of time and space precludes other notice of the work than this brief announcement, until our next number.

THE DESULTORY MAN. — We convey implied praise of these volumes, just published by the Brothers HARPER, when we state that they are by JAMES, author of 'Richelieu,' 'De L'Orme,' etc. Farther than this, not having found leisure to even glance at the work, we do not deem ourselves qualified to pronounce.

'HARVARDIANA,' a monthly magazine, proceeding from Harvard College, does honor to the students of that venerable institution. Like its contemporary of old Yale, it has variety, talent, and discrimination in matters of taste, to recommend it to favorable regard.

*** '*Ollapodiana*,' and one or two other valuable papers, prepared for the present number, are reluctantly omitted, by reason of its early publication, which is rendered necessary by improvements effecting for the ensuing volume.

☞ The reader's attention is requested to the Advertisement of the *New Volume*, on the third page of the cover of the present number.

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